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(OUT NOVEMBER 26)

The Girl Who Is Always Starting Something

It's intimate and revealing, this story about Carole Lombard, the most original star in Hollywood today. If you want to know how to take out success insurance, read this unusual picture of a girl who was the first in movie town to give unusual parties, first to drive her own car to the studios, first to "do" her house to match her personality, first to—but read it yourself—next month!

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We've thought of a way to settle that M-G-M Romeo controversy. It concerns Nelson Eddy!

HIDDEN HOLLYWOOD

The exciting news and views of the film capital brought to you each month

By Ruth Waterbury

I WONDER why, if Metro must make "Romeo and Juliet," they don't make it as an opera or even an operetta. All box-office figures prove that even the poorest picture with music does more business than a poor picture without music, and while I haven't any idea that Metro will make a bad "Romeo and Juliet" it is nevertheless a desperate gamble on their part. It isn't as though lovely music didn't exist for the most immortal of love stories. Tschaikovsky and Gounod both wrote divine scores that are played every year in opera houses throughout the world, even getting some important attention each winter at the lordly Metropolitan Opera in New York (you know, the place where the hero of all the music dramas in talkies goes when he succeeds). Or even if M-G-M didn't want to buy these scores, why, I can think of another smart thing they can do. (I'm just the helpful type.) They could have the whole thing scored by the greatest of living Italian composers, Resphigi, who is a vivid artist and who would automatically understand the psychology of a girl like Juliet.

It isn't as though Metro didn't have precedent for this, either. Warner's exquisitely beautiful "A Midsummer Night's Dream" owes its greatest debt not to Max Reinhardt, nor the cast, nor even to one William Shakespeare. The thing that raises it into the realms of art is the beautiful score of Mendelssohn's. The perfect blend of that great music with the original vision that was the Bard of Avon's unites to make one of the screen's greatest contributions.

And when Metro got all this done, since Gable and Leslie Howard and Brian Aherne have now all definitely turned Romeo down, they could cast Nelson Eddy as Romeo. After all, he'd look as much like Romeo as any of the other people they've tested so far, but if they'd let him sing it wouldn't r if he looked like Shirley Temple. You'd f get

And while I'm in the wondering business, I wonder why Franchot Tone doesn't get any breaks. After his magnificent performance in "Bengal Lancer," I expected to see him all over the place. And there's always my favorite Helen Mack who doesn't get the fame she deserves, and Constance Collier whom everyone was so excited about a year ago and now is never heard from, and I do hope that with all the current Luise Rainer excitement that she isn't just allowed to disappear for months, too.

I OWE you, readers of MOVIE MIRROR, quite a debt. Some time ago I began experimenting with natural color photographs with the idea of having them used as covers. My idea was that you want photographs of your favorites as nearly like them in real life as the camera can render them. After a great amount of shopping about, I discovered Mr. James Doolittle, and we proceeded to photograph Shirley Temple absolutely as is. She didn't have so much as a dash of powder on her little nose. That picture made our October cover—and what did you do, bless you? Well, you bought more copies of MOVIE MIRROR than have ever been bought before. Which made it just dandy for Mr. Doolittle and me. If you have very special favorites you'd like to see colored photographs of, will you wire me at 7751 Sunset Boulevard about them? I'll do my best to oblige.

EVERY month I seem to hear a favorite story and this is my pet this month.

When Frank McHugh was a kid, he and his whole family toured the most terrible type of one-night stands. Frank's father had more than a fondness for beer and one night Frank and his brother Matt decided the old man had gone just too far and that they would have to fire him from the troupe. They were both under twenty but used to playing boss.

Well, they broke the news to the old man, who told them what he thought of them and then departed with desperate dignity. That night, as was their custom, the boys repaired after the show to the local beer parlor. There, bedecked in a white coat, stood a new barkeep. It was the old man.

One glimpse of the boys and he had his revenge. He made a long speech on the ungratefulness then called the had the

movie JR. MIRROR

CONDUCTED BY BETTY TURNER

IMAGINE being the guest of honor at a big banquet where all the other people are eating seafood cocktails, squab filled with rice and sage, fancy salad dishes and relishes of all kinds, and finding only carrots, peas and mashed potatoes on your plate. That is what happened to Shirley Temple when her friends at the Fox studios gave a welcome home luncheon for her when she returned from her vacation in Hawaii.

But Shirley didn't mind it a bit. She likes vegetables, and when they are cooked especially for her by the chef of the studio restaurant, she loves them. Topping off such a meal with a dish of vanilla ice cream is just the thing to Shirley.

Our curly headed little star, fresh and rested after her long sea voyage, was dressed in a candy-striped costume from the wardrobe used in her last picture and she looked lovely. She told everyone about her vacation and all the presents she received, punctuating her remarks with the delightful laughter known to every one of her admirers.

"One of my nicest presents," she said, "is my big Japanese doll. You should see it!"

This unusual doll stands six feet high and represents a Japanese bride. It was given to Shirley by 20,000 Japanese children who contributed their pennies for the gift. The Japanese Consul of Hawaii presented it in an elaborate ceremony lasting over an hour. What a time they had getting the big doll home, and finding a suitable place for it in the Temple home. But Shirley insisted that it be kept right where she could look at it all the time, because she liked it so much. At the present, it occupies a prominent place in the sun-room.

Shirley also received over 200 pounds of candy; 18 silk parasols; 43 fans; 3 surfboards; 14 pillows; 6 native grass sleeping mats; 11 pairs of slippers; 27 candy and paper leis; and 3 packing cases of various other toys and novelties. When she counted them, there were 511 items in all—and she loves every one of them.

"I had a very nice time while I was away," Shirley said. "I liked being on the boat best, I think. But I am glad to be home, too, and going to school, because I like my teacher so much."

Then the happy little star glanced at the beautiful floral decorations in the center of the long luncheon table, short-stemmed asters lying on green ferns. Shirley inserted the stem of a fern into the stem of an aster, and turned the flower upside down so the fern would wave in the air.

"Look at my tree," she laughed.

Well, before you could count fifty she had her plate completely surrounded with "trees," she had made. She also had those beside her at the table busy making "trees" for her play forest. Then she told her (*Continued on page* 100)

REVIEWS FOR JUNIORS

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM (Warner Bros.). You older kids who are studying Shakespeare won't want to miss seeing the characters in action—with Joe E. Brown, Jimmie Cagney, Hugh Herbert and other favorites playing the comedy scenes.

FIGHTING YOUTH (Universal). A really swell football picture with Charles Farrell and a flock of honest-to-gosh All-American athletes.

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII (RKO). David Holt shares honors with Preston Foster in this dramatic story of the old Roman City destroyed by a volcanic eruption.

THIS IS THE LIFE (20th Century-Fox). One of your favorites, Jane Withers, as a little stage star who runs away and has many exciting adventures.

THUNDER MOUNTAIN (20th Century-Fox). George O'Brien in another of his grand Western pictures with plenty of action.

Fay and Dennis and their mother, Mrs. Sylvia Vaughn Chaldecott, all appeared in "The Dark Angel" together. Below, as Fay looked in her role.

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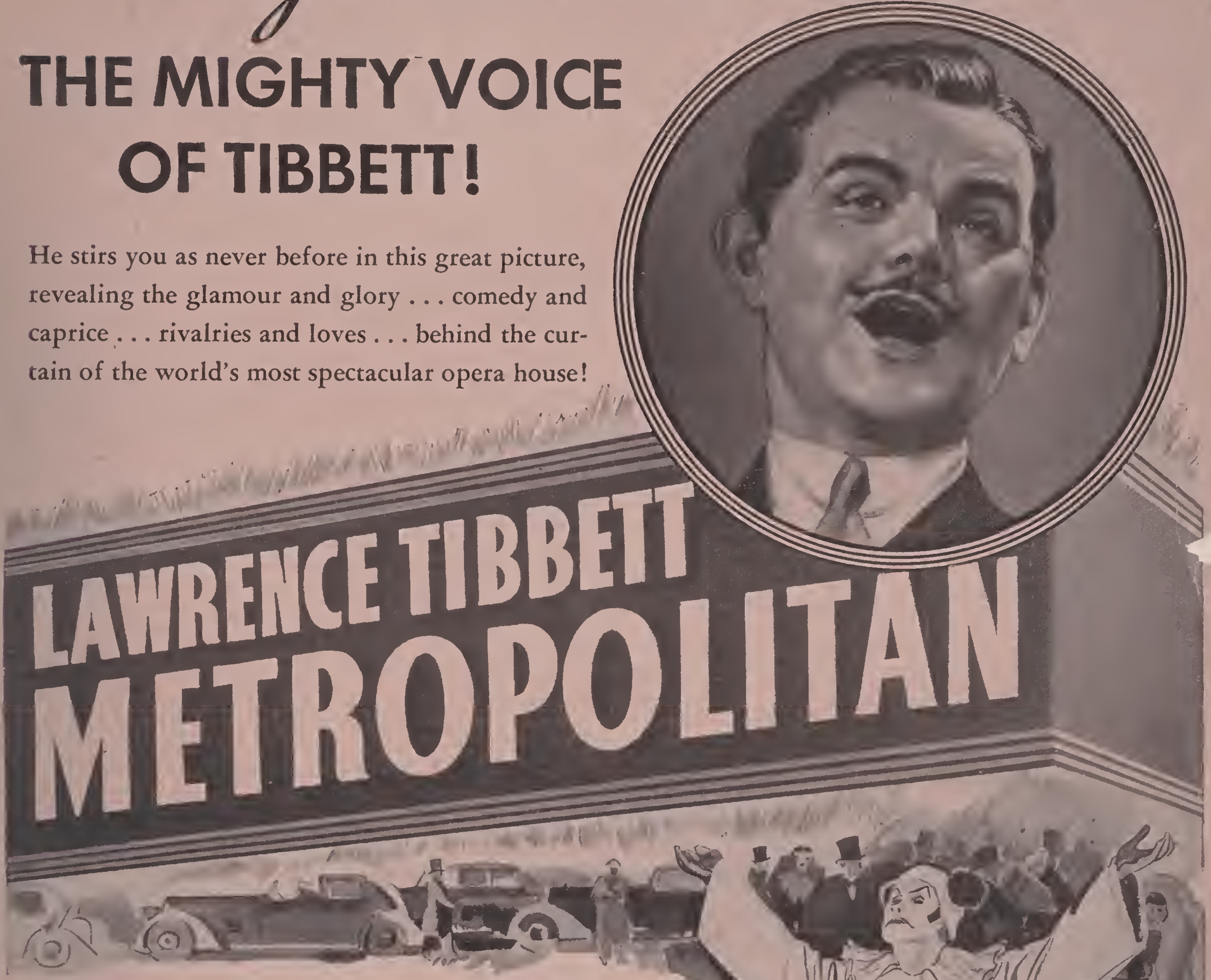

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Back in the tree-tops for "The Capture of Tarzan," their third jungle film. The first was an unexpected hit; the second a surprising flop—and now At any rate, they look pretty swe

ELEANOR POWELL

Her amazing overnight success in "Broadway Melody of 1936" has established "the world's greatest feminine tap dancer" as a real motion picture luminary, as well. At present, she's entertaining Broadway theater-goers in "At Home Abroad," a musical comedy from the pen of Howard Dietz, M-G-M executive.

GENE RAYMOND

It took producers a little while to discover his young, blond appeal—until Gene was practically mobbed on a personal appearance tour. RKO snapped him up and now he's to star in "Believe It, Beloved" and "Seven Keys to Baldpate."

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[UNTIL SHE SMILES]

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" makes her avoid all close-ups—dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm

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It's very simple. The soft foods that we all eat nowadays—almost exclusively—cannot possibly give teeth and gums enough work to do to keep them healthy. They grow lazy. Deprived of the natural stimulation of hard, coarse foods, they become sensitive, tender. And then, presently, "pink tooth brush" warns you that your gums are unhealthy—susceptible to infection.

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Getting the lowdown on the stars at work and at play in filmland's magic capital

Postmaster General Jim Farley chats with Ann Harding and Eddie Robinson at the big dinner given in his honor at the Trocadero.

returned from her European jaunt she sailed away for a four-day stay at Encinada in old Mexico. And a few hours after Robert Montgomery bowed in from Europe, he was away on a sword-fishing tour with Chester Morris.

* * *

THESE new radio salaries are going to put the Hollywood boys and gals on edge. Fred Astaire gets almost three times as much on the air as he does on the screen and Dick Powell works ten times as long for the screen as he does for the ether and gets the same check.

* * *

TO Sam Lane, a waiter at Universal's cafe, the higher they come, the better to tell them off, m'dear.

Edward Arnold ordered macaroni and cheese for lunch the other day. Sam said nix, it was too fattening, Arnold was overweight and a salad would be better. Arnold ate salad.

Then he ordered iced tea. Sam brought it hot.

"Iced tea ain't good for you in the middle of the day," he said flatly.

* * *

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK did a bit of poo-pooing today when she learned of the studio battles going on in Hollywood since she signed her M-G-M contract. It seems that the famous singer was too much of a hit in "Here's To Romance" to be overlooked for long and with M-G-M on the hunt for another Marie Dressler, the contract was a natural except for Jesse Lasky, who was on his way to Chicago to sign her when he learned that the rival studio had sent a man by plane!

"It is comic, ja," said the beloved lady of song, "this quarreling among the motion picture men who call me terrific, colossal and gigantic. I think I don't like that 'gigantic' very much, hah?"

But Mr. Lasky, who lost the race (even after he had made the race possible) is not in a laughing mood. He has asked the powerful Hays office to judge the rights of the two studios. And thus starts what may be another great career for this seventy-five-year-old woman who has been right under the eyes of the Hollywood producers for lo! these many moons without a particle of notice. She starts her newest career not only as a very old woman, but at a salary of $1,000 a week, real money in any language.

The Marches entertained at a farewell party in their playroom before leaving Hollywood, and here are Freddie, Frank Morgan, Mrs. Morris, John F. Bickel (Fred's father), Mrs. Morgan, John M. Bickel (Fred's brother) and smiling Chester Morris.

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IF it isn't one new game it's a newer one in fun-loving Hollywood. The latest way to go silly during the long winter evenings is via "Slogans." You take a well-known advertising slogan and twist it to fit an equally well-known star.

The one that won the hand-made television set at our party was: "Not a laugh in a Karloff." Nifty, eh?

* * *

Asking You Another

WHAT sleek, dark-haired actor is spending most of his time these days denying a columned rumor that he is tiffing with his beautiful wife?

Can you name the gorgeous, blonde, singing actress who is in a dither because her name is being linked with that of a very blond young man and the whole thing is getting her real heartache down?

Which famous director of middle age is going through a spell with his young and dance-loving wife as to whether they should dance or stay home, or each do as he pleases?

Can you name the actor who commercializes his fan club following to the extent of putting out special cigarettes and candy with his name and picture on the boxes?

What actor demands that his wife leave town while he is in production because he is so touchy when he is being creative?

Which actress, who got her break because another actress left the studio on a salary strike, is now rowing with the same studio over money as the result of her success?

What young and handsome actor, a recent rave, said of his leading lady, "No matter how they dress her, she's no longer a girl!"

Can you name the only actor who makes a picture a year for a certain company on a verbal contract?

* * *

JUNE COLLYER is still in the hospital following the birth of June Dorothea Erwin, even though the baby has been allowed to go home. In the meantime, Stuart Erwin, the proud papa, is trying his hand at caring for the baby and making pictures at the same time.

* * *

COLIN CLIVE, who is playing a leading role in "The Man Who Broke The Bank At Monte Carlo," says he felt right at home in the scenes because he actually played at the table once and lost his shirt.

There is also a chance that several theater owners will lose their minds trying to put that title on the marquees.

* * *

ON the grass in front of Shirley Temple's dressing room at Twentieth Century-Fox studios is a sign. "Please let me grow," it says.

"WHY JEAN HOW DID YOU GET SO THIN ?"

"I have . . . REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE" . . . writes Miss Jean Healy

"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Company ...and sent for FREE folder".

"They allowed me to wear their Perforated Girdle for 10 days on trial".

"The massage-like action did-it . . . the fat seemed to have melted away".

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and my weight 20 pounds".

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR . . . it won't cost you one penny!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

● The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous massage-like action gently reduces surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Ventilated . . . to Permit the Skin to Breathe!

● And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

Don't Wait Any Longer . . . Act Today!

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at our expense!

»TEST . . . the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE FOR 10 DAYS . . . at our expense!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 2812, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name____________________

Address____________________

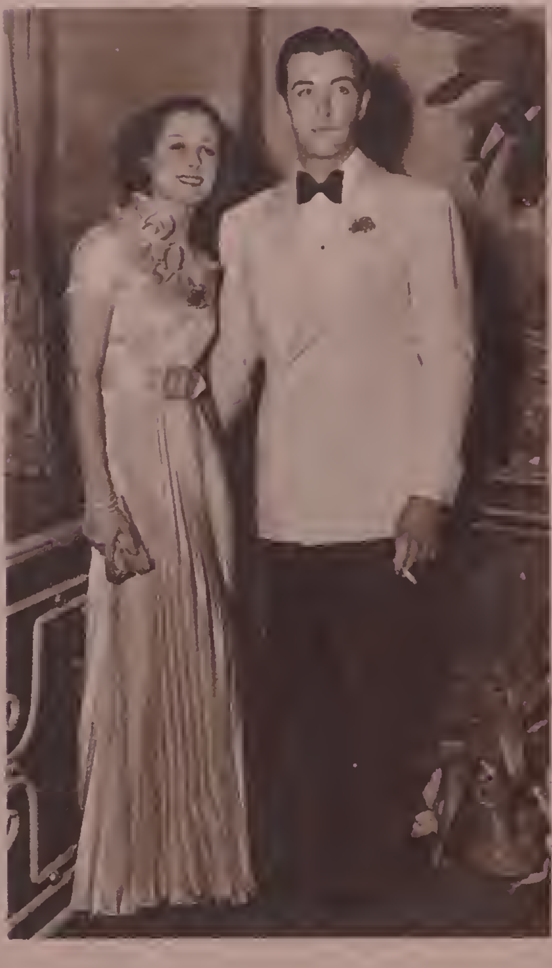
City__________ State__________

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

(Above) Hymie snapped this star-studded group at the "Broadway Melody of 1936" preview. Left to right, Nacio Herb Brown, who composed music for the film, Una Merkel, Jack Benny and his wife (Mary Livingstone), Frances Langford and Robert Taylor —all members of the "Broadway Melody" cast except Mary, who is famous on the radio as Jack's partner.

Left, Nino Martini, Jesse Lasky and Gene Raymond at another preview—Nino's film début, "Here's to Romance."

Just look at the beautiful gown Irene Hervey (below) wore at the Trocadero after the "Broadway Melody" preview! She's with Bob Taylor.



JACKIE COOGAN and Toby Wing have finally broken down and given out the engagement news. Miss Wing said, "Of course, we haven't set the wedding date yet, for we're both awfully young, you know. But we're very serious and very happy—if you can imagine being both at the same time!"

* * *

The Last Word

BEAUTIFUL Gertrude Michael suffered a severe concussion in an automobile accident, missing death by inches. . . . If Ginger Rogers is seen dining alone many more evenings she won't be able to deny those pffft stories about Lew Ayres and herself. . . . Von Sternberg is rapidly gaining credit for attempting to create another Marlene Dietrich; his new protege, Marian Marsh, did so well in the first scenes of "Crime and Punishment" that her contract was torn up and a new one written. . . . It has happened: Luise Rainer is in the midst of a romance with Gottfried Reinhardt. . . . That romance between Hazel Forbes and Harry Richman is gaining headway; maybe Hazel heard Harry sing "Anything Goes," because, if she did, we couldn't blame her at all. . . . Too much marriage gossip is spoiling the friendship between Eddie Lowe and Rita Kaufman. . . . When Carole Lombard and Bob Riskin play roulette, they use a system that requires two players and you ought to see it in operation to appreciate the meaning of cooperation. . . . Autograph hounds are getting so thick in Hollywood lately that the stars are now gathering *their* signatures!

* * *

AH well, it's just one of those little things that make Hollywood such a swell mad place.

Joe von Sternberg has figured out a new one for his personal wardrobe. He wore workmanlike overalls while directing "Crime and Punishment" *for Columbia.*

But with the jeans went a black satin shirt!

* * *

IT was the right location for "Ah, Wilderness" and it was all right for romance, too. While on the Eastern jaunt, Eric Linden and Cecelia Parker came down with a bad case of each-other and they're still recuperating.

* * *

REMEMBER the old guy in "Judge Priest" who was continually breaking the silence of the courtroom by hitting the spittoon? Well, we thought you'd be glad to know that his ability has been recognized, at last, and that he's been given a contract. He is Francis Ford, brother of the well-known director, John Ford, and he's been working around Hollywood for twenty years without ever getting very much of a break in movies.

* * *

MRS. MARINO BELLO is suing Papa Bello for divorce. Mrs. Bello, you know, is the mamma of little Jean Harlow, who has had her share of unhinged marriages herself.

Maybe that article in a recent magazine to the effect that ". . . in Jean's early storming of the Hollywood gates, she realized the value of class; anyway, she used to arrive at the studio in an old, but well-polished town-car with a smart looking chauffeur. The chauffeur, kiddies, was none other than one Marino Bello!" got on Mamma Bello's nerves. Anyway, the marriage is all over.

The complaint read that: ". . . he kicked about the money I spent for clothes and then spent twice as much himself; he also was in the habit of embarrassing me with waiters, always disapproving of the food in loud tones. . . ." Mrs. Bello might have mentioned, too, that Marino had the discomforting habit of going to sleep right in the middle of a gala, social occasion at the Harlow manse and then snoring (slightly) for the guests.

Maybe there's been complaint enough, though.

* * *

MRS. WALLACE BEERY returned to Hollywood today to put at rest the exaggerated reports of her grave illness. When Rita Beery left London to return to Hollywood (leaving, also Wally and little Carol Ann) the word went around that it was because of her recent illness. Rita said: "I'm a very poor sailor and I was a bit done in when we reached England. But that was nothing compared to the terrific crowds that mobbed Wally everywhere we went. I couldn't take it."

(*Continued on page 77*)

Why does **NEMO** tag its corsets:

WASH WITH IVORY FLAKES

"Your corsets—since you wear them next to your skin—need frequent washings," declares Nemo. "Not only to preserve their looks and fit, but because perspiration when allowed to remain in fine corsets actually rots away the strength of the fabric!"

A DANGER. Your corsets are made of "live" fabric—need gentle treatment. Don't make the mistake of washing them with hot water or a *strong soap!* Any soap less pure than Ivory is apt to make the elastic *flabby*. Use chiffon-thin Ivory Flakes, made of pure Ivory Soap—"safe even for a baby's skin."

A PRECAUTION. "If you give your corsets Ivory Flakes care you can keep them looking as they did in the fitting room," promises Nemo. "Ivory Flakes are an absolutely *pure* soap—they preserve the elasticity and fit, prolong the *life* of fine corsets!"

NEMO foundation of silk batiste, Alençon lace and two-way stretch back with convenient talon closing. Light front boning. Very low back. Sold in fine stores everywhere.

"SHE WEARS A NEMO BECAUSE SHE'S SMART"

DO's and DON'Ts in Corset-washing

DO use lukewarm water and pure Ivory Flakes.

DON'T use a less-pure soap—it weakens fabrics.

DO squeeze suds through, using a soft brush on soiled spots—Rinse in lukewarm water.

DON'T rub, wring or twist—it may distort the garment.

DO roll in towel and knead to remove excess moisture.

DON'T allow to remain rolled up.

DO dry garment away from heat—Press fabric parts on wrong side with a moderately warm iron.

DON'T use hot iron—Don't iron elastic.

IVORY FLAKES

for Safe washing of fine things

IVORY FLAKES $99\frac{44}{100}$ % PURE

PROOF BY EVERYDAY PEOPLE HOW

LISTERINE FIGHTS COLDS and SORE THROAT

"Listerine nipped my cold in the bud"

"My husband and I were at the theatre and evidently got in a draft. My throat tightened up and I felt as if I were in for a severe cold. I gargled several times with Listerine before retiring, and in the morning the congestion was gone." Signed MRS. R. B., Tuckahoe, N.Y.

"Son has fewer colds"

"My youngest son, age 6, has always until this winter, been subject to sore throat and head colds. Since using Listerine regularly before going to school or to bed, I am glad to say he has been free from these troubles ever since." Signed MRS. C. E. J., Marion, Ind.

"No more colds now"

"I can't say too much in favor of Listerine. I use it daily as a mouth wash and nasal spray, and I have been free from colds since I began using it regularly." Signed E. K. H., Maynard, Mass.

"My throat was almost completely healed"

"One time I had a sore throat so badly that the soreness extended back to the roof of my mouth. I used Listerine 3 times as a gargle and my throat was almost completely healed." Signed MRS. H. B. G., Pontiac, Mich.

All pictures posed by professional models.

ONE-HALF AS MANY COLDS FOR LISTERINE *USERS, TESTS SHOW*

Listerine's amazing results against the common cold, proved in 1931, 1932 and 1934

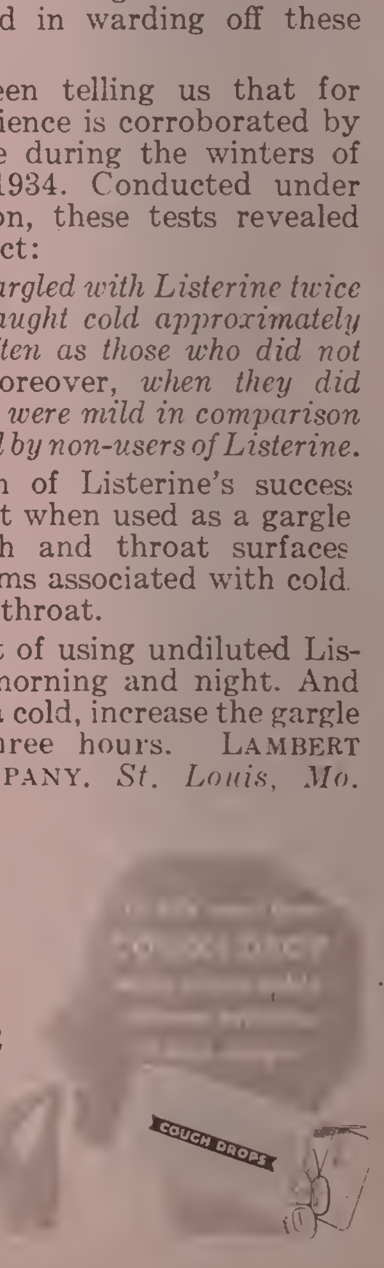
Are you subject to frequent colds, or troubled with sore throat? Try gargling with Listerine every morning and every night for a while. You may find, as scores of others have, that this delightful treatment is a wonderful aid in warding off these troubles.

People have been telling us that for years. Their experience is corroborated by careful tests made during the winters of 1931, 1932 and 1934. Conducted under medical supervision, these tests revealed this astonishing fact:

That those who gargled with Listerine twice a day or oftener caught cold approximately only one-half as often as those who did not gargle with it. Moreover, when they did catch cold, the colds were mild in comparison with those contracted by non-users of Listerine.

The explanation of Listerine's success lies in the fact that when used as a gargle it kills, on mouth and throat surfaces millions of the germs associated with colds and ordinary sore throat.

Get in the habit of using undiluted Listerine regularly, morning and night. And at the first sign of a cold, increase the gargle to once every three hours. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*



10c

The Story Behind HELEN VINSON'S WEDDING

The truth about the elopement of the movie star and the tennis champion!

By SHEILA WORTH

Helen and Fred posed for photographers when she returned from England, where she made "King of the Damned" and "Transatlantic Tunnel" for GB. But she denied they would marry soon—if ever. Then something happened which made Helen change her mind.

ALL the newspapers reported was that Helen Vinson and Fred Perry, tennis player extraordinary, were married September 12th, at 11:55 P. M., at Harrison, New York. They didn't want to be married on Friday, the 13th.

There is a better story than that which the newspapers don't know—a glamorous story of a tender and exciting love. I want to tell it to you.

On Wednesday, September 11th, Fred Perry, England's unbeatable champion, was pursuing a winged tennis ball on the courts at Forest Hills. When he walked out on the lawn with his opponent, Wilmer Allison, the spectators felt sure Allison's defeat was in the bag. Allison, in fact, had already bought his airplane ticket home, although this was only the semi-final match.

While Perry and Allison were playing, Helen Vinson was graciously receiving the press at a cocktail party. Slim glass in hand, she was chatting idly with a magazine writer when a new arrival, an Associated Press man, came up to her and said quickly, "I'm sorry to tell you this, Miss Vinson, but Allison just beat Perry at Forest Hills."

A shadow of tenderness crossed her face. Her eyes held unshed tears. She excused herself and went to the telephone. When she came back she said, "It's true." And offered her guests another cocktail.

The next night they married.

A few days before all this Helen and I were sitting in the cosiest little bar in New York City, sipping sherry, listening to the patter of the rain on the awnings and talking intimately of life and love: men, women and careers.

She lit her cigarette with a tiny shank of silver, "Fred gave me this," she said. "It's a souvenir of the royal Silver Jubilee which we witnessed together. See, it has the Jubilee hallmarks here along the sides. These are my initials, and these are Fred's.

"Marriage? Oh, our plans are much too indefinite for me to say. You see, he has his work, the tennis he loves, and I have mine. Our work takes us to different parts of the world and is important to both of us. But the point of being married is being together, isn't it?"

You had but to look in her eyes to know she spoke the truth. What made her change her mind, I'll tell you in a moment.

They met, the actress and the tennis star, in Hollywood. It was a casual meeting at a large party.

Helen had been taking tennis lessons from a remarkable one-armed professional. She loved the game but she had one little trouble. She just wouldn't run for the balls. If they came her way and she could reach out with her racket and sock them she usually got them back with a good smash. But it did not seem worthwhile to wear herself out running for them. Anyhow, she never cared much whether she won or lost. Playing was good exercise and that was that.

When she told Fred Perry all this he laughed, but in spite of his laughter he must have been aware of her keen and brittle intelligence.

Then Helen left Hollywood to make two films in London for Gaumont British. Fred was returning to England. They crossed on the same boat, the *Berengaria*. In England they were together as often as possible and suddenly their romance was magic.

Helen saw Fred win the Belgium tennis cup. She died a thousand deaths for fear he would not beat his opponent. When she played she never cared whether she won or lost. It was never important. But as she watched Fred she realized the importance of winning. She was possessed by the tournament fever. He must (*Continued on page* 103)

Hello Sucker!

YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO FALLS FOR SOB STORIES AND

YOU'VE been swindled. And you're burning up, furious at yourself and at the world. How could you have been sap enough to fall for that salesman's line of chatter! How could you ever have believed that those diamonds were real. That the oil well in Arkansas had any oil in it. That the table was really an antique.

Use that oil stock for wallpaper, brother. And stop grousing. You're not the only sucker. The movie stars, who are supposed to be so wise, so worldly and sophisticated, have often fallen just as hard. Maybe harder.

And here's why. When some slick salesman turns on the tear ducts and tells you about his invalid mother, you can show him the door if you don't believe his story. But movie stars dare not turn them away if there's any chance that they're telling the truth. What if it got out in the papers the next day that Gloria Glamorous had turned away a young man who was starving; a shell-shocked invalid soldier?

Ann Sothern didn't even stop to investigate when a man who said he was a war veteran came to see her.

"My lungs are in bad shape," he told her. "If I can get to Arizona, everything will be all right. If I can't," he shrugged his shoulders fatalistically, "the doctors say my life won't be worth a nickel. And I don't want to beg for money, so I'm selling subscriptions to magazines to pay for that trip I need."

At once Ann subscribed to eighteen dollars' worth of magazines. The man told her the company he was working for, but she didn't check up. He gave her a receipt for her money. A worthless receipt, as it turned out.

When the magazines didn't come. Ann Sothern called up the company.

"Robert X—?" they asked in amazement. "He sold you these magazines, you say? Why, we have no one by that name working for us. No one by that name ever did work for us."

Strangely enough, Elissa Landi was also taken in by a young man who claimed that he was an ex-soldier out of work. He came to her home and said that he was starving, that he had no place to sleep. She knew only too well the possibilities of blackmail if she gave him a place in her home, but she couldn't turn him away. She just couldn't. So she gave him a place in her garage to sleep in.

During the summer she decided to go abroad and loaned her home to a novelist friend, to whom she told the boy's story. The novelist agreed to hire the boy to do odd jobs around the house. In return he would give him his food, lodging and a small salary each week. Eagerly the boy accepted the novelist's offer.

Yet something was wrong; the novelist sensed it. There was something unaccountably sneaky about the attitude of the young man; there was a sort of furtiveness about his movements around the house which it wasn't easy to explain or overlook. Becoming suspicious, the novelist sent a letter to the commander of the company in which the young man said he had served. The commander replied that the young man had really served with his company, but he was a deserter, not an ex-soldier, as he had claimed.

Still that proved nothing, save to the mind of the novelist, who was a detective story writer, and was sure that the boy was plotting something.

"One day," Elissa Landi told me, "the novelist left the

Twenty pounds of cheese! And the sample the glib salesman cut for Henry Armetta was fit for a king—or even the critical taste of an Italian. But when Henry bought the cheese and cut into it for himself——

By DORA ALBERT

ILLUSTRATED BY COLE BRADLEY

THE LURE OF "EASY MONEY"—LOOK AT THESE FAMOUS STARS!

house, saying he would be away all day, and called up a friend. 'Have you got a gun?' he asked the friend. 'I want to return to the house suddenly. I think the boy who is working for me is up to something.'

"The friend was amazed, but he agreed, and the two of them burst suddenly into the house. There they found Jack (of course, that wasn't his name) getting ready to leave, with a trunkful of my stuff, jewels and clothes, which he had packed. Jack, it seemed, belonged to a group of wild boys of the road. For a long time he had been planning to steal from me.

"They found on him a number of checks he had forged in my name and photographs he had autographed in my name, apparently to inspire confidence in anyone who might doubt the checks. But the pay-off was this! The boy knew me as Elissa Landi. He didn't know that I was married at that time (it was before my divorce) to John Lawrence. And he had found a number of intimate love letters signed 'John.' Not dreaming that the letters were written to me by my own husband, he stole those, too, hoping to use them to blackmail me with later on.

"I was heart-broken," Elissa Landi concluded, her eyes darkening. "Not so much because the boy had abused my confidence as because I knew that he could have gone straight as a die for the rest of his life if he had wanted to. Somehow we would have found work for him."

It would be ridiculous to pretend that every star gets roped in because he or she is a generous little angel. Many get swindled for the same reason that you and I so often fall—because we think we're going to get something for nothing.

When Jack Oakie was appearing in "Innocent Eyes" on the stage, he was approached by a man who offered him a raccoon coat for fifty dollars. "It's worth more," he whispered, "but I have to sell it because I need the money." Jack Oakie knew very little about furs, but a bargain is a bargain, so he bought the coat. Shortly afterwards the show moved to Boston. And there one rainy day, Jack discovered that the paint had all worn off the supposed raccoon, disclosing the fact that it was the cheapest kind of fur, painted to resemble raccoon.

Even Bing Crosby once fell for the wiles of a confidence man. He met the man socially, and liked and trusted him immensely. The man was charming; he had ingratiating manners, and he wormed himself right into Bing Crosby's confidence. Soon Bing counted this man one of his friends, and thought he was fortunate to have him as a friend.

One day his new friend told Bing Crosby about an oil well in which he had invested.

Glowing was the picture he painted of the fortune the oil well would bring in. Yet it wasn't too glowing. He was too clever a salesman to oversell a possible moocher. He knew just what to say and what to leave out.

Ordinarily, he said, he wouldn't dream of allowing another person to get in on the project, but because he was so fond of Bing he would let him in on the ground floor for five thousand dollars.

And Bing, who is naturally trusting, fell hook, line and sinker. He actually believed it was a privilege when he handed the man his five thousand dollars.

Did the oil well gush oil in abundant quantities?

"That investment," grinned Bing, "taught me to stay out of others' business. (*Continued on page* 85)

The MEN in SHIRLEY

Letters of proposal, long distance calls, even jealous fist-fights! The glamor girls of filmland have nothing on this six-year-old siren

AT RKO they tell us that Ginger Rogers, before she married Lew Ayres, had already had ten thousand proposals of marriage, by mail. At Metro Jean Harlow has been wooed by no less than six hundred men each week, who pour out their souls on paper. Bette Davis, at Warner's, has been offered countless marriage opportunities—one from a wealthy Maharajah who wanted her for his harem. At Paramount, Elissa Landi and Claudette Colbert vie in the number of "will you be mine" letters received. But it takes the tiny tot at Fox to beat them all. Every letter is a love letter. In scribbles and scrawls the young lads of fourteen countries beseech Shirley Temple to wait for them. Some of them don't even think waiting is necessary. Some of them assure her that they're already on their way to Hollywood.

There is the case of Master Warren Dawes. When Warren, aged eight, first saw Shirley Temple on the screen, he became silent and awed, and for two whole days his usual madcap manner was completely submerged in a day-dreaming mood. His eight brothers and his sister could not understand what had come over him. His mother was certain that he was ill.

Finally, young Warren was discovered gazing at a newspaper picture of Shirley which he had pasted in the front of his primer. There was no doubt about the love-light in his eyes. Shirley's dimples had got him. Mamma and Papa Dawes were relieved. They relaxed their vigil. They laughed. Now wasn't that cute? Little Warren had fallen in love with a movie star!

But the matter was not to be taken so lightly, as they were soon to find out. On April 15th, Master Warren Dawes disappeared from his home on the south side of Chicago. He had not gone to school. Nor had his neighborhood pals seen him at any time of the day. The Dawes family phoned the police and the hospitals and sat down to pray and wait.

Later that day, their boy was found. He was located by a long-distance telephone operator. And here's what had happened:

Warren had left his home for Hollywood and Shirley Temple. He had two incentives. One was to become a motion picture actor, and the other was to ask Shirley to marry him. He fortified himself for these tasks by eating an unusually large breakfast, even

The champion charmer of them all is busy now on her next 20th Century-Fox film, "The Littlest Rebel," in a role played on the stage long ago by Mary Miles Minter, and on the silent screen by Mary Pickford.

TEMPLE'S LIFE

By
KATHARINE HARTLEY

the cereal which he usually refused, and he had put his worldly savings, totaling $1.20, in his pocket—the one without the hole in it. With his tummy and his pocket bulging, and a heart full of hope, he set out.

It took him three hours to reach Chicago's downtown section known as the Loop. At this point he decided it might be well to phone Shirley in Hollywood to tell her that he was on his way. Standing on tiptoes in a telephone booth, he deposited a nickel and dialed the operator. In a high-pitched, unquavering voice he told her he wanted to call Miss Shirley Temple in Hollywood. The Hollywood operator asked him for Miss Temple's address. "Why the Fox Studios, of course," said the little man. Then the operator told him how much the call would be. There was a pause. Then, "But I've only got a dollar and twenty cents. Couldn't you do it for that, if I promise not to talk very long?"

"I'm afraid not," said the operator and, as far as she was concerned, their conversation was finished. But she got to thinking about it a few minutes later. She called a newspaper man who covered the Loop. In less than twenty minutes he found a small boy sitting on the step of a telephone booth. The boy wasn't crying yet but the reporter could tell that he might at any minute. Thus ended a beautiful romance.

Warren was not as lucky as another little boy that I know of, who actually had the opportunity of *speaking* his admiration to Miss Shirley Temple, though it was torture to do so. It happened at Shirley's birthday party several weeks ago. One little boy, Timmy, had been looking forward to this day, this hour, this minute, for some time. His father is a newspaper man, and knew Shirley, but Timmy had never met her. He was on pins and needles.

The first ten minutes at the birthday table were a strain. The children cast sly, awed looks at Shirley. No one would begin to eat, even. This is the sort of thing that Shirley has never been able to understand. She nudged the publicity writer who was sitting next to her. "Why don't we have fun? Why don't we play?" asked Shirley. "Don't they know it is just as much their party as it is mine?"

"You tell them that, Shirley," advised the publicity woman.

So Shirley said, "Hey, there, this is everybody's party. I'm not the only one who gets a present. Everybody gets a present."

That did the trick. "What presents? Where are they? I want to see mine!" and the party was off to a good start.

Everybody except Timmy. He was still staring at his plate, and only looking up, sideways, at Shirley. Shirley noticed it. "What's your name?" she called across to him.

Timmy slid down even further in his seat, and blushed a rosy red. He didn't speak, because he couldn't.

"That's Timmy," said the (*Continued on page* 88)

PRIZE SHOTS of

Pinky Tomlin, the demon cowboy composer, directs his "hick" party guests in a quiet (?) hour of informal music —the guests being Bob Hoover, Anne Shirley, Irene Hervey, Bob Taylor and Maxine Doyle, Pinky's own girl-friend.

Hymie shot two songbirds with the same camera in this picture of Phil Regan and Frances Langford leaving the popular Cafe Lamaze. Phil warbles for Warner, Frances sings for Paramount.

Below, a very select dinner group at the Vendome: John Gilbert and Marlene Dietrich (still going places together) with Dolores Del Rio and her husband, Cedric Gibbons.

Dick Powell and Jimmie Cagney, above, pat each other on the back, even though Dick has an arm around "Bill," Jimmie's wife. Hymie caught them recently in an informal moment in the garden of the Jimmie Cagney home.

the MONTH

SNAPPED BY HYMAN FINK

Two more songbirds in the same automobile! This time it's Jeanette MacDonald, queen of song at M-G-M, with Gene Raymond, RKO's singing star. Gene is squiring Jeanette about quite frequently in Hollywood these days.

Time out for refreshments at Pinky Tomlin's party. You'll note that Jack Oakie and Irene Hervey (standing) and Bob Taylor all have their eyes on that newly engaged couple—Toby Wing and Jackie Coogan.

Above, Lawrence Tibbett, ace baritone of the American airwaves, takes America's Sweetheart to a Hollywood Bowl concert. They're on the best of terms, but it isn't a romance—Lawrence is very happily married, thanks, to a non-professional.

Eric Blore (below, right) is just as amusing off the screen as on. Wish we could hear that story he's telling Joan Crawford and her brother, Hal LeSeuer, M-G-M technician, at the Vendome!

He swore he'd never wed an actress; then he met Frances Dee. "There hasn't been a single step upward in my career that Hunch didn't control," he says—not even his elopement with Frances!

Do YOU

Joel McCrea does, and they have led him through uncertainty and peril to success, prosperity—and Hollywood's happiest marriage

THIS is the story of Joel McCrea and the hunches that have governed his life, and it begins, properly, on the day when first he heard the small, insistent voice which has guided him to stardom, to wealth, to happiness.

Under the sullen sun of an August month, nine-year-old Joel one day came slowly down to what trickle remained of the Los Angeles river; heat wriggled up and filled the air, and he was warm with a sticky, unhappy warmth. Across the nearly dry river bed he could see a group of his friends who already had found a hole deep enough to swim in; he could hear their shouts, and the sound of splashing. Joel began to trot through the dust.

The boys had heaped their bicycles and clothes under a thin screen of willows which afforded shade and which was a young concession to the modesty of chance passers-by. The McCrea pants plopped on the pile and the McCrea boy plopped in the water. Time passed.

Then at one end of the pool someone found a bank, and water deep enough to dive into. Here was better sport; the little fellows found a louder splash could be had by simply standing on the ledge, pointing at the water, and following the hands. They took turns.

All but Joel.

Out of nothing, a force stronger than himself reached down and motioned him back. He spent no time in painful analytics; he merely obeyed an instinctive impulse. He stayed in the lower end of the pool.

You know what happened. The other boys noticed the one of their number who wasn't following suit, they invited him to join them, they jeered when he didn't. In the immemorial fashion of boys they cast their scorn at him: "Sissy! Scared of a little water! You better try the bathtub next time, sissy!"

"SISSY!"

Joel and Frances have made their California ranch not only a home but a paying proposition. Cattle raising was just another of Joel's lucky hunches.

Follow Your Hunches?

By HOWARD SHARPE

And you know too what Joel did. He went over to the bank and dived in, hunch or no hunch. There was a first small splash and then a peculiar slushing sound; half of him stayed above water, poised so for an instant, and then doubled sickeningly forward. The boys had been diving within three or four inches of a hidden shoal, and young McCrea had found it.

They pulled him out, unconscious, and took him home.

"And," Joel finished, grinning at me, "that was the first time Hunch spoke. I've listened ever since, believe me!"

EVER since that day he has hated to dive, not only into water but into any affair which concerned materially his career or his life. When any crisis comes, he stops, looks and listens—for the measured, implacable voice of Hunch. *It has never, in Joel's memory, failed him.*

Sprawled in deep chairs on one of those white, cool Hollywood terraces the other afternoon, we talked of the philosophy of controlled destiny and tried to find some hard-headed explanation of the fact that Hunch has chosen Joel McCrea and carried him along to enviable heights. There was no explanaiton.

"I can't fathom it, but I *have* to accept it." Brown from the sun of Malibu, Joel lay on his spine in his chair and waved his hands helplessly. "There hasn't been a single step upward in my career that Hunch didn't control. (You could hear in his tonal inflections the capitalization of the five-letter word.) "When I was only eleven I had this same feeling about wanting to be an actor. That was B. C.—Before Coogan, you know—and there wasn't the faintest practical basis for my thinking that I could act or even screen well.

"Anyway, I went to a couple of casting offices and was offered a small part. But Hunch interfered (*Continued on page* 79)

The Curious Threat to JANET GAYNOR'S Future

That little accident on the set was only the forerunner of serious complications in her career

By JOHN CHATTERTON

A FEW months ago Janet Gaynor darted into a scene of "'Way Down East," bumped solidly against Henry Fonda, tumbled and cracked her head sharply on a small stone in the ground.

Perhaps nowhere but in Hollywood could such a minor casualty summon such a collection of dark clouds to hover about Janet's still tender crown and cast long shadows on her future.

But in Hollywood often when it rains it pours, and for some reason or other Fate seems to have seized on this ridiculous, almost comic mishap to order a first grade program of unsettled weather with probable storms for the game little Gaynor who shook it off, kept on working and then collapsed on the set with brain concussion the next day.

It isn't all due, of course, to the bump on the noggin that today Janet faces a real and varied assortment of crises in the career of secure stardom which has been hers for the past ten years.

But somehow that fall broke her blue sky with a resounding thunderclap. From then on everything began to happen.

Janet, you'll recall, mistook the seriousness of her accident. She was anxious to rid herself of the resultant headache, so she went to her favorite beautician and relaxed under a vigorous scalp massage. It was the worst thing she could have done. The next day, when she swooned before the camera, specialists hurried in and promptly ordered her to bed for an indefinite stay.

"'Way Down East" started all over again, but without Janet.

Now ordinarily for a star such as Janet Gaynor to lose out on a good role in a good picture is nothing to get gray hair about. There are always more good parts in more good pictures. But it just so happened that "'Way Down East" was more than just a good picture for Janet. It was almost a vital picture for her. And doubly important in the light of what happened later.

Not since "State Fair" has Janet Gaynor scored in a real smash hit. "Adorable" was popular but not sensational. "Carolina" failed to improve her standing. "Change of Heart," her unhappy re-teaming with Charlie Farrell, actually hurt her and "One More Spring" struggled sadly for the old appeal of "Daddy Long Legs."

"The Farmer Takes a Wife" was counted on to put Janet back where she belonged. It was a superior picture, but it turned out in favor of Henry Fonda, not Janet Gaynor.

"'Way Down East" was the picture she needed.

Especially since the powers of the gold bags chose this particular time, while Janet was tucked away between the sheets with a throbbing lump beneath her auburn tresses, to merge Fox Studios with 20th Century and to place Little Napoleon Darryl Francis Zanuck in the head man's swivel chair where the chunky veteran, Winfield Sheehan, had been accustomed to sit.

"Winnie" Sheehan has been Janet Gaynor's guardian angel for all the ten years that both of them have hunted

When Janet fell during the filming of "'Way Down East" she had to give up that all-important role. (Below) On her first night out after her long convalescence she dined with an old friend and former flame, Al Scott.

fortunes in the Fox Movietone Hills. It was Sheehan who, with Frank Borzage, noted Janet in a tearful scene of the old silent picture, "The Return of Peter Grimm," and spotted her for a build-up to starring stature, starting with "Seventh Heaven."

It has been Sheehan who has devoted his careful, meticulous supervision to every picture that Janet has made. It was he who saw she was given even greater attention when Charlie Farrell backed out of the sentimental teaming alliance because he resented being placed in a continual second-fiddle position. And it was Sheehan who, only three years ago when Janet walked huffily off the lot in one of those "you'll do this part — no I *won't* do it" squabbles, hurried back from a nervous breakdown to smooth things out and coax her back to a better arrangement.

At that time he secured her future with a new contract designed to protect her in the unsettled era when the New York bankers were planning to run Fox. That contract, which is in force until next June, contains this rather unique and altogether unprecedented clause—that Janet Gaynor is not bound to make any pictures unless they are made under the personal supervision of Winfield Sheehan.

That clause is managing to make things even muddier than usual in Janet's present predicament.

Janet sailed for Honolulu with her mother to win back her health when she was able to be up and about after her accident. She was still in no state to talk business with Zanuck or any of her new bosses. But she left believing that she was to make at least three more pictures for Fox—one to replace "'Way Down East" and two more before her contract ran out.

The Honolulu trip wasn't all she had hoped for in the way of a recuperative. Shirley Temple had arrived before her and all Hawaii was in a movie-minded state of frenzy. The crowds mobbed and milled about Janet in well meant tribute, but in her fragile state of health the ordeal was too much. She had planned to hide out in her home on the beach across the island from Waikiki. But she spent most of her time afraid to leave her hotel room for the crowds.

When she sailed back home it was without the completely rebuilt health she had counted on.

She landed to discover that the new regime, 20th Century-Fox, had only vague if any plans for her future. The picture which was to take the place of "'Way Down East" had been scratched off the schedule. There was not an inkling of definite news about the other two which must be made before June.

At this writing, Janet has yet to confer with Darryl Zanuck about her future at the studio which has been home to her all her Hollywood life.

She occupies the puzzling position of a ranking feminine star without the slightest idea about what comes next in her career.

She finds herself in the little orphan role which she has played *ad nauseam* on the screen. For apparently the new 20th Century-Fox regime isn't too concerned over the future of Janet Gaynor Of all the Fox players inherited by the new company, Zanuck is understood to be most interested in Shirley Temple, Warner Baxter and John Boles. There has been absolutely no indication yet whether the new order will or will not continue to build and maintain Janet's prestige as a top-rank star.

And that might well be because of several things. It might be due entirely to the recent unfortunate Gaynor pictures which have cost her *(Continued on page 101)*

The Unknown Love of Una Merkel

Why is she called the best-liked girl in Hollywood? Here's the answer in the poignant story of the hidden heartbreak she brought with her from Broadway

By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

WHEN Una Merkel first struck Hollywood everyone talked of her drollness. Yet there were many nights when she slept on a pillow crumpled and damp from her tears. People commented on how carefree and young she was, regretting the inevitable day when life would crowd in upon her and put her to some unhappy test. And all the time they were talking she was disciplining an urgent heart and trying to end a deep love, not in the way easiest for herself but so it wouldn't mean too much pain for the boy.

So often men and women must go about hiding behind an undramatic and casual appearance some unhappiness that rules their inner lives; so often people have to be braver than they know how to be.

Una met the boy who figures in this story when they played in the same company on Broadway. She was tremendously impressed with him. He was an outstanding young actor. Una wasn't sure she was an actress at all. She still was afraid that every part might be her last.

"The most I hoped for," she has told me, "was that now and then, by always being around the theatrical agencies and managers' offices, I'd be on hand when they needed somebody in a hurry and so get a chance.

"I remember thinking that I couldn't act, really; that I wasn't pretty and that I didn't have any zip, so the thing for me to do was make up for all this in other ways—by being punctual and never making any trouble and always knowing my lines.

"Looking back, I know I seemed a hick. My clothes were good enough, but I was about the last girl left with long hair. And if it even looked like rain I wore rubbers and carried an umbrella."

That is the picture of naïve Una when she met this boy. At once she began dreaming about him, the way he moved his hands and the way his head was set on his shoulders. All day she treasured the chance remarks he made to her, and wondered if his voice saying them had been at all special, or if that slow smile meant anything romantic.

She knew that one day he would ask her out because of that something that was between them. And soon they began having supper on Broadway after the show and each morning he telephoned her.

She soon found herself employing coquetries she hadn't known she possessed. She cut her hair. She imagined herself in every beautiful dress she saw in a shop window, picturing all the while how his eyes would look when he saw her in it. She bought more things than ever before in her life.

Sundays were beautiful days, whether Una and her friend moved chess men across black and red squares while rain fell in silver drops against the windows or whether they went swimming in the ocean to lie later on the beach under the sun.

In time, however, even while Una's love grew, the fact stood clear that she was on her way up and the boy, unable to repeat his earlier triumphs, was on his way down. He also realized this too keenly. He became increasingly eager to escape into that nice rosy world which a few drinks could create, a comfortable world with no worry in it, a world to be achieved at any cost.

I feel sure it is of this boy that Una is thinking when she says, "The people I pity most are those who, because they are supersensitive and feel things too deeply, haven't sufficient armor to face life when it becomes specially difficult for them."

That boy's drinking spoiled much of their happiness together. Still she kept on believing in him and the future they would share. Even when others shook their heads, she kept right on believing. Woman-like, she was tenacious in her faith in the man she loved. But things got worse, not better. Until finally she had no choice. Loving that boy she had to accept the fact that theirs was not the kind of relationship on which to base a marriage.

When motion picture producers approached Una with offers she must have been glad to leave New York for Hollywood. The separation filled her with the sickness of loneliness. Every day she lived away from that boy strains of certain songs, certain colors coming into the sky stuck sharp little blades into her. Yet she was glad to go, even if she was all alone now.

It wasn't as if Una could cast her china blue eyes around and find another boy. She was still the girl who was scared of boys. However the boy may have failed her, he loved her deeply and she had come to be the one thing in his life.

Her first picture was "Abraham Lincoln." Walter Huston himself coached her, helped her with the new screen technique. He even took her to his house where they might go over their lines without interruption. During these rehearsals they didn't call each other Abe and Ann. They used Walter and Una to make it seem more familiar and therefore more understandable.

It isn't likely Walter Huston, engaged at the time to Nan Sunderland who is now his wife, would have done this for anyone else. But with Una somehow it was all right. Obviously she wasn't a girl to misunderstand such kindness or to attempt to twist this association into more than it was designed to be.

When "Abraham Lincoln" was released the boy came to Hollywood. All the time he was here Una gave up her friends to be with him. She was tender. She was indulgent. Those who loved her grew increasingly distressed. They didn't know, as Una knew, that although her love for this boy filled her life she had given up all hopes of marrying him. This was something she could tell no one, lest he find out. For until he found someone else she would not risk his knowing that he had lost her.

The boy was finally called back to New York for a play—a small part, but something after all. With half her heart Una was relieved. She prayed that this engagement might bring him other interests and permit her to go through with her difficult decision.

She went back to the pattern of life his coming had interrupted. She dashed around the Metro lot—from stage to dressing-room, from dressing-room to commissary—her ash blonde hair almost silver in the sunlight, youth and age curiously blended in her blue eyes. A dozen times to the block she paused to exchange easy "Hello theres." And everyone continued to talk of her drollness and comment on how young and carefree she was.

She worked hard, too. Pictures followed one after another. In each of them she did the best job she was capable of. But always she waited for a comedy part since it was comedy she felt best equipped to play.

At last a comedy part came along. There were complications with the script, however, and it was not until the day before she was to start work (*Continued on page 73*)

OH, To Be In

At her British Broadcasting party, the author (second from left) introduced these Hollywoodites over the radio—Edward Everett Horton, Richard Dix, Virginia Cherrill, Helen Chandler, Jean Parker, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Laura La Plante.

GREETINGS, salutations and bless you, my sweets! Please pardon the monocle in my throat, it's just the "Ruth Chatterton" in me, after a month's visit to London. And what a visit it was—tophole, ripping and too, too divine.

I sailed on the *Normandie* to see what it felt like to be on an M-G-M set at sea. It really was a thrilling trip, especially when I had Edward Everett Horton for a sailing companion.

Eddie was en route to the Twickenham Studios to play the title role in "His Private Secretary," a part originated fifty years ago on the English stage by Sir Beerbohm Tree, but he was far more excited at the prospect of indulging in his favorite hobby, antique shopping. I just wish you could have seen the Sheraton cabinets, Queen Anne tables, stained glass windows, highboys and whatnots that he unearthed in ye olde antique shoppes of Surrey and Sussex and had shipped back to his ranch estate in Van Nuys.

No wonder poor Mrs. Horton, Eddie's seventy-six-year-young mother, was moved to exclaim, "One more piece of furniture in the house and *we'll* be arrested for trespassing!"

The first night of my arrival in London I rushed to the Savoy Grill, the after-theater rendezvous of all London, but it looked more like intermission at a Dorothy Frasso party to me! There, at various ringside tables, sat Walter Huston, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Laura La Plante, Richard Dix, Madge Evans, Loretta Young, Virginia Cherrill, Eugene Pallette, Jean Parker, Maurice Chevalier and the Bramwell Fletchers. Quick, Fink, the camera!

Table-hopping from one to another, I discovered that Laura La Plante and Doug, Jr., had just returned from Monte Carlo, where they had been shooting location exteriors for "Water Nymph," a Warner Brothers release.

Laura, as you know, is now a permanent resident of London since her new husband, Irving Asher, is production chief of the Warner Brothers Studios in Teddington. A delightful fellow, with an uncanny eye for discovering talent, he already has been responsible for importing to Hollywood such fair and Warner finds as Baby Sybil Jason, Errol Flynn, Ian Hunter and Henry Mollison. Of course, his importing Laura to London makes it kinda hard on us folks at home, but then she is so happy that it wouldn't be quite "cricket" (ah there, Picadilly!) for us to complain, eh what?

Doug., Jr., too, looked better and seemed happier than I had ever seen him. Perhaps it's because he's still a "G Man," and by that I mean that, despite all gossip columnists to the contrary, he still only has eyes for Gertrude Lawrence. If their romance is cold, then I'll take vanilla!

But "Gee" isn't the only attraction London holds for Doug., Jr. You see, Young Doug is essentially "top hat,

ENGLAND!

—Now that the stars are there! Here's what American favorites are doing—and thinking—in dear old London

By RADIE HARRIS

Eddie Horton and Laura La Plante—he haunts the London antique shops; she's very happy with her English husband.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr.—probably the most popular American in London.

Our author was introduced to George Arliss in the tattered garments of his role at tea-time (no less) on the "Mister Hobo" set.

white tie and tails" and he belongs in the atmosphere of a sophisticated, cosmopolitan center like London. He is enormously well liked and is invited into more royal enclosures than any other "commoner," but never once do you hear him boast, "And I said to the Prince!"

"The only fly in my ointment is Hollywood's misinterpretation of my living here," Douglas told me one afternoon as we sat chatting over the teacups in his lovely home in Chelsea. "I'm not being traitorous to Hollywood by working in London any more than Leslie Howard, Herbert Marshall and Charles Laughton are being traitorous to England by working in Hollywood.

"I still have my home in Beverly Hills and my pictures have American release and American backing. If this be treason, make the most of it! No, the only reason I've chosen to make pictures in England is that, for me, it happens to be more feasible.

"In Hollywood, I'm just an actor whom everyone has known since I was in knee breeches. That's fatal when you want to be taken seriously. And I want to be taken seriously. My name is in electrics now, but the fuse may blow out, and then where am I? In the producing end, I hope. That's why I am laying the groundwork now. Hollywood wouldn't give me the opportunity, so I came to London, where I've established enough confidence to promote my own company."

"Does that mean you are remaining over here indefinitely?" I wanted to know.

"Not necessarily. A really good role in Hollywood, a radio contract, a Broadway play may tempt me back any time."

But until one, or all of them, comes along, Douglas will remain in London as America's Ambassador of Good Will. And if Hollywood only knew what a popular and charming emissary he is I'm sure it would change its roast to a toast.

And speaking of toast, reminds me of tea, and speaking of tea reminds me of George Arliss, for Mr. Arliss and tea are synonymous on a studio set every afternoon at four.

It was on the set of "Mister Hobo" at the Gaumont-British Studios at Shepherd's Bush that I found him, cup in hand, an absurdly incongruous figure in the tattered garments of "Mister Hobo." Tea over, he went back to his scene, and I must say that I've (*Continued on page* 104)

The Romantic Story of

For five long years before they were introduced, Bennett Cerf was in love!

WHEN lovely dark-hair-and-eyed Sylvia Sidney, of Hollywood, and tall equally dark Bennett Cerf, of New York, joined hands a few weeks ago and solemnly repeated their marriage vows before an interested magistrate in Phoenix, Arizona, the occasion marked the culmination of a romance that had its story book beginnings five long years ago.

It all goes back to those months, late in 1930, when the unsuspecting bride-to-be was appearing in New York as the star of the Broadway production of "Bad Girl."

Bennett Cerf, now head of the Modern Library and Random House, two successful and rapidly expanding book publishing firms, was then merely an ambitious young man rather recently graduated from Columbia University. He was, we may assume, a young man with a single purpose, that of becoming a brilliant success in his chosen profession.

But from that night, near the end of "Bad Girl's" run, when he looked upon its heroine, he became a young man with two purposes! As he watched Sylvia Sidney, across the footlights, behaving most indiscreetly as Vina Delmar's reckless brain child, Mr. Cerf knew that she was the most beautiful thing he had ever beheld, that she had an unusually good brain behind those utterly disarming wide-set brown eyes, and that—well, that he just had to meet her.

Beyond "meeting," Mr. Cerf hardly allowed his thoughts to progress, except vaguely, for he was a very modern, ambitious young man and did not believe in marriage, certainly not for himself.

While he pondered which of half a dozen friends to approach for the coveted introduction, Miss Sidney whisked off to Hollywood, at the urgent invitation of Paramount, to play in "City Streets" with Gary Cooper and to begin her sensational climb to stardom on the screen. This trek to the picture capital was for Sylvia a heaven-sent second chance. She had journeyed to the West Coast once before, briefly, and had been regarded as just another stage actress who didn't quite click in one of the first talkies—a fair sample of those painful productions we all suffered through before sound and shadow learned to synchronize their too-individual efforts.

Sylvia worked hard to make good when Fate sent this opportunity to try again for the top in Hollywood. In less than four years she made fourteen pictures, among them "American Tragedy," "Street Scene," "Ladies of the Big House," "Jennie Gerhardt" and "Accent on Youth."

As the world knows, she succeeded brilliantly. Not that her path upward was strewn with roses. Just as she had always, from the time she determined at the age of twelve to be an actress, sacrificed other things for the thing she wanted most, so she did during those four years. She worked, read, worked some more, rarely went to parties, almost never entertained, and followed always the dictates of her own conscience. If people didn't like her ways, she never showed that she minded.

Meanwhile, what of Bennett Cerf, rising equally rapidly in New York from ambitious young man to successful head of a publishing business? With his even more youthful partner, Donald Klopfer, he was building the Modern Library into the most successful reprint series in America. For his Random House imprint he was corralling a list of famous authors that included Eugene O'Neill, James Joyce, Robinson Jeffers, and Marcel Proust.

But also, in his leisure time, he was looking at and listening to every production in which Sylvia appeared, and falling more deeply in love with the girl he had never met as each month of those four years went by.

Finally he made up his mind to do something more than look and listen.

Late in December of 1934, on learning that the object of all his affection had come to New York for the holidays, he telephoned Richard Halliday at Paramount (Dick was both a friend and a business connection) and stated his

When they finally did meet, and Sylvia smiled, very much like this——

Sylvia Sidney's Marriage

By JOSEPHINE LE SUEUR

Bennett Cerf, the clever young publisher, was tongue-tied!

mental condition in words of one syllable. Dick was to produce Miss Sidney without further delay—or else! Halliday said he'd bring her to a New Year's party at Lynn and Nell Farnol's house to which both young men were invited.

He kept his promise. Quite casually, after five years, Mr. Cerf was presented to Miss Sidney. But he couldn't take the introduction as casually as it was made. He tried to say something light and amusing, but achieved only trite banalities about how was the weather in California and how did she like New York. Terrible! He fled in dismay to hide his confusion in the crowd of other guests. His heart was behaving in a manner that threatened to cut off his breathing at any moment. Sylvia, close at hand, was twice as beautiful, twice as alluring, much more utterly desirable than she had ever seemed on the stage or screen.

She proved, also, to be understanding. After a couple of hours of party, during which the young man who looked attractive but seemed strangely tongue-tied continued to avoid her, she sought him out in a corner, hiding between a goldfish aquarium and a bank of Christmas greens.

"Well," she exclaimed, with one of those rare and beautiful Sidney smiles, "I must say that for a person who claims to have wanted to meet me for five years, you seem to have changed your mind pretty completely!" Whereupon Mr. Cerf managed to ask her if she'd lunch with him soon, said he'd telephone, and again fled.

The next morning he sent her an unusual gift. For years, we must remember, he had not only seen his beloved in all her pictures but, by dint of questioning everyone he met who knew her, had also made a thorough study of her trait, her whims, her smallest likes and dislikes. He knew, for instance, of her passion for cocoanut kisses, luscious cocoanut pie, for cocoanut in any form. So, when Sylvia opened a large parcel delivered to her suite at the Hotel Drake, she lifted out two immense and very hairy cocoanuts! There was also a note which read: "If you will lunch with me today please break a cocoanut and send me a piece by fast messenger."

Unaccustomed to breaking open large cocoanuts before lunch, the young star finally accomplished the feat by hurling the fruit against the baseboard of her living room, despite the protests of the Drake's manager.

They had lunch. And then Sylvia went back to Hollywood.

Bennett Cerf, more in love than ever but no longer tongue-tied, wrote her a letter or letters and sent her a telegram or telegrams every day.

Among the miscellaneous Sidneyanna he had collected in the years he was pursuing the shadow of his love, was a pretty complete list of all the men who had ever taken her places—and quite a number had. And so, each morning, Sylvia would receive a night letter, or a ten-word telegram, or perhaps a fifty word wire, signed by one of these old friends and companions. All the communications, strangely enough, said something about what a fine fellow Bennett Cerf was! Almost every day through January some old friend remembered to tell Miss Sidney about the laudable qualities of her new friend.

By this time it was February. Bennett, deciding he did not care for New York in February without a certain person, went aboard a boat bound for Nassau and began sending cables instead of telegrams.

Oddly enough Sylvia began to find Hollywood a tiresome town in February and, having just finished a picture, she broke down and wrote to someone in Nassau that she was bored and wished she were any place but in California. Came back the cable: WHY NOT TRY NASSAU? Her reply read: WHY NOT INDEED STOP AM ON MY WAY!

The little British island, scarcely twelve miles long, turned out to be, for a whole marvelous month, just exactly the right end of the earth for two people with very dark eyes and very brown hair—two people who liked to ride bicycles and plop along behind fat carriage horses and go dashing into cold surf at midday.

The only sad note, ending this chapter of our lovers' tale, was that the four weeks passed in what seemed the merest fraction of that time. Before you could have believed it possible it was away into March and Bennett was back in New York deciding yes and no about first novels of budding authors and Sylvia was back in Hollywood making "Accent on Youth." Studio executives remarked, when they saw the first rushes, at the intensity of feeling she'd gotten into those love scenes with the handsome pub—playwright. Sylvia always did say she did her best work when she thoroughly "felt the part!"

The letters that flew daily between New York and Hollywood, however, were not exactly missives of hearts and flowers. Bennett, of course, was the first to throw the principles and prejudices of a young lifetime overboard and come out for good old-fashioned marriage. But Sylvia? Never! What utter nonsense. She had never believed in marriage, for herself, and she wasn't going to turn her back on her convictions just

(*Continued on page 72*)

MOVIES of the MONTH

The best picture of the month, I might perhaps say of all time, is "A Midsummer Night's Dream;" superb cast and direction and a "must see" for all of you. "I Live My Life" fails to provide a story worthy of the excellent cast. The picture with the most powerful, dramatic theme is "Last Days of Pompeii." "Barbary Coast" will delight those interested in the Gold Rush days in California, though the cast isn't up to its best work.

Ruth Waterbury

Jimmie Cagney wears a donkey's head in Warner's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with Anita Louise.

Jane Withers and John McGuire (and all the cast) aren't quite up to par in "This Is the Life."

Edward G. Robinson and Miriam Hopkins co-star in Goldwyn's entertaining "Barbary Coast."

"The Morals of Marcus" gives Lupe Velez a naughty-but-nice role, with Ian Hunter as Marcus.

Reviews of the latest films, with one check (✓) for the good ones, and a double check (✓✓) for those you shouldn't miss

The Morals of Marcus (GB)

You'll See: *Lupe Velez, Ian Hunter, Adrianne Allen, Noel Maddison and others.*

It's About: *A white girl reared in an Oriental harem and unwillingly rescued by an English scientist, and the amusing troubles she brings upon his staid household.*

When little Carlotta escapes from an impending marriage to an Oriental graybeard, who already has some thirty wives, by hiding in Marcus Ordeyne's scientific baggage, she starts a long series of embarrassing moments for the woman-hating archaeologist, who has just inherited a title and a fortune and is returning home to claim them. Further complications are provided by Sir Marcus's philandering friend and by his assistant, Judith. With playboy Tony Pasquale trying to seduce Carlotta and with Judith determined to marry Marcus, the fun begins in earnest—for Carlotta is equally determined to win Marcus for herself.

Much of the humor and drama of these situations is lost in this handling of W. J. Locke's famous play, and the really good cast is hampered by weak direction. Lupe Velez has a perfect role as Carlotta and sings two or three songs effectively, one of them a delightful lullaby. She also does an impromptu dance at a conservative English club. Ian Hunter fits the part of Sir Marcus to a T and Noel Maddison gives perhaps the most interesting performance of all as Tony.

Your Reviewer Says: An average program picture, but Velez fans will want to see it for sure.

✓✓A Midsummer Night's Dream (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Jimmie Cagney, Joe E. Brown, Dick Powell, Olivia de Havilland, Jean Muir, Verree Teasdale, Ross Alexander, Anita Louise, Mickey Rooney, Ian Hunter, many, many others.*

It's About: *An enchanted night in an enchanted wood with human beings and fairies intermingled in tangled loves.*

Here is the first Shakespearean production to reach the talking screen, and

Brian Aherne is Crawford's new leading man in M-G-M's comedy-drama, "I Live My Life."

Preston Foster and David Holt are fine in RKO's splendid "The Last Days of Pompeii."

all concerned in it may be very proud. Max Reinhardt, the great German producer, and Warner Brothers joined hands very successfully. Practically the entire Warner stellar list is represented in the cast, yet so subtly is the whole film handled that you'll never be conscious that Joe E. Brown, Dick Powell and Jimmie Cagney are most familiar modern faces.

Don't be afraid this is highbrow. It's really very gay, musical, and otherworldish. Never has the camera been employed for greater beauty. The music is enchantment itself and the beautiful lines of Shakespeare are given their exquisite value. The story, in case you don't remember, is about the King and Queen of the Fairies and four mortal loves who get all involved on a mad midsummer-night.

The performances are quite perfect with Anita Louise the most exquisite sight you've ever seen as Titania.

Your Reviewer Says: It is a screen masterpiece. (*Continued on page* 91)

PICTURES in the CUTTING ROOM

Advance Tips on Tomorrow's Talkies

COLUMBIA

The Case of the Missing Man. Roger Pryor as the curbstone cameraman who photographs a big jewel robbery without realizing and picks the guilty man from his photos later. Joan Perry, as his assistant, furnishes the heart interest.

• • •

Crime and Punishment. Peter Lorre as the murderer who almost gets away with his crime, only to slip up on his own conscience.

M-G-M

Chiseling Chiselers. Jack Benny, Una Merkel and Nat Pendleton in a comedy about a promoter who has to make good a bluff that he is a champion balloonist.

• • •

Untitled Powell-Russell Picture. William Powell as a member of the Intelligence Department during the war who loves Rosalind Russell, daughter of the head of the department.

PARAMOUNT

Anything Goes. Bing Crosby, Ethel Merman and Charlie Ruggles in the film from the big Broadway hit about a young broker who gets mistaken for Public Enemy Number One.

• • •

Collegiate. All about what happens when playboy Jack Oakie inherits a girls' seminary and "improves" it with the help of Ned Sparks, Lynne Overman, Frances Langford and a wealthy amnesia victim by the name of Joe Penner. Musical.

• • •

Hands Across the Table. Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray and Ralph Bellamy in Viña Delmar's story about a barber shop manicurist out to grab a wealthy husband.

• • •

The Bride Comes Home. Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray love to fight with the world and each other. When Claudette threatens to marry Robert Young, Fred has his hardest battle to dissuade her.

RKO

Love Song. Lily Pons makes her film debut with Henry Fonda and Eric Blore in a story about the troubles of an opera singer.

• • •

The Three Musketeers. Walter Abel as D'Artagnan, with Paul Lukas, Moroni Olsen, and Onslow Stevens as the famous trio of soldiers in a revival of the old favorite.

20th CENTURY-FOX

The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo. Ronald Colman as an exiled Russian prince living in Paris who takes the pool of money formed by Russian friends and goes to Monte Carlo, where he breaks the bank—but meets Joan Bennett in the power of a crook, who attempts to steal his dough.

• • •

Thanks a Million. Dick Powell, Ann Dvorak, Fred Allen, Patsy Kelly and the Paul Whiteman orchestra in a singing, dancing, musical hit with lots of laughs.

• • •

Metropolitan. Lawrence Tibbett returns to the screen in a story of a group who form their own opera company when they fail to make the Metropolitan. Alice Brady engineers the organization and Virginia Bruce supplies the love interest.

UNIVERSAL

Magnificent Obsession. Irene Dunne, Robert Taylor and Charles Butterworth in a strong story of a man who deciphers the strange code of ethics of a doctor and changes his own viewpoint on life.

WARNER-FIRST NATIONAL

Captain Blood. Errol Flynn, Olivia de Haviland and a strong supporting cast in Rafael Sabatini's sea story of fighting and love.

• • •

The Murder of Doctor Harrigan. A mystery crime story about a doctor who claims the invention of a new anesthetic, with Ricardo Cortez and Lynn Acker solving the murder.

Tips on Talkies

The perfect film guide for previous months—✓ indicates the better pictures, and ✓✓ indicates those you shouldn't miss; reviews in italics are especially suitable for children

✓✓ACCENT ON YOUTH (Paramount). Herbert Marshall, Sylvia Sidney and Phillip Reed in a bright, witty story which shows that love and youth are not always synonymous. Marshall is excellent as the middle-aged writer who thinks himself too old for Miss Sidney, while the whole picture is a delightful merger of laughs and romance.

✓ANNA KARENINA (M-G-M). Garbo, the glamor lass, in a handsomely mounted rendition of the Tolstoy classic. Very sad and very serious, it retells the old story of the wife who leaves her husband and child for a dashing soldier. Freddie Bartholomew, Reginald Owen and Basil Rathbone are fine. Fredric March remains in the doldrums. Fair for Garbo fans.

✓ALIAS BULLDOG DRUMMOND (GB). An English film featuring Jack Hulbert and the American Fay Wray in a gay, improbable adventure about the famous amateur detective. The plot has many ingenious twists and its background, staid London, is interestingly treated. Hardly believable but ringing with laughs.

✓✓ALICE ADAMS (RKO). A simple, realistic and deeply touching story of a small town girl who attempts a step up the social ladder. A highly successful blend of laughter and tears. Great performances by Katie Hepburn, Frank Albertson, Fred Stone and Ann Shoemaker.

✓✓BECKY SHARP (RKO). A pictorially stunning costume picture with nothing to recommend it but color. That's enough, however. The story is slow, Hopkins is not in top form. But no movie fan can afford to miss the harmonic hues. See it as a cinema curiosity. Then decide if you want more like it.

BONNIE SCOTLAND (M-G-M). Laurel and Hardy's latest offering is made from two distinct stories that never quite get together. One has the comic team up to all their old tricks and as funny as ever. The other is a serious romance that travels from Scotland to India but never really gets any place. A fifty-fifty picture.

George Arliss is having the time of his life in his first tramp role; above, with Gene Gerrard and one of the players in GB's "Mister Hobo."

✓BORN FOR GLORY (GB). The human element doesn't count for much in this importation from the English studio, but the battle scenes are decidedly thrilling and well worth seeing. Story concerns a sailor who, single-handedly, manages to wreck a German ship. John Mills, the hero, is a young man to watch.

✓✓BROADWAY MELODY OF 1936 (M-G-M). Eleanor Powell dances in a way you'll never forget. And the whole lively cast—Jack Benny, Robert Taylor, Sid Silvers, June Knight, Frances Langford and Buddy Ebsen—gives us M-G-M's best musical. Full of laughs, songs and gorgeous sets. Worth anybody's time.

BRIGHT LIGHTS (Warner Brothers). Joe E. Brown and Ann Dvorak as a small time burlesque team that finally lands on Broadway. Love enters to complicate the comedy team's success but all ends well in this typically humorous item from the cavern mouthed clown. Joe's tap dancing and Ann's singing are pleasant surprises.

BROADWAY GONDOLIER (Warner Brothers). A good story, some nice performances and a batch of catchy tunes suffer from a too slow tempo. Bouncing Dick Powell, as a cab driver with an operatic voice, takes a trip to Italy and climbs to succcess while masquerading as an Italian. Adolphe Menjou, Louise Fazenda and Joan Blondell in supporting roles. Not the best of the Warner tune-films.

✓CHARLIE CHAN IN SHANGHAI (20th Century-Fox). Easily the best of this mystery series, with Warner Oland in the title role and Keye Luke as his son both turning in grand performances. Some good comedy, too.

✓✓CHINA SEAS (M-G-M). A lusty, action-packed melodrama of the Oriental waterways with Gable, Harlow and Beery at their superb best. Outspoken, rough and often funny, the picture gives the stars the earthy sort of roles that made them famous. See it for a full movie evening.

✓✓CRUSADES, THE (Paramount). A stupendous pictorial version of the trek to the Holy Land, with breathtaking scenes of battles and crowds in the best DeMille manner. Loretta Young, Henry Wilcoxon, Ian Keith and Katherine DeMille cavort in picturesque costumes. The picture, though, is more memorable for its grandeur than its players.

✓✓CURLY TOP (Fox). Shirley Temple gets better with every picture. This latest one, remodelled from the famous "Daddy Long Legs" to fit Shirley, is thoroughly charming. John Boles and Rochelle Hudson, who sings, too, supply the love interest. However, this is all Shirley's picture and those who come to see her won't be disappointd.

✓✓DARK ANGEL, THE (United Artists). A new, and attractively fresh, Merle Oberon in a poignant and touching story. Fredric (*Continued on page* 83)

MARLENE DIETRICH

For the first time in many years, she's working under a director other than von Sternberg. Frank Borzage wields the megaphone for Paramount's "The Pearl Necklace."

PAULETTE GODDARD

From a bit player in Eddie Cantor's "The Kid from Spain" to leading woman for Charlie Chaplin's new "Modern Times"—that's the cinema history of Paulette, Hollywood's mystery lady, since she arrived in an Hispano-Suiza from out of nowhere.

DICK POWELL - RUBY KEELER

Just when husband Al Jolson arranged to do his radio broadcasting from California to be near her, Ruby was sent to Annapolis to make "Shipmates Forever" with Dick. 'Tis said Dick's romantically inclined toward another fair teammate, Joan Blondell.

ALICE FAYE

The little blues singer, currently appearing in "Music Is Magic," will be seen next in "King of Burlesque." Happy in the possession of a mink coat and a real swimming pool, tangible symbols of her meteoric success, she lives quietly with her family in Hollywood.

IRENE DUNNE

Her latest starring film is "Magnificent Obsession," but you'll be hearing her lovely voice again in Universal's "Show Boat." She's certainly well prepared for the latter role—she sang it on the stage, and her father was a builder and owner of Ohio River steamboats!

WHY WOMEN

Bachelors, husbands and ex-married men—they all agree that it's the little things that are important in love. And they tell you what they are

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

GIRLS lose men all the time, the very men they would, if they could, keep beside them forever. They lose sweethearts they would have for husbands. They lose husbands they would have for sweethearts.

Why is this? What is it girls do that costs them the loves that are the most important elements in their very lives?

First I talked about this to Bela Lugosi. On the screen, Bela plays weird people but actually he's a simple, folksy Austrian. And he discusses the things he has observed about men and women and life and love as matter of factly as a farmer would talk about potatoes or turnips.

"A man," Bela says, "will forgive a woman big things before he will forgive her little things. This you can depend upon: A woman committing forgery would be surer of a man's love than a woman who proved irritating.

"It's the little things which have no standing whatever in the divorce courts which really estrange men and women, before and after marriage.

"Men, believe me," he went on seriously, "love as deeply and as completely as any woman when they love sincerely."

I asked him to name some of the little habits girls have which prove irritating.

"Well," he said, "a woman is foolish to ask a man his opinion of a new hat before dinner. For the same hat that would elicit no praise whatever before dinner would be complimented highly when a man had had his dinner and was relaxed with his pipe. So, you see, the woman who is understanding enough to show her new hat at the right time would have no cause to complain, 'Oh, you never like the things I wear any more!' And a stupid, fruitless quarrel would be avoided.

"Usually," Bela pointed out, "it is shortsighted to interrupt when men are busy or talking together even though their industry or conversation may seem unimportant. In other words, women will find that to be sensitive to the mood of the moment as far as men are concerned will pay them in dividends of lasting affection. Timing, of course, is of paramount importance always, in whatever we say, whatever we do, in any relationship.

Walter Huston and his wife, Nan Sunderland, spend long periods of time together in their remote mountain lodge in California. Sometimes they see no outsiders for days, even for weeks. Yet they have survived this close relationship, which certainly is a supreme test, beautifully. Irrespective of how long they remain in this semi-seclusion they never get on each other's nerves. Evenings always find them

Walter Huston, star of GB's "Rhodes, the Empire Builder," has found perfect happiness with his actress-wife. Why? "Nan," he says gratefully, "never harps about things."

"That flashy act some girls put on," says Bob Taylor, "keeps you from ever really knowing them." In Hollywood, as everywhere, men like girls with whom they can relax.

LOSE MEN

What is Cary Grant's pet peeve? Baby talk! "I never met the girl cute enough to say 'itsy bitsy'," says the "tall, dark and handsome" hero of Paramount's "The Last Outpost."

If a girl can't be on time for a date with Gene Raymond of RKO (sounds impossible to us!), it's just too bad. But when it's the other way 'round—well, there was one time . . .

reading on opposite sides of a roaring fire, the very best of friends.

Walter Huston gives Nan Sunderland much of the credit for this happiness. "Nan," he says gratefully, "never harps about things. She doesn't nag. She's interested in me and so, naturally enough, from time to time she has definite ideas about the things I should do and the things I shouldn't do. But if I don't follow some casual suggestion she has made—and the matter, large or small, is important to her—she will follow up with, 'Look here, now, I'm going to say what I think about this once more and I shan't mention it again.'

"With the result," he added, "that I'm inclined to weigh her advice and suggestions carefully. I know she feels fairly strongly on a subject to give advice at all. Besides, I realize that she never again will refer to the matter, will not sulk or act piqued if I go contrary to her wishes, will not remind me that she told me so should things turn out badly.

"Consequently we have splendid times together. Our relationship never is molested by nagging or clouded by the resentment all men feel when they have been nagged."

Next I sought some of the attractive bachelors in Hollywood—Robert Taylor, Nelson Eddy, Gene Raymond, and that ex-husband, Cary Grant.

Bob Taylor admitted it is girls who wear flashy clothes and behave in a flashy manner who put him in a good, healthy pet. Girls who stand in doorways, staging their entrances. Girls who laugh and talk so loudly they constantly can be heard above everyone else in a room.

"Deliver me from such," Bob says. "At first they may seem the vital ones but almost always the very flash which attracts you puts you off. Which is natural enough when you think about it, since that flashy act some girls put on keeps you from ever knowing them, really knowing them, I mean. You never get a chance to establish even the smallest kind of bond. That flash begins to get on a fellow's nerves after a while."

There are many men in Hollywood and elsewhere who go off the deep end for girls with whom they can relax, to whom they don't have to talk or listen every minute. They make it quite plain, these men, that they're happiest with girls who have an easy way about them, who aren't straining to be gay and amusing and important all the time.

A marriage might not crack up because of a certain feminine tendency which worries Nelson Eddy, but because of it a marriage could very easily be less pleasant than it otherwise might be. And an acquaintanceship easily might be terminated because of it.

"I'm irritated when a girl keeps fussing with her make-up or her gloves or her jewelry or some detail of her dress," Nelson says. "It's my idea that a girl should do the best job she knows how with her appearance before she leaves home and then forget it except for the repairs she may need to make in a dressing-room during the evening."

Gene Raymond agrees with Nelson Eddy on this score. "Whatever it is, if it's primping I'm against it," Gene says. "Furthermore, girls look a darn sight better when their make-up or their costume isn't set and just so all the time. I want girls who are pleasant human beings, not stiff, stupid mannequins."

Gene also avoids girls who prove incapable of being on time. A punctual person himself, he expects girls to be as considerate of his pleasure and his comfort and his time as he is prepared to be of theirs. And I think it's also quite possible that, along with hundreds of other men, Gene figures the girl who is perpetually late is naturally a selfish, unreliable person, and not a girl with whom it's wise or desirable to become involved.

Which brings me to an amusing story about Gene. Not long ago he was frightfully late meeting a girl because he had wasted half an hour waiting for her at the wrong place. On his way to the hotel where he trusted she still waited Gene racked his brain to figure out some way in which he could explain his tardiness and make things look right. He was so absorbed with this problem, as a matter of fact, that he rather neglected to watch his speedometer. Whereupon a traffic cop who had been in hiding behind a hedge fixed everything for him. Overtaking Gene he handed him a ticket. And it was flourishing this ticket—both triumphantly and gratefully—that Gene finally greeted the girl who by this time had reached a feverish foot-tapping stage.

It's baby talk that makes Cary Grant throw away a girl's telephone number. Even though her eyes may be deep blue and three-cornered and her hair the smoothest gold.

It was fairly recently I heard Cary and three other men who were representative executives on the Paramount lot talking over a luncheon table. Three of this group, including Cary, were agreed that all women who talk baby talk should be stranded on a desert island and left to themselves. The fourth, a somewhat older man, disagreed. He thought baby talk was cute. "If the girl's cute," he specified hastily, put on his guard no doubt by the three eloquently disapproving looks which were levelled at him.

"I never met the girl cute enough to say 'itsy bitsy,'" Cary exploded. "After the first session of baby talk I'm off. It makes me feel self-conscious. Downright silly in fact."

Two of the other heads at that table nodded in hearty approval.

Some of these things may seem to be trifles, but since the men had no reason to be anything but honest about their reactions to various feminine characteristics they undoubtedly do explain why men drift away sometimes. Why men who are sweethearts telephone with less frequency and talk only half as long; why they arrive for appointments with less eagerness in their eyes. And why men who are husbands spend more time behind newspapers and at their clubs, and come to life only there are others about.

Last I sought Cecil B. DeMille, a man supremely wise about men and women. And any girl, apprehensive that she may lose the man she loves, should find in "C. B.'s" opinion an oasis of hope. For "C. B." insists a woman can hold a man forever.

"All a woman needs to do is make a man think he gives her something no other man ever gave her or ever will give her," he insists. "In this way a woman feeds a man's ego. And when his ego is fed a man is enchanted.

"Beyond this one general rule, however, different men require different measures. In another way they require the same individual treatment they receive from their tailors. Let a good tailor find a man with a tummy and he will proceed to drape the trousers he is making, saying as he does this, 'They're wearing them fuller this season, you know!' Whereas he will take the opposite tack with a thin man."

I asked "C. B." if intelligent women have an equal chance, a better chance, or less of a chance to hold men. And he smiled, amused.

"Man's eternal role is that of conqueror," he said. "Therefore the woman who is intelligent enough will not lose out, for she will allow herself to be conquered in conversation even when she knows more than the man to whom she is talking. To do this, of course, takes a truly superior intelligence. Too many smart women are so busy being smart and showing off that they never remember to do this, even when the man in the case is very important to them."

Nagging, primping, bad timing, perpetual tardiness, affectations, baby talk—little things in themselves perhaps. But the results they cause are important. For, we have the word of seven wise men of Hollywood for this, they are the reasons that women lose men.

Many men agree with Nelson Eddy, M-G-M's newest heart-throb, who can't stand girls who are always fussing about their appearance, wielding lipsticks and puffs in public.

"Women will find that to be sensitive to the mood of the moment as far as men are concerned will pay them in dividends of lasting affection," says Bela Lugosi, Universal star.

Character Actor— NEW STYLE

Robert Barrat started his training at the age of five —and fashioned health and a career from invalidism

By DON RYAN

As a Frenchman in "The Dressmaker."

As a German in "The Florentine Dagger."

As a Polish immigrant in "Stranded."

"Moonlight on the Prairie"—a lawyer!

And in Warner's "Dr. Socrates"—a doctor!

ROBERT! Oh, Robert!"

Bob Barrat knew too well the implication of that tone when his mother called him. Moreover, her use of his full name instead of the diminutive, Bob, formalized the situation. It meant trouble.

Quickly the pale, sickly-looking lad stowed what he was reading under his mattress.

"Ro-*bert!*"

The voice was drawing nearer.

"Yes, Mother."

"What are you doing?" The brisk figure of Bob's mother confronted him from the doorway of his room in the old house drowsing in a quiet sector of New York. "Why aren't you outside? It's a fine day."

"I—I was just reading."

"Reading what?"

Without waiting for a reply, Mrs. Barrat stepped over and lifted the edge of the mattress, which creaked guiltily. She pulled out a small magazine, hardly more than a pamphlet. On the cover a healthy-looking young woman was gracefully posed with elevated arms, ready to plunge into an imaginary sea. She was clothed from head to heel in a form-fitting black bathing suit and—horrors—not a sign of a skirt!

Mrs. Barrat read the name of the publication on the cover. *"Physical Culture."* She glanced sharply at her pale offspring who squirmed with embarrassment. "Where did you get this, son?"

"I bought it with that dime you gave me," he answered truthfully.

"What made you hide it?"

"Why," the boy blinked in surprise. "I knew you didn't want me to read 'Diamond Dick' and I thought—that is—there's pictures of girls in here and you can see—" he gulped and concluded in an awed whisper, "you can see their *legs.*"

"Listen, son," Mrs. Barrat placed a maternal hand on the boy's shoulder, "you may read this magazine all you want to."

That was the beginning. Today Robert Barrat is one of that innumerable company of men and women who owe successful careers largely to a new vision of life which they received from reading those early copies of *Physical Culture Magazine.*

Scraping acquaintance with this pioneer publication in the field of bodily improvement lighted a spark in the soul of this sickly New York youth. He began that day a course of physical training that made him over from a boy who had to be dosed with laudanum and iron to keep him alive, into a man with the slim and powerful body of an athlete.

They used to say in Hollywood of any unusually fuzzy, venomous-looking insect: "Don't

(*Continued on page* 81)

Second Chance to Pick the

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WILL ONE OF THE PICTURES OF CHARMING CHILDREN IN THIS SCORE OF CANDIDATES BE VOTED THE WINNER OF THE $500 CASH PRIZE BY MOVIE MIRROR'S READERS? IS THE $200 WINNER HERE? EVERY VOTE WILL COUNT. SEND YOURS IN!

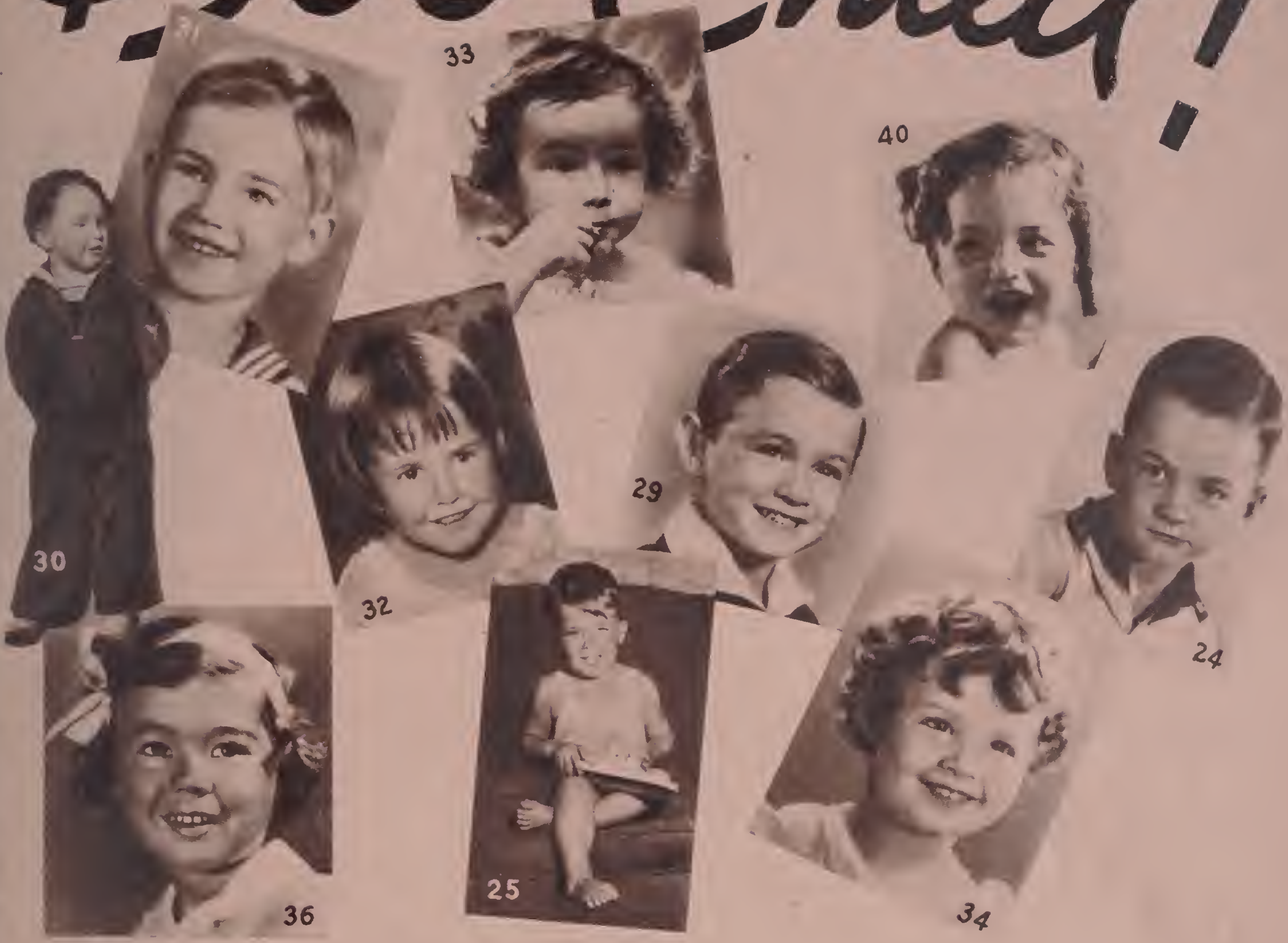
HERE, Ladies and Gentlemen, are pictured the charming children whose likenesses comprise the second group of twenty candidates for MOVIE MIRROR's $500.00 and $200.00 cash prizes. Of course a check for $5.00 goes to each entrant represented on these pages. But the big money decision is up to you readers.

You have studied the pictures published last month. This group brings the total candidates to forty. Another twenty will appear next month to complete the list of sixty nominees.

Every vote will count! The race may be close and swing on a single ballot for all that can be foretold. Be sure that your votes are in before the polls close. However this does not mean that haste is necessary. You can save your ballots until all sixty pictures have been published and then make your choice. Then, if you wish, you can file all three of your ballots for the single entry you like best.

In making your decision be certain that you understand the conditions of the balloting correctly. It might be well to re-read the rules again while you have the page open. Do you want to know the names and home towns of this month's candidates? We thought you might, even though the voting is by number, and you'll find the names of this month's children listed later on page 89.

$500 Child!



The RULES

1. Any child who has not passed his or her tenth birthday is eligible in this contest.

2. To be considered, photographs must be received by Children's Picture Editor, Movie Mirror, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., on or before Friday, October 11.

3. The name and address of the child and name and address of the sender must be PRINTED IN INK or typewritten on the back of every picture entered. In the event a picture is submitted by someone other than a parent the consent of the parents must be written in ink on the back of the picture.

4. The editorial board of Movie Mirror will select the sixty most attractive pictures for publication in this magazine in the November, December and January issues. With each group a ballot will be printed. The readers of Movie Mirror will vote to select the child from this list of sixty whom they would most like to see in a screen role. The child receiving the greatest number of ballots will be awarded the first prize of $500.00. The runner-up will receive $200.00.

5. Movie Mirror will pay $5.00 for each of the sixty pictures selected for publication and each of these pictures will become the property of Macfadden Publications for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Movie Mirror will not be responsible for the return of any picture, although every effort will be made to return pictures which are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed return envelopes when submitted.

7. Quality of photography will not count. The attractiveness of the child will be the sole basis of judgment. Expensive portraits are not required. If of sufficient clarity for reproduction, a snapshot will be as acceptable as a studio sitting.

8. You can submit as many official ballots as you wish but only the official ballots printed in this magazine in November, December and January will be counted. All ballots must be in the hands of the counters on or before Friday, January 10, 1936, the closing date of this contest. Ballots should be sent by First Class Mail to Children's Picture Editor, Movie Mirror, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

USE THIS OFFICIAL BALLOT TO VOTE FOR THE CHILD YOU WOULD MOST LIKE TO SEE IN A SCREEN ROLE.

OFFICIAL BALLOT

MOVIE MIRROR'S CHILDREN'S PICTURE CONTEST

As the child pictured in this contest whom I would most like to see in a screen role, please count this ballot as

ONE VOTE FOR NUMBER..............................

(Write in number that appears on picture of your choice)

My name..

Street..

City....................................State....................

Hollywood's

This month, Cecil B. DeMille reveals the dramatic human stories behind the filming of his great religious spectacles

By WALTER RAMSEY

H. B. WARNER'S contract for the role of Christ in "The King of Kings" was one of the most amazing documents ever signed in Hollywood, for it controlled not only the player's professional life for the time of the picture, but his private life as well!

DeMille said, "Harry Warner thoroughly realized the grave difficulty that confronted him in the portrayal of this role. I explained that during the production of the picture, which would take approximately a year, he would have to be virtually a recluse; that he could not be seen in cafes, theaters or other places that would bring comment or cause him to be pointed out as the man who was portraying the role of Christ; and further that he could not smoke in the studio or be seen in the studio cafe or anywhere on the lot in the make-up of the role.

"A small, closed room was provided for Warner's use on each set and after the completion of every scene he would retire there alone. Going to and from his dressing room he wore a hooded cowl. He did not accept any social invitations; nor did I wish him to entertain at his own home.

"Warner lived the life of a hermit during that contract, but he realized as well as I did that it could not be otherwise. I might add that his personal sacrifices during the portrayal of that great role were well rewarded in the fine, tender spirit of the finished performance.

"There have been, however, several temperamental and business clashes with contracted players during my many years of directing, one of the most publicized being a rumored personal explosion with Charles Bickford who played the leading role in 'Dynamite.' The only reply I can make to our rumored feud is to say that I like him very much. In the first place he is a fine actor. Secondly, he is a man, not a yes-man. In the beginning of our professional association (which lasted through 'Dynamite' and 'This Day And Age'), I believe he was a bit on the defensive. He had heard so

To play the role of Christ in "The King of Kings," H. B. Warner signed one of the most astounding contracts in film history—one which directed his whole private life.

HIDDEN PAST

With the aid of his lens finder, which shows him the sets as the camera sees them, DeMille (opposite page) directs the activity for such complicated scenes as the one above from "The Crusades." Still unsatiated, he's already planning another great spectacle, "Samson and Delilah"!

many stories about Hollywood's overriding tactics, and he was so determined not to be overridden, that it put a rather sharp edge on his reactions. But from my experience with him, the stories about his being hard to handle are not true. He is an extremely sensitive actor and a splendid one to direct.

"In 'This Day And Age,' I piled fifty boys on him to beat him up and then lowered him into a den of three or four hundred rats. For another scene, we rode him on a rail all one night, but there was never a word of complaint from Bickford. He is a two-fisted, red-blooded man and I like him."

"Dynamite" was DeMille's first all-talking picture, but the little mechanical toy that disrupted so many directorial careers did not for a moment interrupt the pace of Hollywood's most colorful megaphone artist. His long and practical stage experience stood him in excellent stead in the new medium which he approached in a business-like manner of adapting sound to action. Thus the usual mistake of adapting action to sound was avoided.

Kay Johnson was DeMille's first "talking" leading lady and she appeared in both "Dynamite" and "Madame Satan." These two were closely followed by an all-talking version of his great silent drama, "The Squaw Man," with Warner Baxter and Eleanor Boardman in the leading roles. But before DeMille was to set up cameras on his next picture, his independent production days were behind him and he was once more under the old, home banner: Paramount.

"A year of vacation and travel lay between the closing of my independent books and the new association with Paramount," DeMille continued. "It was like coming home, and I was a bit like the prodigal son.

"Struggling, as they were at that time, with threatened bankruptcy and despair, the studio executives seemed to see a fatted calf under my arm as I returned. I had with me 'The Sign Of The Cross.' Remembering 'The Ten Commandments,' they decided to cast their lot with mine and gamble once more on a religious picture, which was particularly gratifying after most other producers, both here and abroad, had turned it down, labeled it 'Poison,' in fact.

"Naturally, the outstanding factor of such an important film was the casting; and the roles of Nero and his wicked wife Poppaea (*Continued on page 89*)

It was a turning point in the Laughton and Colbert careers when they played in "The Sign of the Cross," with Freddie March—and they almost didn't get those important parts!

SO YOU THINK YOU'RE HANDICAPPED FOR Beauty

By GLORIA MACK

Don't go on being unhappy about a beauty problem because perhaps I can help you to solve it. Write me all about it. Is it skin trouble, extra weight, lack of skill in using cosmetics or how to do your hair that bothers you? Any little or big obstacle against looking your loveliest? Tell me all about it. I believe I can help you.

Your personal beauty consultant: Gloria Mack, care of Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

There isn't any charge, but please remember to send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Myrna Loy has freckles—lots of 'em—but it hasn't proved an obstacle to her movie career. She just set to work and learned the secrets of good make-up. You can overcome beauty "faults," too!

ARE you keeping a secret to yourself? Not a happy secret, but one that prevents you from taking a real pleasure in your appearance, the kind of pleasure every girl has a right to feel?

I've been wanting to write about this, because I've found, from letters coming to me, that many a girl is letting herself be made needlessly unhappy. Ninety-eight times out of a hundred, she is believing something about herself that isn't true. In most cases there is always something that can be done to help. In the fortunately so rare hundredth case, where there is a beauty handicap that really can't be changed, the girl can so change her attitude toward herself and toward life, that she finds happiness anyway.

I have had so many heartbreaking letters that I finally decided to drag this "secret" business right out into the open. Once you've faced a thing squarely it can never seem quite so bad again, you know. This honest appraisal gives the basis for correcting it.

So what about you, who are reading this? Have you a little nagging doubt about something that keeps you from looking quite satisfactory? Has someone told you that "fat runs in families," and you feel you've got to accept your heavy figure and give up the idea of ever being trim and graceful?

Do you believe that a hairline closer to the eyebrows than the average means you are necessarily "dumb" and that's all there is about it?

Do you think, deep down in your heart, that to be very much above, or under, the average height of a woman, is a kind of disgrace? And are you letting it make you unhappy?

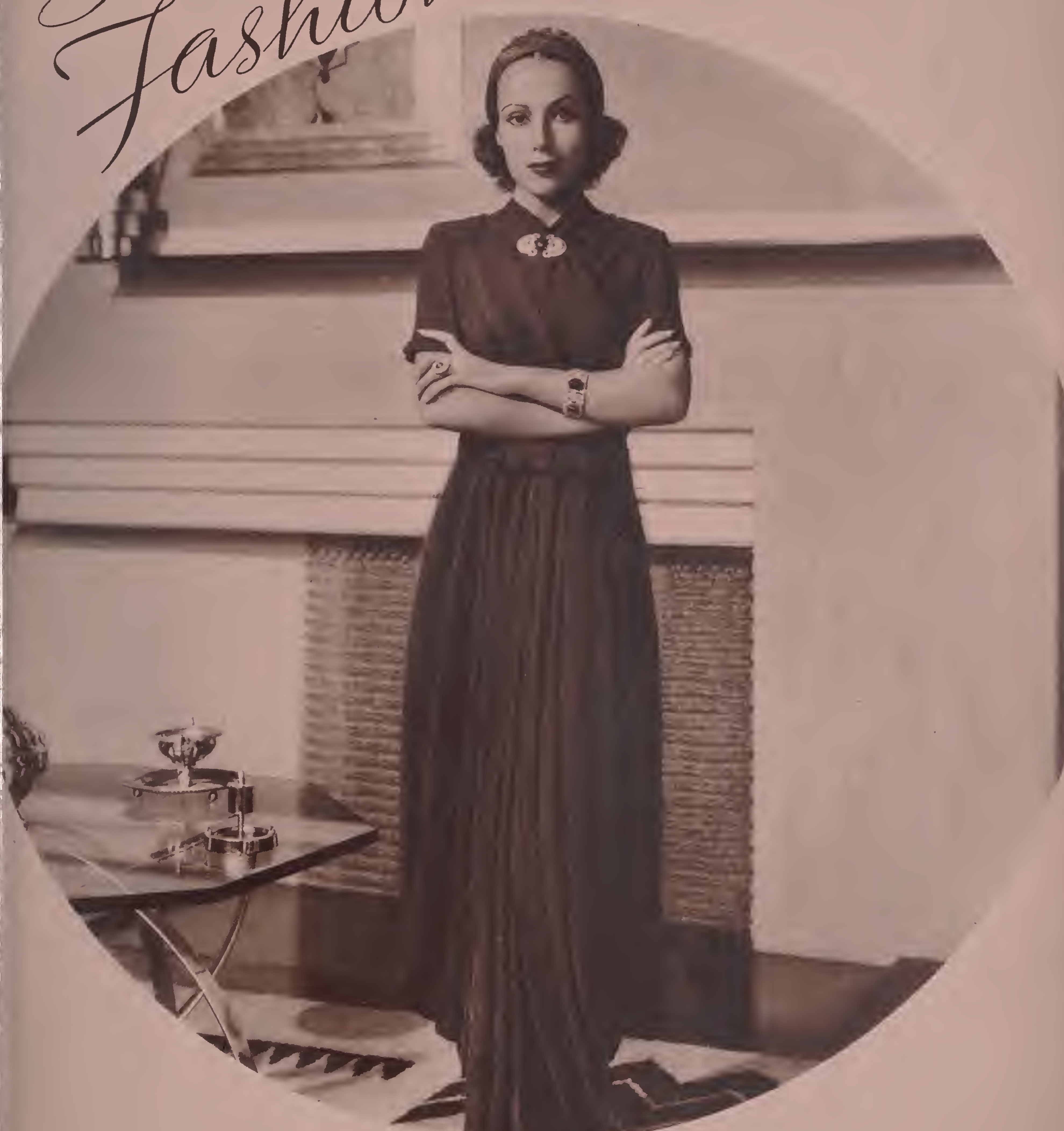
These are just a few of the mistaken ideas I've had letters about. Mind you, these letters don't come from stupid girls. Very far from it! They come from sensitive, intelligent girls who have somewhere, somehow, let themselves be told things, or imagined things about themselves that weren't true. And these girls have thought about them and brooded over them till they have assumed unnatural proportions.

You know, of course, that my mail is absolutely confidential, so I can't quote from any special letter, but here is one I constantly receive, a summary of the beauty problems which seem to trouble so many of you.

(*Continued on page* 105)

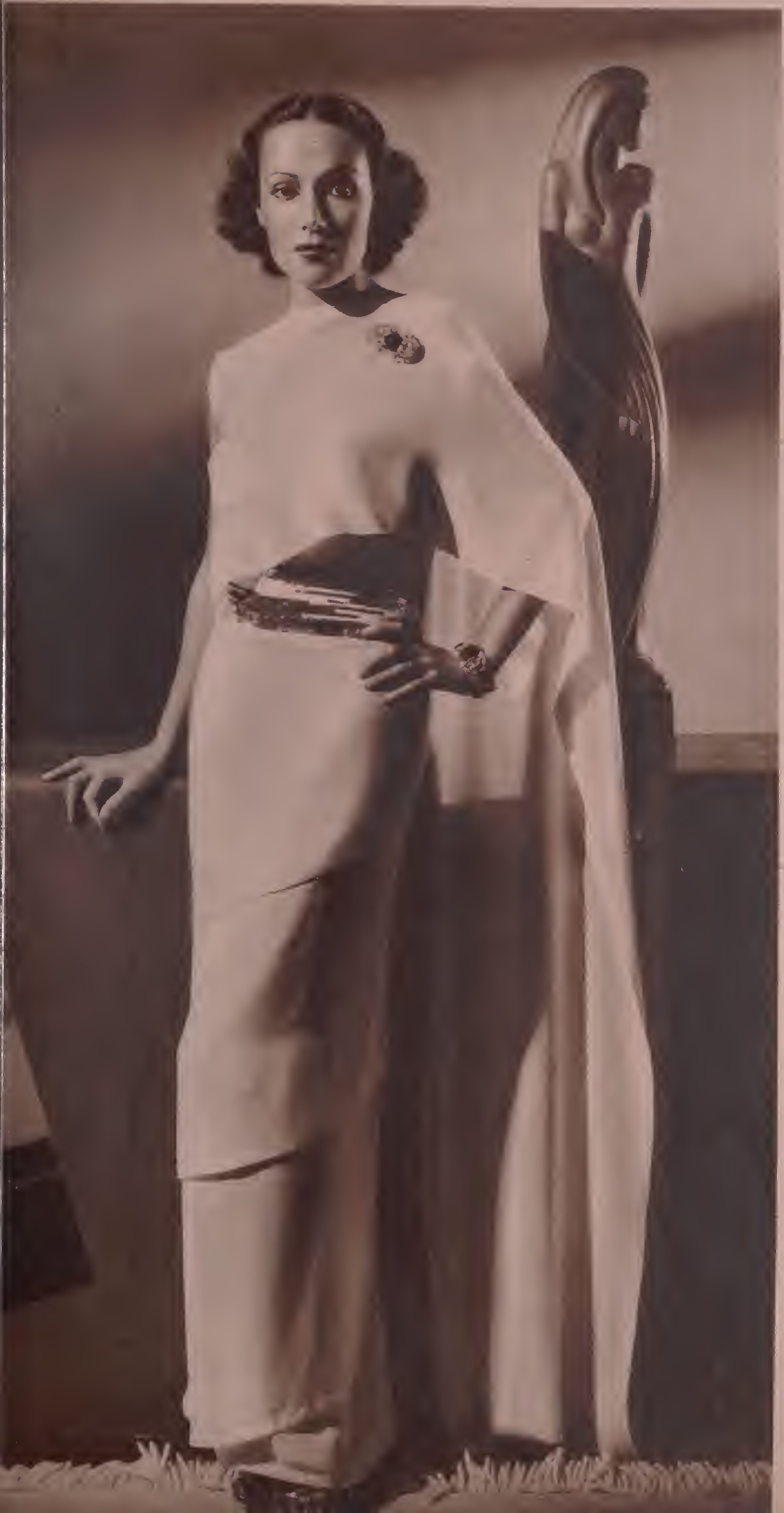
Star Fashions

By GWENN WALTERS



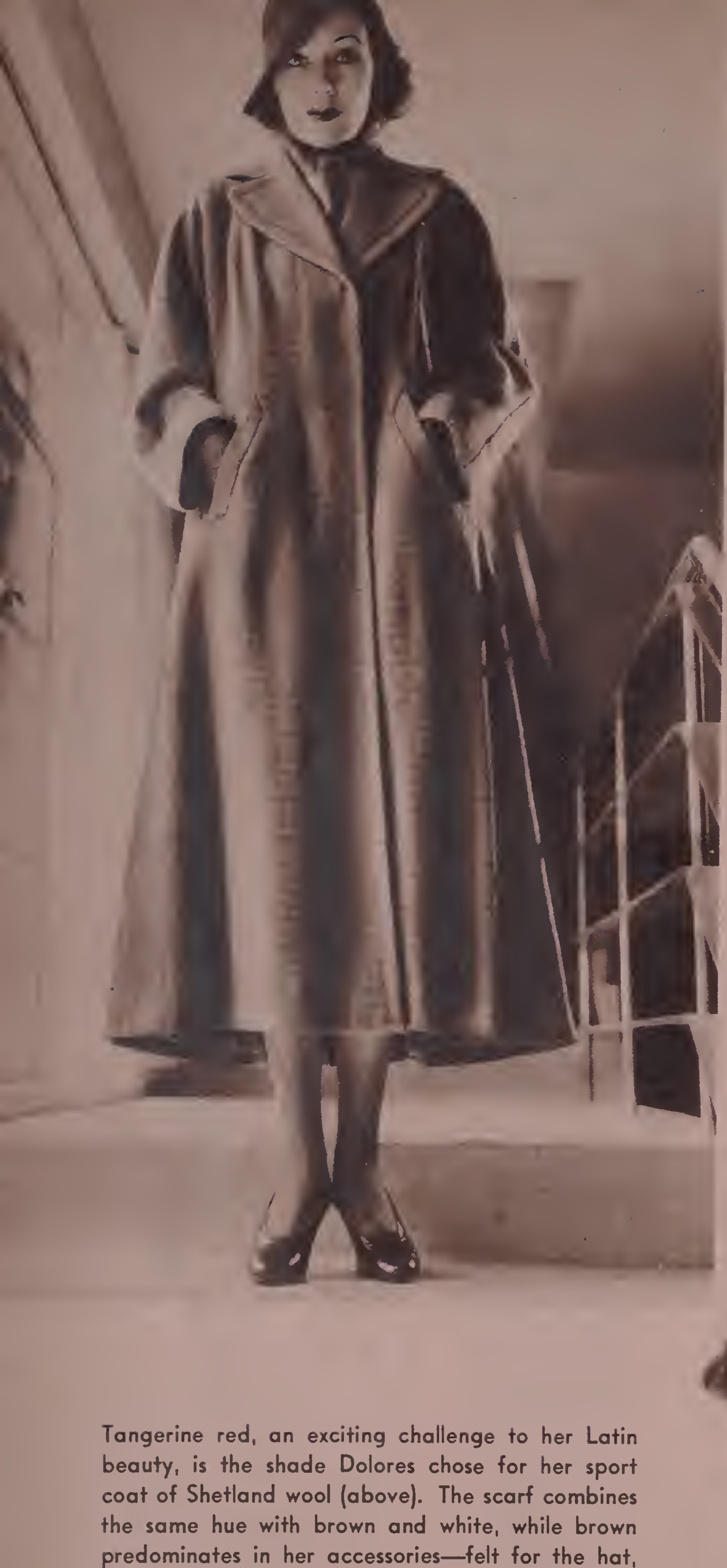
It's a rare privilege to view Dolores Del Rio's personal wardrobe, which was created for her by the inimitable Irene of Bullocks-Wilshire, Los Angeles.

Dolores might just have stepped out of a Persian miniature, in her draped dinner gown of green crepe and brocade turban.

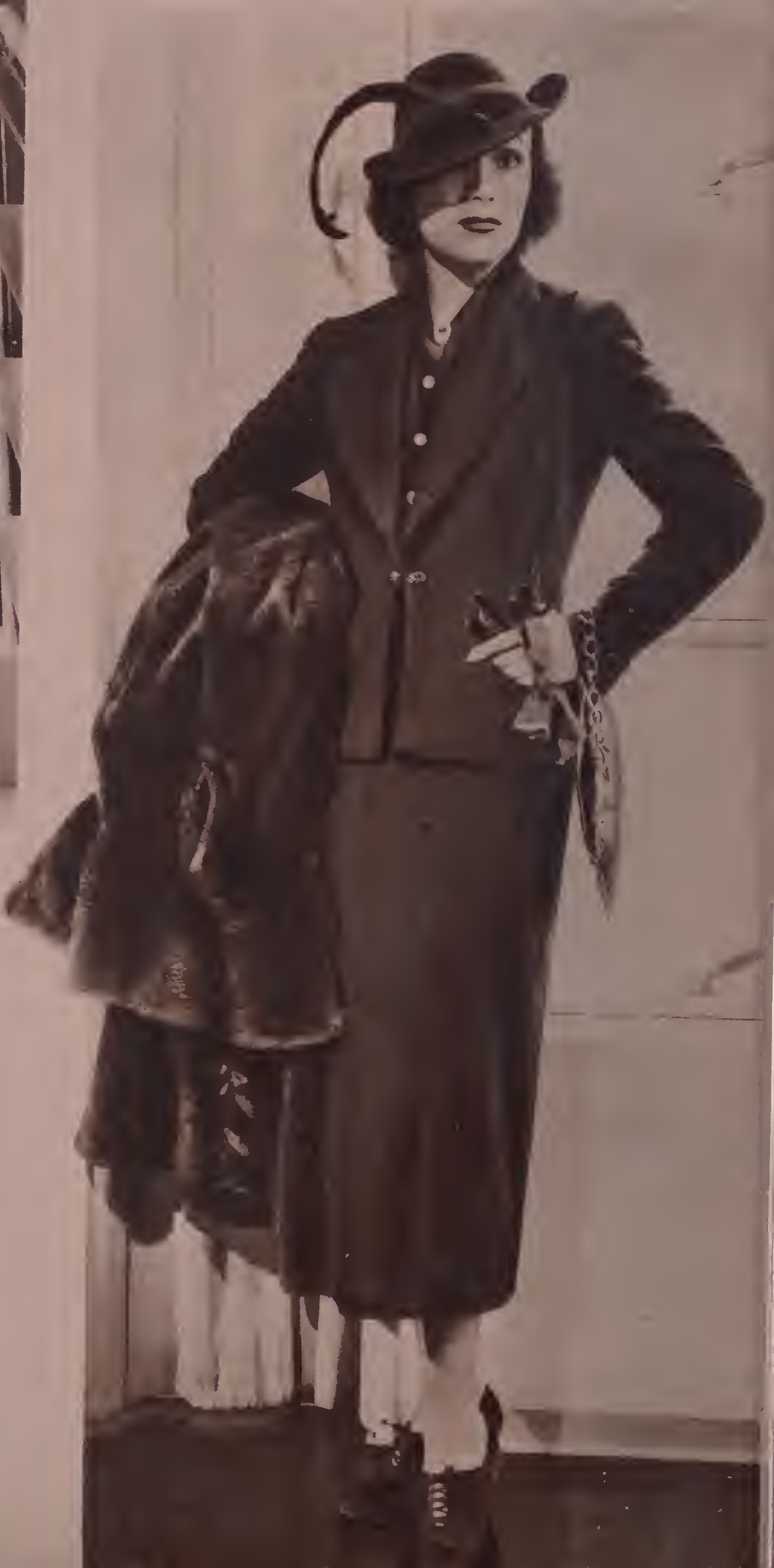


On the opposite page, the crepe of her Tuscan red afternoon frock cascades softly down one side, conforming to the mode of the moment. The self-belt is lined with green suede, which reveals itself in the tab and buckle covering. To this costume Dolores adds the dramatic touch of rubies and diamonds in her clip and bracelet, and a scarf of sables.

Dull white crepe is wrapped in Grecian manner to form a three-tiered skirt and soft blouse, ending in a flowing scarf. A girdle of red and silver paillettes furnishes the color accent, and silver paillettes also trim her sandals, which come from Ransahoff's, San Francisco.



Two vibrant colors of the new season are combined in her single-breasted suit (below). Dubonnet red wool fashions the suit itself, while the blouse is of chive green, clipped at the throat with diamonds. The swashbuckling angle of the feather in her hat is thoroughly in keeping with the dashing new trends, and barbaric gold links support her bag of Dubonnet suede, which matches her shoes. For added warmth, Dolores carries a coat of nutria.



Tangerine red, an exciting challenge to her Latin beauty, is the shade Dolores chose for her sport coat of Shetland wool (above). The scarf combines the same hue with brown and white, while brown predominates in her accessories—felt for the hat, which is tilted jauntily to one side by a bow of grosgrain ribbon, and kid for her gloves and shoes.

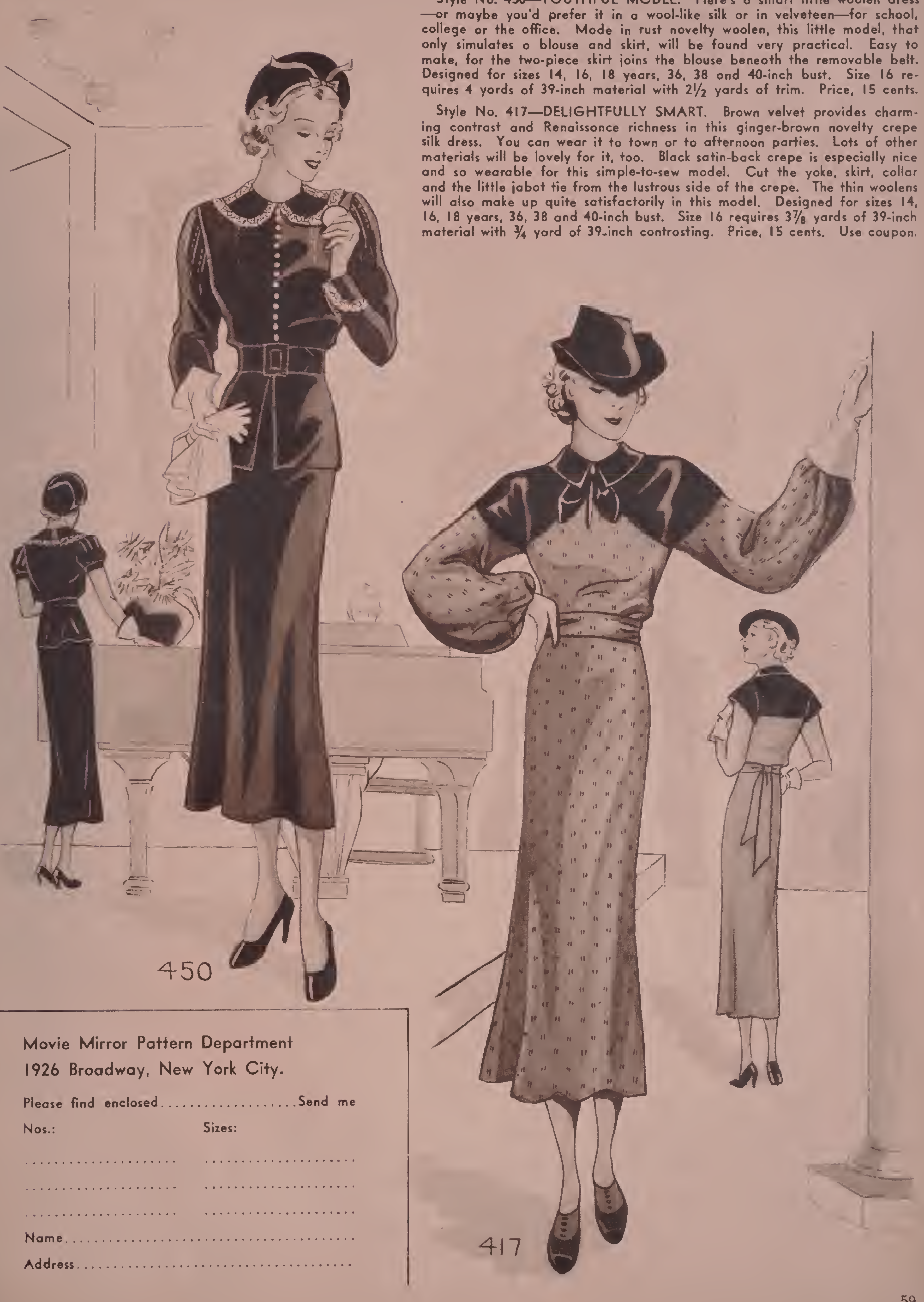
If you would like to know all about the advance fabrics and styles for midseason, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Gwenn Walters, MOVIE MIRROR, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.

MOVIE MIRROR'S PATTERN DEPARTMENT

All Patterns 15c Each (In Stamps or Coin, Coin Preferred)

Style No. 450—YOUTHFUL MODEL. Here's a smart little woolen dress—or maybe you'd prefer it in a wool-like silk or in velveteen—for school, college or the office. Mode in rust novelty woolen, this little model, that only simulates a blouse and skirt, will be found very practical. Easy to make, for the two-piece skirt joins the blouse beneath the removable belt. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. Size 16 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material with 2½ yards of trim. Price, 15 cents.

Style No. 417—DELIGHTFULLY SMART. Brown velvet provides charming contrast and Renaissance richness in this ginger-brown novelty crepe silk dress. You can wear it to town or to afternoon parties. Lots of other materials will be lovely for it, too. Black satin-back crepe is especially nice and so wearable for this simple-to-sew model. Cut the yoke, skirt, collar and the little jabot tie from the lustrous side of the crepe. The thin woolens will also make up quite satisfactorily in this model. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards of 39-inch material with ¾ yard of 39-inch contrasting. Price, 15 cents. Use coupon.



Movie Mirror Pattern Department
1926 Broadway, New York City.

Please find enclosed....................Send me

Nos.: Sizes:

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Name..

Address......................................

I WANT TO BE A STAR!

By DORA MACY

ILLUSTRATED BY STEPHEN GROUT

I SMILED up at him. It was a beautiful smile. Barbara Bell couldn't have smiled any more valiantly than her stand-in did. But even gazing straight into Bert's eyes I was aware of a movement on the balcony, and Dick's figure pushing his way blindly through the bystanders out of the house.

"Yes, let's dance," I said to Bert, defiantly.

Our path was blocked by Victor, who stood squarely before me. His green eyes were shy and humble. His whole massive frame was slumped with embarrassment.

"Judy Pine," he began but couldn't make it.

Sonya touched his arm lightly.

"There are times," she said, lightly, "when apologies are indecent."

There was a buzz of conversation around us and Sonya turned and clapped her hands briefly for the Jap butler.

Bert hurried me out of the bungalow. Hand in hand we crossed through the garden silently, a little breathlessly. There was too much to say and so we said nothing. Only a few moments ago I was here in these gardens with Dick's arms around me.

The blare of music from the big house was a comfort. The feeling of Bert's arms as he held me in a waltz was a refuge. It was strong and reassuring. I saw people glancing our way. What a choice piece of gossip they all had to mouth! Judy Pine, who was stand-in for Barbara Bell, was Bert Brothers' mistress!

As the waltz finished Sonya entered the room. Her eyes sought us out and we crossed toward her. But before we reached her side another group had taken possession of her and my heart sank. Dick! Dick with Hazel clinging to him, her arm, jealously possessive, through his. Behind them stood the Mitchells. "Of course if you must go," I heard Sonya saying, "I'll send you down in my car."

The Mitchells were leaving. What was the proper thing to do? Say goodbye to them or run and hide? Bert decided for me. His hand tight on mine he almost shoved me in front of them. His voice was calm and unhurried.

"Must you folks really dash along?" he asked in his most solicitous tone.

"I'm afraid we must," Dick replied, frigidly.

His eyes, meeting mine, were colder than dry ice and made me cringe. Hazel was all friendliness now, bidding me a fond goodnight. Hers was the triumphant friendliness of a woman who wins by her opponent's stupidity. Her mother behind her was the figure of a disapproving New Englander. Only Mr. Mitchell, still a little slack and twitchy from his stroke, seemed to withhold judgment. He chewed on his unlit cigar speculatively and held my hand an extra moment in goodbye. I heard myself saying goodnight and then they were gone. Dick had not said one word to me nor shaken hands.

I turned to Bert.

"I would like to go home. Sonya won't mind I'm sure."

He nodded and we gave Sonya the high sign. In Bert's car we didn't speak. When we reached the bungalow, we found it dark.

"Rene is at the beach for a week end," I remembered out loud. I felt very alone and bitter.

Bert followed me into the bungalow and helped me light the lamps. Then he put his arm around me.

Judy Pine faces the tragic consequences of her impulsive act of generosity— and finds new hope for a forbidden love

"Come on," he said. "We might as well talk this out now as later."

"No, Bert, don't let's get maudlin about it. It's done. It's over, so what's there to say?"

"When you have claimed me in public," he smiled wryly, "and always refuse me when not in public, it's a bit ironic."

"Yes, and now I have the reputation," I smiled.

"How did you know Sonya was with me?"

"I saw the guilt in both your faces and remembered that you both were away on Wednesday."

"But, Judy, it isn't what you think."

"I'm not asking for any explanations," I snapped.

"No, but I want you to know. It is only fair to Sonya. You know how she has acted since Victor has been away. Well, that afternoon I had been out to her house. She was in a very rebellious mood and we got to drinking and we talked to each other as I imagine neither of us has talked to another human being. Her mood matched mine. We were both feeling very bitter. Very left out of it."

"But why, *why*," I insisted, "when she has Victor?"

"You can't understand Sonya because you can't understand the difficulties she has been through all her life. For years she has found more happiness with Victor than with anybody, but she is afraid to marry. She feels marriage is senseless and useless to anybody who doesn't intend to people the world and she insists that the last thing she would do would be to bring a child into a world so unsettled and so cruel. She always feels it will only last a few years with Victor and that then she will be through."

"All right," I said. "I don't pretend to understand. I wish she would quit and behave like her old self."

"She will now that he is back. You see for yourself how much he loves her, and she will be convinced. Whatever it costs you, Judy, you saved that affair from going on the rocks."

"That is why I did it," I shrugged. "I owe Victor and Sonya anything I amount to. I owe them for all the friendship I have known in the world."

Bert leaned over and took hold of my hand.

"But I want you to understand about us," he continued. "We got tight together that Wednesday and decided to dash the whole works. We started off in my car and went to Arrowhead. But the journey was too long to sustain the mood. When we got there Sonya was repentant. Some of her bitterness had died out on the ride and I—well, I just felt thick with a hangover and very tired. We didn't even speak of it. We just turned in—in separate quarters—and in the morning we drove back. That is all that happened that night, Judy, whether you believe it or not. I don't suppose you will."

"Sure," I said dully. "I'll believe it. But just the same you were both fools."

"Granted," he admitted. "Victor would never believe that story. He is probably capable of sustaining moods longer than any of us. Perhaps it makes a difference when you love a person."

"Yes," I said softly. "It makes a big difference. I think you ought to go home now, Bert. I'm awfully tired and I think it would be just as well if we didn't see so much of each other now."

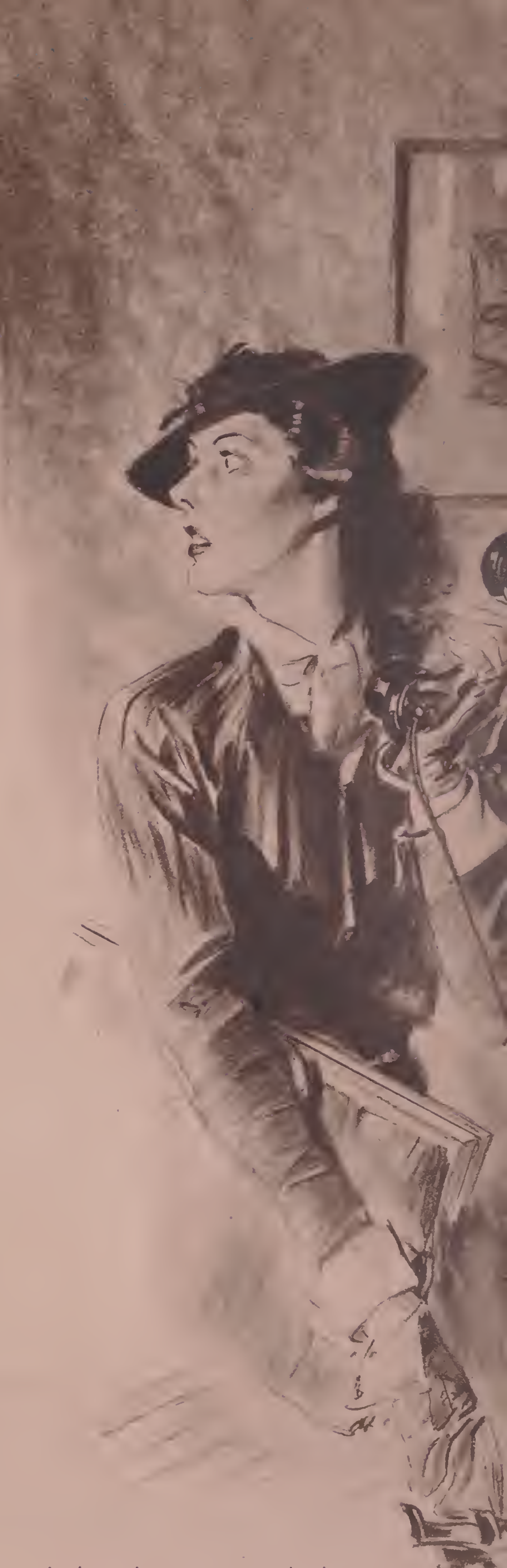
"Don't talk nonsense," he said sharply. "Do you want to make a cad out of me?"

"What do you mean?" I said bewilderedly.

"It will look as if I dropped you the moment gossip got around. At least that's what people would say. For the sake of my honor." He paused dramatically, a mocking pose, but a serious expression.

"All right," I said. "What difference does it make?"

"Your enthusiasm," he said, "makes a man (*Continued on page* 74)



I glanced up over my shoulder. Dick was standing in the doorway! I put the telephone on the desk very slowly. I tried to speak, but I couldn't. Slowly I turned and faced him.

When A

"I lived up in the air," Evelyn Brent confesses about her fabulous days of stardom, "now I live on the earth and feel the ground under my feet."

By
GLADYS HALL

THREE years ago," said Evelyn Brent, "I had a wardrobe containing, among other things, twenty evening gowns which I had never worn. Each one of them cost a minimum of $350.00.

"In the past two years, by actual memoranda, I have spent exactly $125.00 on my clothes, including everything.

"I used to travel, when I was a star, with five trunks and as many hat and shoe trunks. On the road I used one suitcase and my things rattled around in that.

"I kept my jewels in a vault at the bank. Among other things was a diamond necklace I bought myself as a pat on the back gift for the opening of 'Interference,' my first talkie. And now," said Evelyn, who was and is "Betty" to her friends, "now, here on my person, you behold every piece of jewelry I possess—signet ring, wrist watch, bracelet with good luck charms.

"Some hundreds of people used to mill in and out of the large houses I lived in here in Hollywood, when I was a star. I naively supposed, if I thought about it at all, that they were my friends. Emerson once said that the person who could count his friends on the fingers of one hand was lucky. Well, I am lucky. For that's about what I can do today.

"I wasn't happy then. I am happy now. I lived up in the air, and now I live on the earth and feel the ground under my feet. Now I plan and contrive and do without, and its fun. I get far more kick now out of affording one new pair of slacks than I ever got out of all the furs and gowns and lingerie I didn't need and didn't even know I had."

EX-STARS, fallen stars—what a cross-section of Hollywood history their experiences, emotions, thoughts would make!

I have often wondered about the many famous stars who once occupied the pinnacle of picture importance and then, for what reason, what mistakes, what quirks of fate began the swift toboggan slide into oblivion from which so few ever return. Clara Kimball Young, Betty Blythe, Jack Mulhall, Gwen Lee, H. B. Warner, Robert Warwick, Anna Q. Nilsson, Corinne Griffith, Colleen Moore, George Hackathorne—now and then you hear of them doing a bit in this picture or that; you read that one or the other of them is coming back—and then you hear no more. They are the Lost Legion, the Forgotten Men and Women.

I've wondered what really happened to cause that swift descent, and how they felt about it. In most cases, you can't ask them, can't probe their thoughts and emotions.

But Betty Brent is coming back. She is fighting. Four years ago she was an ace star. Now she is back in Hollywood. She has done several quickies. She has played a part with Wheeler and Woolsey in "Nit Wits" for RKO. She has made one or two Westerns at Paramount with Randolph (*Continued on page* 70)

Star Falls

AT seven o'clock on a spring evening in 1930 there was a noisy disturbance in front of the iron gates of the First National Studios.

A famous picture star had tried, unsuccessfully, to outsprint an avid crowd of autograph seekers that blocked his way to a waiting town car.

Shrieking his name and pushing scrubby notebooks and stubby pencils under his nose, the group formed about him. There were cries of, "Please, sign mine, Mr. Mulhall. No autograph book's worth a dime these days without Jack Mulhall's name."

Twenty minutes later the famous picture star, slumped wearily into the plushy comfort of his town car, shut his eyes, hoping he might be able to catch a little sleep during the drive to Beverly Hills. It was useless. There was a flurry of cankering doubts and nagging questions dancing and jigging in his mind: "How long can you go on this way? How are you going to get enough sleep? How are you going to find time tonight to memorize your lines for tomorrow's scenes? Why did you ask twenty-five guests to dinner tonight? How are you going to stay awake for another seven hours playing the gracious host?

"Can't a man earning $3,000 a week afford a good night's sleep? Funny, isn't it, that a man with more than a cool million socked away can't buy himself one good night's sleep?"

AT seven o'clock on a fall evening in 1935 I met Jack Mulhall outside the gates of the Paramount studios, where he had completed a "bit" in the latest Bing Crosby starring picture. He was waiting, he said, for his wife to pick him up in the family flivver.

Although five years had slipped by since I had last seen Jack, he looked ten years younger than the famous star of 1930.

Jack had finally got a good night's sleep; in fact, he managed eight long months of soothing, restoring, restful nights, but it cost him his cool million, his stardom and his $3,000 a week salary.

"I have nothing tragic, pitiful or tear jerking to recall," Jack told me. "My real friends didn't drop me when my money was gone and no doors were slammed in my face.

"Why, going broke in Hollywood has been the swellest adventure of my life."

Jack's story begins on that spring evening in 1930 when he tried, unsuccessfully, to catch a catnap in the tonneau of his speeding town car.

Somewhere between Burbank and Beverly Hills he resolved not to sign a new contract with his studio at the completion of his current picture. He would go away and stay until he was rested. He had to. Ten or twelve pictures a year and the social whirl of the film colony had taken their toll.

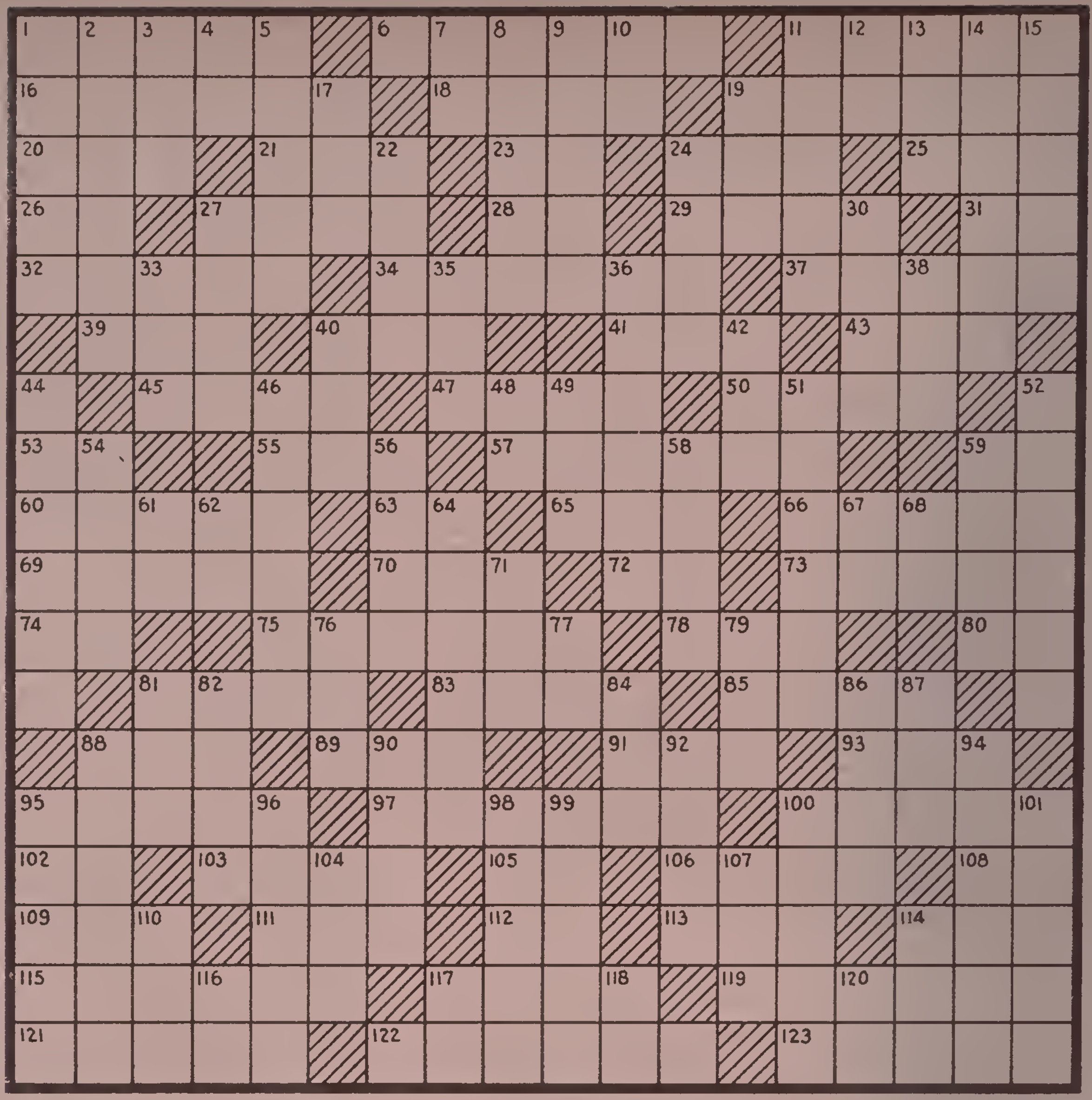
A month later Mr. and Mrs. Mulhall were basking in the sunshine (*Continued on page 72*)

"Going broke in Hollywood has been the swellest adventure of my life," says Jack Mulhall—and means every word of it. Read this and see why

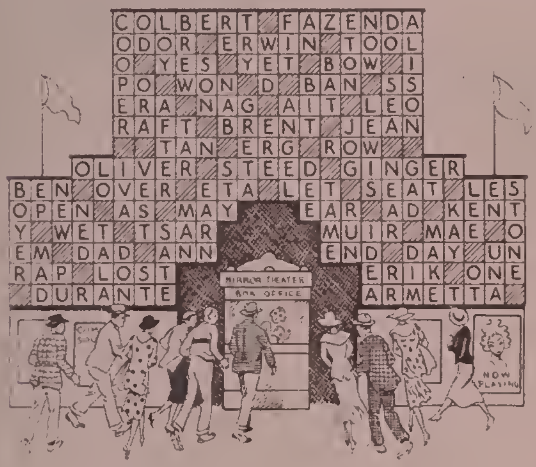
By
JULIE LANG HUNT

MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

MOVIE MIRROR awards $20 for the best original puzzle submitted in September to Mrs. Catherine R. Dubas, 1437 Cayuga St., Philadelphia, Pa. Why not try your luck? You may win the same amount. You must create a new and original puzzle. No trick words, no phoney definitions, please. We cannot return puzzles. No award is paid for solutions of published puzzles. Address Puzzle Editor, Movie Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.



ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. Former husband of Adrienne Ames
6. Lillian Russell in "Diamond Jim"
11. He played in "Anna Karenina"
16. She played in "Enter, Madame"
18. She stars in "I Live My Life"
19. She played in "Hands Across the Table"
20. "—— of Madelon Claudet"
21. She starred in "Peter Ibbetson"
23. He played in "Four Hours to Kill" (init.)
24. Prohibit
25. Man's nickname
26. "——The Earth Turns"
27. Department in France
28. Star of "The Dark Angel"
29. Formerly
31. Former motion picture star now in radio
32. Underground parts of plants
34. She had a part in "Evelyn Prentiss"
37. — Green
39. — Pendleton.
40. Beverage
41. Tub
43. Mrs. Bing Crosby
45. He playel in "Mutiny on the Bounty"
47. Mrs. Charles Laughton
50. Greek warrior
53. He stars in "Two Sinners" (init.)
55. Worm
57. He played in "Paris in Spring"
59. Hepburn's role in "Little Women"
60. Sally ——
63. Interjection
65. Sense organ
66. The Queen in "She"
69. Famous comedienne
70. Resinous substance
72. "——More Ladies"
73. Formerly Imogene Wilson
74. Former wife of Jack Dempsey (init.)
75. She played in "The Scarlet Pimpernel"
78. Girl's nickname
80. Nickel
81. She played in "Ginger"
83. Studio grounds
85. In "The Big Broadcast of 1936"
88. Period of time
89. "—— for Tonight"
91. Cloth measure
93. Sick
95. He played in "Front Page Woman"
97. Monroe ——
100. She played in "The Informer"
102. Upon
103. Same as 88 across
105. Tantalum
106. Kiln for drying hops
108. She played in "Alias Mary Dow" (init.)
109. He played in "Getting Smart"
111. She starred in "So Red the Rose" (nickname)
112. Either
113. Insect's egg
114. Note in Guido's scale
115. —— Ralston
117. Antelopes
119. He was in "Public Hero"
121. Some stars have had —— experience
122. —— Gallagher
123. Deceased star of "Big Parade"

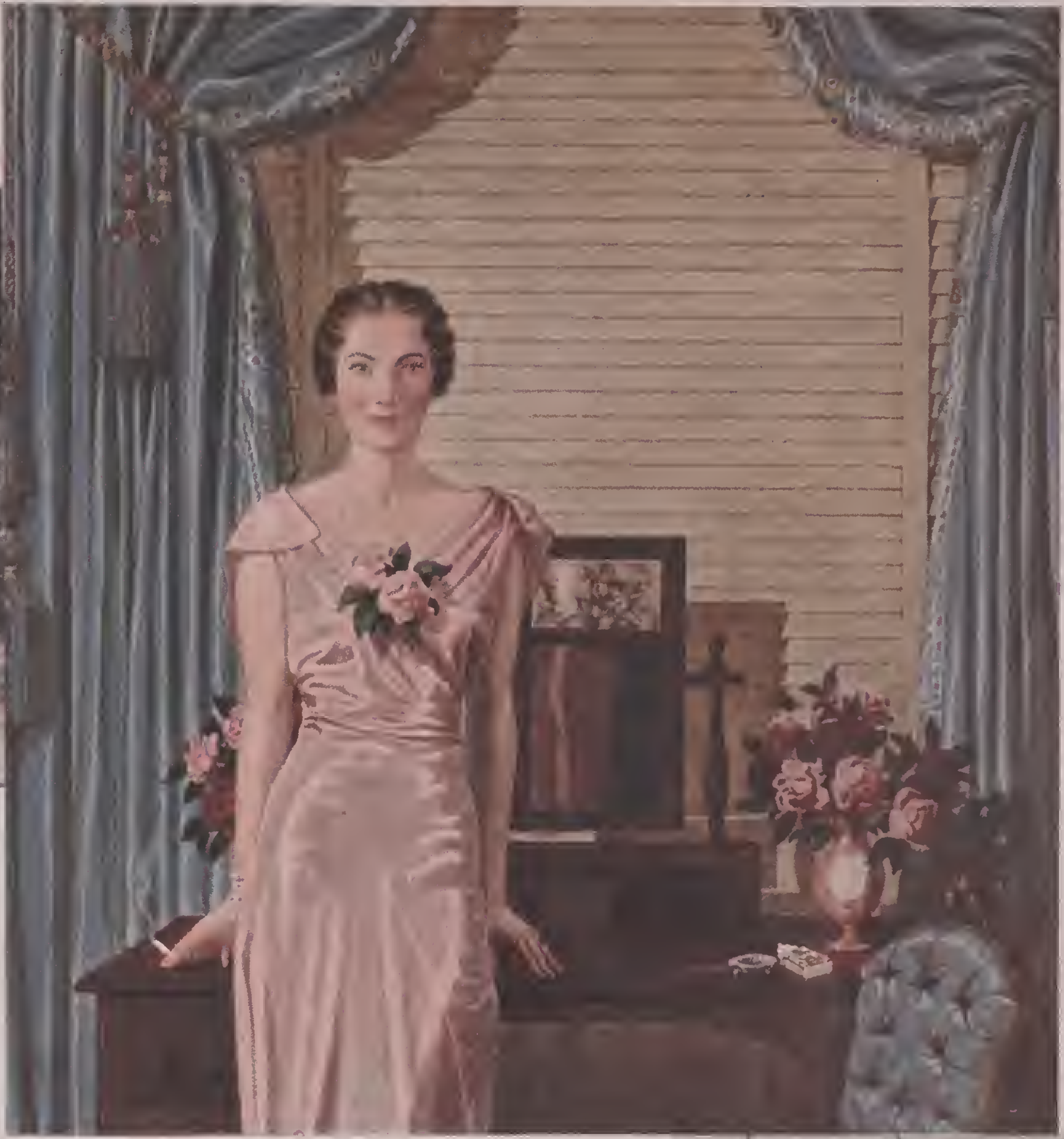
DOWN

1. He played in "The Devil Is a Woman"
2. Character actress in "Becky Sharp"
3. Receptacle
4. Bone
5. Former kings
7. Her first name is Isabel (init.)
8. Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet"
9. Man of great wealth
10. "—— Caliente"
11. Marian ——
12. Metric measure
13. —— La Roque
14. She played in "Dante's Inferno"
15. He played in "The Farmer Takes a Wife"
17. Mrs. Leslie Fenton
19. Vehicle
22. He played in "Honeymoon Limited"
24. He played in "The Raven"
27. He wrote the lyrics for "Roberta"
30. —— Birell
33. Cereal
35. Perceive
36. Her last name is Knapp
38. Clara Bow's husband
40. Roman money
42. A fish
44. He played in "Peter Ibbetson"
46. He played in "Naughty Marietta"
48. Star of "Metropolitan" (init.)
49. Her last name is Carol
51. "Tarzan"
52. One of the Bennett sisters
54. Work with needles
56. Chic ——
58. —— Erroll
59. Our platinum blonde
61. Character actor, now deceased
62. Clara Bow was the original "—— girl"
64. Star of "Riff Raff"
67. —— May —— (init.)
68. Mrs. Al Hall (init.)
71. Dove's call
76. "Don't —— on Blondes"
77. Mrs. George Jessel
79. "—— the King's Horses"
81. He of the big mouth
82. Ukranian actress
84. Bishop's authority
86. Dent
87. Algebra (abbr.)
88. His last name is Truex
90. Chinese actress
92. Bebe Daniel's husband
94. He played in "The Petrified Forest"
95. He played in "Curly Top"
96. Indian tent
98. The warden in "Public Hero"
99. Jack ——
100. She had a part in "Page Miss Glory"
101. Rent
104. Over (contraction)
107. Point at
110. Greek letter
114. Sea eagle
116. Former husband of Sally Eilers (init.)
117. Kentucky colonel in "Don't Bet on Blondes" (init.)
118. "Curly Top" (init.)
120. Concerning

"I enjoy the added zest that comes with smoking a Camel"

Mrs. Jasper Morgan

When not occupying her town house, Mrs. Morgan is at Westbury, Long Island. "Mildness is important in a cigarette," she says. "I'm sure that is one reason every one is enthusiastic about Camels. And I never tire of their flavor." The fact that Camels are milder makes a big difference.



Young Mrs. Jasper Morgan's town house is one of the most individual in New York, with the spacious charm of its two terraces. "Town is a busy place during the season," she says. "There is so much to do, so much entertaining. And the more people do, the more they seem to smoke—and certainly Camels are the popular cigarette. If I'm tired from the rush of things, I notice that smoking a Camel revives my energy in a pleasant way. And I find their flavor most agreeable." Camel spends millions more every year for finer, more expensive tobaccos. Get a "lift" with a Camel.

In summer Mrs. Morgan is keenly interested in yachting. "Another thing that makes me like Camels so much," she says, "is that they never affect my nerves. I suppose that is because of the finer tobaccos in Camels." Smoking Camels never upsets your nerves.

AMONG THE MANY DISTINGUISHED WOMEN WHO PREFER CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS:

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TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
QUALITY

Camels are Milder!...made from finer, more expensive tobaccos ...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand

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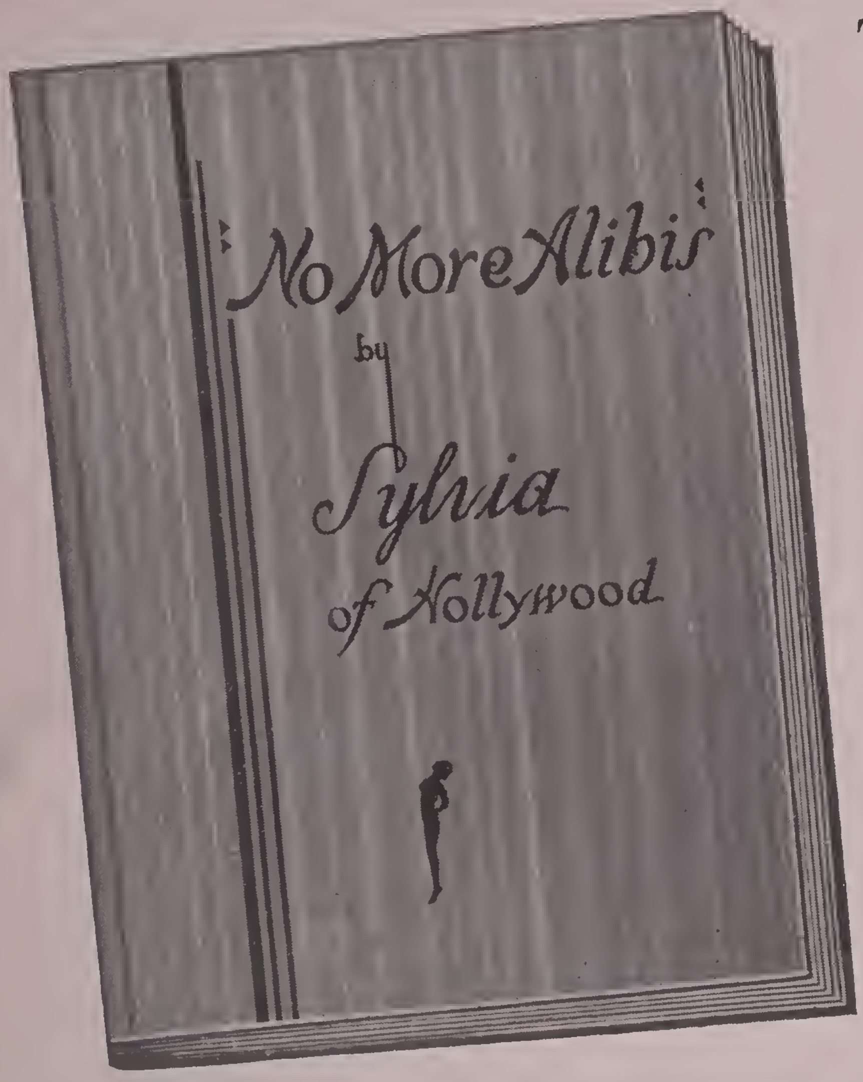
Sylvia of Hollywood Will

Streamline

Your Figure for Tomorrow's Styles



Read the Table of Contents of this Great Beauty Book

DECIDE HOW YOU WANT TO LOOK
DIET AND EXERCISE FOR GENERAL REDUCING
WHEN FAT IS LOCALIZED—Too Much Hips, Lumps of Fat on the Hips, Reducing Abdomen, Reducing the Breasts, Firming the Breasts, Fat pudgy Arms, Slenderizing the Legs and Ankles, Correcting Bow-legs, Slimming the Thighs and Upper Legs, Reducing Fat on the Back, Squeezing off Fat, Where There's a Will, There's a Way—to Reduce
REDUCING FOR THE ANEMIC
GAIN FIFTEEN OR MORE POUNDS A MONTH
IF YOU'RE THIN IN PLACES—Enlarge Your Chest, Develop Your Legs
PEOPLE WHO SIT ALL DAY—"Desk Chair Spread," Drooping Shoulders, Luncheon Warnings!
THE "IN-BETWEEN" FIGURE
KEEP THAT PERFECT FIGURE
CLOTHES TIPS FOR STRUCTURAL DEFECTS
A FIRM, LOVELY FACE
CORRECTING FACIAL AND NECK CONTOURS—Off with That Double Chin! Enlarging a Receding Chin, Slenderizing the Face and Jowls, Refining Your Nose, Smoothing Out a Thin, Crepey Neck, "Old Woman's Bump"
SKIN BEAUTY DIET AND ENERGY DIET
BEAUTIFUL HANDS AND FEET
ACQUIRE POISE AND GRACE—OVERCOME NERVOUSNESS
ADVICE FOR THE ADOLESCENT—To Mothers—To Girls
DURING AND AFTER PREGNANCY
THE WOMAN PAST FORTY

The Beauty Secrets of Hollywood's Glamorous Stars Now Revealed by the Famous Madame Sylvia

Haven't you often wondered how the gorgeous screen stars of Hollywood keep their flattering figures and their smooth velvety complexions? Certainly you have. And it may encourage you to know that these famous actresses are faced with problems identical to yours. They, too, find themselves getting too fat on the hips, abdomen, arms, legs and ankles. Or they may realize that they are actually getting skinny. Or they may notice that their skins are becoming muddy and blotchy.

Yet the stars of Hollywood always appear fresh, glamorous and radiant in their pictures. And contrary to public opinion the movie cameras are more cruel than flattering. But very often when a Hollywood star is in need of beauty treatment she turns to the foremost authority on the feminine form—Madame Sylvia.

Sylvia of Hollywood, as she is often called, is the personal beauty adviser to the screen colony's most brilliant stars. It is she who guards and preserves the exquisite charms of the screen's awe-inspiring beauties. It's she who transforms ordinary women into dreams of loveliness.

And now Sylvia has put all of her beauty secrets between the covers of a single book. In *No More Alibis* you will find all of the treatments and methods which have made her a power in Hollywood. You will find out how to reduce your weight 15 pounds a month—or gain it at the same rate. You will find out how to mold your body into beautiful proportions—how to acquire a firm, lovely face—how to keep your skin clear and attractive.

In this great book Sylvia names names. She tells you the very treatments she has given your favorite screen stars. And she tells you how you can be as lovely as the stars of Hollywood—if not lovelier!

Read the table of contents of this book carefully. Notice how completely Sylvia covers every phase of beauty culture. And bear in mind that Sylvia's instructions are so simple that they can be carried out in your own room without the aid of any special equipment.

No More Alibis gives you the very same information for which the screen stars have paid fabulous sums. Yet the price of the book is only $1.00. If unobtainable from your local department or book store, mail the coupon below—*today.*

$1 ONLY

Sign and Mail Coupon for this Amazing Book TODAY

Macfadden Book Company, Inc.
Dept. WG12, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Send me, postage prepaid, the book, "No More Alibis" by *Sylvia of Hollywood.* I enclose $1.00.

Name...

Address...

City.....................................State.....................................

Speak for Yourself

$20 PRIZE LETTER

When a Bad Example's Good

Anne Shirley's portrayal of the swamp girl, in "Steamboat Round the Bend," was well done. Her manner and speech were typical of that of a few people today, in backwoods sections of the lower Mississippi Valley, especially in my own Ozark region.

I grew up hearing and speaking that same dialect. Without much concentration on words, I still speak it. As an extensive reader, I began young to try to improve my language. With the coming of talking pictures I absorbed more culture by studying diction and pronunciation.

I believe portrayals of such crudeness, as Miss Shirley gave, have done me as much good as those of culture and elegance. As a contrast to the better English usually emanating from the screen, it sounded terrible, and made one want to get away from it. "Cain't," "gonna," etc., are very conspicuous where one most often hears correct speaking.

Clarence Gilstrap,
Neosho, Mo.

$10 PRIZE LETTER

Compensation

I read Miss Miller's letter in your August magazine;
It's about as true a letter as I have ever seen.
She laments the disadvantage of an ordinary girl
When the boy friend sees the ladies in the dizzy movie whirl.
Now take the boy friend mentioned, do you think he'd have a chance
If he met the lovely Bennett at—suppose we say a dance?
Not one in a thousand, and you can bet he knows it, too;
That's only one of many things that he's not telling you.
Now don't get downhearted, lady, that has always been the case;
Men are apt to get quite silly over any lovely face.
You may not be good-looking, in that you're not alone—
And don't forget the boy friend has a mirror of his own.
Keep on the way you're going; you've naught to fret about.
From the way you wrote your letter, you've got brains—they don't wear out.
As for clothes, I see no reason why there should be such distress:
Now you've won the twenty dollars, you can get a better dress!

Walter Perce,
Indianapolis, Ind.

P. S. This is a little late, but I never get my hands on your magazine until every one else in the family has read it from cover to cover.

W. P.

June Knight, who scored in "Broadway Melody of 1936," doesn't find it so easy to take twenty-eight reels of the film to the projection room.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Likes Her Movies Black-and-White

I sorta hate to see natural color pictures come in, not because I'm afraid my favorite stars won't measure up, but because seeing the scenes all in color leaves little room for the play of the imagination.

I liked "Becky Sharp." It was something new; but all I saw was a mass of color and a few not nearly so handsome actors. I like the colored "shorts" and the cartoons, but I like my feature pictures in black and white. Maybe it's a matter of being educated to them, but I'll need a longer period of initiation.

Ada Morris,
Akron, Ohio.

MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted: $20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," MOVIE MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

To the Defense

Being a faithful Crawford fan for so long, naturally, after reading Jeanette Edmunds' blasting letter about her in the October issue, it leads me to correct her statements.

It's plain to see she doesn't know her movies. Practically all Joan's leading men were unknown until they appeared in her pictures. Witness: Montgomery in "Untamed," Gable in "Laughing Sinners," Tone and Bob Young in "Today We Live," and several others. It was Crawford's unselfishness and kind advice which helped to put these men in front. Nowadays every picture has a splendid cast supporting the story but do their names draw the crowds? No! Surely, the fickle public hasn't been going to see every Crawford picture continually for the past six years just to see the rest of the cast. That's nonsensical.

Better be careful, Miss Edmunds, about what you say or the thundering Crawford herd will be upon you—for we say "PLENTY MORE CRAWFORD."

Dolores Ford,
New Orleans, La.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

A Bouquet of Heather for Katharine

I'm a Scotsman. I met Katharine Hepburn in London after her return from vacation in Scotland, and I'd like to hand a bouquet to Katharine and

(*Continued on page* 106)

Cooking Department

CONDUCTED BY PAULINE NELSON

KEEP YOUR FIGURE DURING THE WINTER!

Write to Pauline Nelson for more delicious things you can eat and still lose weight! Braised celery, a particularly good fruit salad, the breakfast cocktail, milk chowder and baked cutlet. These and others are included on her low-calorie menus which you will be sure to want. There's no charge, but don't forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you write to Pauline Nelson, MOVIE MIRROR, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.

EATING to keep your weight down is fine for the figure and better for the health, especially during the winter when most of us overeat anyway, getting fat and making ourselves more susceptible to colds and other ills. But please notice that I said eating, not starving. Yes, indeed, eating enough so you aren't hungry all the time, and eating things that taste good, too! These recipes are good ones that will be enjoyed by everyone whether dieting or not.

Diet! How that word immediately suggests a long list of don'ts, of rigorous instructions, of stretched nerves and tempers on edge. If you are overweight, or if you are determined not to put on unhealthy winter fat, just forget about "diet and don'ts" and tell yourself you are eating to lose weight. Make it a positive, not a negative business. After all, health and beauty, which are what we want, are both very positive things. So keep your mind made up to "I will" rather than "I can't."

Think of all the things you can eat. I'm not going to say a word about sweets, starches and fats, nor about eating between meals and other fattening things I know you've heard enough about. Instead I'm going to be enthusiastic over baked vegetables, and broiled fish with lemon garnish, and salads that make your mouth water to look at them; like the one with its picture on this page; and oyster stew made the way they do it at the famous Oyster Bar in the New York Grand Central Station. And I'm going to give you a recipe for gingerbread. These sound pretty easy to take, don't they?

The grape salad below is not only very pretty, but also very tasty—diet or no diet!

Perfectly delicious menus can be devised which give you all the nutriment you need, while cutting down on the foods that make you store up excess fat. Some of you have already had my low-calorie menus, and if those of you who haven't, will mention them when you write me this month, I'll be very glad to send them to you.

The secret of eating to lose weight is forcing the body gently but surely to call on the reserve fat, which it will do when you sternly refuse to give it renewed supplies of fattening food. When you follow a properly balanced menu, you are doing just that, and you should lose about two pounds a week, the fastest safe rate at which to lose. A practical thing about these menus is that you can serve them to the whole family, and thus get in your dieting without extra work for yourself. Of course, you'll have to add richer desserts and trimmings like bread and potatoes for them, but you won't be having to cook separate, extra things for yourself.

This month's recipes are specifically designed for those who love good food (but it mustn't be fattening!). Below, a very special "breakfast cocktail."

For instance, in making the oyster stew—but I'll give you the recipe right now.

OYSTER STEW
(Individual serving)

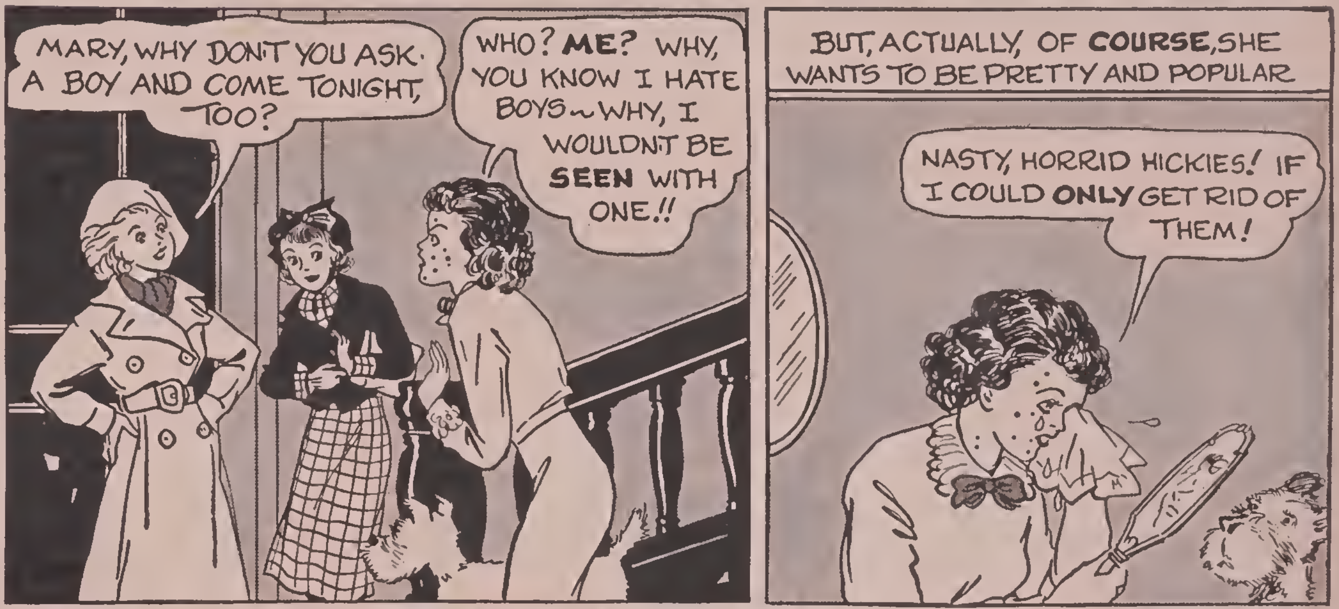
2 tsp. butter
4 oysters
1 cup skim milk
Salt, pepper and paprika to taste
Minced parsley

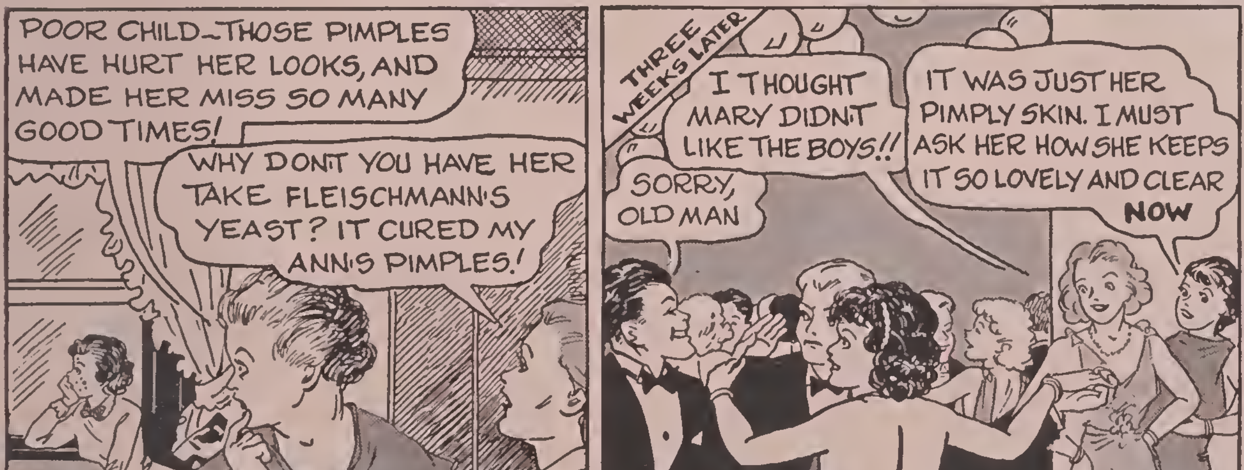
Melt butter. Clean and drain oysters and cook in butter for two minutes, or until edges curl. Add milk and liquid drained from oysters and bring almost to boiling point. Season and garnish with parsley.

That's the way you'd make it for yourself, and you'd have it for luncheon with Ry-Krisp, some fresh fruit and tea with lemon instead of cream. (*Continued on page 76*)

"Thank Goodness—
I'M not
Boy Crazy"

But secretly she cried over her pimply skin


MARY, WHY DON'T YOU ASK A BOY AND COME TONIGHT, TOO?
WHO? ME? WHY, YOU KNOW I HATE BOYS—WHY, I WOULDN'T BE SEEN WITH ONE!!
BUT, ACTUALLY, OF COURSE, SHE WANTS TO BE PRETTY AND POPULAR
NASTY, HORRID HICKIES! IF I COULD ONLY GET RID OF THEM!


POOR CHILD—THOSE PIMPLES HAVE HURT HER LOOKS, AND MADE HER MISS SO MANY GOOD TIMES!
WHY DON'T YOU HAVE HER TAKE FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST? IT CURED MY ANN'S PIMPLES!
THREE WEEKS LATER
I THOUGHT MARY DIDN'T LIKE THE BOYS!!
SORRY, OLD MAN
IT WAS JUST HER PIMPLY SKIN. I MUST ASK HER HOW SHE KEEPS IT SO LOVELY AND CLEAR NOW

Don't let adolescent pimples cramp YOUR style

From 13 to 25 years of age, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Harmful waste products get into your blood. These poisons irritate the sensitive skin and make pimples break through.

Physicians prescribe Fleischmann's Yeast for adolescent pimples. This fresh yeast clears skin irritants out of the blood. Pimples vanish! Eat it 3 times a day, before meals, until skin clears.

Copyright, 1935, Standard Brands Incorporated

Supplies Vitamins A B D G
FLEISCHMANN'S
YEAST
Eat 3 cakes daily before meals

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

When a Star Falls—Evelyn Brent

(*Continued from page 62*)

Scott. She hopes, one of these days, for a part good enough to attract the attention of producers, to remind them that the Betty Brent of "Interference" and "The Last Command" and many others is still the vivid, chiselled beauty she was then, still the good trouper.

Betty said, "Bad management killed me. Bad management of all of my affairs, both personal and professional. My own naïveté completed the slaughter.

"I will name no names. I have no desire to hurt anyone. It's no fun, being hurt. I really blame no one but myself.

"I lived a life of mad excitement. I worked like a dog. I paid no attention to anything else. And thereby signed my own death warrant.

"I was at Paramount for nearly five years. My salary there was $2500 a week, every week. When I left Paramount, I went to Columbia on a three-picture-a-year contract and to RKO on a four-picture-a-year contract. My salary at those studios was $3000 and $4500 a week respectively.

I SHOULD never have left Paramount. That was my first step down. I didn't have to leave. I was advised to leave because they wanted to cut my salary. Salary cuts were coming into style about that time. I thought, as have so many of us, that the world was my plum and that if I couldn't pull it out of one pie there was always another pie waiting.

"For a time this seemed to be so. But after the RKO and Columbia contracts ended things were quiet for a time. I had left each studio under advice. I learned later, much later, that at that time an independent company offered me $3000 a week. It was turned down *for* me, that offer, without my ever being told about it. Those who were advising me felt that I had topped my salary at the $4500 mark and should get that or nothing.

"I never handled my own money. I never checked my own accounts. At the first of each month I was told that fifteen or twenty checks were necessary. I scrawled my name on the checks and let it go at that, never asking what they were for; believing, of course, that they were being used to pay household bills, dressmakers, dentists, insurance premiums and so on. I'd lost all contact with reality. Most of us do, until reality up and smacks us in the face.

"Which is just what happened to me. One night, as I was leaving my hotel, I was served with a summons. I called my lawyer, who explained that I was being served for non-payment of a bill. It never occurred to me that non-payment of a bill was possible. Hadn't I paid bills, thousands of dollars worth of them, with weekly checks of three and four thousand dollars for years?

"That opened my eyes. I began to dig into things. I found that I was thousands of dollars in debt. I found that scarcely any of my bills had been paid for months. I owed everyone—and never dreamed that I owed a cent.

"I was not getting any work. Weeks would go by and then some quickie would bob up. More weeks and then another. It was a slow dwindling down process. It took about a year to make me realize that I was a fallen star.

"I tried every means I knew to get myself into a solvent condition. One day it occurred to me that there were my jewels in the vault of the bank. I could pawn them. I found that they had been pawned months ago. Three or four hundred thousand dollars had flowed through my hands like water through a sieve and I had not one thing to show for it.

"Then I knew that the game was up.

"When I am licked and know it I never want to stay on the scene of my defeat. I was not afraid. I was not indignant. I was disgusted with myself for being a credulous fool, living in a fairy-story.

"Vaudeville had been simmering at the back of my brain for some months. One night a friend suggested that if I decided to try vaudeville I might do well to contact Harry Foxe, who has been a headliner in burlesque, in vaudeville, in every phase of theater work. A few days later I left Hollywood.

"Before I left, I had my lawyer summon every creditor I had in town. I met them all. I said, 'I'm going into vaudeville. I'm going to work like a dog. I believe I can make good. I believe I can pay you all back every cent I owe you if you will leave me alone. Give me this chance and I'll make good to you. But the first one of you who sues me will send me into bankruptcy and none of you will get a cent.'

"I meant it, too. A few months later one of them did sue me. I immediately went to New York and filed bankruptcy proceedings. I went into bankruptcy for some $38,000. Of that amount $8000 was for bills actually contracted by me, bills I had believed I'd paid. When the list of creditors was made out for me, two of them were omitted, with the result that I am now being sued by them and must manage to pay them.

WELL, I went East. I had met Harry Foxe, some years ago, in New York. We got together and worked up our act. We had good breaks at first in a field which has suffered more than any other in the entertainment world. We got $2500 a week for the act whenever it was booked, and the bookings were fairly regular. Even then, I had not learned all of my lesson. I still left the handling of money in other hands, with the result that often, at the end of a $2500 week, we would find ourselves without enough for railroad fare. Later, when Harry and I were alone and booked our act and managed our money ourselves, we'd often have $500.00 weeks. After all railroad fares, hotel bills, food, dry-cleaning and so on had been paid there'd still be plenty left. I began to learn the value of money then. I began to learn what it means to shop for a dress costing $16.75 and not another cent because there isn't another cent for it. I had already learned, you see, what it feels like to wonder when there will be another meal, or how to finagle a jump from one town to another. And I swear I didn't mind it. It was fun!

"We played Chicago, New Orleans, Boston, Baltimore and cities large and small. And we found that people who had not been to vaudeville for years came in thousands to see us. We played in picture houses where no vaudeville had been before. I made one great discovery: How loyal the fans really are. Do you know which actress they asked me about most often? You'd never guess. Not Garbo, nor Crawford, nor Kay Francis. No, it was Bessie Love! *The fans do not forget.* Never underestimate their affection, you reigning stars, for they admire you while you are up, and their affection clings to you when you are down.

THERE have been times," said Betty, "when I have had to do some pretty close figuring. I can't say that I've ever been hungry. I do say that I've learned to like beer and skittles instead of caviar.

"I can speak only for myself, of course, when I say that I've never known fear. I'd been poor before I came to Hollywood. Poverty held no terrors for me. I never was much for dressing up or for the luxury standard and so I didn't really mind when I moved out of the big house, knew that my jewels were gone, did my own hair and nails and shopped for bargains. I feel very much as might a person who had been living in a dream for years and suddenly sat down to a good steak-and-onion dinner with friends who are friends.

"Finally, we hit Los Angeles. Harry got a job at one of the studios. I decided that now was the time for me to stay here and try, try again!

"This time, I'm doing it all very differently. And I'm doing it myself. When I arrived, for instance, I found that a huge apartment had been taken for me at the Chateau Marmont. I took one look, went to the management and said, 'Look here, I don't want the royal suite. I want a place so big, just big enough for me and my bag!' I got it. I definitely separated from my husband.

"I do my own cooking and am developing into quite a chef, if I do say so. I go almost nowhere because I have a complex about accepting hospitality I can't return.

"I have a woman agent. And I know what goes on. I've made several quickies. My hope is that one of these days I'll get a good part, no matter how obscure the picture, and a major studio will remember the face!

"If ever I do really come back, I'll buy, first of all, a home of my own. And pay for it. A small place, a cottage. I'll have my own things and my books, and I'll have the friends around me who were my real friends before I was a star, while I was a star and now that I am an ex-star.

"I'm happy. I know where I am. I was living in a fever then. I am normal again. I lived in the ether and fell out of it. Now I live on earth and I find it very good."

Miss **Constance Hall** says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin clear and fine."

Which is Yours?

1 Lines fade when wasting *under* tissues are stimulated.

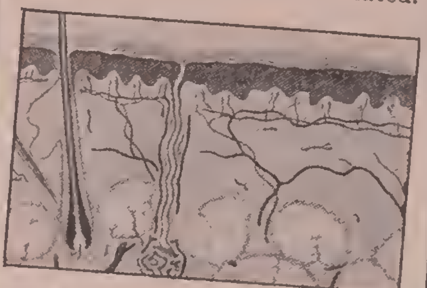
2 Blackheads go when clogging underskin secretions are removed, and *underskin* stimulation prevents further clogging.

3 Blemishes stop coming when blackheads that cause them are removed and new ones prevented.

4 Pores reduce when kept free from pore-enlarging secretions that come from within the skin.

5 Dry skin softens when penetrating oils restore suppleness and oil glands grow active.

6 Tissues won't sag when underskin nerves and fibres are kept toned up and stimulated.



Where skin faults start— In the underskin, tiny nerves, cells, blood vessels and glands keep outer skin flawless. Skin faults start when this underskin slows up!

Put new life into Under Skin

See outer skin bloom...Faultless!

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, FRANCOISE of FRANCE

Princess Christopher of Greece

famed among royalty for her classic beauty, says: "Pond's Cold Cream makes my skin look fresher, my pores fine. Little lines have vanished!"

"Deep-skin" Cream
reaches beginnings of Common Skin Faults

WHAT annoys you most when you peer into the mirror?

Blackheads dotting your nose? Lines on forehead? Little blemishes? If you could only start *new*—with a satin-clear skin!

And you *can!*—by putting *new life* into your underskin! There's where skin faults begin. And there's where you must work to get rid of them.

Your underskin is made up of tiny nerves, blood vessels, glands and fibres. *Kept active*—they rush life to your outer skin—free it of flaws. Annoying lines, blackheads, blemishes are a sign your underskin is losing its vigor!

TO KEEP that underskin pulsating with life—stimulate it deep with Pond's Cold Cream. Made of specially processed oils, it seeps down the pore through cloggings of dirt...make-up... skin secretions. Out they flow—leaving your skin fresher, immediately clearer.

But Pond's Cold Cream does still more! Pat in more cream briskly. Circulation quickens, little glands get busy. Now pores reduce, blemishes go away, lines begin to fade!

A double-benefit treatment

Every Night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to uproot clogging make-up and dirt. Wipe off. Now pat in fresh Cream—for underskin stimulation!

Every Morning, and before make-up, refresh your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. It smooths your skin for powdering.

Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely pure. Germs cannot live in it.

Special 9-Treatment Tube

POND'S, Dpt. M131, Clinton, Conn. . . . I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City______________State______

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When a Star Falls—Jack Mulhall

(*Continued from page 63*)

of the Lido and Jack was beginning to relearn the art of relaxation. After a year of rest Jack decided it was time to go home and get back to work.

He found Hollywood floundering in the famous slump of 1931.

"The studios are cutting salaries," his friends said. "Producers are going crazy about new faces. They're forgetting the old-timers and combing Broadway and every jerkwater stock company in the country for talent."

BUT Jack refused to worry. First National didn't proffer the contract he had left unsigned, but several other studios wanted to talk business, not, however, at his former $3,000-a-week salary. "I'll just wait until this hysteria for new faces and shrunken pay envelopes passes," Jack told his agents.

After all, he had $1,200,000 invested in gilt-edged securities and the best property in Los Angeles. He didn't have to take the first thing that came along.

But when six months later most of the gilt had peeled off the securities, and Jack tried unsuccessfully to recoup by putting some of his real estate on the market, he knew that the game of waiting for something good to turn up was over.

Then Jack did a strange thing for a famous star. He made a complete tour of Hollywood's big studios and told every important producer that he wanted a job and wanted it quick.

"Every door was opened to me," Jack told me. "I discovered that the famous yarn about the ignominious waits and rude treatment awaiting the actor who needs a job is just another fairy tale.

"Every executive I called upon greeted me cordially and talked with me for hours. They explained that salaries were on the skids and the public was really demanding those new personalities. They actually had me agreeing with them before I left—without a job, of course. Most of them felt, however, that something was sure to turn up for me any day, something good."

The days slipped into weeks and the weeks into months and nothing turned up for Jack except the sudden discovery that even the remnant of his bank account was a thing of the past.

This final blow left Jack numb, but still on his feet. In a cool, detached, businesslike manner he sold his sixteen-room house with all its furniture and the four motors in the garage, and dismissed the five servants.

With a few trunks of clothes the Mulhalls moved to a furnished four-room apartment.

Then the adventure of going broke began in earnest.

When he had unpacked the trunks and hung a few pictures, Jack put on his hat and told his wife he wouldn't return until he had landed a job.

"It might be ditch digging, honey," he warned, "but it will have a pay envelope attached to it."

Jack knocked on every casting director's door in Hollywood that day. They refused to believe him when he asked to be put down for the first "bit" part that turned up.

"Why, man, you're crazy," they tried to dismiss him. "You're a big league star. You'll be taking the biggest salary cut in history. Wait a little longer. Something good is bound to turn up."

But Jack had heard that line before. He argued until Fred Datig at Paramount finally gave in and hired him for a three-day bit in the Mae West picture, "Belle of the Nineties."

There were whispers on the crowded set when Jack reported for work. Everybody seemed to be watching and wondering how the great star was going to take it. And probably the only completely unconcerned, unembarrassed person on the West stage that day was Jack himself.

"What was there to be ashamed of?" he asked me. "I was glad to be working. And what's wrong with 'bits'? Such parts require definite talent and intelligence."

And at home there was the adventure of learning to live on an income that scarcely equalled the Mulhall's expenditures for flowers in the halcyon days.

"We've rediscovered the charm of simplicity," Jack told me. "Within a week we were crazy about that four-room apartment. But the greatest discovery of all was my wife's cooking. She had never fried an egg before in her life, but now her steak-and-onion dinners top anything we ever got from the cooks we used to hire.

"Oh, I've learned a lot of things. For instance, how to keep fit without the aid of massage, golf and steam rooms. I just swim, winter and summer, rain or shine, in the big, free Pacific Ocean. It's the best conditioner in the world.

"And I've learned how to say 'no' to invitations to parties, and go to bed early instead. I'm never tired now. I'm keener physically and mentally than I have been in years, and, believe it or not, happier."

AND why shouldn't Jack be happy? He has worked steadily now doing "bits" for more than a year. Recently he was hired for a series of leads by an independent company. And the "bits" he is playing for the big-time studios are growing in length and importance. Why shouldn't he be happy when he can see light again after four years of blackness?

"I've learned so many important things since that first upward struggle," Jack said. "That four-room apartments are nicer than sixteen, that flivvers are more fun than imported motors, that a good night's sleep is better than money in the bank, that friends don't welch when you're on the skids and that a four-numeral salary doesn't buy one ounce of happiness, but one ounce of real accomplishment buys a ton of it.

"That's why I say going broke has been the swellest adventure of my life."

The Romantic Story of Sylvia Sidney's Marriage

(*Continued from page 37*)

because she'd met a man she sincerely—well—liked! She'd forget all about him first.

Strange, then, that the moment "Accent on Youth" was finished she climbed aboard an East-bound plane to see how well she'd managed to forget the man who had tried—was still trying—to talk her into doing something she knew better than to do.

While she was proceeding, in the face of obstacles, with the forgetting process in New York (it has always been found difficult to banish a person completely from your mind when you see him in the morning, for lunch, for tea, for dinner and the evening!) Walter Wanger wired an offer for her to star in "Mary Burns, Fugitive."

Still promising nothing, she flew to Hollywood.

But when Bennett learned that Sylvia was talking about a contract with Wanger to do at most three pictures a year for the next two years, he began to suspect that the walls of Jericho were about to give way somewhere. Then someone wrote East that "Sylvia Sidney has changed . . . no longer the adamant, exacting, independent star who asks for and gets just what she wants . . . as sweet and obliging as any ambitious extra . . . no longer knits tiny sweaters for herself on the set, but socks, sweaters, and scarves—for men!"

Flash! On Sunday, September 22nd, Walter Winchell told his radio audience that Sylvia Sidney and Bennett Cerf would be married in California on or about October first, that the bride and groom would make their home in New York, except for two short periods each year which Miss Sidney would have to spend in Hollywood.

On one point Winchell was wrong. They weren't married in California at all. Sylvia pointed out that three whole days must elapse after two people take out a marriage license, in California, before the ceremony can be performed. Wait three whole days after the flight West? Hardly. Bennett Cerf had done all the waiting he proposed to do before that fateful New Year's party. They met, accordingly, in Arizona, where one may step right across from the license clerk's desk to that of the marrying magistrate.

It is one of the most interesting matches made in recent months. They are such grand young moderns. When honest, sincere love showed them the fallacy of preconceived notions about marriage between a career man and a career woman, they faced the situation squarely and came to the conclusion that when you want something enough—as much as they wanted a life together—there are no such words as "it can't be done."

The Unknown Love of Una Merkel

(*Continued from page 33*)

that she got her lines. Home she drove, her script under her arm, planning to study that evening.

A telegram was waiting for her. It was from the boy's mother. The boy was in a hospital critically ill, unconscious, facing a grave operation.

"Tomorrow," Una told her mother, "I'll send him a long wire." She settled down to study. But instead of the typed pages she kept seeing his eyes, desperate, fearful, lonely.

Una went to the garage, got her car, and rushed down the hill to the telegraph office, propelled by fear that she wouldn't be quick enough. She wrote the message and then waited until it was put on the wire.

The boy got her message shortly after midnight. He couldn't read it himself. But he wouldn't let anyone read it to him. He just held it in his hand. And lay there smiling. And it wasn't until after dawn came when he died that they took it from him.

I ASKED Una what she had written in that wire.

"Everything I knew he wanted to hear," she said. "Even though some of the things by then were not wholly true. It's not fair," she said, "to press upon people the unhappy truths when they're having a bad time. Later on, if they get themselves in hand, is time enough."

Una didn't start work the following morning. She called her director, told him of the boy's death and he gave her a twenty-four hour stay. Next day she began her first screen comedy part. Only the director knew that for all her flirtatious little gestures and giggles and drolleries she was having a pretty bad time.

An unhappy love affair puts any girl to a test. Una, loving that boy as she did, found the courage to admit hopeless truths to herself and maneuvered so she spared him until the end. That marks her inherent greatness.

It is this inherent greatness and kindliness of Una's that people sense, all unknowingly, out here in Hollywood. You might walk beside her for a dozen days and sense nothing unusual. But after a time you'd become aware of a special tone in voices calling to her and of affection in eyes lingering on her. And then if you asked questions they'd tell you, "Una's swell. One grand girl. Everybody likes her. Just because she's so nice and friendly!"

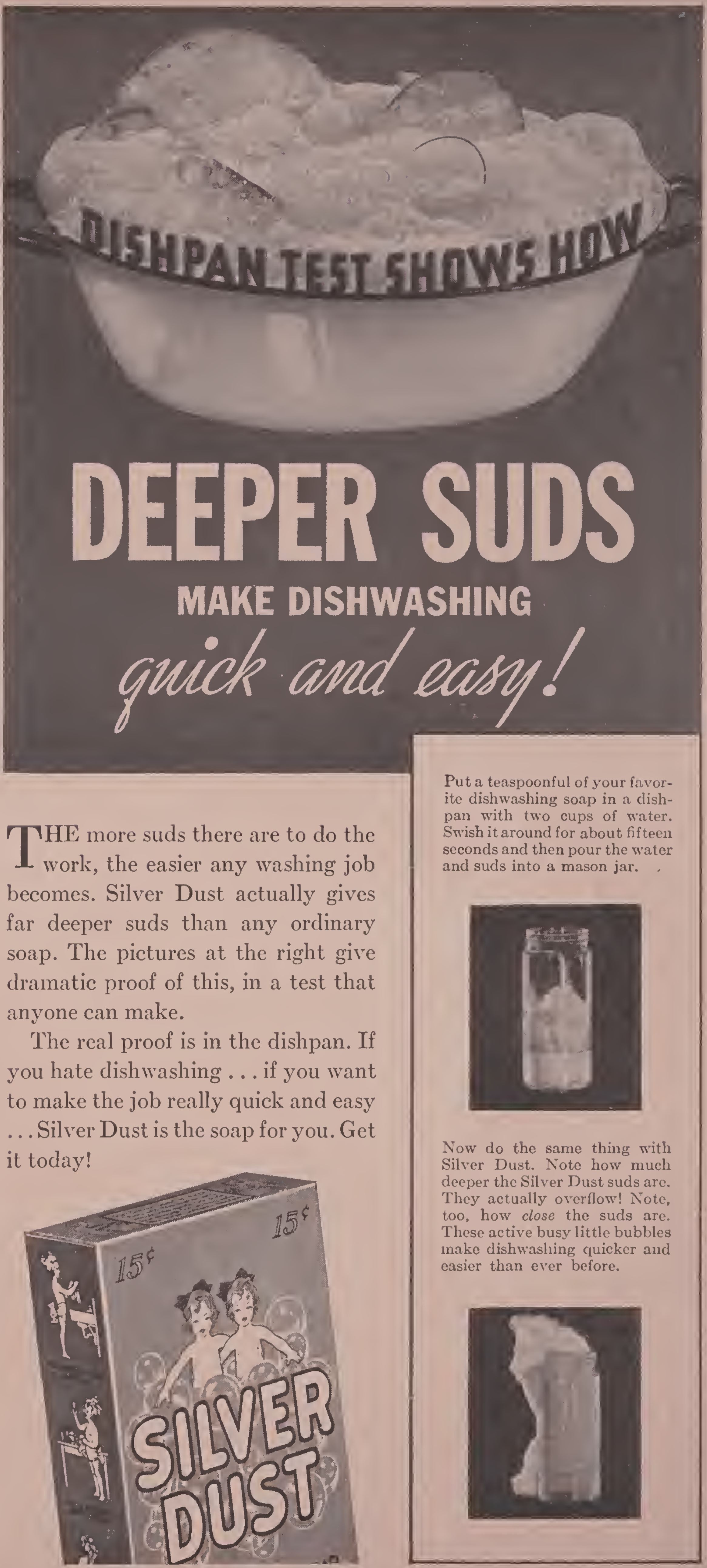
And you'd let it go at that, seeing her in her comedy roles on the screen. If you didn't know this story.

The inside story of Hollywood's latest over-night success—

ROCHELLE HUDSON

in January Movie Mirror.

On sale everywhere Nov. 26.



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I Want To Be a Star!

(*Continued from page* 61)

feel like conquering all. Good night, Judy. Now that you've done a good deed, don't regret it. You might as well laugh."

Perhaps he was right. You might as well laugh. Only it is hard to laugh when you want to weep.

It was a long while before I fell asleep. A persistent buzz of the doorbell awakened me and when I blundered through to open it Sonya was standing there.

With one gesture she put her arms around me and held me very close and it occurred to me that nobody had ever held me that close, not even my mother.

"I would have come sooner," she said, "but I had to wait until Victor left."

"What time is it?" I asked trying to hide my embarrassment. "Sonya, don't say you came to thank me, because that's silly. I never tried to thank you or Victor for all you did for me."

Sonya sat on the worn divan. She was terribly pale and there were dark circles under her lovely eyes.

"There's no such thing as thanks in friendship, Judy," she said, and her voice was rich and creamy. "That's the final test of true friendship. There's no need for thanks."

"Good," I said. "Let's have ham and eggs."

"But I have a feeling," she said, "that you need a little help yourself."

I thought she meant Dick and frowned. I wasn't ready to talk about it.

"You know how much Bert loves you," she went on, "and the fact that we were together that night might queer your feeling for him."

"No," I said. "It doesn't matter."

"Just the same," Sonya doused her cigarette deliberately, "I feel I have got to go on record. You see I love Victor and Bert loves you and that Wednesday when we both got so foolish and so tight and so reckless we were telling each other all about it. Knowing that you are just an innocent kid, Bert doesn't want to rush you. He doesn't want to influence you and yet you are all that matters to him. As for myself, the only happiness I have ever known in my life are the three years I have had with Victor, but I keep saying to myself, how do I know I love him? I keep asking myself for proof. I found the proof, Judy, in your Bert. Love is the protection against infidelity."

She leaned back against the divan. I wanted to tell her. I knew she was right because I had found it out, too. I deserved no credit for refusing Bert's propositions. Unconsciously I had been true to Dick even when no fidelity was due. How stupid of me! Was I going to be a stand-in in love as I was in my career?

"Of course, Judy," Sonya stood up, "now you have given yourself a label. Take Victor, for instance. The way he talked to me about you last night made my blood run cold."

"You mean Victor doesn't like me any more?" I gasped.

"Of course he does, but with a difference. You see you have always been his chief pet puritan."

I leaned back and gathered my absurd pink negligee tight around me. How funny! How silly! It's the men who have the standards. Even a man like Victor. Audacious. Brutal. More modern than the moderns. It would take a man like that to be sentimental over people who came from Cape Cod and little girls who were no longer puritans.

The telephone cut in on our queer conversation. It was Bert asking me to the beach club for dinner. And as I protested, insisting that I couldn't face the people who would murmur and point, Sonya grabbed my arm.

"You can," she said. "You accept."

And when I told Bert to call for me, Sonya added:

"It's the only way, Judy. A woman can carry off an illicit love only when she constantly throws it over her shoulder. Indifference is her only security.

"Wear your prettiest clothes and your softest smile, Judy. Let them know you don't care. That you are sufficient in yourself. If you do they will court you. If you don't they will drop you."

So I went that night with Bert and I wondered if I imagined the sly smiles, the nudges and behind-hand whispers. Certainly Bert was playing the lover. So much so that I almost forgot myself and I asked myself for the first time, if I were free, would I marry him? But I was in love with somebody else. Someone I saw once in a lifetime and wrote to as I would write to my subconscious self. But when you are in love you must be true.

Rene came back the next morning and to my astonishment already knew of my prize scandal. Not that I was important but Bert was and the scene had happened at an important party.

With her came the morning mail in which was a letter from Mrs. Mitchell cancelling the house party at her ranch the following week end. That was to have been her welcome to her daughter and son-in-law. But now she "found unexpected changes in her plans."

I tossed the letter over to Rene.

And she said, "What do you expect? If you really want this Dick go after him, Judy, but he sounds like an awfully stuffy bird to me."

"No, he's not," I protested. "He just doesn't see things our way."

And I told her, as I told Rene almost everything, of the talk that Dick and I had had before that awful scene at the party.

"He may not see things your way," she said tartly, "but he saw enough to make a pass at you evidently."

"It wasn't a pass," I shook my head. "It wasn't like that at all."

"Rats," said Rene. "He made a pass at you, is what it boils down to. He is married, as Bert is, and he loves you as Bert loves you. I'd like to know where the difference is."

What Rene said was true from where she sat. But somehow I realized that if Dick ever were in Bert's shoes I would have said yes long ago.

Fortunately, Barbara Bell's new picture was about to start and I had something to take my mind off myself. But my job was dull now because I knew I would never go any further. My friends were more attentive than ever. Bert was more considerate, more tender than I ever dreamed he could be. Victor had an over-riding friendliness, without the old attitude of amused tolerance. And Sonya almost embarrassed me with her proofs of devotion. It was all nerve-racking, difficult and embarrassing. But worst of all was the loss of Dick. I tried to tell myself as I went to sleep at night that he wasn't mine

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:

Little Judy Pine of New England found Hollywood an even more amazing place than she had ever imagined. Shortly after her arrival, she was injured while riding in Victor Munson's car. Munson, a famous director, and his mistress, Sonya, made themselves responsible for her comfort and entertainment in the film colony. She went everywhere, met everybody of importance, but got no further in her march toward stardom than being an extra on the preferred lists. Then everything crashed about her. Her brother Jack attempted to blackmail Bert Brothers, a British film representative very much interested in her—but married.

With the kind help of her friends, the story was kept quiet. Bert refused to press charges. Victor had Jack sent on a two-years' scientific expedition in the North. And Judy got a good job as stand-in for Barbara Bell, one of the greatest stars in the industry. Her erring brother was out of mischief. She was earning more money than ever before in her short life. She should have been happy—but she wasn't. Her childhood idol, Dick Carr, had written her that he had just married, little dreaming that she was in love with him herself!

When Dick and his new bride visited California, Sonya insisted on entertaining them with a great party, in Judy's behalf. For the first time in many months, Dick and Judy came face to face. And in the garden, Judy whispered, "Dick, Dick, why did you get married?" Then they were in each other's arms. Only a second later, they heard loud voices in Sonya's little studio. Filled with a sense of disaster, Judy ran through the door to Sonya, who was facing Victor fearfully—Victor, who was not even expected in Hollywood that night. Bert was with Sonya, and Victor was asking the two of them where they had spent the previous Wednesday night. Suddenly Judy remembered. Wednesday—why, that was the night that both Sonya and Bert had been out of town.

"I was at my camp in Arrowhead," said Bert. "There was a lady with me. I'm not going to name her." "Then I'll name her," exclaimed Victor. Judy could stand it no longer. She stepped forward, and with a single sentence, let Victor believe that she, not Sonya, had spent the night at Arrowhead. There was a moment of terrible silence. "Now that Victor has had his fun," Bert said kindly, "shall we dance?"

to lose, but it didn't help. There was only one person who could make things right for me again. I couldn't expect that, and yet that was what happened.

It was three weeks after the party, a drowsy hot afternoon in early August. Rene had been called to the studio on some rushed re-takes. I settled down to write letters home.

I had just begun answering one of Peggy's bulky, pencilled scrawls when the telephone rang. Sonya's smooth voice greeted me.

"Victor's tied up at the studio in one of those endless conferences," she explained. "It's much too gorgeous a day to waste. Won't you come swimming with me?"

"I'm not dressed," I explained, "and I have several things I must do. I'll drop over in an hour or so."

"All right," she agreed. "I'll be ready anytime you are."

I dressed leisurely and packed my bathing things in a beach bag.

I snapped the wide, natural wood clasp of my bathing bag, pulled the rim of my rose felt sport hat further over my right eye and picked up the telephone. I was ready to go. A long shadow fell across the floor. I glanced up over my shoulder. Dick was standing in the doorway!

I PUT the telephone on the desk very slowly. I tried to speak but I couldn't. Slowly I turned and faced him, my fingers gripping the back of the desk chair.

"May I come in?" he asked.

"Certainly."

"You were going out?"

"Swimming," I said.

He was really here, in my living room, standing in front of me, speaking to me.

His eyes avoided mine at first, and then he seemed to force himself to meet my gaze.

"I had to talk to you," Dick said finally. "I'm . . . we're sailing tomorrow."

"Oh!"

"I have to go. My internship begins September first. And I had to see you again. I couldn't go this way. Judy, I've been wretched the last three weeks." His voice gained intensity as he talked, and he moved closer to me, his eyes smoldering. "None of that first afternoon made sense. I've lived over every minute from the first moment I saw you there by the elevators in the hotel. I always thought you were lovely, in a gypsy sort of way. Wasn't I the first person to know how very lovely you were? I don't suppose you remember the first time I kissed you."

As though I could forget it! That night I left Carteret. The kiss that started me on my journey, on my dreams.

"But that kiss," he rushed on. "I only meant it as a friendly gesture, but you can't tell about kisses. I never forgot it. Your letters have meant more and more to me. And then to see you again so exquisite, so changed, to hold you in my arms. I did think that meant something, Judy."

"It meant everything, Dick."

"But with what happened afterwards, nothing added up. You just haven't got the look. A dozen times I've started to come and see you. There must have been more to it than you said then, something in back of the whole business."

"There was," I began, but his rush of words went over my head.

Her skin looked dull, sallow...

Miss Rosalie de Forest Crosby, a beautiful brunette

"The right powder makes it brilliant," Color Analyst said

Here's a girl who thought all brunette powder shades were alike. Dark-haired with pale creamy skin, she had been using "just any" brunette powder. Her skin looked sallow with it—yellowish. Pond's Color Analyst told her why: "Too dull a shade." He smoothed on Pond's Brunette. "Why, this *brightens* my skin!" Her coloring looked positively alive!

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With an optical machine, Pond's color-analyzed the skins of over 200 girls. They discovered the secret tints that made each skin what it was. Most astonishing of all, they found that dazzling blonde skin owes its transparency to a hidden *blue* tint! Glowing brunette skin gets its creamy clarity from a hidden touch of *green!*

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Pond's blended all these precious tints into their face powder. *Invisibly*. When you fluff on Pond's, dull skin lights up. Pale skin surges with new vitality. A florid complexion tones down soft. Every skin blooms afresh!

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"Then suddenly I understood. You were doing that for something—for someone—or maybe to hold your job. It was an act. It was necessary, but it wasn't true. Am I right? Not that it matters. When I see you now, I know nothing matters."

"But you are right, Dick. I am nothing to Bert. I did it to shield someone else. I couldn't have told you but you've guessed."

He came over and took my hands holding them very tight. His eyes were moist.

"Judy," he said. "I have to go away tomorrow. I feel so lost, so puzzled, and I can't find my way out. Could we have this afternoon together? This evening? This night?"

"Dick," I said. "Anytime you wanted me, I would cancel anything."

"You love me, Judy. Your letters have told me so." He leaned toward me slowly.

"What good does it do?" I murmured. "Yes. I love you, Dick, so much so that the thought of you has kept me straight in the face of many things. The memory of you and what you have stood for."

"I'm no better than the rest," he said.

"Maybe not," I laughed, "but to me you are an ideal."

"But what price ideals, Judy? What are they? Where do they go? What happens to them?"

I stared into his pale and troubled face and suddenly realized that he, too, had bewildering problems.

"This afternoon," I whispered. "This evening. Tonight."

"Do you mean it, Judy?"

"But what of Hazel?" I demanded suddenly and was sorry I had said it.

But somehow that cold square-shouldered girl with pale and earnest face, her thin lips so much like her mother's, her friendliness when I was in the wrong, intruded herself. That was what marriage did. And vaguely I felt sorry for her. Sorry for the good girl who knew nothing but goodness.

"Oh, Hazel! She is still wonderful, Judy. But so self-sufficient. Nothing that we could do would touch her or hurt her. Her pride would be stung but not her heart. The whole family is with relatives in Palo Alto. What do we care where they are? They own my life. They make my decisions for me. All right, I'll live up to them. I'll trade my dreams for peace any time. All men do but all men must have something else some time."

"All right, Dick," I said. "Let's go quickly."

He stood back a little embarrassed at the decision. I knew how he felt because I knew how Bert felt. But now I didn't care. Because I loved him and because whatever he said went. Because he was looking to me for comfort and refuge and faith. I pulled at my rose colored hat once more, then flung some lingerie into the bathing bag that was already packed. I didn't dare look at him as we went out and locked the door. He led me to a roadster that was waiting—obviously hired by the hour. Obviously a drive-yourself.

"Which way?" he asked.

August. The beach resorts would be crowded with people I might know. As for the mountains, Bert was at Arrowhead, Rene was going to Baldy.

"Riverside and the desert," I said. "The inns will be empty at this season."

I sat close to Dick, my arm linked through his. I was running away—to love. It was the beginning and the end. I was with Dick. I loved him. He loved me. That was all that mattered.

At last, happiness—stolen, forbidden happiness—is within Judy's grasp. Will she regret her mad elopement? Don't miss the unexpected developments in this engrossing, true-to-life story of the Hollywood of today, in the January Movie Mirror!

Movie Mirror's Cooking Page

(*Continued from page* 68)

The rest of the family can have a little more butter in the stew, regular oyster crackers, and follow it with a regular luncheon dish, with the fruit for dessert.

Remember, when you're eating to lose weight, that you want to eat so much of the things that are good for you, that you won't have room for the things that aren't. So get in lots and lots of salads—all kinds—with good dressing. Dressing? Certainly, and very good dressing it is, too. I'm glad of a chance to give this recipe in the magazine, because many of you seem to have heard of a diet dressing and have written me about it.

Diet Mayonnaise

¾ teaspoon mustard
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup mineral oil
1 egg yolk
Lemon juice
Dash of cayenne

Mix dry ingredients, add egg yolk and mix well. Add ½ teaspoon lemon juice. Put in oil, at first drop by drop, beating vigorously with an egg-beater. As it thickens, add more oil at a time, and continue adding lemon juice to keep it from getting too stiff. If, toward the beginning, your mixture, instead of thickening into a creamy mass, separates, don't think it is spoiled. Take a fresh bowl, another egg yolk (don't add any more dry ingredients) and begin again, using your first mixture until you have beaten it all in, and finishing with remaining oil. It is an excellent idea to put your bowl into a larger one that has cracked ice in it, especially in hot weather.

You can buy mineral oil at any drugstore. This dressing not only tastes like real mayonnaise and so lures you on to eat lots of salads, but it supplies a mild laxative in the mineral oil, just what you need at this time. Incidentally, when you buy your oil, tell the clerk what you are going to use it for, so he won't, by chance, give you one of the mineral oil mixtures. You want the plain oil.

And here are the directions for the grape salad, illustrated, pretty enough for a party, and yet all right for a sensible reducing menu.

Grape Salad

Peel, halve and core a ripe pear. Put a maraschino cherry in place of the core. Lay pear flat side down on crisp lettuce leaves, and cover with a thin layer of cream cheese moistened with diet mayonnaise. Wash, cut in half and seed white grapes. Place them all over the cheese, as in the picture. Arrange thin slices of orange around the edges, and serve with extra mayonnaise.

Cakes, pies and cookies aren't to be indulged in when you are eating to lose weight, but here is a menu for a diet luncheon at which you may have gingerbread, when it is made like this:

Luncheon

Tomato stuffed with crabmeat
Gingerbread
Ice tea

Diet Gingerbread

1 cup boiling water
1 cup molasses
2¼ cups flour
4 tablespoons melted shortening
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon ginger
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon salt

Add water to molasses. Mix and sift dry ingredients. Combine with water and molasses and beat vigorously. Add shortening and beat again. Bake in buttered, shallow pan for 30 minutes in a moderate oven (350° F.).

Tomato Stuffed With Crabmeat

6 tomatoes
1 large can crabmeat
1 teaspoon minced onion
½ cup sliced cucumbers
½ cup minced celery
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Lemon juice
Diet mayonnaise
Salt and pepper to taste
Pimiento strips

Cut tops from the tomatoes, scoop out insides and sprinkle inner sides with salt and pepper. Pick little bones from crab meat, and combine meat with cucumbers, celery and onion. Add Worcestershire sauce, then lemon juice, and salt and pepper to taste. Stir in enough mayonnaise to hold it together. Fill the tomatoes, serve on lettuce with strips of pimiento for garnish.

That would be your luncheon, and for the rest of the family, you would serve whipped cream on the gingerbread and give them real mayonnaise on the tomatoes, if they objected to your dressing, though I doubt if they'll be able to tell the difference.

I have so many more diet dishes, I feel as if I'd just started, but there isn't room for any more, not even for the breakfast cocktail. But I'll be very glad to send you others when you write for the menus. And here's cheers for the lovely figure and good health you're going to have this winter!

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 19)

THERE'S a young chap (I mean really young) on the Paramount lot who has succeeded in startling the bosses out of their seats. He is a singer named Bennie Bartlett. When asked if he was a crooner, he replied:

"I used to be but everybody said I was trying to imitate Bing Crosby and I quit." The bosses handed him some songs, anyway, and told him to learn how to croon them. He was back the next day with the songs all set. Asked how he crooned, Bennie confided:

"I just lower the key and sing slower." So that's all Bing Crosby has been doing all these years?

* * *

All Over the Lots

'TIS rumored that a famous producer with a huge salary resigned from his job when he couldn't get the other big wigs to hire his girl friend at a fancy salary. . . . The story going the rounds that Joan Crawford really was the girl "who looked so much like Joan" in the chorus of the play "Anything Goes" isn't true. Joan was too busy gathering clothes for her jaunt to the eastern altar where she will marry Mr. Tone. . . . Robert Ritchie came 6,000 miles just to be on the set when Jeanette MacDonald starts her new picture; he's always been there and they think it's lucky. . . . Lila Lee and Patsy Ruth Miller have opened up a dress shop in Hollywood and will be the competitors of Bebe Daniels. . . . There are kidnapping threats again; this time it is ZaSu Pitts and her two children. . . . Clark Gable didn't shoot a single animal on his recent hunting trip. . . . Helen Hayes is the envy of most of the Hollywood gals because she has been ordered to gain about forty pounds for her new stage role as Queen Victoria. . . . Bing Crosby has already moved his string of fifteen horses into the barns at Santa Anita and the meet doesn't start until Christmas. Two of his new colts were a gift from the Vanderbilts. . . . Merle Oberon and Frances Marion, the writer, are on a tour of Wales. . . . Paul Muni turned down the role of Napoleon in a new flicker. . . . The rumor that Howard Hughes would marry a fifteen-year-old sub-deb, Ruth Moffet, has been scotched by the young lady herself.

* * *

LITTLE David Holt is about the bravest kid Hollywood ever saw. Stricken with infantile paralysis, one side of his body and face are out of use. Next the dread disease struck at his throat, threatening not only his voice but his very breathing, and two blood transfusions were necessary.

Now, however, David is better. He was told by his friend, director Norman Taurog, that he would return to his picture work as soon as a good story was found for him. Not wanting to make the studio wait, and very anxious to return to work, David recently started dictating his own story, called "A Cowboy's Luck."

* * *

Seen at the Tennis Matches

CHARLIE CHAPLIN and his Paulette had a box; they've both been taking

Two men told me . .

My dentist said:

"It's a fine health habit"

"Everyone should chew Dentyne," my dentist said. He explained that it gives the mouth exercise which it fails to get from our modern soft-food diets. It strengthens the muscles and helps improve the mouth structure. It helps the normal self-cleansing action of the mouth . . . and improves the condition of the teeth. You'll notice Dentyne's firm consistency that is so important in giving you these benefits.

Jack called it

"Wonderful gum"

Men who are particular always like Dentyne I find. It has that "different" taste — spicy, lively, and refreshing. After trying Dentyne, I certainly complimented him on his good taste. Notice the handy, flat shape of Dentyne — an exclusive feature, making it convenient for your purse or vest pocket.

DENTYNE

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Exquisite but not Expensive

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IT'S *thrilling* to use only the softest, finest, imported talc ... It's *exciting* to enjoy the refreshing fragrance of April Showers, "the perfume of Youth" ... And it's *satisfying* to get this luxury at so low a price.

No wonder April Showers Talc is the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!

tennis lessons from champion Elsworth Vines and Charlie admits he likes it almost as much as making silent pictures. . . . Our professional sportsman, Bing Crosby, allowed someone else to pat his nags for the day and watched the racket wielders. . . . Harold Lloyd already has the family ensconced in a winter home at Palm Springs but he came to the matches whenever the shooting schedule of "Milky Way" allowed. . . . Bill Powell sat in his usual splendor beneath the west awning and looked as bored as he could while he was having so much fun.

* * *

AS one seasoned actress breathed when someone mentioned Nino Martini as the next big screen sensation:

"What a wonderful name for a bartender gone to waste on a mere singer!"

* * *

DARYLL ZANUCK, boss of 20th Century-Fox, is up to his old tricks of robbing the headlines for movie material. His newest idea is a revival of "The Queen Of Sheba," which will make him the first on the movie market with a picture laid in Ethiopia.

Anent the Ethiopian situation, Mr. Zanuck is also faced with the grave problem of dancer Bill Robinson's refusal to appear in a picture with Stepin Fetchit. Boy, page Mr. Mussolini!

* * *

On the Dotted Line

Carole Lombard is careening about Hollywood with her hand in front of her; she just bought herself a star sapphire weighing 157 carats. . . . Mary Pickford's novel, "Demi-Widow," sold twenty thousand copies the first two weeks and rumor has it that the book will be purchased by M-G-M, despite the heavy asking price, and maybe Joan Crawford (Mary's ex-daughter-in-law) will play the lead. . . . It took half the big shots in town to get Ronald Colman down to the radio station for that airing because the studio said it would cost them 20 G's for the interruption. . . . Some screwey fan walked up to Charlie Ruggles and offered him $500.00 for his autograph and Charlie almost caused a riot; maybe he was trying to get close to the guy. . . . Remember Seena Owen of the old silent days? Well, she's helping Mae West with the screen story of "Klondyke Lou". . . . Joan Blondell just sold her house-of-sorrow for $30,000 and is looking toward Toluca Lake for her next abode. . . . John Gilbert says, when one asks of Marlene Dietrich, "I'm really in love this time!"

* * *

PARAMOUNT was laughing this morning at a bulletin on the call board which read: "Anything Goes—with Ethel Merman and 40 chorus girls on stage 6."

* * *

Hollywood in Shorts

INA CLAIRE is reported to have signed a contract with Jesse Lasky. . . .Director Ben Holmes has married the nurse (Leona Wilhelm) who brought him back to health. . . . Bing Crosby is now a financial partner to a new idea in television and may clean up another million or so. . . . Carole Lombard's next is to be "Florida Special." It's about time; our favorite blonde hasn't faced the music for over eight long months. . . . Just a hint that Marlene Dietrich might leave Paramount has brought her such a flood of offers that Hollywood is beginning to think her last two pictures must have been good, after all. . . . Nancy Carroll got quite some laughs around the Beverly Hills when she got a divorce in Reno after the former sweetheart had already acted upon a Mexican divider and married again. . . . Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire may well be proud because news comes that "Top Hat" took in $130,000 in seven days at the New York Music Hall. . . . Joe Penner is still fighting to make the studio include his ever-lovin' duck in his next. . . . If you tourists would like to watch Gary Cooper in his daily plunge just call around. I've located his patch of ocean and it's plenty tough to find. . . . Claudette Colbert has made so many changes in her new house she won't be able to move in until long about Michaelmas. . . . Charles Winninger, until recently Uncle Charlie of the radio hour the Tent Show, has been signed to a Fox contract. . . . May Robson has been loaned for a stage play in Hollywood, her first for a long time. . . . Errol Flynn once struck it rich while prospecting for gold in the wilds of New Guinea; he is now striking it rich in Hollywood with the lead in "Captain Blood."

MOVIE MIRROR REVUE

is now on the air every Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. EST. Remember this new time, and make a date with yourself and your friends to hear this weekly half hour of music and Hollywood chatter, over the following stations:

WMCA, New York, N. Y.
WDEL, Wilmington, Del.
WOL, Washington, D. C.
WPRO, Providence, R. I.
WIP, Philadelphia, Pa.
WCBM, Baltimore, Md.
WMEX, Boston, Mass.
WLNH, Laconia, N. H.

Do You Follow Your Hunches?

(*Continued from page 29*)

again. I just knew, again without any reason, that if I took the job it would ruin any future chances I might have in pictures. At the same time, I thought it just as well to be thinking about some alternative work in case the movie idea didn't ever pan out. I sat back and listened for Hunch's whisper. Maybe you can guess."

I sat up. "Ranching?"

"Cattle ranching," he laughed, nodding. This was a particularly good one since Joel, avocation-wise as many of Hollywood's great are, has made his huge estate in Chatsworth pay very well lately by adding to it one hundred head of choice Hereford cattle.

And so, shrugging his young shoulders at the pre-juvenile bit, he waited until he had finished high school and had the choice between college and a job. "Hunch stepped in again," Joel said. "I hated the idea of going on to school but by that time I had no arguments left to use against the little voice. I went to Pomona, and because of that got my start in movies!"

Hunch got behind Joel there and pushed him into dramatics; Hunch chose the right plays for him, helped him with lines, with entrances. Then he met Marion Davies.

"THAT was the strongest hunch I'd had about anything," Joel told me. "I knew I couldn't get anywhere through casting offices, but I thought if I could meet Miss Davies she might help me. It's peculiar I didn't feel that way about any other star. And it did work. The play was called—" he snapped his fingers, trying to remember, "something like 'The Fair Coed.' Anyway, Marion Davies saw me play the lead and gave me a bit in her next picture, then the second lead in 'Five O'Clock Girl.'"

But Hunch didn't stop at that. This pleasant young man with his flair for acting needed watching over; and one of the bugaboos rising stars invariably tangle with is the motion picture that hits the screen and thuds back into the producer's face, for a loss. With the secret knowledge of what is to be, Hunch has made Joel McCrea one of the few actors who can forecast a flop after the first scene, and so steer away.

"Liliom" was the first of these. "It looked all right," Joel remembered, "but I had a feeling it wouldn't go over, so I told the directors I wasn't good enough for the part and dropped out. Charles Farrell took the role opposite Rose Hobart and they did the picture. I—or rather, Hunch—was right again."

A little later, Mary Pickford decided to make "Secrets." Fredric March was tested for the lead, found to be miscast, and Joel was called. Thoroughly scared at the importance of such a role he went in white-faced for the test, and was accepted.

It was on his triumphant sixty-mile-an-hour trip home from the studio that Hunch finally poked through Joel's barrier of exultation to grunt his advice. Turning down a chance like that was like sniffing at a royal dinner invitation but by this time Hunch occupied an invincible position on Joel's joss-shelf.

"Say, Joe...I've got one of our worries licked!"

THIS little medicine-fighter has one of childhood's greatest worries licked. He has just been introduced to a laxative that's a treat—Fletcher's Castoria!

"It's swell, Joe!"

Even the taste of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. A youngster takes it willingly . . . and it's *important* that he should. For the revulsion a child feels when forced to take a laxative he hates upsets his nerves and digestion.

And—Fletcher's Castoria was made especially for a child's *needs*—no harsh, purging drugs in Fletcher's Castoria such as some "grown-up" laxatives contain.

"That's right—Fletcher's Castoria."

Like the carefully chosen food you give your child, Fletcher's Castoria is ideally suited for a child's growing body.

It will never cause griping pain. It does not form a habit. It is gentle, safe and *thorough*.

"Tell your mom to get same!"

Adopt Fletcher's Castoria as your child's laxative—until he is 11 years old. Get a bottle today—the carton bears the signature *Chas. H. Fletcher*. Buy the Family-Size bottle—it's more economical.

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from babyhood to 11 years

ACCEPT FREE
2-DRAM BOTTLE OF
$3 *La Richesse*
PERFUME!

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LUXOR...*moisture-proof powder*

Combats shiny nose, conspicuous pores, floury blotches

YOU can't possibly have a lovely skin if face powder mixes with natural skin moisture and lets shine through, clogs pores and makes them conspicuous, or forms pasty-looking blotches.

So change at once to Luxor, the moisture-proof face powder. Prove it yourself. It won't even mix with water in a glass. Thus, it won't mix with similar moisture on your skin and make a harmful paste.

More than 6,000,000 women stick to Luxor because it is moisture-proof. It comes in a range of smart new shades, scientifically blended in our vast laboratories to flatter brunettes, blondes, and in-betweens with gorgeous natural effect.

No powder at any price, contains finer, purer ingredients. Insist on Luxor by name, and get

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a sophisticated, smart French scent, selling regularly at $3 an ounce. An enchanting gift to win new friends for Luxor. Powder and perfume together in a bright new Christmas wrapper at all cosmetic counters for the price of Luxor powder alone.

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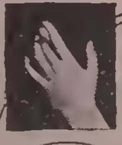

AMAZING HAND SOFTENING CREAM DRIES LIKE MAGIC!
By all means try this spectacular new softener for hands. A marvelous absorbent cream works right into tissues—dries like magic! At all cosmetic counters.

He backed out of "Secrets," Leslie Howard took his place, and Mary Pickford lost $800,000 on the picture!

"The last one of these," Joel told me, twisting his big loafing figure into a more comfortable position, "was the final Dietrich and von Sternberg picture, 'The Devil Is a Woman.' I played the first scene—and in came Hunch. That was plenty for me."

If you were one of the few who went to see that picture you will remember that besides some masque-spirit and much confetti the film was little else than an orgy of von Sternberg sets, across which Marlene lounged, seductive, carefully clothed. All this translated into the commonplace means that it laid a wooden box-office egg.

SO it has gone this way, with Hunch and Joel.

There was his marriage. Until the day when he saw Frances Dee for the first time he had carried with him a pig-headed resolution never to marry an actress. This prejudice was born in some dim day long ago, and Hunch had nothing to do with it. In the midst of our talk Joel caught a glimpse of the time and tore to a phone to call Frances at the ranch; when he had finished I asked him about this resolution.

"I'd worked out that theory about marriages between screen people never being successful from things I'd read and heard about them," he insisted, sprawling into his chair again. "I didn't have any hunch about it until Frances and I decided to get married. Then, in the midst of a picture, I knew suddenly I had to fly to New York right then and find her. It was a crazy stunt but I hopped a plane and we were married that week. We found later that if I'd waited until the date we'd set, a mix-up in contracts would have ruined everything."

I began to laugh. "It's pretty incredible," I told him, "this absolute infallibility of Hunch. He's been right too often. No one will believe it."

"But I *swear* it's true!" Joel was rather comical in his earnestness; his best friend was being attacked and he hurried to the defense. "I've never lost once by playing Hunch. Why, even on that flight East he saved my life. I switched airlines at the last minute just because he suggested it and read the next morning that the ship I'd planned to take had been forced down somewhere in the sticks. Pilot killed, six passengers hurt."

"Oh now, please," I murmured disparagingly.

Joel was sitting up straight now, incidents and anecdotes rattling from him.

"There was the time I worked my way to Panama on a boat—you know what a nut I am about swimming? Well, this was a boiling day just astraddle the equator and there was time for a dip. I was pulling on my trunks when Hunch said No, and there wasn't anything to do but sit back and swelter. One of the fellows who did go in lost a leg, and the rest escaped because the shark had his mouth full."

Appreciatively: "That's a juicy one."

You couldn't hold Joel after that. He told me of the week-end at the William Randolph Hearst estate; on the day they were leaving he felt suddenly the impassive hand of Hunch on his shoulder, had his luggage retrieved from the car waiting to return him to Los Angeles, and boarded a train with another party. The train struck a gasoline truck and caught on fire, but no one was hurt. The car slithered over a cliff and crumpled into oblivion four of his friends.

He told me of the horse he mounted one day on his own ranch. "I'd ridden him for years," Joel said, "and never had any trouble. But this time Hunch insisted something was wrong. I let my foreman take him and got a mare for myself. Hours later we found the foreman, thrown, with a dislocated shoulder. You see?"

I smiled. Joel's voice rushed on.

There was the time, when, during the filming of "Bird of Paradise," with Dolores Del Rio, they wanted him to stand on the edge of a boat while eight men, representing an invisible sea-monster, pulled him over with a rope caught around his ankle. He'd done more hazardous scenes than this on other sets but Hunch shook his head that day; the double who took Joel's place went over nicely but broke a leg.

And I heard of the Hunch he didn't play. On this particular grand morning Joel had driven to the beach, sustained through the ordeal of traffic and dust by visions of a long jaunt in cool waters. Once on the strand, he threw himself into the first breaker, but after a moment he knew he had a swimming companion. Hunch was there, doing a strong crawl to keep up and trying to shake his head at the same time.

This, felt Joel, was a little too much of a good thing; the water was smooth and scintillant, the sky clear. For once he said "Phooey!" to Hunch and swam on.

Of course there was a rip-tide. Of course it caught him and drew him helpless against the piles of a nearby pier. And of course the half hour until a fisherman and two life-guards got to him was an endlessness of tearing currents, of booming sound, of terror.

"Not that I have any doubts," I said when leaving, "but I suppose, like Ripley, you have proof of all this?"

He shook his fist at me. "Any time you want it—just any time!"

So you can believe it or not. Personally, after such fervent testimony anent the powers of Joel's fetish, I am tempted to go Muezzin in 1935 fashion and call:

"Hunch is the true god, and McCrea is his prophet!"

Why Bing Crosby's Wife Went Back To Work

Bing Crosby used to say, "There'll only be one performer in this house." But now Dixie Lee Crosby is appearing in "Redheads on Parade" and other films. What's the real reason for her giving up the easy domestic life? Read the answer in next month's MOVIE MIRROR, on sale November 26.

Character Actor, New Style

(*Continued from page* 49)

step on that—it might be Lon Chaney!"

This doubtful joke was in reality a tribute to a great character actor of a school that flourished in the days of silent pictures. Chaney used to disguise himself so thoroughly with make-up that no trace of the original man showed through. But a new school of character actor had to come into being to meet the demands of talking pictures.

Robert Barrat is an outstanding example of this advanced school. Tall, broad-chested, slim-waisted, he looks more like a leading man than one of the motley crew of characters he has brought to life on the screen. His strong, aquiline features are innocent of make-up.

As a loud-mouthed, small-town doctor in Paul Muni's "Dr. Socrates," his make-up consists of a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles. You will see him in this part shortly. You've already seen him many times, no doubt—as an Italian fruit vendor, an English gentleman, a German officer, a Swede construction worker.

Master of twelve dialects, he fools the people who speak them. After his performance as a German field officer in "The Florentine Dagger" an enthusiastic native of the *Vaterland* sought an introduction to Barrat and greeted him in hearty gutterals that were meaningless to the actor. Barrat was obliged to tell his admirer he spoke no word of German.

I NEVER studied any dialect," the actor confided when I asked him to try to explain his working formula. "The dialects come quite naturally

"You see, a man acts from the head up. The body only figures pictorially. It doesn't do much good to study external gesture. But study of your character is vital. Once you assume the mental attitude of the character you're playing, the rest is just like golf—you simply follow through."

That sounds simple, but there's a catch in it. "Study of your character is vital." When he's not working at Warner Brothers in Burbank, Robert Barrat spends most of his time watching people. Watching them, studying them, entering into their mental processes, getting under their skins.

It was a hot afternoon that day in Burbank. Robert Barrat—by the way, you pronounce the final *t*—was sitting propped back in a chair, coat off and shirt stretched taut by the powerful chest beneath. A man who had a bit to perform in some current production had dropped in for a word of advice. The caller was not an experienced actor; he had been a cowpuncher in Arizona. We were chatting, smoking. The ash lengthened on the caller's cigarette. Bob shoved the ash tray toward him.

"I never use those things," the cattleman exclaimed "See?"

Deftly he flicked the ash into the cuff of his trousers.

"I've always done this," he grinned. "Sorta handy, you know. At night, before I pile in, I just turn down my pants leg and dump the ashes out."

A Big Smile—

and a little Chocolate Tablet

ONCE this lady fairly loathed the idea of taking a laxative. Postponed it as long as she could. Hated the taste; hated the effect; hated the aftermath. Then she found out about Ex-Lax.

It tastes just like smooth, velvety, delicious chocolate. Mild and gentle in action . . . approximating Nature. She found it thorough, too, without over-action.

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GUARD AGAINST COLDS! . . . Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds—get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular*—with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolated laxative.

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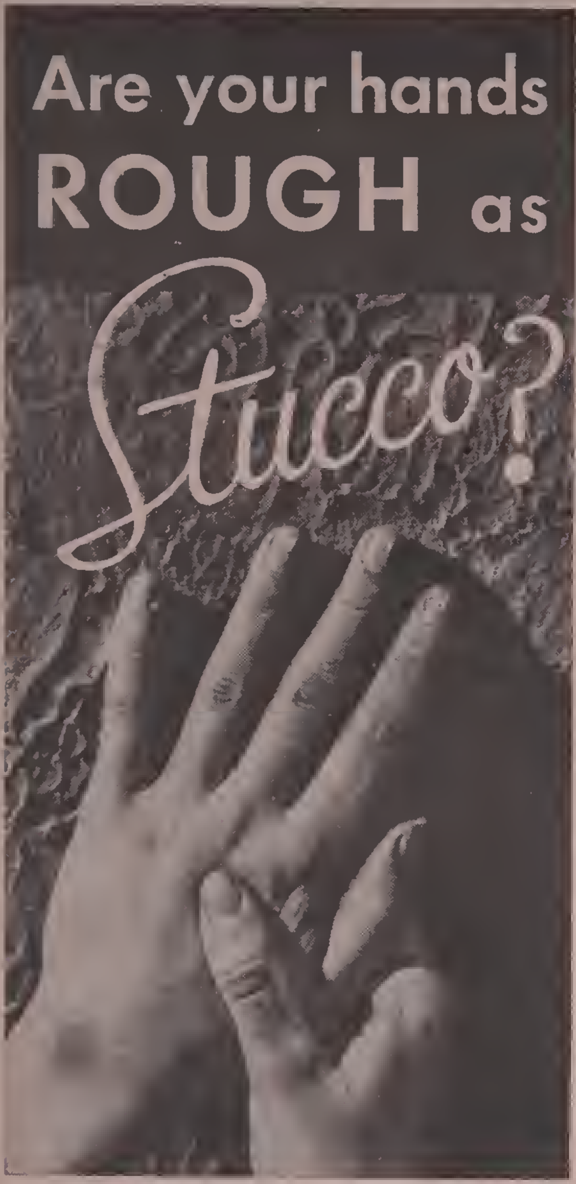

■ Do your hands *feel* coarse? Are they rough as stucco? Do they "snag" on silk?

Why not use some rich, wide-spreading, quick-drying Italian Balm (just one drop is sufficient) and see how quickly your skin becomes soft and smooth in texture!

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In one of the nation's largest cities a recent Parent Teacher's Association Report, covering over 5,000 homes, revealed that Italian Balm was practically a 3 to 1 favorite—used in about 3 times as many homes as any other similar preparation.

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Italian Balm
THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER
"America's Most Economical Skin Protector"

An avid flicker illuminated for a moment the cool, appraising eyes of Robert Barrat. You'll see that piece of business with a cigarette ash on the screen some day.

Possibly you'll wait some little time to see it. Once Bob, standing among the Broadway crowd at Forty-seventh Street, saw a police detective nab a crook. The cop, coming up behind his quarry, suddenly had him with an arm around his neck, shutting off the victim's wind. The Broadway actor noted the neat way the detective made his exit, pulling his helpless victim after him backwards, the crook's heels dragging the pavement. Fifteen years later, Bob used that piece of business when playing the insane man with Ruth Chatterton in "Lily Turner."

A natural born actor, you will say. No, because nobody is a natural born anything. As for Bob Barrat, he entered life handicapped to an extent that argued the only career he might expect would be that of a dependent invalid. How he happened to grow up into an athlete instead; how he came to be a leading character actor in Hollywood—with a contract that assures him an easy old age if he wants to retire tomorrow—are interesting.

BOB was the youngest of three children. That means he had two older rivals, a brother and sister, as pace-makers. And besides, Bob's invalidism made him actually ashamed to be seen by other children. He yearned to escape from view, to hide himself, to be somebody else. There was none of the glibness of the actor about Bob in those early years.

"When I'd get up to recite in school, I couldn't talk," he told me. "I used to get sick at my stomach. It was a terrible feeling."

Unable to show off in ways available to healthy, normal children, the sickly offspring of the Barrat household began to do something none of the other children had thought of doing. He escaped from his own despised personality and became a character actor at the age of five.

"At that age," he explained, "I began to act. I'd burn cork and black my face and put on a show for the other kids all by myself. One of my earliest impersonations was that of a musician. I'd come out draped in a cape that belonged to my mother and carrying an old violin case salvaged from the dump heap."

Then came the momentous day when an adolescent interest in physical culture received the encouragement of a wise mother. At sixteen, Bob weighed 102 pounds and he was so tall and skinny that his schoolmates made him the butt of cruel jokes. At twenty-one, after five years' gym work combined with outdoor sports, he weighed 184 and could toss a hundred-pound dumbbell up in the air with one hand and catch it when it came down.

A few years later he had a part in a Broadway dramatic production as the strong man of a circus. The audience thought he was a professional strong man when they saw him doing circus stunts in the first act. They were astonished when he went right through the play as one of the principal dramatic characters.

For by this time Bob Barrat had his inferiority complex firmly by the middle. As soon as he had made himself over physically, and was no longer ashamed of his skinny, gangling appearance, the actor's urge to display his talents, already firmly rooted in Bob Barrat as a child, had full sway. He deserted college to apply for a job in the chorus of "The Quaker Girl." He had a bass-baritone voice and he looked like one of the young men Mr. Lyendecker was drawing in those days for clothing ads.

"Napoleon said a lie is no crime," Bob related, "so as soon as 'The Quaker Girl' closed I applied for a job with a stock company, assuring them I was an experienced actor. I got the part of Tom Wood in 'Quincy Adams Sawyer.' Nobody ever knew I'd never read a line before I walked on for that part."

The success of this first brash adventure in a speaking part cemented the confidence Robert Barrat was building up in himself. He got another part as juvenile lead in the road show edition of "Alma, Where Do You Live?" They toured the provinces. Once they played this irreverent comedy in a church. At another small town in the dead of winter they found the stage piled up with coal. The company had to shovel out a spot to work in.

"But I loved it," he said with a reminiscent grin. "I still think it's the happiest feeling a man can have, when he packs his trunk to hop to another town, trouping over the country."

Like most every youngster who chooses this arduous profession for his life's work, young Barrat hardened himself as a trouper. With this experience behind him he came back to Broadway to play with Basil Rathbone in "Judas." After that he was in "Family Blues" with Mrs. Fiske and that hardy perennial thriller, "The Bat." Bob was a seasoned actor now. He worked in "Chicago" with Francine Larrimore; "Kid Boots," the musical Eddie Cantor made famous; "Once in a Lifetime," the farce about Hollywood, and many other Broadway productions.

After that it was inevitable that he should be discovered for movies and, once discovered, that Bob should make a success in them.

Barrat's transformation has been complete—from a self-centered, sickly child to a man with the social courage that comes from a feeling of secure membership in the human family, the feeling that above all others makes for human happiness.

TODAY he says, "We all want happiness in life. But we must get happiness without stealing from somebody else. I feel we're entitled to it when we earn it."

This, in brief, is the Robert Barrat philosophy. He says:

"I don't think a man's a fool because he isn't like me. Let everybody have his own individuality. If a man wants to wear a green hat, let him wear a green hat.

"And I believe," he added thoughtfully, "such a theory might be applied to nations as well as individuals. Right now every nation in Europe is preparing for war and I believe a lack of tolerance for the opinions of others is at the bottom of it. When the isms of individual nations are abolished the way will be cleared for what we all dream about but which seems so hard to bring about—the brotherhood of man."

Tips on Talkies

(*Continued from page 40*)

March, at his best as Miss Oberon's sightless soldier lover, and the suave Herbert Marshall in excellent support. An artistic, sensitive rendition of a sentimental and romantic plot. Superb direction, photography and incidental music.

ESCAPADE (M-G-M). The whole M-G-M lot gets behind Luise Rainer in her first American film. Bill Powell for the lover. Lovely Virginia Bruce and Frank Morgan in assistance. A story of arts, intrigue and romance set in a Viennese background. Luise Rainer is causing a lot of talk.

✓✓ESCAPE ME NEVER (United Artists). This sad and very sentimental little tale is made entirely credible by "Queen" Elisabeth Bergner's magnificent performance as the child-mother. Hugh Sinclair, of the original English stage production, plays the weakling husband who goes astray.

✓✓FARMER TAKES A WIFE, THE (Fox). A beautifully photographed tale of the Erie Canal in those colorful days when it was the last word in transportation. A new sort of picture for Janet Gaynor, who is given fine support by Henry Fonda, Charles Bickford and Jane Withers.

FRONT PAGE WOMAN (Warner Brothers). Bette Davis and George Brent, rival reporters, try to scoop each other on a murder yarn, complicated by a bet that if George wins Bette will marry him. Fast paced, good dialogue and performances.

✓HARMONY LANE (Republic). A decidedly worth-while musical. Based on the life of Stephen Foster, composer of "Swanee River," "My Old Kentucky Home" and other American folk tunes. Douglas Montgomery, Evelyn Venable, Adrienne Ames and William Frawley head the cast of this sincere, emotional and quietly effective costume film.

✓IN OLD KENTUCKY (Fox). A tale of love, race horses and the South and one of Will Rogers' funniest climaxes. Will is seen as a horse trainer who needs a muddy track to win the big race. How he gets it will keep you laughing for reels. Bill Robinson, the dusky dancer, and Etienne Girardot, the rainmaker, are great.

✓✓IRISH IN US, THE (Warner Brothers). Jimmie Cagney, Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh as three Irish brothers in a picture that offers the top in laughs. Mary Gordon is superb as the mother of the disorderly brood, while Allan Jenkins is at his best as Cagney's punch-drunk fighter.

JALNA (RKO). A leisurely and sombre screen version of Mazo de la Roche's famous novel of the Whiteoak family. Story centers about an outsider who visits the Canadian farm family and changes the peaceful life into a battle of emotions. The

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KL-8 . . . Elegantly styled, modern, genuine, Baguette wrist watch at an amazingly low price. The streamlined white lifetime case is set with 2 brilliant, genuine diamonds and fitted with a fully guaranteed and dependable movement. Smart, link bracelet to match. $29.75 value specially offered at $19.75. **Only $1.88 a month.**

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KL-1 . . . "America's Darling"— a most beautiful betrothal ensemble in 14K Solid White or 14K Solid Yellow Gold! The luxuriously hand engraved engagement ring is set with a certified, specially selected dazzling, genuine blue-white diamond of maximum value. Wedding ring is exquisitely hand engraved to match. State choice of white or yellow gold. **Both complete for $29.75—only $2.88 a month.**

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The BULOVA SENATOR $24.75

KL-7 . . . Bulova gent's wrist watch at Bulova's lowest price! Handsome, Bulova, quality white case. 15 Jewel B-U-L-O-V-A movement, fully guaranteed to give dependable service. Link bracelet. **Only $2.38 a month.**

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2 Genuine Diamonds

KL-3 . . . Gentleman's handsome initial ring. 10K Solid Yellow Gold set with 2 fiery genuine diamonds and 2 solid White Gold initials on genuine black onyx. Specify initials desired. **Only $1.88 a mo.**

17 Jewel WALTHAM Outfit

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KL-4 . . . The famous WALTHAM— offered at a specially low price. Handsomely engraved, 12 size white lifetime case; factory guaranteed, accurate and dependable 17 Jewel WALTHAM movement; complete with engraved knife and chain to match All for $19.75 — **Only $1.88 a mo.**

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It all depends on the WOMAN

There are sensitive women everywhere who do not trust the superficial information that is going around about feminine hygiene. These deep-natured women want the whole truth from the scientific standpoint. They must depend on themselves to sift out the real facts. And to them the news about *Zonite* will be welcome.

● *You* do not need to use poisonous antiseptics for feminine hygiene, just because an older generation used them. In those days there were no antiseptics powerful enough for the purpose, except the poisons. But that was before the discovery of Zonite—the antiseptic-germicide of the World War.

Zonite is powerful, and Zonite is *safe*. Zonite is far more powerful than *any* dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the human body. But Zonite is *not* poisonous. *Not* caustic. Zonite has never harmed any woman. It will not desensitize tissues. It cannot cause accidental poisoning.

● The old-fashioned poisonous antiseptic has no place in the life of the modern woman. She has welcomed Zonite—and Zonite is now available in every town and city throughout the length and breadth of America. Sold in bottles; 3 sizes, 30c, 60c, $1.00.

Another form of Zonite . . Suppositories

Besides the liquid Zonite, there are also Zonite Suppositories. These are $1.00 for box of a dozen. They are dainty white cone-like forms, each sealed in its own glass vial. Some women prefer them to the liquid. Other women use both. Ask for both the Zonite Suppositories and the Liquid Zonite by name at drug and department stores. There are no substitutes.

● Send for the booklet "Facts for Women." This is a plain, clear statement on the whole subject of feminine hygiene. Much discussed in women's circles. Coupon below will bring you a copy. Read it and get frank, authoritative data on this important phase of modern life. Write today.

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entire cast, headed by Kay Johnson, Ian Hunter, Molly Lamont and David Manners, is acceptable but the story may be too bitter for many.

✓LOVE ME FOREVER (Columbia). Following the smash success of "One Night Of Love" this comes as a distinct disappointment. Not enough of the lovely Moore voice and too much of Leo Carrillo. A weak story, all about a gangster with a heart of gold, doesn't help matters any.

MAD LOVE (M-G-M). Peter Lorre, the screen's newest hair-raiser, in a garbled horror story about a concert pianist whose hands are mangled. Lorre, playing a surgeon, grafts the hands of a knife thrower onto the musician. The musician starts throwing knives. You'll throw fits if you pay good money to see it.

✓MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE, THE (Paramount). A stretched out two-reeler gives the inimitable W. C. Fields elbow room for his comic cutups. This one has him as a hen-pecked Mr. Milquetoast who skips work to see a wrestling match. The ensuing complications make this a satisfactory Fields item.

✓MIMI (Alliance—B. I. P.) Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Gertrude Lawrence in a gentle and charming version of Henri Muger's "Vie de Boheme." Fairbanks, not so thin any more, gives a sparkling performance. The supporting cast is excellent and Miss Lawrence displays an original personality. A woman's picture.

✓✓MURDER MAN, THE (M-G-M). Spencer Tracy in another of his beautifully restrained performances in an air-tight murder-mystery. Set in a realistic newspaper background, the picture is loaded with suspense, action and sound dialogue. Lionel Atwill and Robert Barrat head the supporting cast and Virginia Bruce takes care of the tragic romance.

✓NELL GWYNN (United Artists). A slight, lively and seemingly authentic biography of the infamous English flirt. Anna Neagle handles the title role in an unrestrained manner that most Hollywood stars wouldn't dare. Charming settings and costumes make this importation another worthwhile offering from Britain.

✓NO MORE LADIES (M-G-M). A funny, not very satisfying story about the ladies' man who got married only to find that he couldn't work at both jobs. Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery, Franchot Tone, Edna May Oliver and Charles Ruggles give their usual fine performances.

✓✓PAGE MISS GLORY (Warner Brothers). Marion Davies' best picture in several seasons. A fast, funny, mixed-up farce about a girl who takes the place of a composite photograph to win fame and fortune. An excellently mounted movie, with Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell, Frank McHugh and Patsy Kelly in support.

PURSUIT (M-G-M). A busy little item with too much action for its own, or your good. Chester Morris and Sally Eilers dash madly through the wild story but due to sketchy characterizations, nothing seems to matter much.

✓RETURN OF PETER GRIMM, THE (RKO). Lionel Barrymore, Helen Mack, Georgie Breakstone and an excellent cast in a cheery little piece about the dead and the dying. It may be too realistic for some of you. The famous story features a ghost who returns home to straighten left over affairs.

SHANGHAI (Paramount). Charles Boyer gives a heart-breaking performance as an Eurasian in love with an American girl (Loretta Young), with marriage impossible because of racial animosities. See it for performance, but don't expect a happy ending. Alison Skipworth and Warner Oland give excellent support.

✓SHE (RKO). Never believable, but full of horror, fantasy and impressive sets. About a five-hundred-year-old but ever youthful queen who rules supreme in a land hidden beneath the Arctic ice. Randy Scott, Helen Mack and Nigel Bruce are the hardy adventurers who visit the eerie country. Helen Gahagan is superb as the cruel queen.

✓SHE MARRIED HER BOSS (Columbia). Claudette Colbert taking a rest from heavy drama. An intelligent portrayal of a successful working gal. Light, but with serious undertones, the story concerns her difficulties after she marries her stuffy boss. Michael Bartlett, who sings, and Melvyn Douglas, who doesn't, are the men. Edith Fellows gives an interesting brat performance.

✓SPECIAL AGENT (Warner Brothers). Bette Davis, George Brent and Ricardo Cortez offer a belated entry in the G-Men pictures. Fast, interesting and entertaining enough, but hardly up to the standard set by the earlier films of this rugged type.

✓✓STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND (Fox). Will Rogers' best picture in a career of good pictures. Full of warmth, beauty and hilarious comedy, it's a thoroughly lovable tale of Mississippi river-boats. Irvin S. Cobb, Berton Churchill, and Anne Shirley and John McGuire, as the love interest, assist in making this last Will Rogers film something you shouldn't miss.

✓THE 39 STEPS (GB). Another mystery thriller from the same company and director who made "The Man Who Knew Too Much." In beautifully photographed out-doors scenes of the Scotch Highlands, Robert Donat and Madeline Carroll enact a gay and interesting story of intrigue and spies. This one is guaranteed to keep you guessing.

✓✓TOP HAT (RKO). Nimble Fred Astaire and his lovely partner, Ginger Rogers, in a gay, handsome and tuneful offering that's just as charming as you'd expect. Irving Berlin's grand music and comedy performances by Eric Blore, Erik Rhodes, E. E. Horton and Helen Broderick assist in making this something you just can't miss.

✓TWO FOR TONIGHT (Paramount). Bing Crosby, with Joan Bennett to sing to, in a nutty farce about an amateur who has to write a play. Unashamedly slapstick, the story should please comedy fans and disappoint those expecting romance. Bing is still the master of the popular ballad and Mary Boland and Lynn Overman help out with the giggles.

WE'RE IN THE MONEY (Warner Brothers). Glenda Farrell and Joan Blondell in a nutty little item which races about showing what a hard life process servers have. Hugh Herbert and Ross Alexander seem to have a lot of fun in this offering, which is satisfactory for Farrell-Blondell fans.

✓WOMAN WANTED (M-G-M). An exciting mystery-gangster story with Maureen O'Sullivan as the girl up for murder and Joel McCrea as the man about town who befriends her. Adrienne Ames, in an unsympathetic role, complicates the plot and suave Lewis Stone does his usual smooth work. The gangster element isn't overplayed.

Hello Sucker!

(*Continued from page 23*)

It brought in exactly four barrels. Never again!"

Oh, there are hundreds of gold bricks being sold every day, and the stars, it seems, have fallen for all of them. You know Henry Armetta, the Italian comedian you see in so many pictures? Well, the gold brick he fell for was a piece of cheese. Literally. But it was no ordinary cheese. Rather it was a very mountain of a cheese, a huge Goliath of a cheese weighing twenty pounds, a prospect to tempt any eye and any palate.

THE man who offered Henry Armetta the cheese was full of guile. Softly he spoke, holding the huge cheese before him as bait. "I wouldn't dream of asking you to buy this cheese without tasting it first. See if it isn't the best cheese you ever tasted in your life. If you don't like it, it won't cost you a dime." And with that he cut off a slice of the cheese, and Henry tasted it. M-m-m-m-m! It was delicious, the kind of cheese that an ode could be written about. Henry thanked the nice man for selling him the cheese, and paid him.

When he had left, Henry decided to cut himself another slice of cheese. And he did! But what was this? With difficulty the knife cut through the cheese. For the interior of the cheese consisted entirely of sawdust and pebbles! The nice man had planted a piece of marvellous cheese, and knowing exactly where it was planted, cut off that perfect slice of cheese.

Henry Armetta never found the man who had cheated him. If he ever does!

In the days when Lyle Talbot was a poor actor in New York, he fell for a gag that is as old as the hills. One of the things that he wanted most in those days was a strap watch.

WHICH IS YOUR LUCKY NUMBER?
1 DARK BRUNETTE
2 RACHEL
3 BEIGE
4 BRUNETTE
5 NATURAL

You May Think It is No. 1 When It Really is No. 3; Or No. 2 Rather than No. 4

The Wrong Shade of Face Powder Will Make You Look Years Older Than You Really Are!

BY Lady Esther

Are you using the right shade of face powder for *you?*

That sounds like a rather needless question, doesn't it? For there is nothing a woman selects more confidently than her color of face powder. Yet, it is an actual fact, as artists and make-up experts will tell you, that many women use altogether the wrong shade of face powder.

The shade they so fondly believe makes them look their youngest and most attractive does just the opposite and makes them look years older than they really are!

Brunettes think that because they are brunettes they should use a dark shade. Blondes think they should use a light shade. Titians think they should use something else.

Choose by Trying

The fact is, you shouldn't choose a face powder shade according to your "type" or coloring, but according to which one is the *most becoming* for you. After all, a brunette may have a very fair skin while a blonde may have a dark or olive skin or any shade between. The only way to tell, therefore, is to try all five shades which, experts agree, accommodate all colorings.

So fundamentally sound is this principle that I want you to prove it to yourself at my expense. I will therefore send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free of charge and obligation. When you get the five shades, try all five on. Don't think that your choice must be confined to any one or two shades. As I say, try on all five. Maybe the very shade you think least suited to you is really your most becoming, your most flattering.

Stays on for 4 Hours

When you make the shade test of Lady Esther Face Powder, I want you to notice, too, how smooth this face powder is—how evenly it goes on and long it holds. By actual test, you will find this face powder adheres for four hours or more.

Write today for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free. With the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder I will also send you a 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings both the powder and cream.

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard.*) (19) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-day supply of your Lady Esther Four-purpose Face Cream.

*Name*________________

*Address*________________

*City*________ *State*________

(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.*)

One day he wandered into an auction room in New York. Aha, they were auctioning off a watch. Just such a watch as he had always dreamed of. The auctioneer claimed that the watch was a very valuable watch indeed, one of a famous make. Under the spirited bidding of some shills, the price rose. "Fifteen dollars," said Lyle Talbot hoarsely, though it was more than he could really afford. For in those days, when he so often had to live on fifty cents a day between shows, fifteen dollars was a small fortune to him.

"Sold for fifteen dollars," said the auctioneer unctuously, masking the hint of triumph in his voice.

Lyle marched to the back part of the auction room to pay for the watch. But, as he pulled out his fifteen dollars, the man in charge said, "Listen, the watch you've bought is a very good one, and well worth what you're paying for it. But it so happens that I have a watch worth twice as much on which someone paid five dollars deposit. Since he never came round to claim it I'm ready to let it go at a sacrifice, only five dollars more than the other one."

I DIDN'T know," Lyle told me, "that this was an old gag with auctioneers, that they always try to pull this stunt when a customer has bid on some article. So I eagerly threw another five dollars away. The watch kept fair time for about a week, then it stopped going altogether. I didn't dare go back to the auction room to complain. I was too ashamed to confess what a fool I had been.

"Years later Pat O'Brien appeared in a picture called 'I Sell Everything,' which reminded me of my own experience. Except that I had been on the paying and not on the selling end."

"I'll never be taken in again as long as I live," Edward Arnold told me, grinning a bit sheepishly. "I fell just once. It was when I was playing in Milwaukee. An actor came to me and told me that he was out of work and broke, but he had been offered a job in Chicago. With tears streaming down his face, he swore that if I would lend him the money to get to Chicago he'd pay me back. Well, he needed only twenty-six dollars, although I'll confess the money meant more to me then than it's meant since. Yet I didn't have the heart to refuse.

"The next day I saw the man who'd approached me for a loan coming out of the big market on the main street with two enormous bundles in his arms containing every delicacy on sale in that store. He was planning to give a party with the money I'd loaned him to go to Chicago! Well, I walked up to that guy, and what I said to him you couldn't print, but it was plenty. Because Mrs. Arnold's big boy hates to be played for a sucker!

"Today there isn't a chance of anyone pulling the wool over my eyes. Apart from the money I need each week to run my household, to pay for groceries and such, a large investment firm handles all my money. And believe me, it pays. For instance, my wife once saw some dresses she liked, but the store asked too much money from her. When I told the man who handles my money, he said, 'I'll see what I can do.' He sent his secretary to the shop and she got the dresses for far less money than they wanted to charge my wife."

When he was appearing in a stage show in London, Henry Wilcoxon was once taken in rather badly.

"I'm a reporter from the *London Times.* Can you grant me an interview?" a man asked him one day. Henry gave the interview, and the man asked whether there was anything besides acting he was interested in.

"Why, yes," said Henry, "sketching," and showed the man some of his sketches.

"Could I have some of them for publication in the *London Times?*"

"Why, yes, of course," said Henry.

So the man walked out with the sketches, but neither the interview nor the drawings ever appeared in the *London Times.* Some time later, Henry was passing a shop, and there in the window he saw one of his drawings. Looking at it more closely, Henry discovered the man's signature on the picture. He had salved his conscience by adding a few touches to the drawing, apparently to justify his signature.

Once Gary Cooper was taken in to the tune of almost $4,000. A family friend had been borrowing small sums of money from Gary over a period of time. Finally he owed Gary $1,700. Suddenly the man disappeared, leaving behind him a house. After a time, Gary received a letter from the man, telling him to take the house in payment of his debt. Though the last thing in the world Gary wanted at the time was a house, he put a caretaker in, which is required by law, and paid the taxes regularly. When he finally got rid of it, he found that the house had cost him several thousand dollars, in addition to the original debt.

Eddie Cantor's gold brick was also a home. Just before the stock crash came, Eddie decided that the thing in the whole world that he wanted most was a home. A salesman offered to sell him ten acres of land on Long Island. At the beginning Eddie hesitated about it. He had known lean days, and he wondered what would happen if misfortune should overtake him as it had in the past. But the man who sold him the land laughed at his fears. So did his friends. "Why, it's in the choicest section of Long Island," they said. "If you ever want to sell it, you'll be able to get double what you paid for it." So Eddie bought the land, and built his house. A gorgeous dream-home with a theater, bar and swimming pool. Before the house was finished it cost him $600,000.

THEN came the stock market crash. Licked in the market, Eddie realized that it was impossible for him to keep up this white elephant of a home. He tried to sell it, but it was hopeless. Everyone else wanted to sell his palatial mansion, too. Empty, the house costs $2,000 a month to maintain. For Eddie now lives in an apartment hotel when he's in New York, and the beautiful mansion has turned into just another gold brick.

So, brother, don't be so grim about that salesman who sold you an orange grove without any oranges in it or an oil well that never gushed oil. You're not the only sucker. The Hollywoods are full of them.

6 WEEKS AGO
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TODAY
Posed by professional models

Compare Her Measurements With Yours

H'GHT. 5 FT. 4 In.
W'GHT. 120 Lbs.
BUST . . 35 In.
WAIST . 26 In.
HIPS . . 36 In.
THIGH . . 21 In.
CALF . . 14 In.
ANKLE . . 8½ In.

NEW "7-POWER" YEAST ADDS 5 TO 15 LBS. QUICK

Richest imported ale yeast now concentrated 7 times with three special kinds of iron in pleasant tablets

AN AMAZING new "7-power" yeast discovery is putting pounds of solid, normally attractive flesh on thousands of "skinny," run-down people who never could gain an ounce before.

Doctors now know that the real reason why great numbers of people find it hard to gain weight is that they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now scientists have discovered that the richest known source of health-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it *7 times more powerful.* Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron in pleasant little tablets called Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, are one of the many who need these vital health-building elements, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to normal attractiveness. Indigestion and constipation from the same source quickly vanish, skin clears to normal beauty — you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and run-down you may be, try this wonderful new "7-power" Ironized Yeast for just a few short weeks. If you're not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Only don't be deceived by the many cheaply prepared "Yeast and Iron" tablets sold in imitation of Ironized Yeast. These cheap counterfeits usually contain only the lowest grade of ordinary yeast and iron, and cannot possibly give the same results as the scientific Ironized Yeast formula. Be sure you get the genuine. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2212, Atlanta, Ga.

LAST MINUTE NEWS

France warns Hollywood it will ban the film "Paths of Glory," if made, because it would stir the masses against war.

Jean Harlow should see the love-light in Luise Rainer's eye when Bill Powell comes on the scene.

The Astaire-Rogers cambination was threatened when Ginger struck for more dough, but she got it just in time for "Follaw the Fleet" (the figure is said to be two thousand).

Hollywood chorus girls are aghast at the rule against bobbed hair for "The Great Ziegfeld."

Rumors are strong that Bob Taylor and Irene Hervey are separated and going out with others.

Isabel Jewell entertains Lee Tracy in New Yark and returns for pictures in Hollywood. Is the old romance rekindled?

Hallywood is just realizing that Eleanor Powell played but a small role in George White's "Scandals" and was fired afterwards by White himself.

Despite the fact that authentic rumors say it is very one-sided, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell cantinue to be caught riding and dancing together.

The whole country celebrated the seventh birthday of Mickey Mause.

Shearer is still looking for a Romeo, and this week Francis Lederer, hired ta make records of the balcony scene, was held up because the record company couldn't find a Juliet!

Paramount has a picture, "Wings Over Ethiopia," all ready for release now.

Wallace Beery replaces Al Jolson on his radio program.

Jackie Coogan will soon be twenty-one and will receive that huge trust fund.

Charles Bickford is still recuperating from the bite of a lion in "East of Java" and will lose his role in Shirley Temple's "The Littlest Rebel" also.

Claire Trevor's influenza has already cost 20th Century-Fox nineteen thousand dollars in lost production time.

President Roosevelt refused all studio visit bids while in Los Angeles.

George Jessel has bought an interest in Sal Lesser's principal pictures and will aid in duties as producer.

Anita Louise is denying her engagement to Nino Martini.

Luise Rainer is being seen with Robert Ritchie and Jeanette MacDonald is in constant telephonic communication with Gene Raymond from her present location at Lake Tahoe.

Marian Davies is at Warners testing for her new picture, "Glorious."

Sally Blane and Norman Faster celebrated their forthcoming marriage with a big party last night at Cafe Lamaze.

John Barrymore has returned to New York. He was very cagey here about his efforts to patch things up with his wife, Dolores Costello. Warner Brothers have been after him to take the role of Don Luis in "Anthony Adverse," but he has not yet given a definite answer.

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Why worry and suffer with that rupture any longer? *Learn now about my perfected rupture invention.* It has brought ease, comfort, and happiness to thousands by assisting Nature in relieving and aiding many cases of reducible hernia! *You can imagine how happy* these thousands of rupture sufferers were when they wrote me to report relief, comfort and results! How would YOU like to be able to *feel* that *same* happiness to sit down and write me such a message—a few months *from today?* Hurry—send coupon quick for Free Rupture Book, PROOF of results and invention revelation!

Marvelous-Acting Device Binds and Draws the Broken Parts Together as You Would a Broken Limb!

Surprisingly—continually—my perfected *Automatic Air* Cushions draw the broken parts together, allowing Nature the Great Healer, to swing into action! All the while you should experience the most *heavenly* comfort and security. *Look!* No obnoxious springs or pads or metal girdles! *No* salves or plasters! My *complete* Appliance is feather-lite, durable, invisible, sanitary and *CHEAP IN PRICE!* Wouldn't YOU like to say "goodbye" to rupture worries and "hello" to NEW freedom . . . NEW glory in living . . . NEW happiness—with the help of Mother Nature and my *marvelous-acting* Air Cushion Appliance?

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Suffer
Few Tell -
AN AFFLICTION ALL
THE MORE DANGEROUS
FOR ITS DELICACY

THERE is nothing more painful than Piles—more enervating! Piles can make you a veritable wreck, physically and mentally. Moreover, they can turn into something very serious.

If there's one thing that should be treated promptly and earnestly, it is Piles! Yet, on account of the delicacy of the trouble, many hesitate to seek relief.

A real treatment for the distress due to Piles is supplied today in Pazo Ointment. Pazo almost instantly stops the pain and itching—and makes for complete comfort. Pazo is effective because it is threefold in effect.

THREEFOLD EFFECT

It is (1) *soothing*, which tends to relieve the pain and itching. It is (2) *lubricating*, which tends to soften hard parts and make passage easy. It is (3) *astringent*, which tends to reduce swollen parts and stop bleeding.

Pazo is put up in Collapsible Tubes with a special Detachable Pile Pipe, which is perforated. The perforated Pile Pipe, when attached to the Collapsible Tube, makes it easy for you to apply the Ointment high up in the rectum where it can reach and thoroughly cover the affected parts. Thousands of persons have used this method with complete satisfaction.

However, for those who prefer suppositories, Pazo is now put up in that form, too. Pazo Suppositories are Pazo Ointment, simply in suppository form, and self-lubricating. Pazo Suppositories are packed 14 to the box and are not only more effective but more economical than the ordinary.

PROVE IT!

Try Pazo today and see how unnecessary it is to suffer the torment of Piles. All drug stores sell Pazo-in-Tubes and Pazo Suppositories at small cost. Either will surprise you with results.

The Men in Shirley Temple's Life

(*Continued from page* 25)

publicity woman coming to his aid.

"Well, hi, Timmy," said Shirley gaily and she gave him one of her biggest smiles.

Whereupon Timmy slid right under the table!

Shirley raised the table cloth and peeked under. "Don't be afraid of me," she said earnestly. "I'm like any other little girl."

"No, you're not," came a muffled voice. "You're prettier and I like you!"

SINCE the course of true love never runs smooth, you can well imagine that Shirley has been the cause of many a cloak-room fight. One happened in Pasadena, only a few miles from Hollywood.

George Bruins and Allen Johnson, both in the fifth grade, happen to be headliners in this fray. Allen, it seems has a twin sister, Alice, who used to be the apple of George's eye, until George fell in love with Shirley Temple. From that minute on, George looked right through and beyond the fair Alice. He even told his friend Allen that there was no comparison between his sister and Shirley Temple. Allen's only retort was, "Yes, but Shirley's hair ain't really curly and my sister's is!"

Well it was George's opinion that his friend should smile when he said that. But Allen wouldn't smile. He just scoffed. The youthful, and slightly pudgy, George demanded, "You take that back, or——"

"Or what?" shouted Allen. "I won't take it back. It's true! Shirley's hair is art-i-fish-al! Shirley's hair is art-i-fish-al! Shirley's——"

But there was nothing artificial about the tiny clenched fist that struck him then. Allen was sent home from school with a swollen face, and the teacher and Allen's mother both demanded apologies from George. This they have not yet received. Shirley Temple has, however, received the following letter:

> Dearest sweetheart:
>
> Will you please write Allen Johnson who lives next door to me and tell him that your hair is natural curly? He said it wasn't, so I hit him. I hurt him, too. But they say I must apologize and I won't. When he hears the truth from you he will have to apol. Not me.
>
> I always stick up for you.
>
> Your pal,
> George Bruins

Shirley's hair is naturally curly—but how the story ends, I don't know.

Here's another Shirley Temple romance, carried on via long-distance. This admirer called Shirley on the phone from Dallas, Texas. Usually these calls are nipped in the bud, because naturally Shirley can't be allowed to answer every call which is put through. She would be doing nothing else, if she did. But the mother who put through this call wisely asked for Shirley's manager. When she was told that Shirley had no manager, she then asked for the publicity man in charge. She got him on the wire. Mrs. Cummings told the publicity man that her son, Corkie, aged six, wanted to talk to Shirley. He explained that it was impossible.

"Well, will you speak to him, then?" asked Mrs. Cummings. "You've really got to help me out. He has such an obsession about her that I can't do a thing with him. He insisted on calling."

"O. K. Put him on."

"Hello there, Shirley!" sounded an eager young voice.

"Sorry, young fellow, but this isn't Shirley. This is—"

"It isn't Shirley! Well; where is Shirley? I want to speak to her."

"Shirley is studying. She can't come to the phone. Can't you give me the message for her?"

A pause. Then, "Well, is she having a good time?"

"I'm sure she is."

"That's good. Do you think she'll ever come to Texas to see me?"

"I don't know. You know she's a pretty busy little girl."

"But I have a pony and if she comes to see me, I'll let her ride him as much as she likes."

"That's very nice of you. I'll tell her."

"Well, I guess that's all then. Just tell her that Corkie called, will you?"

"Yes, I'll tell her, Corkie. Good-bye."

IN addition to these individual advances, children in all parts of the world have gotten together to send Shirley tokens of their esteem. The children of Tillimook, Oregon, one of the world's greatest cheese districts, recently sent her a calf. The calf, in a large crate, arrived, unannounced, at the Fox studios one day, and was deposited in the yard of Shirley's studio bungalow. Shirley took it to her heart and her small bosom at once, and named her "Tillie Temple of Tillimook."

As far as Shirley's amours are concerned, she sticks pretty close to her movie heros. When I asked her recently who her favorite leading man was, she wisely hedged and fought off being put on the spot. "Oh, I don't know," she said.

"How about Gary Cooper? Didn't you like working with him in 'Now and Forever?'"

"Oh yes, he's very nice. I like him. He calls me 'Wiggle Britches!'" But her tone did not denote that he was tops.

"How about John Boles? You're together in 'Curly Top.'"

"Oh, I like him very much. I like the way he sings." But there was still no great gleam in her eyes.

"How about Jimmie Dunn?"

There was the gleam now, bright and adoring.

"Oh *yes*," she said. "I guess he is my favorite."

"But why, Shirley?"

The answer shot right back at me.

"Well, he gave me a watch for Christmas. I guess he'd be your favorite, too, if he gave you a watch, wouldn't he?"

So you can see that girls are much the same the world over even when they're only six years old!

Hollywood's Hidden Past

(Continued from page 53)

were of prime importance. While in London, I had seen an actor named Charles Laughton who, as far as I knew, had never been on the screen. I was much impressed by this man's genius and wired Paramount to engage him for the part of Nero. The return wire stated their belief that Laughton was nothing at all like Nero and that he was unsuited to the part. However, my arguments finally prevailed and he was engaged.

"But with Laughton safely in Hollywood, my next problem was not with the studio but with the man himself. Hollywood had filled him with so many tales of my strange behavior, directorial eccentricities and general slave-driving tactics that Charlie was in a state of hysteria. The night before we were to start production, he came to my office in a highly nervous and excitable condition and asked to be released from the part. I told him that he did not have to play the role unless he wanted to. As he was leaving I told him that I had never seen an Englishman run from a ghost!

THE next morning at seven o'clock he was sitting outside my office when I arrived. He said that he had been a bit fussed the day before by things he'd heard but that he now recognized them for drivel and would like very much to be reinstated in the role of Nero.

"But if the studio had balked at the idea of Laughton, they literally threw up their hands when I suggested Claudette Colbert for the role of Poppaea!"

At the time DeMille signed Claudette for the role in "The Sign Of The Cross" her career was at a very low ebb. Her work in unimportant, fluffy comedies had not materialized the high hopes the company had had for her when she was signed; picture by picture, she was being allowed to slip from prestige. Thus the most immediate objection to Miss Colbert was that she was too light and that her voice was not right for the role. "As you know, Claudette has a very distinctive screen voice. I was well acquainted with the dainty bits she had done for the screen, but I was sure I had detected an electric quality that would make her a fine dramatic

---

MOVIE MIRROR'S CHILDREN'S PICTURE CONTEST

These are the children whose photographs appear on pages 50 and 51

(21) Nathan Jerry Roth, Los Angeles, Cal.; (22) Graham West McCallie, Atlanta, Ga.; (23) Dennis Speciale, San Francisco, Cal.; (24) Bobby Kelly, San Antonio, Tex.; (25) Billie Haymen, Montreal, Can.; (26) Kenneth Smith, Brooklyn, N. Y.; (27) Ira Lavern Griffith, Wamego, Kans.; (28) William Franklin Moshier, St. Petersburg, Fla.; (29) Ronald L. Kaplan, Philadelphia, Pa.; (30) Eugene Howard Krause, Cleveland, Ohio; (31) Tommy Lewis, Berkeley, Cal.; (32) Patricia Lee Brown, St. Louis, Mo.; (33) Barbara Jeanne Helman, Forest Hills, L. I., N. Y.; (34) Mary Louise Harakas, Indianapolis, Ind.; (35) Theodora Johnson, Evanston, Ill.; (36) Sally Jane Schumacher, Lansing, Mich.; (37) Mary Elizabeth McGhee, Atlanta, Ga.; (38) Gloria Jean Taylor, St. Louis, Mo.; (39) Constance Garnett, San Francisco, Cal.; (40) Arlene Watson, Roseburg, Ore.

A de luxe Dessert..easy!

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2 tablespoons butter, melted
½ teaspoon cinnamon
2 cups graham cracker crumbs
3 eggs, separated
1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
2 tablespoons lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon
2 cups canned or drained, sieved apple sauce

Add butter and cinnamon to graham cracker crumbs. Spread thick layer of crumbs on bottom of buttered spring mold or deep 10-inch layer cake pan. Beat egg yolks well, add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, rind and apple sauce. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Pour into mold. Cover with remaining cracker crumbs. Bake 50 minutes in moderate oven (350° F.). Serve hot or cold.

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actress. One day I stopped her as she was crossing the lot from the set where she was portraying one of her usual fluffy nice girls.

"'How would you like to play the most viciously-wicked woman in the world, a woman without one saving grace or redeeming trait, a woman who was the embodiment of evil?' Without a moment's hesitation, she answered, 'I'd love it!' I then explained the role of Poppaea for my forthcoming picture and told her how totally different it would be from anything she had ever done. She was overjoyed.

"I took the precaution, before signing her for the role, of placing her in the diaphanous robes of the Roman empress. If I had entertained any doubts before, there were none after I had seen her in those costumes! So, Claudette Colbert became another compulsory player recruited to the cast that included Fredric March and Elissa Landi. From the moment the public saw Claudette in that part, her great ability as a dramatic artist was recognized. The result has been gratifying to us both!"

Certainly, the DeMille spectacle marked the turn of the tide in Claudette's professional destiny. She remained to do "Four Frightened People" and "Cleopatra" for DeMille.

"FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE" took the DeMille troupe away from Hollywood for three months on a location jaunt to Hawaii, but already DeMille had in mind his next great religious epic, the most ambitious spectacle of his spectacle-strewn career: the stupendous "The Crusades."

It is impossible to express the effort, the months of preparation and research that preceeded the actual filming of this picture. Historical authorities from all over the world were studied and compared. But even with all the known facts at hand, it was a mighty task indeed to form the Crusades into a coherent story. This took DeMille many months of constant effort.

I mentioned to DeMille the great curiosity of Hollywood with regard to his choice of Loretta Young in the role of Berengaria.

"Miss Young seemed to me the ideal player for the role," he argued. "Berengaria, historically, had the strange quality of a fairy princess. The beauty of Berengaria is a matter of record, but the record goes little further. She seems to be a sort of fairy princess of the Crusades. To me, Loretta Young has that ethereal quality to a marked degree; she also has the regal bearing of a queen. Thus I could be satisfied with no one else in the role."

But it has been the two stupendous, breath-taking battle scenes depicted in the picture that have brought forth more comment than anything ever previously caught by the motion picture camera. Since the release of the picture, letters have poured into Paramount Studios asking all manner of questions concerning the actual shooting of the scenes. Generally these queries contend that there must have been great accident lists resulting from the picture; these wish to know how the extras and cast were protected.

We believe that DeMille's own frank answer to this question will interest you as much as it has thousands of others.

"There were no fatal injuries on the picture," DeMille said. "The most serious injury came to a property man who fell underneath the great seige tower as it advanced. His leg was crushed. Of course we had our share of smaller injuries, minor fractures and such, and everyone was well taken care of from a medical and hospital standpoint.

"It should be understood that preparation, in these huge scenes, is the key to the highest possible safety. The battle scenes are handled exactly like actual warfare. Every man on the set has a certain place to be and a special duty to perform. He knows what he is going to do. Beyond this, he has an advantage over the real soldier in battle; he knows what the enemy is going to do, too. These hand-to-hand fights are staged for days and sometimes even weeks. They pre-suppose a most careful working out and hours of tedious rehearsal. Otherwise the results might be disastrous. Because it is impossible to cheat in this sort of picture, I have always demanded that armour, helmets and shields be of the finest steel. The reason? The swords are made of steel and the men actually swing them!

"Surely, some of the men get bumped and scraped but they are fully protected at all times in every way we can imagine. If, for instance, I were to allow the use of tin helmets (often used in such pictures) the real swords would bash a man's head in with one blow! As for the horses, training is the answer. But even with trained horses, plenty of men and the finest steel equipment, there still remains the difficult task of rousing sufficient enthusiasm to drive them into such a maelstrom and carry it through like, well, like Crusaders. It requires patience, plenty of explanation, lots of time, willingness on the part of the men and solid lungs for yelling orders. That's where the money goes for those big scenes!"

And now, as the adventure of looking back over the years with DeMille draws to a close, let's look for a moment at the future with him.

Is there any possibility of his returning to the field of his first Hollywood directorial triumphs, the domestic drama—the modern day drama of men, women and marriage?

"I DOUBT it," smiled DeMille. "Personally, I enjoy the modern drama but I have an enormous public throughout the world which has come to look for certain things in my pictures. A DeMille picture means virility, power and bigness, both of theme and production, plus a more universal appeal than the modern dramas possess.

"For instance, my next spectacle, 'Samson and Delilah', will be just as interesting in Siam as it will be in New York. Everyone in the world has heard the story of Samson, thus its universal appeal. I have not yet selected a cast nor have I any woman in mind for that siren-of-sirens, Delilah. But then, we have at least six months more preparation before we shall begin.

And so, in six months, the most famous of all putteed figures of Hollywood will launch forth once more to write Hollywood history—and will, no doubt, continue to write it as long as he stands on a camera platform and shouts directions to his crowds of actors.

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 39*)

✓✓The Last Days of Pompeii (RKO)

You'll See: *Preston Foster, Basil Rathbone, David Holt, Alan Hale, John Wood, Louis Calhern, Dorothy Wilson, Frank Conroy.*

It's About: *A powerful and dramatic love of father for son laid in early Rome.*

Combining the pagan cruelty of early Rome, the colorful pageantry of the gladiators and the destruction of Pompeii by Vesuvius with the love of a money-mad father for his adopted son, this picture is a powerful spectacle.

Never once allowing the tremendous background to overawe the characters or the simplicity of the story, Director Ernest Schoedsack weaves a perfect story about a blacksmith who loses his wife for lack of money to pay the doctor and changes from a man of peace and contentment to a man of action and greed for money to make his son's life happier than his own.

Preston Foster's characterization of *Marcus* is exceptional for both simplicity and power and should improve his position. Basil Rathbone as *Pontius* gives one of his finest performances. David Holt, John Wood and Louis Calhern are remarkably well cast.

If you expect to see the famous Bulwer Lytton story you will be surprised to find this film based upon an original story.

Your Reviewer Says: Well worth your time and money.

✓ Barbary Coast (Goldwyn)

You'll See: *Miriam Hopkins, Edward G. Robinson, Joel McCrea, Walter Brennan, Frank Craven, Brian Donlevy, Clyde Cook.*

It's About: *San Francisco in the days of '49 and a girl who came there for gold.*

Good entertainment but, despite a fine cast, capable direction, good photography and an exciting background, not what it might have been.

Miriam Hopkins arrives in San Francisco to marry a man for his money. The man is dead when she arrives but she decides to stay on Barbary Coast and "hunt gold." She becomes the sweetheart of strong-arm Eddie Robinson, the boss of the lawless town, and operates one of his crooked gaming tables. By a strange coincidence she meets Joel McCrea, a miner with a poet's heart, and from there on the picture is rather obvious.

While Miriam Hopkins, Eddie Robinson and Joel McCrea are well cast, none of them measures up to previous work. Honors go to Walter Brennan for his exceptional characterization of *Old Atrocity*. Frank Craven, the crusading newspaper publisher, adds a second sincere note. And we have a strong hunch that you'll be calling for more from newcomer Brian Donlevy.

The entire film has a feeling of headlines without the necessary details to reinforce them. For this, blame those two laughing writers, Hecht and MacArthur.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll be entertained but slightly disappointed.

Beautiful Eyes
with
Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS
MASCARA...EYE SHADOW...EYEBROW PENCIL...EYELASH TONIC CREAM...EYEBROW BRUSH

"LOOK-Miss Nobody thinks she can play" someone whispered

—but when she sat down at the piano . . .

Eileen had never expected to be asked to Grace Williams' party. Grace Williams—the leader of the most exclusive set in town.

Eileen was thrilled—yet so frightened. Well, she had already accepted Bill Gordon's invitation, and now she'd have to go through with it.

That night Bill called for her. "You look adorable," he told her proudly. Eileen wondered how the others would feel about her. She soon found out.

It was while they were playing bridge. "Who is that girl with Bill?" she heard someone whisper.

"I never saw her before," came the reply. "*Seems nice enough* but nobody of importance, I guess."

Eileen blushed. *She'd show that smart crowd a thing or two!* Soon the bridge tables were pushed away.

"Where's Jim Blake tonight?" *someone asked.* "If he were here we could have some music."

"Jim had to go out of town on business," came the answer. Here was Eileen's chance. *Summoning all her courage she said,* "I can play a little."

There was a moment of silence. Hesitantly Eileen played a few chords—then broke into the strains of "The Cuban Love Song." Her listeners sat spellbound—never had she played so well. It was almost an hour before she rose from the piano . . . later Eileen told Bill a surprising story.

I Taught Myself

"You may laugh when I tell you," Eileen began, "but I learned to play at home without a teacher. I laughed myself when I first saw the U. S. School of Music advertisement. However I sent for the Free Demonstration Lesson. When it came and I saw how easy it all was, I sent for the complete course. Why, I was playing simple tunes by note from the start. No grinding practice sessions—no tedious finger scales. It was just as simple as A-B-C. And do you know it only averaged a few cents a day!"

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STOP A COLD THE FIRST DAY!

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A COLD once rooted is a cold of danger! Trust to no makeshift method.

A cold, being an internal infection, calls for internal treatment. A cold also calls for a COLD treatment and not a preparation good for a number of other things as well.

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All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. When you ask for it, don't let anyone switch you to something else, for *any* reason! The cost is small, but the stake is large!

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I Live My Life (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Joan Crawford, Brian Aherne, Frank Morgan, Aline MacMahon, Eric Blore, Fred Keating, Jessie Ralph.*

It's About: *A wealthy playgirl who finds she's in love with the man she led into romance for a lark.*

This picture, which might be called "Joan Crawford with Brian Aherne in Greece," follows too closely on her recent film which should have been called, "Joan Crawford with Clark Gable in South America" to be more than mildly interesting. And not only are the beautiful Joan's successive pictures becoming very similar but her latest is full of repetitions of itself. Thus, despite gorgeous photography, a good cast and some sincere effort on Joan's part, we must warn you that the story is nothing to rave about.

While wealthy playgirl Joan is yachting through the Grecian Islands, she finds a good looking archaeologist (Brian Aherne) and makes him fall in love with her just to pass the time. When he follows her to New York, only to discover she has given him a phoney name, it's his turn to pull the gag. This gag is played in different settings until the finale, in which Aherne is supposed to be left standing at the altar only to find Joan coming down the aisle to marry him.

Joan has never looked more lovely in her career and certainly deserves better fare. Aherne has the uncanny capacity for appearing handsome one moment and downright comic the next. Frank Morgan, sensing the repetitious quality of the film, gave us a rehash on his well-known whimsical king, this time in civilian clothes. The remainder of the cast was better than the story.

Your Reviewer Says: Joan's pictures are important because of Joan but we can't advise you to see this one.

This Is the Life (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Jane Withers, John McGuire, Sally Blane, Sidney Toler, Gloria Roy, Gordon Westcott, Francis Ford.*

It's About: *An adopted orphanage child who runs away from stage success to be like other kids.*

Strictly kid-matinee stuff.

Jane Withers, in a second starring role, proves that she should have stuck to her grand work as a heavy and not tried to emulate Shirley Temple. While little Jane is tops as a snooty kid, she has to "mug" to get over sweet emotions.

Story deals with Jane as the adopted daughter of a racketeer and his wife who live in ease on Jane's stage salary. Miss Withers falls for a suspected, run-away embezzler (John McGuire) and walks out on the couple, dancing in a sideshow to get the money for his lawyer when McGuire finally surrenders to the cops. All ends well.

Generally, bad pictures are laid to poor material; this time the material is okay but the cast and direction are sub-par.

Your Reviewer Says: Send the kids, but stay home, yourself.

Cappy Ricks Returns (Republic)

You'll See: *Robert McWade, Ray Walker, Florine McKinney, Lucien Littlefield, Lois Wilson, Oscar Apfel, Kenneth Harlan.*

It's About: *Further adventures of lovable Cappy Ricks who saves the day for redwood shingles and love.*

If you're a lover of Cappy Ricks and remember the original picture, this won't go so well. Robert McWade is not the character we used to read about; which, however, won't make much difference to newcomers.

Story is about the new feud between Cappy Ricks and his arch-enemy, Blake, over the shingle business. Blake has a new formula for patent shingles and wants Cappy's redwood shingles outlawed. Bill Peck, the go-getter of the firm, and Cappy fight it out on that line even though it takes all summer and a couple of love affairs to bring matters to a close.

While this is an independent production, it comes close to big time in settings and photography. Story isn't bad, but the cast won't cause you to run to your favorite theater. Robert McWade is loud and boisterous, as usual. Florine McKinney struggles with an extra-heavy make-up and Kenneth Harlan, Lois Wilson, Lucien Littlefield and Oscar Apfel do their best to keep things moving. The acting honors go entirely to Ray Walker, who gives some laughs and acting you'll cheer about.

Your Reviewer Says: Catch it on a double bill.

✓✓The Pay-Off (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *James Dunn, Claire Dodd, Patricia Ellis, Alan Dinehart, Frankie Darro.*

It's About: *A fearless columnist's fight against a crooked sports' promoter and the promoter's almost successful effort to beat him at love.*

Breezy and fast-moving, this picture gives something new in the way of plot and the result is swell.

James Dunn, newspaper columnist, is riding a crooked sports' promoter (Alan Dinehart) who is out to get him. When he finds that Dunn can't be intimidated, Dinehart tries new tactics—winning over Jimmie's wife and lending her money to lose at his own gambling resorts—and finally tames Dunn. Dunn loses his job when he starts taking orders from the crook, but a girl on the paper (Patricia Ellis) talks him out of his spree and onto a small job at the paper again. When a jockey hands Jimmie a scoop involving the crooked promoter in a fixed horse race, the fight is on again. The smash ending will give you plenty to remember.

There is an excellent performance by Dinehart, very good ones by Jimmie Dunn, Patricia Ellis and Claire Dodd. The direction is good and there are grand sports shots and other outdoor stuff.

Your Reviewer Says: Speed, romance and suspense well combined.

✓The Bishop Misbehaves (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Edmund Gwenn, Maureen O'Sullivan, Lucile Watson, Reginald Owen, Dudley Digges, Etienne Girardot and Lillian Bond.*

It's About: *A detective-story reading Bishop who runs into an unsolved crime and unravels the clues.*

Introducing Edmund Gwenn, an English newcomer to American films, who will make you pray for more as he artfully portrays the Bishop who misbehaved, in a mystery that should satisfy everyone.

When the Bishop, an avid reader of crime fiction, stumbles onto what he thinks is an unsolved mystery the fun commences. The crime concerns some valuable papers stolen from an inventor. The inventor's daughter, with the aid of several limehouse characters of doubtful repute plus a very nice architect, regains the papers and some jewels, then the Bishop enters to pep up the story. From there on, the excitement runs high.

The high-light is, of course, Edmund Gwenn, who is surely headed for much bigger things. Maureen O'Sullivan, the inventor's daughter, is good, as usual, and Reginald Owen is as nasty a villain as we've seen. Etienne Girardot and Dudley Digges are grand. The cast, direction and photography all deserve a vote of praise.

Your Reviewer Says: Yes, if you're at all mystery-movie minded.

Thunder Mountain (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *George O'Brien, Barbara Fritchie, Frances Grant, Morgan Wallace.*
It's About: *A prospector who almost loses the mining claim he has discovered.*

A better-than-average Western with lots of action and beautiful Timber country backgrounds.

When a cowboy-prospector, George O'Brien, gets a lead on a gold vein in Thunder Mountain, he is grub-staked by an easterner. He finds the gold and sends his partner into town to file the claim. Enter the villain in the form of the saloon keeper who steals the papers and files the claim in his own name. A bit of shooting and plenty of action solve the problem.

Mr. O'Brien is his usual smiling, muscular self, Morgan Wallace makes a hissy villain and the cast is up to par.

Your Reviewer Says: You already know if it's up your alley.

Music Is Magic (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Alice Faye, Ray Walker, Bebe Daniels, Frank Mitchell, Jack Durant, Rosina Lawrence, Thomas Beck, Andrew Tombes.*
It's About: *A passe movie star fighting against oblivion brought on by an ambitious laundry worker with youth to offer.*

Boasting little in the way of marquee names, this musical programmer proves the value of trouping. It is better than story or music lead you to expect.

When a too-old movie star, despite fear of failure and age, becomes temperamental and refuses to do a scene as directed she offers a first chance to a youthful and beautiful girl from a laundry. Woven throughout are the romance between the laundry worker and her sweetheart and the rivalry between the star and her secret daughter.

Your Reviewer Says: Nothing to rave about.

✓✓Two Fisted (Paramount)

You'll See: *Lee Tracy, Roscoe Karns, Gail*

Kidneys Must Purify Blood

To Bring Vitality, Clear Skin and Youthful Looks

Women Need Help More Often Than Men

The only way your body can clean out Acids and poisonous wastes from your blood is through 9 million tiny, delicate Kidney tubes or filters. If, because of functional troubles, your Kidneys get tired or slow down in their work, these poisons remain in the system and make your eyes look dull and your skin coarse and dry, and at the same time you find yourself all Tired-Out, Nervous, and unable to keep up with the speed of modern life.

Functional Kidney troubles also may cause much more serious and disagreeable symptoms, such as Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Rheumatic Pains, Acidity, Burning, Smarting and Itching.

Any Doctor can tell you that the speed of modern life and present day foods throw an extra heavy load on the Kidneys, and that most people need help from time to time if they are to feel their best and preserve their youthful appearance. Fortunately, for sufferers, it is easy to help functional Kidney Troubles with the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex, which now is available at all drug stores under a positive guarantee to satisfy completely or cost nothing.

Doctors Praise Cystex

Dr. T. J. Rastelli

Doctor T. J. Rastelli, famous Doctor, Surgeon, and Scientist, of London, says: "Cystex is one of the finest remedies I have ever known in my medical practice. Any Doctor will recommend it for its definite benefit in the treatment of many functional Kidney and Bladder disorders. It is safe and harmless." And Dr. C. Z. Rendelle, another widely known Physician and Medical Examiner, of San Francisco, recently said: "Since the Kidneys purify the blood, the poisons collect in these organs and must be promptly flushed from the system, otherwise they re-enter the blood stream and create a toxic condition. I can truthfully recommend the use of Cystex."

World-Wide Success

Cystex is not an experiment, but is a proven success in 31 different countries throughout the world. It is prepared with scientific accuracy in accordance with the strict and rigid standards of the United States Dispensatory and the United States Pharmaceopoeia, and being designed especially to act in the Kidneys and Bladder is swift and safe in action. Most users report a remarkable improvement in 48 hours and complete satisfaction in 8 days.

Guaranteed To Work

Because of its unusual success, Cystex is offered under an unlimited guarantee to do the work to your complete satisfaction in 8 days, or money back on return of empty package. Under this unlimited guarantee you can put Cystex to the test and see exactly what it can do in your particular case. You must feel younger, stronger, and better than you have in a long time—you must feel that Cystex has done the work to your complete satisfaction or you merely return the empty package and it costs you nothing. You are the sole judge of your own satisfaction. Cystex costs only 3c a dose at druggists, and as the guarantee protects you fully, you should not take chances with cheap, inferior, or irritating drugs, or delay. Ask your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (pronounced Siss-Tex) today.

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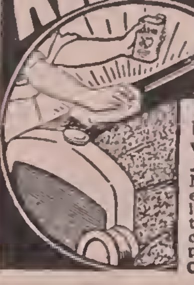

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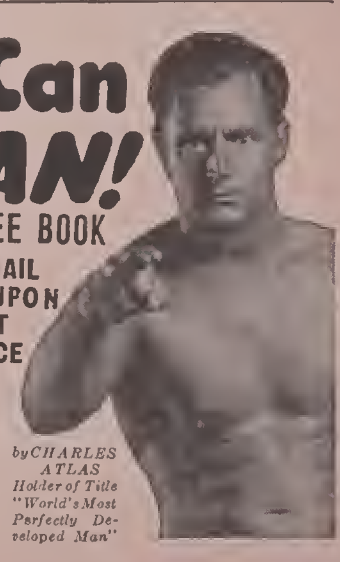

by CHARLES ATLAS Holder of Title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

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There's no doubt about it—the three-minute way certainly makes a difference. Three minutes chewing FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing-gum laxative—then good-bye constipation and the logy way it makes you feel. Have you been using racking "all-at-once" cathartics? Then you know what cramps and griping are. The three-minute way is easy, thorough, and oh so efficient! It's good for the entire family—and children love it.

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NO TASTE BUT THE MINT
THE 3 MINUTE WAY

THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE

The Best GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded, or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

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Patrick, Kent Taylor, Grace Bradley, Billie Lee, Gordon Westcott, Florence Lake.

It's About: *A has-been fighter and his manager who become bodyguards only to stop a kidnapping and win a big fight.*

Fast-talking, all-around entertainment that is simply swell for that tired feeling. You'll go away from the theater all pepped up and laughing.

Taken from the famous stage hit, "Is Zat So?" the story concerns a former boxer, Roscoe Karns, and his manager, Lee Tracy, who, down on their luck, hire out to an old meanie who wants them to act as butler and second-man while he gains possession of his child. To tell more of the story would spoil your fun, but there is plenty of action, wise-cracks and romance, topped off by a boxing match that will keep you on the edge of your seat.

Tracy's delivery of lines and his fast talking are grand. Roscoe Karns proves a perfect foil for the Tracy gags and you'll be surprised what a fighter he turns out to be. Gail Patrick, the young wife, is fine and Gordon Westcott, the objectionable husband, is believable. Billie Lee, the son, and the remainder of the cast are okay. James Cruze directed this clever comedy for the laughs but he got the thread of the story well interwoven while he did it.

Your Reviewer Says: Like to laugh? See it by all means then.

✓The Affair of Susan (Universal)

You'll See: *ZaSu Pitts, Hugh O'Connell, Walter Catlett, Thomas Dugan, Inez Courtney, James Burke, Mae Busch, Buster Phelps.*

It's About: *The sweet-and-comic romance between two lonesome souls.*

Don't let the snappy title fool you, it's just a romance-comedy between ZaSu Pitts and Hugh O'Connell.

Not much story—merely about a girl, ZaSu Pitts, who works in a routine job in a candy factory and a man, Hugh O'Connell, who works in a routine job in an automobile plant who meet at Coney Island one Saturday afternoon and hit the high spots together, chaperoned, at off moments, by Walter Catlett who is anxious to buy a new tail light that O'Connell has invented.

Most of the laughs, which are spotted throughout the picture, are directly due to the combined efforts of that comic trio, Pitts, O'Connell and Catlett. One song, "Love Is in My Heart," will give you a mild thrill. ZaSu Pitts and Hugh O'Connell make an ideal comedy team, so perfect as the two lonesome, unloved average people that your heart goes out to them. Walter Catlett outdoes himself and the remainder of the cast is good.

Your Reviewer Says: Nothing terrific, just a good, laughing evening.

✓✓Personal Maid's Secret (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Warren Hull, Margaret Lindsey, Ruth Donnelly, Anita Louise, Frank Albertson, Arthur Treacher, Ronnie Cosby.*

It's About: *A Park Avenue maid who revamps the social and financial status of a modest family with their first servant.*

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AGENTS!
Fast, steady money-maker. Be first to have it in your territory. Write today.

Don't be lulled by the lack of big names into missing this grand little picture. It's right down Mr. Average Man's alley and it's good entertainment.

Story concerns a modest family, headed by an insurance salesman, who decide to have a servant for their small flat. The maid, who has much "mansion" experience, senses their fear of servants and sets about building them a social and financial background. She proposes and manages social functions until she has moved them by successive stages to a huge Long Island house. Woven into this main story is a smaller one about the daughter of the maid who has been brought up by a wealthy family. Mother and daughter finally get together in the end.

Honors go to Ruth Donnelly who, as the maid-stage manager, is just about perfect. Warren Hull, the head of the house and Margaret Lindsay, his wife, are both good. Anita Louise, the maid's daughter, gives one of her best performances. Arthur Treacher, a butler, is in love with Ruth Donnelly, gets many laughs. Frank Albertson and little Ronnie Cosby complete a good cast. We have a hunch that you'll either find yourself or one of your neighbors playing a role in this little picture and will enjoy it more for that reason.

You Reviewer Says: See it! It's good entertainment.

✓Navy Wife (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Claire Trevor, Ralph Bellamy, Jane Darwell, Warren Hymer, Ben Lyon, Kathleen Burke, George Irving and Anna Howard.*

It's About: *The romance of a girl afraid to fall in love because she has witnessed too many bad marriages.*

With no stars to entice you, this picture must rely on a fairly good story and some nice acting to make you like it. We have a hunch you will.

Claire Trevor has seen so many unfortunate marriages in her own family and those of her friends, that even when she falls in love with a young Navy surgeon, Ralph Bellamy, she can't help being on the defensive. Just as everything is working out nicely, however, another young surgeon and an adventurous woman are introduced. They serve to intensify Claire's attitude until the other woman is proved to be a spy and Bellamy an Intelligence Officer.

Claire Trevor's characterization is not quite what it should have been. Ralph Bellamy is fine. Jane Darwell and Ben Lyon portray the other duo adequately and Warren Hymer reaches laughable heights.

Your Reviewer Says: Better than you'd expect. Try it and see.

Waterfront Lady (Mascot)

You'll See: *Ann Rutherford, Frank Albertson, J. Farrell MacDonald, Barbara Pepper, Charles Wilson, Grant Withers, Jack LaRue.*

It's About: *A girl on a barge who falls for a boy on a gambling yacht while the cops are hunting him for murder.*

Introducing Ann Rutherford! Yes, the first appearance of this young lady (who looks like Janet Gaynor) is more important than the film itself.

SKINNY WEAK NERVOUS RUNDOWN? Science Says "Feed Iodine Starved Glands to add 5 Lbs. in 1 Week-Gain New Strength and Energy!"

THIS TINY HIDDEN WEIGHT AND STRENGTH BUILDING GLAND NEEDS REGULAR RATION OF IODINE-OR YOU STAY SKINNY!

As the result of tests covering thousands of weakened, rundown, nervous, skinny folks, science now claims that it is GLANDS STARVING FOR IODINE that keep you pale, tired-out, underweight and ailing. When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into "stay-there" flesh, new strength and energy.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight—needs a definite ration of iodine all the time—NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE—not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into rich, red blood and cell tissue.

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JUNGLE
A brilliant, vivid
brighter red

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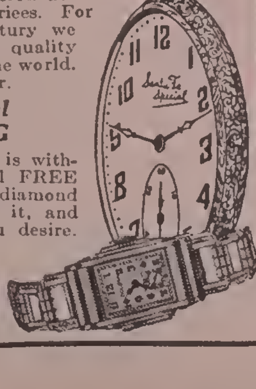

Just before the police raid a huge gambling ship, a man is murdered and Frank Albertson allows suspicion to settle on his shoulders to protect his boss. He jumps overboard and wanders around the waterfront until he meets a barge girl, Ann Rutherford. They fall in love and everything is going smoothly until a rival brings up the murder talk. Cops join in the melee but in the end all is well.

You're going to like Ann Rutherford, as we said. She has an appealing quality and her sincerity is unquestionable. Frank Albertson turns in a surprisingly good performance. J. Farrell MacDonald is perfect as the hard-drinking old barge captain while Charles C. Wilson captains the yacht with suavity.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll want to get a look at Ann's first picture.

✓The Case of the Lucky Legs (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Warren William, Genevieve Tobin, Lyle Talbot, Patricia Ellis, Allen Jenkins, Barton MacLane, Peggy Shannon.*
It's About: *How* Perry Mason *saves the girl with the lucky legs from a murder rap after the fake-contest man is murdered.*

Swell action mystery which moves with almost bewildering speed and makes you laugh most of the time.

When the crooked contest man is murdered, the two girls who have won his "Lucky Legs" contests are suspected. That famous Erle Stanley Gardner detective, *Perry Mason,* is hired by the boss of the department store to protect one of his employees (a winner) from the murder charge because he is in love with her. From there on it is just one hectic round of suspects, murders, airplane dashes and snappy love scenes. The detective gives you the murderer in the end and we hope you're surprised.

Warren William is perfect as *Perry Mason,* gaining plenty of laughs while solving the crime. His secretary, *Della Street,* is surprisingly well done by Genevieve Tobin who shows a new brand of acting. Allen Jenkins, the detective's "legman" is very funny; Patricia Ellis and Peggy Shannon, the contest winners, are excellent. Barton MacLane is very tough and Lyle Talbot is very meek; the remainder of the cast is okay.

Your Reviewer says: An excellent film, a "must see" for mystery fans.

Fighting Youth (Universal)

You'll See: *Charles Farrell, June Martel, Andy Devine, J. Farrell MacDonald, Ann Sheridan, Edward Nugent, Herman Bing.*
It's About: *The college communist-convert who throws a football game to prove the game is commercialized.*

A timely picture. Both communism in school and football seem to be matters of moment and this film combines the two. Not a big picture, but it has entertainment value.

Charlie Farrell is an All-American football player who gets mixed up with a romance that leads him into communism. He is vamped until he willingly throws the game in order to show up its commercial aspect. Of course he has also, in the meantime, thrown over his original sweetie, June Martel, for the radical beauty of the

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campus, Ann Sheridan, and what follows is the usual football stuff plus a couple of romances.

Ann Sheridan comes off with top honors as the radical girl. Charlie Farrell is okay as the football sneero and J. Farrell MacDonald has played a prototype of Knute Rockne so often that we almost believe him. Andy Devine makes you laugh more than usual and Alden Chase is positively slimy as the leading red. Football fans will be glad to watch former Notre Dame hero, Nick Lukats, do his stuff.

Your Reviewer Says: Not at all a bad evening.

Shipmates Forever (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Lewis Stone, Ross Alexander, Eddie Acuff, Dick Foran, John Arledge, Robert Light.*
It's About: *An admiral's son who prefers a crooning career but is bluffed into the Naval Academy by his father and his best girl.*

When a crooner leaves his night club to go through Annapolis just to prove to his father, the admiral, that he isn't dumb or yellow, you have a nice setting for both music and comedy entertainment. But though this picture is above average, it is handicapped by a seeming lack of sincerity on the part of the stars, even more noticeable because sincerity seems the keynote of the rest of the cast.

The average fan will get a kick out of the beautifully photographed Academy as well as plenty of laughs out of the First Year rules and regulations. Many, though, will wonder at the nonchalant attitude of Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler, as they wend their way through this film that is literally studded with some of the most sincere and thoughtful performances of recent months.

John Arledge, the enlisted gob who passes the entrance examinations only to flunk his first year-end tests, gives the finest performance of his career, and certainly the best in the picture, displaying honest appreciation of the character's feelings. Lewis Stone also gives his role this quality and Ross Alexander and Eddie Acuff take their cues from them rather than from the stars.

Powell's change from night club to Navy is over-played hooey, but the songs he sings are good. Best tune, "I Love to Listen to Your Eyes."

Your Reviewer Says: Plenty worth your time, if you have plenty.

✓✓Rich Girl's Folly (Columbia)

You'll See: *George Raft, Joan Bennett, Billie Burke, Walter Connolly, Wallace Ford, Alan Mowbray, Ivan Lebedeff.*
It's About: *A gangster who, when he is made Trustee of a rich man's estate in order to whip the family into shape, falls in love.*

A picture the average movie fan will rave about! Plenty of fast action, suspense, romance and comedy provide real entertainment.

George Raft, in prison for gangster operations, becomes the pal of Walter Connolly who has admitted tax evasion and taken a prison sentence to get a rest from

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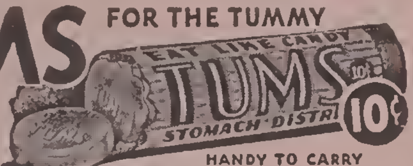

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his family. Connolly dies in his cell and on his deathbed makes Raft his trustee in hope that he will straighten out the harum-scarum family. Joan Bennett, the daughter, snubs Raft from the beginning and is still snubbing him when he stages a fake kidnapping to keep her from eloping with a money-grabbing actor, Alan Mowbray. Comes the chase!

Raft, in one of his best performances, should win thousands of new admirers. Joan Bennett troupes her head off in a tough role, and Billie Burke as the slightly mad wife of Connolly is slightly mad. Connolly brings real sincerity to his characterization. Wally Ford as Raft's pal and Alan Mowbray head the remainder of the cast in fine style. While there is a great deal of suspense, the comedy is so well spaced by director Tay Garnett that you'll always find a laugh around the corner.

Your Reviewer Says: Unpretentious but swell. You should like it.

Red Salute (United Artists)

You'll See: *Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Young, Hardie Albright, Cliff Edwards, Ruth Donnelly.*

It's About: *A general's daughter who mixes with the campus communists until a series of hair-raising events throw her into the arms of a buck private.*

This light comedy of communistic capers on the campus opens and closes with close-ups of the American flag, thus assuring applause at the beginning and end. There is, however, less to cheer about in between, though the film has its comedy moments.

Story concerns the antics of Barbara Stanwyck, daughter of an army officer, who falls in sympathy with red activities on a rabid campus when she falls in love with their leader, Hardie Albright. The general practically exiles her to Mexico and there's where the fun really starts. She meets a devil-may-care buck private, Robert Young, and after a bit of wild carrying-on, they confiscate Cliff Edwards' motor van and start the trek back to Washington. En route, of course, she falls in love with the soldier.

Somehow, the usually compelling Stanwyck is not at her best in the comedy moments, while Robert Young is permitted to garner all the wise-cracks and dialogue honors, giving a very creditable account of himself. Cliff Edwards and Ruth Donnelly, as a Mr. and Mrs. Jiggs couple, contribute additional comedy and Cliff hits the high spot of the show when he sings "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?" Mr. Albright makes a nice Parlor Pink.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair enough.

AS ONE WORKING GIRL TO ANOTHER

Your favorite movie stars have some marvelous hints for the working girl which they have given exclusively to MOVIE MIRROR and which will be published in next month's issue, on sale November 26. You'll want to read this unusually instructive feature.

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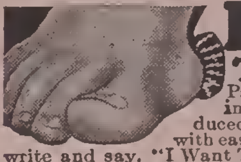

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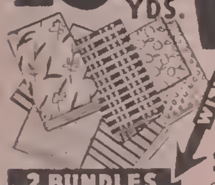

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King Solomon of Broadway (Universal)

You'll See: *Edmund Lowe, Dorothy Page, Pinky Tomlin, Louise Henry, Edward Pawley, Charles Grapewin, Bradley Page.*

It's About: *A night club owner who loses his club in a crooked poker game and gets it back, set to romance and music.*

This could have been a swell action picture if the story had been more closely knit, if the dialogue had been more cleverly delivered.

Eddie Lowe, whose partner is in prison, loses their jointly-owned night club in a crooked poker game and then learns that his convict associate has just been paroled and is on his way for a quick settlement. Kidnapping, mobsters, romance and music keep rearing their heads in rapid succession from there on, but the whole thing is so badly put together that one is never sure just what is happening. Dorothy Page (of the radio) sings, Eddie Lowe plays the romance with Louise Henry for all it's worth.

Some fairly good music, particularly Pinky Tomlin's "That's What You Think" keeps the pace of the show on the bright side. The cast is above average.

Your Reviewer Says: Average but amusing.

Anita Louise flew East to attend the world premiere of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—and, incidentally, to appear as guest artist on MOVIE MIRROR'S weekly radio revue.

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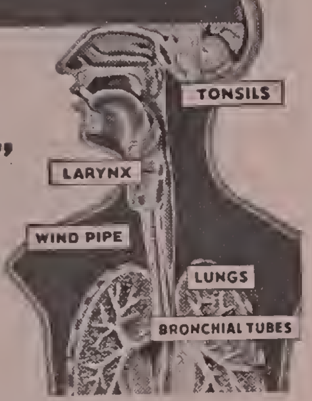

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Movie Mirror, Jr.

(*Continued from page 6*)

friends that her "trees" looked exactly like the ones she had seen while on vacation in Hawaii.

Shirley's next picture will be "The Littlest Rebel," and she will be busy working on it by the time you read this. And how we all look forward to seeing it.

All the little actresses in Hollywood tell how much fun it is to make pictures. But imagine the fun it would be for a little girl to be in the same picture with her younger brother and her mother. Six-year-old Fay Chaldecott had that delightful experience. She and her five-year-old brother, Dennis, and her mother are all in Samuel Goldwyn's new picture, "The Dark Angel."

Fay has long golden hair and is very pretty. She speaks in the most precise little English voice. She's going to be an important favorite with the Juniors, I know.

When M-G-M were seeking a little English girl to play in "David Copperfield," Fay's mother took her to the studios. The minute they saw her, they knew she was just the little girl they had been looking for. Then Mr. Goldwyn gave her the important child part in "The Dark Angel." But when Director Sidney Franklin saw her little brother, Dennis got a part in the picture also. The same afternoon, their mother was signed to play the innkeeper's wife in the film. That's some kind of family record, isn't it, even for Hollywood?

Fay Chaldecott is now working with Ronald Colman in "A Tale of Two Cities." It's a very nice part she has, too, she says.

I HAVE the nicest bluebird," she told me. "Mr. Cukor, who directed 'David Copperfield,' gave me two of them, but one died."

"We used to have a dog, too," interrupted Dennis, "but he ran away. The bluebird's all right, but sometimes it won't eat its bird cake."

Dennis is fond of his picture work also. He won a cowboy suit for his good work in "The Dark Angel." When he did a scene just right the director would give him an arm or leg of the suit. Finally the whole suit was his. His happy freckled face beams when he tells you about that cowboy suit. But Dennis wasn't the only one to get a suit; Fay got a nice warm snow suit, although she did not have to win hers.

Fay wants to be either a girl base-ball player or an actress when she grows up. Dennis wants to be a "train driver." If Fay keeps up her good work in the movies perhaps her second wish will come true. We bet Dennis changes his mind about being an engineer, too, if he gets in many more movies like "The Dark Angel". Both are fine little performers and regular boys and girls.

What does Jane Withers like for breakfast, lunch and dinner? Do you know? Jane's mother has told us an average day's menu for this popular little star, and if the readers of Movie, Junior would like to know what it is, so they can try it some day, write me a letter and I'll send you a copy of it. I'll also tell you how many ice

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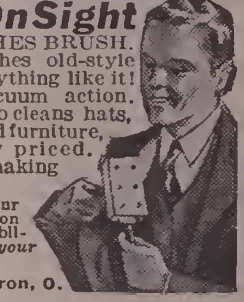

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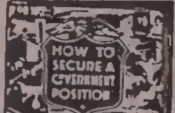
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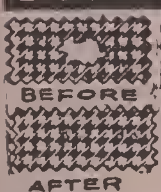

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OUR letter contest this month deals with the movies you have seen. Which picture, seen during the last month, did you like best, and why? Just tell which picture you enjoyed seeing most the past month, and your reasons for liking it the best. For the letter of 100 words or less considered the best, a prize of $10.00 will be given. A prize of $5 will be awarded for the second best letter.

Prizes of $1.00 each will be given for the ten next best letters. Letters will be judged on the basis of clearness and originality of expression. All entries must be received on or before December 5, 1935. Address them to MOVIE MIRROR, Jr., 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.

The Curious Threat to Janet Gaynor's Future

(*Continued from page* 31)

weight at the box-office. For on the statistic sheet of cold figures, Janet is no longer drawing in the cash customers in droves to see her regardless of the calibre of the picture itself.

Yet, before her run of weak sisters, Janet stood third in the box-office ratings as compiled by theater exhibitors all over the country—Will Rogers, Clark Gable, Janet Gaynor.

It would be hard indeed to understand any money-minded producing organization (and aren't they all?) neglecting Janet Gaynor if she *were* money in the bank—which is exactly what a box-office star amounts to. Unless the unusual clause in Janet's contract specifying that she is to make pictures only under the supervision of Winfield Sheehan, might make them cagey of what is to happen next. If they believe that Janet will leave Fox as soon as she can to join Sheehan or some other producer, they might reason, "Why take the trouble to build her? Someone else will reap the reward."

AGAIN, in shrewd Hollywood there is always the possibility of money's complicating the works. Studio indifference at this crucial stage in Janet's career could be a potent tool in preventing a salary rise demand later on or even in chopping a large paycheck down to size. Janet makes around $6000 a week when she works under her present agreement.

In any event, and whatever the possible *modus operandi* of executive studio minds, Janet Gaynor's career is desperately threatened unless something is done about her immediate screen schedule.

She cannot afford to sit idle long. She needs pictures now—and good pictures—to maintain the place she has held so long.

When Winfield Sheehan settles down to work following his return from his European honeymoon with his new bride, Mme. Maria Jeritza, the answer to Janet's plight may be forthcoming, if it is not already decided then by Darryl Zanuck. For Sheehan, who bowed out of Fox with almost a half million dollars in paid-off contract and twenty thousand shares of stock, in-

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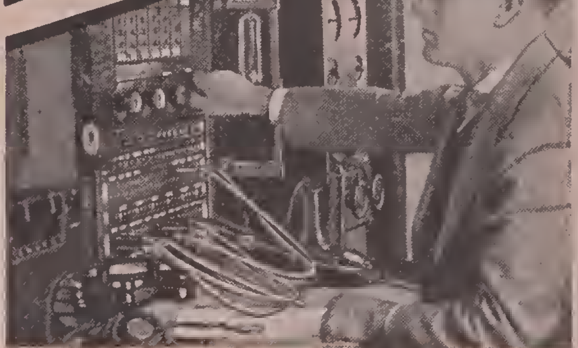

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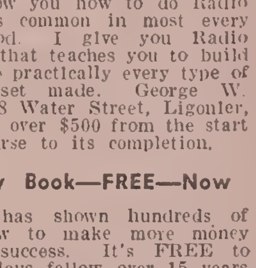

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5.50-17	2.95	1.15
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tends to reenter the Hollywood production field this winter.

In fact, he has already received offers from every studio except Universal.

For a while, however, Janet was slightly in the doghouse with her old pal and guardian angel. When she was making "The Farmer Takes A Wife," several little fractious actions of hers piqued him. They were little things, all of them. Once Janet refused to take a make-up test which Sheehan had ordered Director Victor Fleming to make. The big boss, away with a throbbing sinus on the desert, thought Janet might have respected his orders. Another time they quibbled dangerously over the financial letter of her contract concerning overtime on a shooting schedule.

However, although they led to a certain coolness, things were patched up before the happy bridegroom left for Europe and Janet left for Hawaii.

That's why the rumors are stronger than ever in Hollywood that Janet and "Winnie" will be together again for pictures before long. Even if Janet's bumptious attitude had frozen Sheehan's warm regard for her, he would scarcely let it interfere with business, for with Will Rogers—who had intended to go over from Fox to wherever Sheehan went—gone and Shirley Temple tied up solidly with the new outfit, Sheehan has only the possibility of Janet Gaynor left of the stars he once controlled.

OF course, Janet Gaynor, regardless of the box-office records of her recent efforts, will have little trouble finding a good job at practically any studio in Hollywood.

Perhaps she won't be the one big star as she was at Fox for a while. Perhaps she won't always make around $6000 a week when she works. But she won't lack a job, although Janet may have to change her style in the face of another threat which, perhaps, is even more dangerous, immediate and insistent than the others.

Janet faces maturity. Maturity threatens insistently to rob her of what has heretofore been her big appeal—her shy, demure, girlish roles.

"The Farmer Takes A Wife" served warning on her by showing her by means of the cold, uncompromising camera that she is indeed growing up. Up against a young new face, Janet looked older by comparison than she had ever looked before.

No star ever found herself in a more confusing, exasperating spot than Janet Gaynor finds herself today—surrounded by threats, prodded for decisions. Her close friends are few. Her romantic life is up in the air.

It's a lone Indian battle for her own bruised head to fight and solve. And the headache it offers is twice as terrific as the one caused by that bump on the rock.

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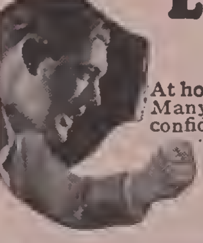

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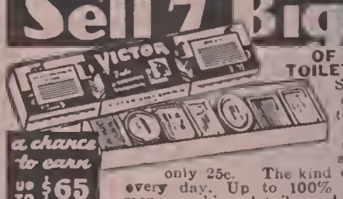

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The Story Behind Helen Vinson's Wedding

(*Continued from page 21*)

not miss. He *must* not, she told herself.

He ran for the balls. As swift, as fleet as an Indian's arrow. He was all over the court at once. A miracle of speed and form.

At Wimbledon the same panic that he might lose possessed her. Then, as she watched him, she realized how sure, how steady he was. Seeing him play, hearing the crowds roar with delight when he made a particularly beautiful shot, she sensed what it was that had lured him to tournament tennis and kept him at the elusive game. He, a poor boy, without what the British call "background," must prove himself. She knew, now, how important it was. And she could understand because in her own life there was something as important, something for which she had given up as much.

Her father was an oil man in Texas. He could not understand why Helen wanted to go on the stage, why she got any thrill at all out of working with the Little Theater group in Houston.

It was a difficult thing for Helen to explain, but she knew it was vitally necessary to her. She had gone to school in Birmingham, Alabama, and at fourteen she was as tall as she is now, and Helen is a tall girl. All the other girls seemed so cute and petite, as most Southern girls seem. They all had so many beaux and chattered so cosily of thrilling dates.

EVEN if she had been older and allowed to go out with the boys, a date would have terrified Helen. She was, in fact, terrified every time she was called upon to recite her lesson. When she stood up it seemed as if it took her twice as long to make the simple gesture as it did for the cute, pert girls in the class. And the minute she stood straight a sickening realization of her height came to her and she found herself tongue-tied. Certainly this gawky adolescence, the most harrowing period of her life, was what shaped her career.

For Helen was determined that a day should come when she would make the most of her height and when she could speak with hundreds of people watching her.

Perhaps no one realized how deep this desire went, how firmly its roots were implanted in her heart. Certainly the man she married soon after she left school did not know; nor could he, having no connection with the theater, understand why she wanted to leave their lovely New York apartment to sit day after day in dingy Broadway theatrical offices asking, "Have you anything interesting for me today?"

She still had her Southern accent and several times she was offered a Southern role but she would not accept it because she did not want to be typed. Perhaps her husband hoped that this would be an obstacle she could not surmount, but he did not know how far reaching her determination for stage success was.

She spent hundreds of dollars with the best voice teachers to lose the Southern

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accent and when she did there was no way to stop her from being a careerist.

It was only natural that a marriage between a girl who must prove herself in the theater and a man who could not understand such a gesture was destined for trouble. They separated long before Helen went to Hollywood, but only recently was the divorce made final.

In Hollywood, she fought as hard for her screen existence as she had to make her personality felt on the stage. When she saw that she was being put into only mediocre roles at Warners' she broke her contract to freelance. And that turned out to be the best move she ever made.

And when, during the filming of "Wedding Night" she disagreed with the big boss, Sam Goldwyn, about how her scenes were to be played, she was not afraid to speak right out and tell him so. She had come too far, sacrificed too much to be humble.

She was able, too, to stand Hollywood's wonder when she signed the contract with Gaumont-British for it is Hollywood tradition that when an actress leaves the coast she is leaving only because the coast is through with her. But Helen had seen the advancement English pictures had made and she felt that such a step would do her good.

In England she and Fred Perry had a glorious, glamorous time together.

Helen will never forget watching the opening of the Silver Jubilee, seeing the King and Queen in all their splendor. She was swept with a tide of emotion by the staunch and ancient traditions of Great Britain.

Forever there will live in her memory the holiday she spent at the castle, where once Henry VIII had visited, of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. The pomp, the formality, the glamor of England royalty served as a background for her romance.

FRED PERRY announced from England that they were engaged, Helen refused to comment and, in so doing, denied it. She was afraid. Fred Perry has made personal sacrifices to become one of the world's greatest tennis players. Helen Vinson has given up a gentle, easy life for a career. Could they give up what they had achieved? Winning was so vitally important to both.

He returned to America before she did. He met her boat when she arived in New York. Again he asked her to marry him. And again she shook her head. She was being wise and sane. Her intelligence was guiding her life.

And then he came to her after his defeat. He who always triumphed had been badly beaten by an old opponent. He stood before her, making no alibis, simply declaring that Allison had taken him fairly. And Helen knew what this loss had cost him.

Suddenly her intelligence guided her life no longer. Suddenly she listened to nothing but the words of her heart. It was at that moment and only at that moment that she decided to marry him. The carefully built up arguments were swept aside. She loved him and he needed her and nothing else mattered.

Her plans? Oh, they're very vague. Their joint work, work which will keep them apart? Helen cannot be coherent on these points. For when your heart overrides your intelligence you cannot make plans. All she can say is, "It will work out somehow. We will make it work out somehow."

But isn't chance a curious thing? If, that day at Forrest Hills Fred Perry had taken the best four out of five sets from Wilmer Allison, if he had still been the triumphant tennis star I might not be writing this sort of story at all.

The newspapers said that Perry lost a championship and won a wife.

They didn't know how much the loss had to do with the gain.

Oh, To Be in England!

(*Continued from page* 35)

never seen an artist of Mr. Arliss' reputation who was more considerate of his fellow players.

In this particular sequence, one of the supporting cast blew up in her lines. Over and over Mr. Arliss went through the scene with her until Director Maurice Rosner finally gave the signal, "Okay for sound." But was Arliss impatient or disgruntled? If he was, he was too much of an actor and a gentleman to show it.

PLAYING the feminine lead in "Mister Hobo" is Viola Keats, the young English actress who scored such an individual success on the Broadway stage last season in "The Distaff Side." Although she was tested by several film companies in the East, she wasn't signed by any, because the report was that she didn't photograph too well. This, lest you don't know, is the same report that came back on Margaret Sullavan, Franchot Tone and Jean Muir. So don't be surprised, when "Mister Hobo" is released, if every major company immediately cables offers to Miss Keats. It's an old Hollywood custom!

And while I'm in my prophesying mood, I might as well predict now that Walter Huston, in "Rhodes, the Empire Builder," will be Gaumont-British's contribution to the ten best pictures of the year. And I write this without having seen a single day's rushes or a scene in production. All I have to base my opinion on is a private preview performance, given me by Walter Huston himself.

It happened like this: Walter and I had driven for lunch to a small country tavern, three miles from the studio.

"Tell me something about Rhodes," I pleaded as we sat down to attack kidney pie and Yorkshire pudding.

"Would you like to hear the whole story from beginning to end?" Walter asked.

"Would I!" was my prompt response. Whereupon, Walter Huston, first actor of the stage and screen, proceeded to give me a private performance of his greatest film characterization since "Abraham Lincoln."

Scene by scene, he enacted the dramatic tale of Cecil Rhodes, empire builder, who at seventeen was told that he had but one year to live and, at eighteen, was a self-made millionaire. For a whole month, Walter had been working on the story with Berthol Viertel, the director. For months before that, he and his son, John, had spent days in research on the life and times of this great adventurer. No wonder that now, as he unfolded his tale, he wasn't merely recounting a biography, he was acting it as graphically as if an entire audience were on hand to cheer him. But certainly no packed house could have paid him greater tribute than my unabashed tears as I wept alone over his magnificent death scene.

As soon as "Rhodes, the Empire Builder" is finished, Walter will return to New York, where he will resume his road tour of "Dodsworth." Upon completion of the tour, he will open on Broadway in a repertoire of four plays — a revival of "Dodsworth" and "Desire Under the Elms" (in which he appeared for the Theatre Guild in 1926); "Othello" (with his wife, Nan Sunderland, as Desdemona), and a new play, as yet unselected. By next spring, he should be ready to resume his screen career. In the interim, "Rhodes" will keep the film fires burning with a worthy representative of the Huston artistry.

And now, while we are still Gaumont-Britishing, let us stop for a visit with Madge Evans and Richard Dix who are appearing in "Transatlantic Tunnel," a tensely exciting drama dealing with the construction of a submarine tunnel between Great Britain and the United States.

It's always a pleasure to see Madge, in London, Hollywood or New York. She's one actress whose moods you never have to worry about. She's always the same—cordial, good-humored, unaffected—and you can always pick up with her where you left off, no matter how long the intervening time has been.

The English movie fans seem to recognize this quality in Madge, judging from her popularity. Every morning at her hotel, a whole cordon of bicycling admirers waited to escort her to the studio and every evening the same contingent parked outside the Gaumont-British gates to trail her back to Dorchester House.

DON'T let anyone fool you about the reserved British," Madge told me "When they like you, they are far more demonstrative than we are. And their loyalty is unwavering. In America, an actress is as good as her last picture, but in England, if you once win the affection of the fans, you can count on them to stand by you through failure as well as success."

"Bravo. May I quote you on that, Miss Evans?" applauded Richard Dix from the sidelines.

His entrance was the cue for *my* applause, for Richard, like Madge, is another one of my pets. He is in a specially exhuberant mood these days, now that he is governing the state of Virginia (Wilson) and is the proud parent of Richard, Jr., and Robert, his five months' old pair of "Dixes." Ask him about them, and he'll rave on indefinitely, but not for publication.

There are to be no interviews on "What the Patter of Little Feet Mean To Me" by Daddy Richard, so help him!

Interview him on any other subject than his private life and he'll talk willingly. "Come up to my dressing room for lunch and I'll tell you how different working in London is now than when I was last here," he invited me.

Five minutes later, over roast beef and ale, I was hearing that eleven years ago, when Richard came over to make "The Christian" for the Sam Goldwyn Company, was the first time in English history that an American film company was permitted to photograph Nelson's monument.

"I can remember how thousands of people stood on the sidelines and gaped at us as if we were freaks just let loose from the nearest circus. And when we wanted to photograph Epsom Downs, we had to bury our cameras out of sight for fear of being arrested for trespassing," he reminisced. "Today, every important thoroughfare and public building has been so widely photographed that coming to London for the first time seems like visiting a city one has always known."

"That's exactly the way I feel about it!" exclaimed Loretta Young when I saw her the very next day. "This is my first visit here, but everything seems familiar."

Evidently Loretta, too, was a familiar sight to London for she was the cynosure of all eyes in the Ritz dining room.

As we were about to leave, a little page boy came over to the table and asked Loretta for her autograph, but begged her to write it out of sight of the headwaiter, who strenuously objected to the guests being annoyed by autograph seekers. Loretta very graciously placed his book on her lap and signed it for her delighted fan. No sooner had he disappeared than the head waiter came over with his book and told her how thrilled *he* would be with her "Young" signature!

No, indeed, there's nothing dreary about Ye Merrie Olde Englande with some of Hollywood's most brilliant luminaries scintillating there! They're having the time of their lives. And they're making pictures they needn't be ashamed to show the home folks, either!

So You Think You're Handicapped for Beauty!

(*Continued from page* 54)

> Dear Gloria:
> I have a good figure and not a bad complexion, but my looks are spoiled by my nose. I feel all the time that people are looking at me and laughing. It makes me so self-conscious I am miserable in a crowd. Can anything be done for me?

Wouldn't you feel sorry for the girl who wrote that? Wouldn't you think nothing less than a visit to a good plastic surgeon could set her right? But wait, she has enclosed a photograph. And it's the picture of a perfectly delightful face, full of charm and intelligence, with a nose that certainly is different, but which adds, not detracts. In fact, it is the nose which helps to give the face its individuality. And yet that poor child has gone along maybe for years honestly believing that her nose is a fit subject for comment, even ridicule. She has been too sensitive to talk to anyone about it (generally the trouble).

There was once a French girl who looked at herself and saw she had no beauty at all, neither in face nor feature. "All right," she said to herself. "Since this is true, I won't attempt to be beautiful! I'll strive for some other kind of distinction. I'll be the homeliest woman in all France."

And darned if she didn't do just that! She deliberately made an asset of her lack of classical beauty. She achieved a charm, and a chic, and a happiness, that the vain pursuit of mere prettiness would never have given her. Calling herself Polaire and billing herself as the ugliest woman in the world she had a successful career on the French stage not so many years ago.

There was Gloria Swanson who was all set for a nose operation. Fortunately, DeMille stopped her—and you know the rest of that story.

If you think you have what might be called a genuine drawback, either turn it into an asset, or so concentrate on some other feature, that the drawback isn't noticed. Norma Shearer's eyes are far from perfect but Norma has never let that handicap her.

There's one more thing I want to speak about, a thing I know every girl has suffered from at some time or other, teasing! A silly idea about you may pop up among your friends, and the whole crowd will take it up, never realizing how rude, how deeply unkind it is. Frequently it isn't even true, for lots of teasing is plain ignorance. An outstanding case of this was the misery Lilyan Tashman suffered over her legs when she was young. Can you believe it? Those lyrically lovely legs of Lilyan's were called "pipe-stems" by her little playmates, and Lilyan used to go off by herself and cry because she was so ashamed of them.

If you're being teased about something don't let it burn into your heart. Realize that the teasers are only displaying their bad manners. Yet many times they are doing you a good turn for if you will correct the fault they plague you about, you'll be a happier girl.

IN the last analysis, beauty comes from within. Feeling self-conscious about yourself robs you of poise; it disturbs other people and prevents their fully appreciating you. When you are thinking about yourself because you are ashamed or unhappy over something, you can't be at your best. Instead of just thinking, act. Remember, Myrna Loy has too many freckles, that Claudette Colbert used to feel her eyes were too small, that Joan Crawford was once too fat.

Myrna studied make-up and made an asset of her freckles. Claudette learned how to use eye shadow and completely altered the line of her brows. Joan dieted.

You, too, can do any and all of those things. Don't accept a beauty handicap. Master it. And if I can help you, just write me and I'll be glad to reply.

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Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page 67*)

all the others who made "The Little Minister" such a real, live picture. I've only just seen it, but it's going to take me a long time to forget it. I used to believe that Hollywood could never make a real success of a period picture because the players could not leave their accent behind. I've changed my mind.

Quite apart from one or two real Scots in the cast, every player had the Scots accent almost perfect. I say *almost* perfect —I've told you, I'm a Scotsman! Katharine was "unco' guid," which is a Scottish way of saying "the goods." Alan Hale deserves a boquet for himself, and even John Beal made a very convincing Scotsman. I didn't expect he would, but he certainly showed me how!

J. M. Ferguson,
Forest Gate, England.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Harlow as "Little Eva"?

Now listen, I don't mind a good joke, or even a little good-natured ribbing, but enuf of something is enuf, and believe you me, I've got enuf of Jean Harlow's being always and eternally starred as a side-swishing, sexy, bedroom-eyed skirt. When her last picture, "China Seas," came out, I hoped for something different and what did I get? A sock in the trusty old heart-string. There is no Hollywood girl, or *any girl,* as really beautiful and downright lovely as Jean Harlow. Hasn't anyone ever noticed her flair for rich comedy? The gal's supreme! Why, for crying out in my sleep, can't some one of those numerous blockheaded directors, or casting D's give Jean Harlow a delicate, sweetly old-fashioned type of picture *just once.* I won't insist on it but once, because one time will establish the new role as her true self, believe me. It isn't I alone, either. I'm in a position to hear the masses comment, and I know a new type of Harlow picture would be welcomed and heralded with open arms by an always interested and constructively criticizing public.

Ed Heaton,
Los Angeles, Calif.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Made in England

Credit where credit is due—yes? So, even though we are good Americans with a pride in our own productions, let's not hesitate to hand the English—and Gaumont British in particular—a bouquet of Grade A laurels for those two fine mystery films, "The Man Who Knew Too Much" and "The 39 Steps."

Dropping into the theater, prepared for a regular program movie, my interest was caught after the first few feet and worked up to a fever pitch at the final reel of each of these pictures. For tense, fast-moving, subtle melodrama they beat anything Hollywood has done in the same line.

And a round of applause for the intelligent and exciting performances of Peter Lorre, Leslie Banks, Robert Donat and Edna Best. They're good!

Marian E. Smith,
Milford, Conn.

Honorable Mention

John Boles should be given a chance to use that sweet, golden voice of his in more musical parts—Belvera Farina, Georgetown, British Guiana.

The really great stars are those with small character parts who make you hate them in one picture, adore them in another, and gasp at their horror in still another—Ann Dvorak, Cleveland, O.

I'd rather see one honest-to-God thriller once a month than these idiotic shows they turn out like sausages—Edith Sargent, New York City, N. Y.

Not all our magazines are on sale here so that it was a pleasure to see my old favorite, MOVIE MIRROR, here and looking very much at home—Mary Belle Walley, New Brunswick, Can.

I wish a good dose of rat poison to the man who is dooming the talents of Lionel Barrymore by giving him stereotyped bearded "old men" parts—Lena Feldman, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mae West looks like she is getting her vitamines every day, something we can't say for most stars—M. Brown, Berkeley, Calif.

We kids have something to say about the parts you give Jackie Searle—can't you let him act in at least one picture where he isn't a SISSY?—Jim Scott, Hartford, Conn.

Here's to Myrna Loy and Luise Rainer, those two entirely different personalities, and may we see them both soon and often —Pauline Emal, Picknell, Neb.

Why are some of the most talented and popular players consistently side-tracked into rubbishy films, while the best stories, dresses, photography and direction are devoted to setting off people who certainly need all the available jam to help them down, but who just as certainly remain pills!—Elizabeth Fletcher, Blackpool, England.

In the camp where I live we have twenty-four men to a barracks, and out of these twenty-four men eighteen of them have a picture of Shirley Temple pasted on the wall over their bed—Earl Thompson, Tulsa, Okla.

Henry Fonda is going to be a brand-new pulse-throb with the feminine world. D. J. Baisinger, Springfield, O.

Honestly, Mickey Mouse, you're the only movie personality on the screen that can be depended on to always be genuine and real, so don't go high-hat on us, will you! —Margaret Hayden, Azusa, Calif.

Why not team Ginger Rogers and Bob Montgomery?—Frances Elkins, Charleston, W. Va.

Stars may come and stars may go, but Edward Arnold seems to go on indefinitely turning in one splendid performance after another.—Mrs. C. Del Dotto, San Francisco, Calif.

Come on, producers! Bing is one of your biggest draws—give him a picture worthy of his talents; if you haven't got one just at present, wait till you have, instead of putting him in any third-rate musical that happens along—Jeanne Aitken, Victoria, Australia.

Why put a cigarette in the mouth of almost every girl or woman one sees on the screen?—Roy R. Smith, Denver, Colo.

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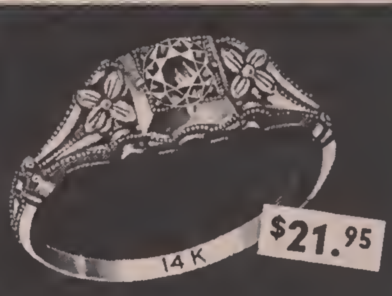

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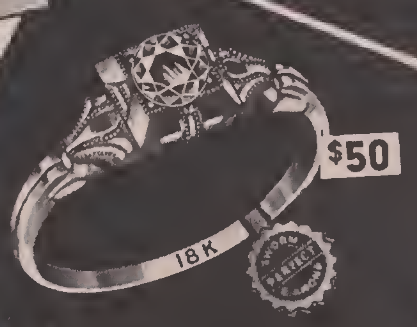

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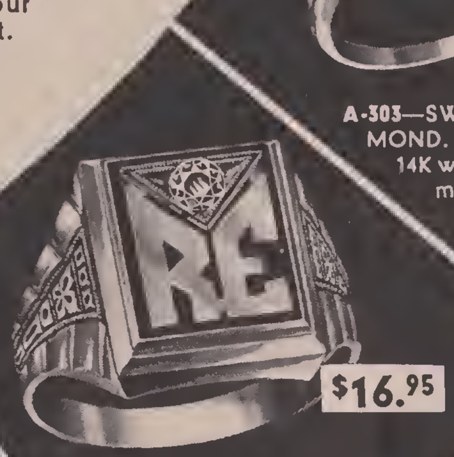

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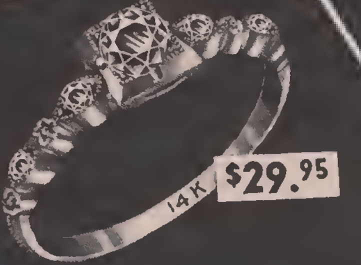

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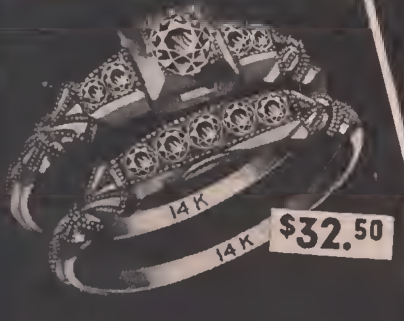

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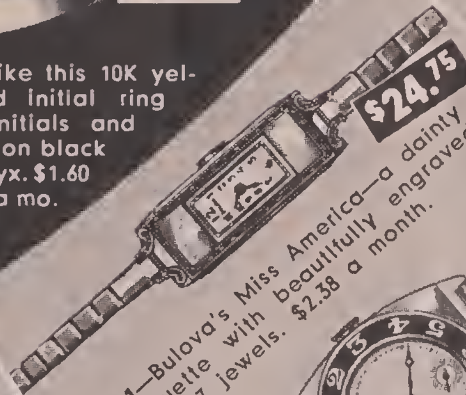

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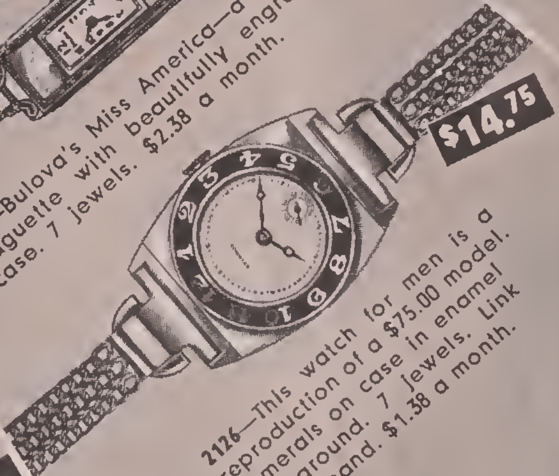

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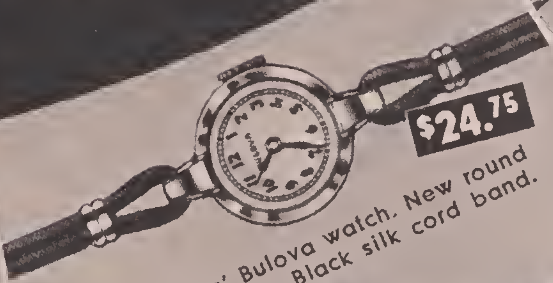

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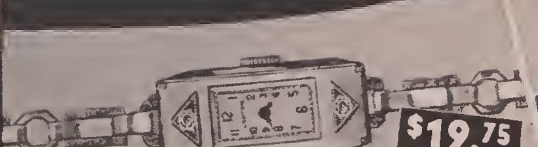

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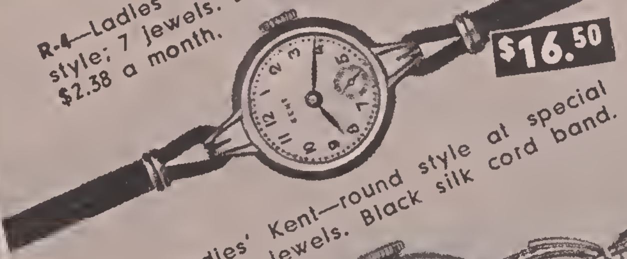

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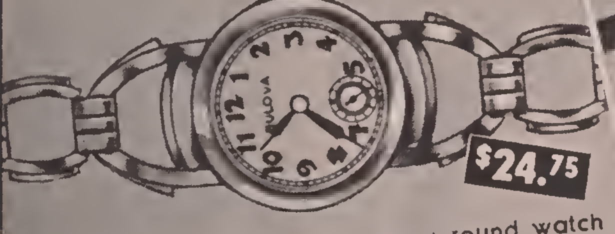

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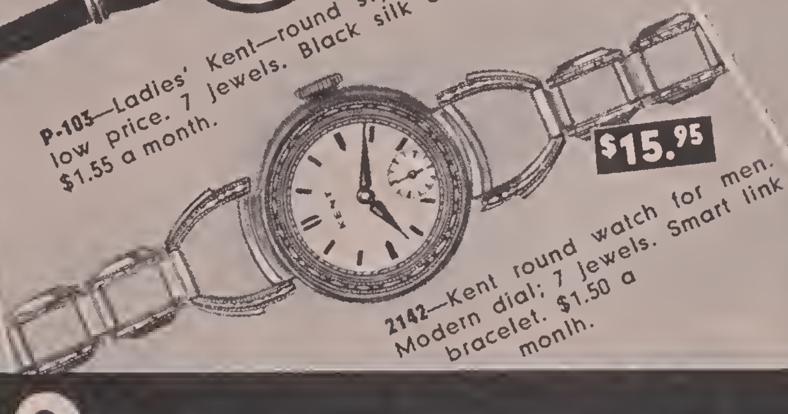

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1926 BROADWAY • NEW YORK CITY

ROUGH COPY

The HIDDEN HOLLYWOOD

Sidelights on what happens when Hollywood comes to New York—and to the microphone!

By Ruth Waterbury

THAT title up there doesn't mean a thing this month since all the past thirty days I've been in New York. It's very nice, too.

For four weeks I've seen night clubs, and theaters and shops. It's a very different city from the one I saw last spring when I came East, gayer, sparkling, with apparently everyone spending like crazy.

During those four weeks, among other things, I horned in on the MOVIE MIRROR Radio Revue. It really was Ernie Heyn's idea, that broadcast, and he got along perfectly without me (but with Anita Louise) the first week. In fact, he got along so very well and got so much praise that I thought I'd better get myself into it, and the sooner the better.

The second week, or my first, we had Jean Muir as guest star. We also for the first time had a real public right in the studio. I was scared enough of the microphone but then to discover one's readers staring one in the face (and a face like mine, too) was terrifying. Moreover, the Muir girl came along, all togged out in evening clothes, dressed for an opening night, and looking simply beautiful. Ernie was there to supply the mental brilliance. There was an orchestra, a tenor and a soprano, too! And there I stood with only a few very feeble words to say.

Maybe it wouldn't have been so bad if the radio people hadn't decided that Miss Muir and I should use the same mike. Jean is about five seven, you know, while I don't reach up to There. So while Jean stood firm they found an old box for me to stand on. The only trouble was that the box had a crack in it and every time I took a deep breath, the box groaned. The audience was more polite.

The following week we had Walter Connolly, that grand actor, as our guest star. Then came beautiful Julie Haydon and after her, the radio wisest of us all, James Melton.

This month, Ruth also breaks down and confesses some personal likes and dislikes.

It was right after my fourth week that the office told me I could return to Hollywood. Nobody said anything about me on the air, but, gee whiz, as Alice Adams said. Anyhow, you can hear the program minus me every Tuesday evening at 7:30, Eastern Standard Time. You'll find the stations listed elsewhere in this issue.

PURELY PERSONAL PREFERENCES: Back in the land of the pepper trees, I still feel my heart jump with excitement when I encounter Clark Gable but Gary Cooper and Ronald Colman seem much handsomer. . . . When I go anywhere with Loretta Young I want to disappear from sight, being so conscious of the cruel contrast Loretta's beauty must be creating. . . . To me Loretta, Virginia Bruce and Dolores del Rio are the most beautiful girls in Hollywood. . . . I prefer Hollywood styles to New York ones if for no other reason than that the Hollywood variety is so much more perfectly kept up. . . . No business of dark dresses, hats and furs here. . . . Hollywood clothes are not only spotlessly bright but always perfectly pressed, bags shine, gloves glisten, make-up on faces is perfect, hair is smoothly coiffed. . . . It's very alluring. . . . I am inclining to the opinon that Marlene Dietrich is the best dressed woman in town for not only are her clothes always in exquisite taste but they are utterly individual. . . . I suppose a lot of the credit belongs to Travis Banton, who designs all her things, including furs and jewels, both off screen and on, still it's Dietrich who puts it over. . . . I find I don't care for Ann Harding in anything and the only little boy I can endure is Freddie Bartholomew. . . . Who started that idea that movie boys have to be cry babies, Jackie Cooper, Georgie Breakstone, David Holt and the lot. . . . Is Shirley Temple going to have to marry a weeper when she grows up?

Some of the guest stars who have appeared on MOVIE MIRROR'S own radio revue—left to right, Jean Muir (who stood firm while Ruth stood on a cracker box—but read the story for yourself!), Walter Connolly (in New York making a Hecht-MacArthur film), Anita Louise, Julie Haydon and James Melton.

movie MIRROR

combined with Shadoplay

VOL. 8 NO. 2

January, 1936

Edited from Hollywood

ERNEST V. HEYN, Eastern Editor
WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Editor

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Cover: Natural Color Photograph of Jean Harlow by James N. Doolittle

IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE
(OUT DECEMBER 24)

"What I'll Tell Maria About Men"

Wouldn't you like to know the glamor secrets of one of the most glamorous women of all time? Next month, in this intimate story, Marlene Dietrich reveals to you just what she has learned of life and love in her rich, exciting career—the important secrets she'll pass on to little Maria Sieber when her flaxen-haired daughter grows up.

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THE FUNNIEST PICTURE SINCE CHAPLIN'S "SHOULDER ARMS"

And that—
If your memory is good . . .
Was way back yonder!

★ ★ ★

We've gone a long way back
We admit.
But then, consider what
"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA" has—
And you'll see why
We feel safe
In making
This comparison.

★ ★ ★

It has
The Marx Brothers—
Groucho . . . Chico
And Harpo—
Every one of them a comic genius,
And together the funniest trio
That ever played on stage or screen
In this
Or any other country.

★ ★ ★

And it was written by
Two famous comedy dramatists—
George Kaufman
And Morrie Ryskind
(George is the fellow who wrote
"Once in a Lifetime,"
"Merrily We Roll Along,"
And Morrie collaborated
With George on
"Of Thee I Sing" and other hits).
This is their first joint job
Of movie writing.
Their stage successes were
Laugh riots—
Imagine what they do
With the wider range
Of the screen—
And three master comics
To do their stuff.

★ ★ ★

Then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Put $1,000,000 into
Making this picture.
Yes, sir! One million dollars
For ninety consecutive minutes
Of entertainment.
Which,
So our Certified
Public Accountant says,
Is $12,000 worth of laughs
Per minute (and that, we think,
Is an all-time high).

★ ★ ★

And lest we forget,
That new song—"Alone"
By Nacio Herb Brown
And Arthur Freed
(The tunesmiths who gave you
Five happy hit numbers in
"Broadway Melody of 1936")—
And there's lots of
Music and romance
For instance
Allan Jones' rendition
Of "Il Trovatore"
(Watch this boy, he's
A new singing star)
And watch
Kitty Carlisle—
She is something
To watch!

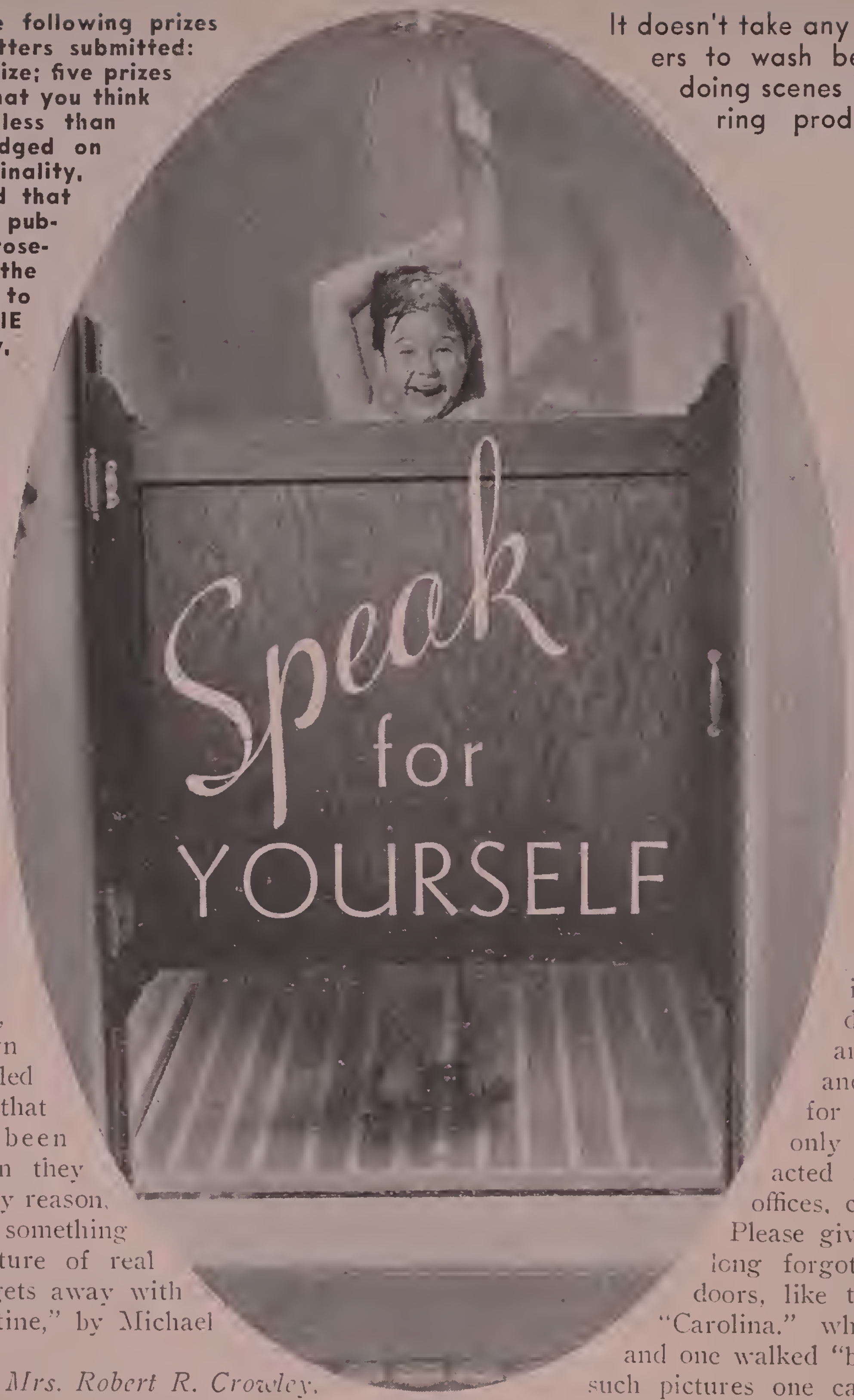
"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA"

Starring the

MARX BROTHERS

with KITTY CARLISLE and ALLAN JONES • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by Sam Wood • Story by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind

MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted: $20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," MOVIE MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City, New York.



It doesn't take any coaxing to get Jane Withers to wash behind her ears—she loves doing scenes like this from her next starring production, "Paddy O'Day."

$20 PRIZE LETTER

"Men Seldom Make Passes At Girls Who Wear Glasses—"

Why not an heroine who wears glasses, if anyone would dare to play the part? Maybe the lovely Joan Bennett, as she seems to know the feeling, from what I've read of her. We have had every other brand of realism; and how close to the heart of nearly every girl, who finally had to "let down her hair" and admit she needed them, came the feeling that somehow romance had been nipped in the bud! When they are worn in a picture for any reason, it's always as a disguise or something comical. Let's have a picture of real life with an heroine who gets away with wearing them. "Lily Christine," by Michael Arlen, perhaps.

Mrs. Robert R. Crowley,
Philadelphia, Pa.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

A Fresh Air Fund for the Movies?

I wish, Mr. Producer, that more scenes for pictures were laid in the country. Nature holds so much more beauty than art, and it is beauty—real beauty—that is uplifting to the soul of man.

We look out of our city apartments and see neighboring brownstone houses from which emerge men and women who roll away in man-made cars to work all day in man-made offices, from which they look out upon the rattling traffic as it rushes to the end of its day. They go home tired and worn in mind and spirit, and decide to go to a show for relaxation. They see there only a resumé of what they acted all day—city streets, city offices, city mansions!

Please give us more pictures of the long forgotten and forsaken out-of-doors, like the wonderful old picture, "Carolina," where pastures were green and one walked "beside the still waters." In such pictures one can really laugh, love, and live again.

Mrs. Mina B. Hoffman,
Lincolnton, N. C.

$10 PRIZE LETTER

Will Ten Dollars Help?

What is this thing called "technique?" Being a college student, I am of necessity more or less susceptible to all new ideas that are put before me. Thus it is that, after watching such grand lovers as Clark Gable, Cary Grant, Gary Cooper and even Jimmie Cagney do their stuff on the screen, I began to meditate upon the idea of testing their technique on a few pretty co-eds. That was my first mistake.

First, Gable's method of he-man wooing proved an absolute washout, with compliments. Then, my imitation of Gary Cooper, even though I had practiced it thoroughly, didn't exactly sweep any of them off their feet. But, not to be easily discouraged, I proceeded to become a big-shot, Cagney fashion. On my first date as a big-shot, I acted aloof and indifferent—also a la Cagney. Man, oh, man! was I surprised. My face stings yet.

In the words of Popeye, "I've had enough, I can't stand no more."

It looks easy, but it doesn't work so well!

S. Charlie Dyer,
Syracuse, N. Y.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Those Motion Picture Influences!

Last evening after dinner I had occasion to go into my son's room. To my amazement, I found him industriously cleaning house. The top of the dresser was finished and he was working on the dresser drawers. I was almost speechless, but managed to say, "How nice!"

He looked pleased as Punch, as he said, "Whenever I see an army or navy picture, it makes me want to clean things up and be more orderly." (He had seen "Annapolis Farewell" the previous evening.) "It's funny, Mom, but movies do influence me a lot—and it works both ways, for when I see a Western, I get sloppy and don't care how I dress or look."

Well. . . .

Do you blame me for hoping that we have a cycle of army and navy films, and fewer Westerns? In about an hour my son learned a lesson that I had failed to teach in sixteen years.

Mrs. Bess Toles,
Colorado Spring, Colo.

(*Continued on page* 95)

Her Greatest Role . . as tender as "Little Women" . . as irrepressibly gay as "Little Minister" . . as glamorous as "Morning Glory" . . as dramatic as "Christopher Strong"

HEPBURN

You will thrill to every unforgettable moment of this different, charming love story of a woman who almost waited too long . . . before she dared admit that she was a woman!

•

An RKO-Radio Picture directed by GEORGE CUKOR, who gave you "Little Women" and "David Copperfield"

in "SYLVIA SCARLETT"

with CARY GRANT
BRIAN AHERNE
EDMUND GWENN

A Pandro S. Berman Production

movie JR. MIRROR

CONDUCTED BY BETTY TURNER

EVERYBODY in Hollywood is talking about Mickey Rooney. In fact, people in every town where the Shakespearian picture "A Midsummer Night's Dream" has been shown are talking about Mickey. This young star played the important and difficult role of *Puck* so well that all the critics are predicting big things for him. *Puck*, you know, is the laughing, romping, fun-loving elf who carries out the order of *Oberon*, King of the Fairies.

Mickey Rooney had lots of fun making "A Midsummer Night's Dream." He has just about as much fun in real life, too. Wouldn't you like to know more about this important boy? I thought so, and visited Mickey at work on the M-G-M lot. What a busy boy! He is working in two pictures at once right now. He is playing in "Ah, Wilderness" with Wallace Beery and Lionel Barrymore and also in "Riff Raff" with Spencer Tracy and Jean Harlow. He goes from one set to the other, and in between time must find time to do his school work with the studio teacher.

Arriving on the first set, I found Mickey with his head buried in an arithmetic book. His teacher beside him was listening to his recitation. He looked up with a grin, when he heard we were going to have a talk. But his teacher warned us that Mickey was behind in his day's studies and that we couldn't talk long.

"I'm glad the Movie Mirror Juniors are interested in me," began Mickey. "Tell them I certainly have fun doing my picture work, but studying is as hard for me as it is for them. Working in two pictures at once keeps me jumping."

When you talk to Mickey, you realize what a regular fellow he is, even if he is a famous young star. He is as active as a jumping-bean and bubbling over with enthusiasm and fun.

"I've been acting most of my life," he said. "My parents were on the stage when I was a baby. I've been in pictures about ten years, I guess."

That's quite a long time, too, when you consider that Mickey is just fourteen. He has played nice little boy parts, tough kid parts and almost everything that a youngster could play.

"I want to be a director when I grow up," Mickey said. "I think being a director would be a lot better than acting."

Mickey says directors are swell! They treat him just like a grown-up, and that is what Mickey likes. He likes to be independent. Always did, he says. There is an amusing story about this. When Mickey was four, he told his mother he thought it was time he went out on his own to find his fortune. "I could act," he said. He was all for supporting himself and felt pretty badly about it when his mother laughed and wouldn't agree with him.

Our talk was (*Continued on page* 88)

Cowboy Ken Maynard is known and loved the world over, as this month's story shows. Below, our own Shirley Temple and the Three Little Pigs cheer for MOVIE MIRROR.

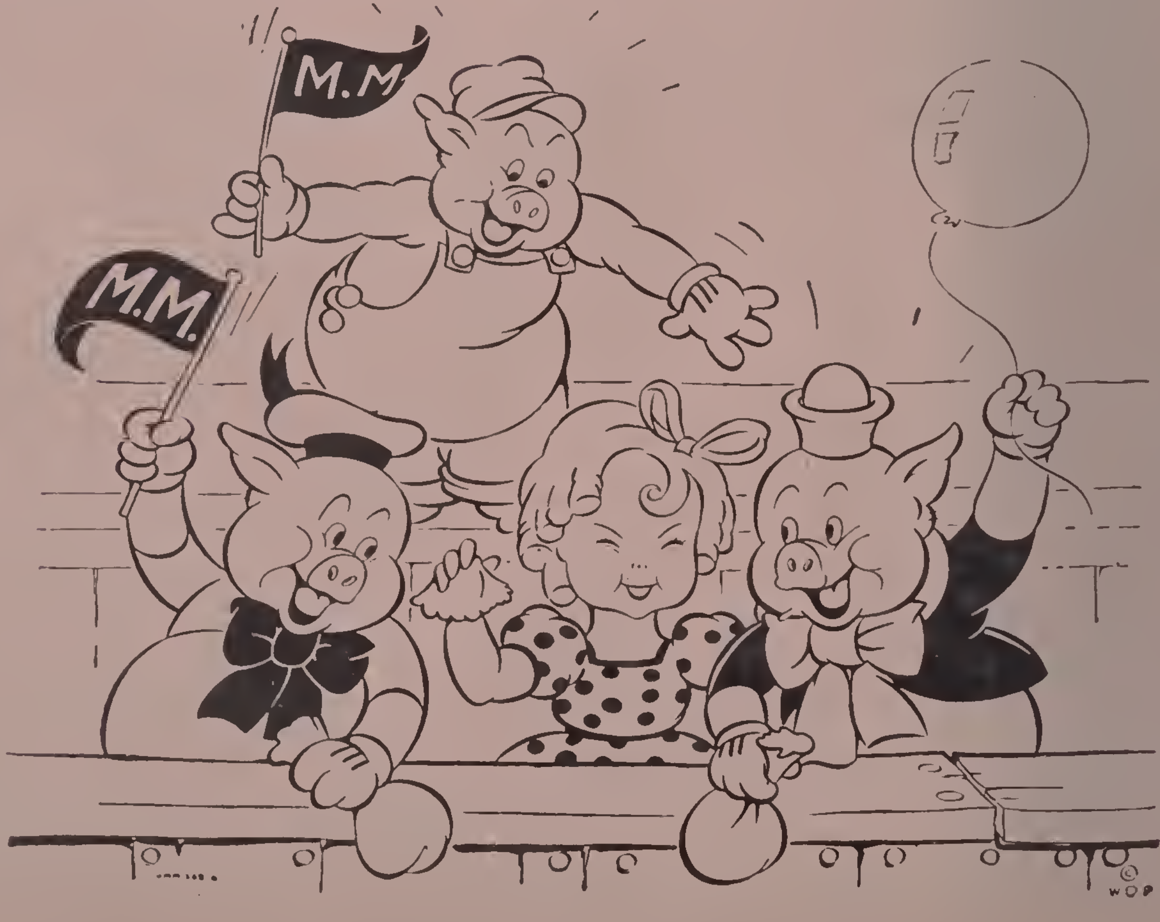
REVIEWS FOR JUNIORS

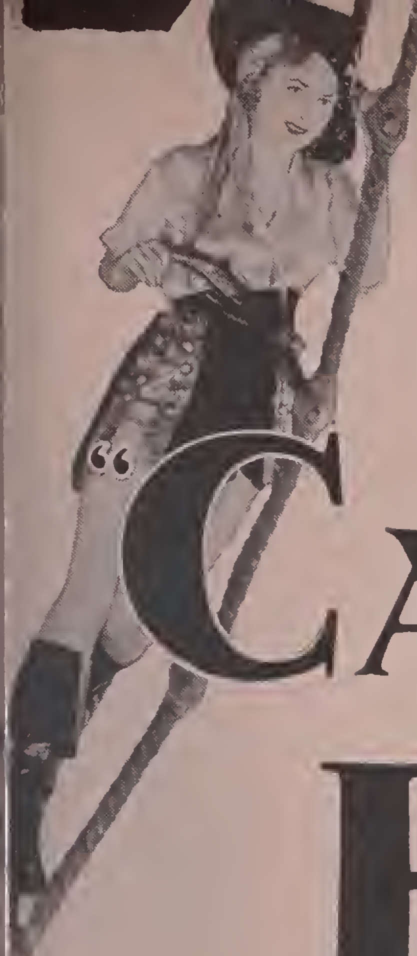
THE EAGLE'S BROOD (Paramount). The second "Hop-Along Cassidy" picture with William Boyd and Jimmy Ellison. A real Western thriller.

LITTLE AMERICA (Paramount). A picture of the adventures of that great explorer, Admiral Byrd, taken at the South Pole.

COLLEGIATE (Paramount). Joe Penner and Jack Oakie having lots of fun in a film about college life.

TARZAN ESCAPES (M-G-M). Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan in another jungle picture about Tarzan, the wild boy.





Come Adventuring with "CAPTAIN BLOOD"

The buccaneers are coming!... in Warner Bros.' vivid picturization of Rafael Sabatini's immortal story of the 17th century sea rovers. After two years of preparation and, according to reliable Hollywood sources, the expenditure of a million dollars, "Captain Blood" is ready to furnish America with its big holiday screen thrill. What with great ships, 250 feet in length, crashing in combat, with more than 1000 players in rip-roaring fight scenes—with an entire town destroyed by gunfire—this drama of unrepressed hates and loves, the story of a man driven by treachery into becoming the scourge of the seas, is superb beyond any screen parallel.

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

And the cast is just as exciting as the production! First there's a brand-new star, handsome *Errol Flynn*, captured from the London stage for the title role; and lovely *Olivia de Havilland* who brilliantly repeats the success she scored in "A Midsummer Night's Dream". Others in a long list of famous names are Lionel Atwill, Basil Rathbone, Ross Alexander, Guy Kibbee, Henry Stephenson, Robert Barrat, and Hobart Cavanaugh, with Michael Curtiz directing for First National Pictures.

To do justice with words to the fascination of "Captain Blood" is impossible. See it! It's easily the month's grandest entertainment. And Warner Bros. deserve our thanks for so brilliantly bringing alive a great epoch and a great story!

A GIRL YOU KNOW

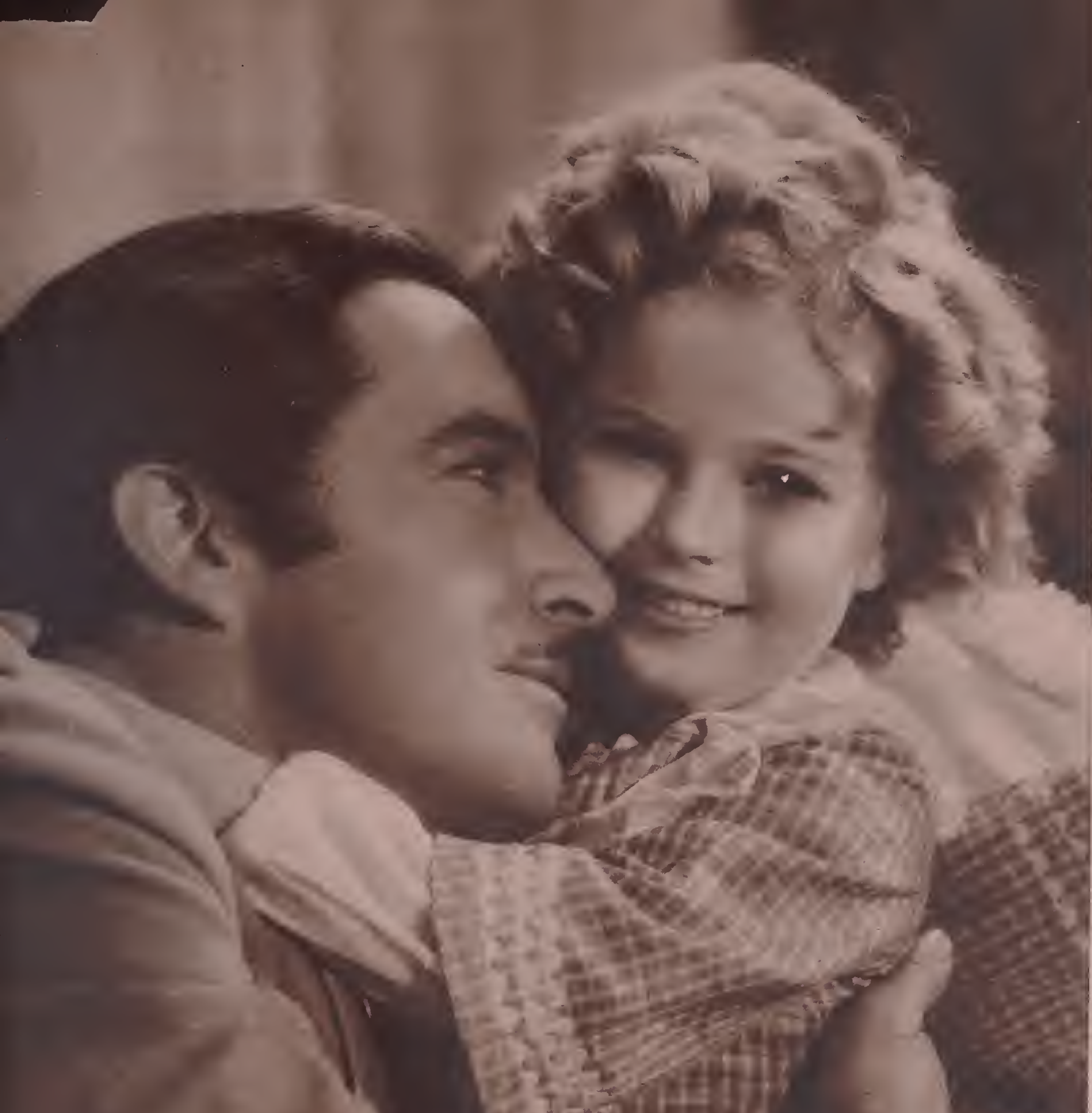
might have been trapped by this new underworld terror!

Like the girl next door . . . or at your office . . . the Loretta of this story never dreams that crime will strike her . . . until one cruel night she is hurled into the machine-gun fury of a nation-wide manhunt . . . her loved ones threatened . . . her life endangered!
Frantically, these people struggle. And YOUR heart beats to THEIR horror, THEIR hopes...for suddenly you realize, "This can happen not only to a girl I know...THIS CAN HAPPEN TO ME!"

20th Century Fox

SHOW THEM NO MERCY!

A
DARRYL F. ZANUCK
TWENTIETH CENTURY PRODUCTION
PRESENTED BY JOSEPH M. SCHENCK
with
ROCHELLE HUDSON
CESAR ROMERO • BRUCE CABOT
EDWARD NORRIS



JOHN BOLES—SHIRLEY TEMPLE

John plays Shirley's father in "The Littlest Rebel," but after this straight dramatic role Darryl Zanuck of 20th Century-Fox promises to give that golden voice of John's a real chance in a series of operettas.

GINGER ROGERS

Poor Ginger! She only got a ten-day vacation in the High Sierras before starting work on a musical with Fred Astaire entitled "Follow the Fleet." But RKO gave her that increase in salary that she has earned and everybody's happy now—including husband Lew Ayres, who got that directorial job he wanted.

BETTE DAVIS

She'll be teamed again with Leslie Howard! They're going to co-star in "The Petrified Forest" (you may remember that Leslie created the lead in this on Broadway) for Warner's, now that she's completed "Hard Luck Dame" with Franchot Tone, who was borrowed from M-G-M to play opposite her.

MARIAN MARSH

Columbia believes that Von Sternberg has discovered a new Trilby in Marian—and is sure she's headed for great achievements after her fine work as Sonya in "Crime and Punishment," with Peter Lorre and Edward Arnold.

Strike that COLD at the *source* before it gets serious!

Gargle *Listerine*

to attack cold germs in mouth and throat

AFTER any long exposure to cold or wet weather, gargle Listerine when you get home. Medical records show that late-season football games, particularly, take their toll in health. Heavy chest colds often follow a day in the open. The prompt use of Listerine as a gargle when you reach home is a precautionary measure which may spare you such a serious complication.

Listerine, by killing millions of disease germs in the mouth and throat, keeps them under control at a time when they should be controlled—*when resistance is low.*

Careful tests made in 1931, '32 and '34, show that those who used Listerine twice a day or oftener caught fewer colds than those who did not use it. Moreover, when Listerine users did contract colds, they were milder and of shorter duration than those of non-users.

At the first symptom of a cold or sore throat, gargle full strength Listerine. If no improvement is shown, repeat the gargle in two hours. While an ordinary sore throat may yield quickly, a cold calls for more frequent gargling.

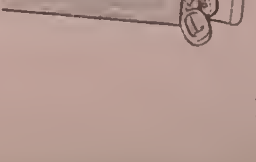
Keep a bottle of Listerine handy at home and in the office and use it systematically. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE

for Colds and Sore Throat

LISTERINE COUGH DROPS

A new, finer cough drop, medicated for quick relief of throat tickle, coughs, irritations.



10¢

INSIDE STUFF

By PETER ABBOTT

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

HOT NEWS: **Lyle Talbot** and **Paula Stone** have it bad.

The Government may intervene to save **Lucien Andriot,** Hollywood cameraman, from serving a year in a French military prison for failure to appear for duty twenty years ago.

Blondes must be more susceptible, what with **Carole Lombard, Jean Harlow** and **Grace Moore** all suffering from the flu.

Shirley Temple will do the **Mary Pickford** success, "Poor Little Rich Girl."

There's a romance going on, what with millionaire **Howard Hughes** airplaning to the "Sylvia Scarlett" location just to talk with **Katie Hepburn** alone. It's said to be the real thing.

Tom Brown's new heart throb, here with him at Cafe Lamaze, is Jane Frances Mullen, Los Angeles socialite.

Sylvia Sidney begs Hollywood for at least two months of marriage without divorce rumors, which have already started.

Miriam Hopkins asked for the chance to co-star with **Merle Oberon** in "The Children's Hour," rather than to star in "Navy Born"—and got it.

Despite **Frank Fay's** denials, **Barbara Stanwyck** has been furnishing a new home for the past three weeks in Hollywood. When Fay tells reporters that he cannot call Barbara to the phone to verify his denial "because she is asleep," she is actually not there. A permanent separation appears sure.

All Hollywood is awaiting the first accidental meeting between **Mae West** and **Frank Wallace,** who hit the headlines recently as her husband and who is now headed for Hollywood.

Mrs. Harlow's little girl, **Jean,** has switched from **Bill Powell** to **J. Walter Rubin,** director of "Riff Raff."

(Left) Alan Campbell, best man; Sally Blane and her brand-new husband, Norman Foster; Sally's sister, Polly Ann Young, maid of honor; and John Royal Young, who gave the bride away.

Snapped at an informal get-together given by Binnie Barnes are Edward Arnold, Rosalind Russell, Phil Reed, Valerie Hobson, Eric Blore, Binnie herself and one anonymous little dog.

William Boyd may do "Buffalo Bill," his first **DeMille** role since "The Volga Boatman."

Rochelle Hudson seems headed for stardom on the wings of chance—first, **Janet Gaynor** was unable to do "Way Down East" and Rochelle was handed the assignment, and now **Loretta Young's** illness gives her the title role in "Ramona." These two pictures should land her on the top shelf.

Surgeons express little hope of saving **Jack LaRue's** right index finger after it was caught in a slammed automobile door on the "Shoot the Chutes" set at Goldwyn. The entire door had to be removed before the badly mashed finger could be extricated.

THE Jeanette MacDonald-Gene Raymond "summer romance" is all over, and thereby ends a very human, very real little story about Hollywood.

It started when Bob Ritchie, Jeanette's fiancé went away on one of his many business jaunts to Europe. The columnists began to note that Gene and Jeanette were everywhere together, and it was just a lot of fun to both of them, at first. They did all the places Hollywood pretends to be bored with and had more fun doing them than a couple of high school kids. And then, who knows, perhaps it began to mean a little more to both of them than the laughs they had together?

Jeanette suddenly had to go away on location for "Rose Marie" and they talked over the telephone every night.

When Jeanette started her picture, Bob Ritchie came back from Europe for the simple reason that he has always been on hand for the important steps in the life of the girl he adores. Many hinted that he came back because he had heard the romance rumors concerning Jeanette and Gene. But Bob isn't that sort of guy. He wouldn't believe them if he heard them. His whole life has been wrapped up in Jeanette and Jeanette's career too long. He is one grand person, and no one knows how grand any better than Jeanette.

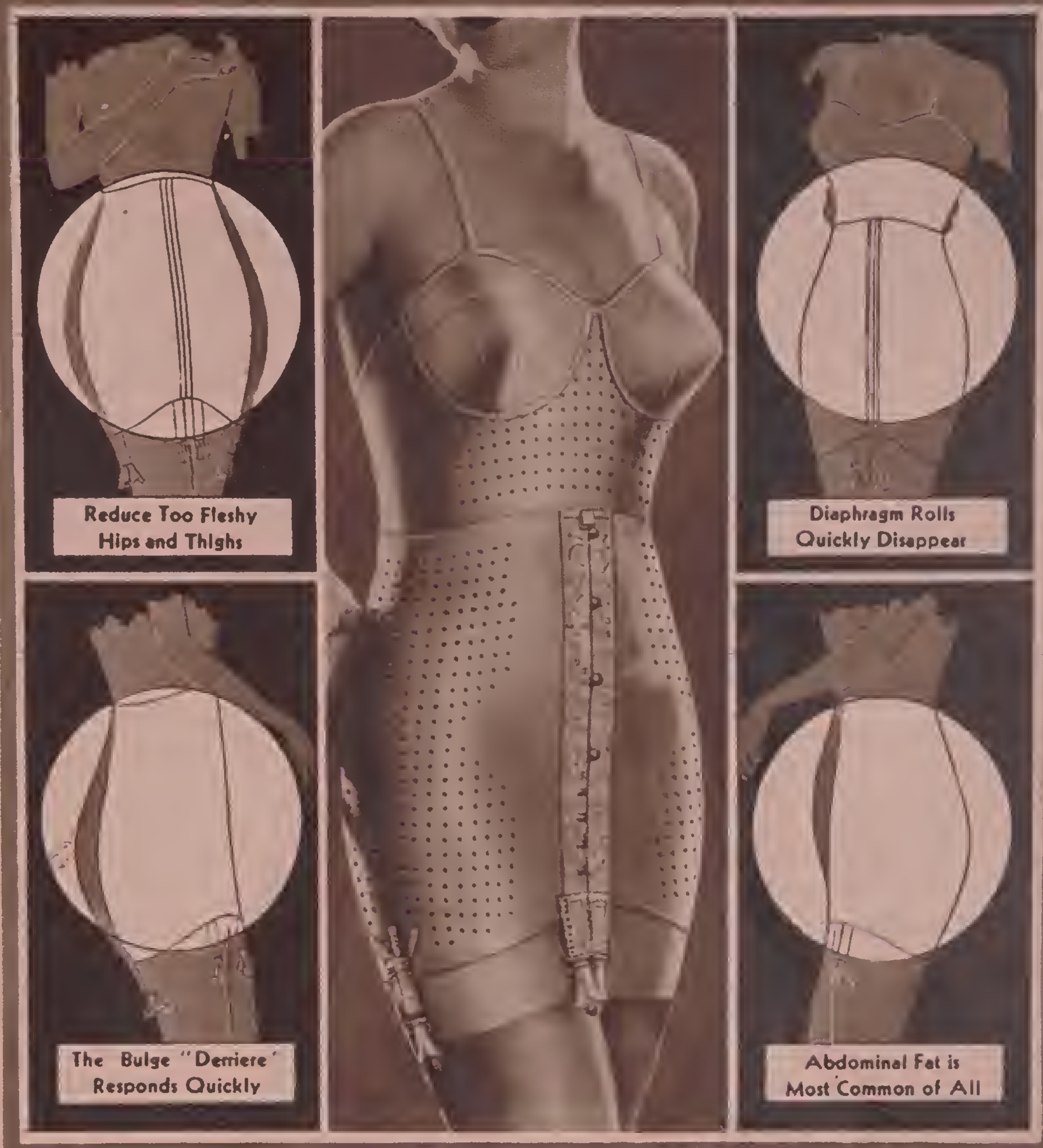
And so, a Hollywood romance that "might have been" just isn't, anymore. Summer loves fade and die the world over, but devotion like Ritchie's goes on forever even in Hollywood!

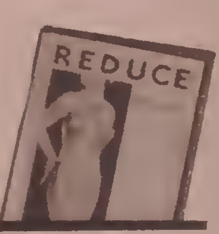
* * *

WE were particularly favored recently when we were allowed the unheard-of privilege of entering the "Closed Set" where Fred Astaire is creating his dances for "Follow the Fleet." That, my friends, was really something. Astaire is firm about his conviction that the creation of dance routines is best done without an audience.

We stood in a far corner of the vast set—it seemed bigger than usual because there were no props or scenery at all—and watched the man work. And *how* he works! It is safe to say that no other artist in Hollywood does half the preparatory work that Astaire puts into a picture. During the day we visited, he passed the *one hundredth hour* of creative work—and that's all done before the actual shooting of the picture even starts!

Since one of Fred's main reasons for secret drill is the fact that he may decide later to throw out a certain number entirely, we were asked not to describe any of the numbers we saw. We can tell you, though, that they were beautiful, tricky and even more daring than some of those you have already loved. So be ready! And when you see "Follow the Fleet" remember Fred Astaire


Reduce Too Fleshy Hips and Thighs
Diaphragm Rolls Quickly Disappear
The Bulge "Derriere" Responds Quickly
Abdominal Fat is Most Common of All



QUICKLY CORRECT THESE 4 FIGURE FAULTS

Perfolastic not only CONFINES . . it REMOVES ugly bulges!

Reduce Your Waist and Hips 3 Inches In 10 Days . . . or no cost!

Thousands of women owe their slim, youthful figures to the sure, safe way of reduction—Perfolastic! Past results prove that we are justified in guaranteeing you a reduction of 3 inches in 10 days or there will be no cost. We do not want you to risk one penny—simply try it for 10 days at our expense.

APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

■ Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere—and afterwards! The difference is amazing. Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable, yet every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing . . and at *just the spots* where surplus fat has accumulated—*nowhere* else!

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■ No strenuous exercises to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!

MASSAGE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY

■ Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear.

"REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES" Writes Miss Healy!

■ "Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll; "From 43 to 34½ inches", writes enthusiastic Miss Brian; Mrs. Noble says she "lost almost 20 pounds with Perfolastic", etc., etc. Test Perfolastic yourself at our expense and prove it will do as much for *you!*

SEND TODAY FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF RUBBER!

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks! You risk nothing . . . we want you to make this test yourself at our expense. Mail the coupon *now!*

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
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Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your

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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

Backstage in the city of contrast —gaiety, humor, heartbreak and sheer melodrama!

Two Billies who have just been made one: Billie Wilkerson, publisher of the Hollywood Reporter, Vendome and Trocadero owner, and Billie Seward.

spent as much time on those few dances as the rest of the cast did on the whole picture! That's why they are so perfect.

* * *

THAT new car of Bob Montgomery's is really a honey. But when he tells you that it is only twenty horse-power, you almost have to laugh! What with a Ford being about eighty! The reason being that, in England, the automobile license is based upon horsepower and must be kept down. Despite this, Bob's had it up to 105 miles an hour!

* * *

AMONG the floral tributes at the recent funeral of Mrs. Marjorie Miller Sharp, wife of a Cadiz, Ohio, physician, was one beautiful spray from Clark Gable.

As Marjorie Miller, Mrs. Sharp was Clark's first childhood sweetheart in a little Hopedale school. Though years had passed since he had seen her, Mrs. Sharp's death from pneumonia stirred long-ago memories in Clark. The floral spray was of white roses, which, Clark remembered, were her favorite flower as a child.

DIETRICH and Garbo and Crawford have nothing on Miss Shirley Temple now, if they ever did! For Shirley has joined the ranks of stars-important - enough - to - have - portable-dressing-rooms-on-the-set. The first day of shooting "The Littlest Rebel" two grinning prop boys wheeled the beautiful miniature room onto the set and Shirley's eyes nearly popped out of her head with surprise.

Producer Daryl Zanuck furnished the "outside" and Director David Butler the "inside." It's all blue and white plaid with a tiny little dressing table, chair and day couch for napping!

* * *

IF Dolores Del Rio can get away to Europe without telling anyone about it in advance, she's going as soon as she finishes her Warner Brothers contract.

Every time Dolores has told anyone her plans for taking a trip, she has been unable to go, and now she's so superstitious that someone will get wind of her plans before she gets away she can hardly stand it.

The lovely Del Rio will have a two months' vacation and return in late January.

* * *

LIONEL STANDER comes out with the most honest confession of any actor yet recorded.

"I took up acting," says Lionel, "because I wanted to sleep until noon every day."

* * *

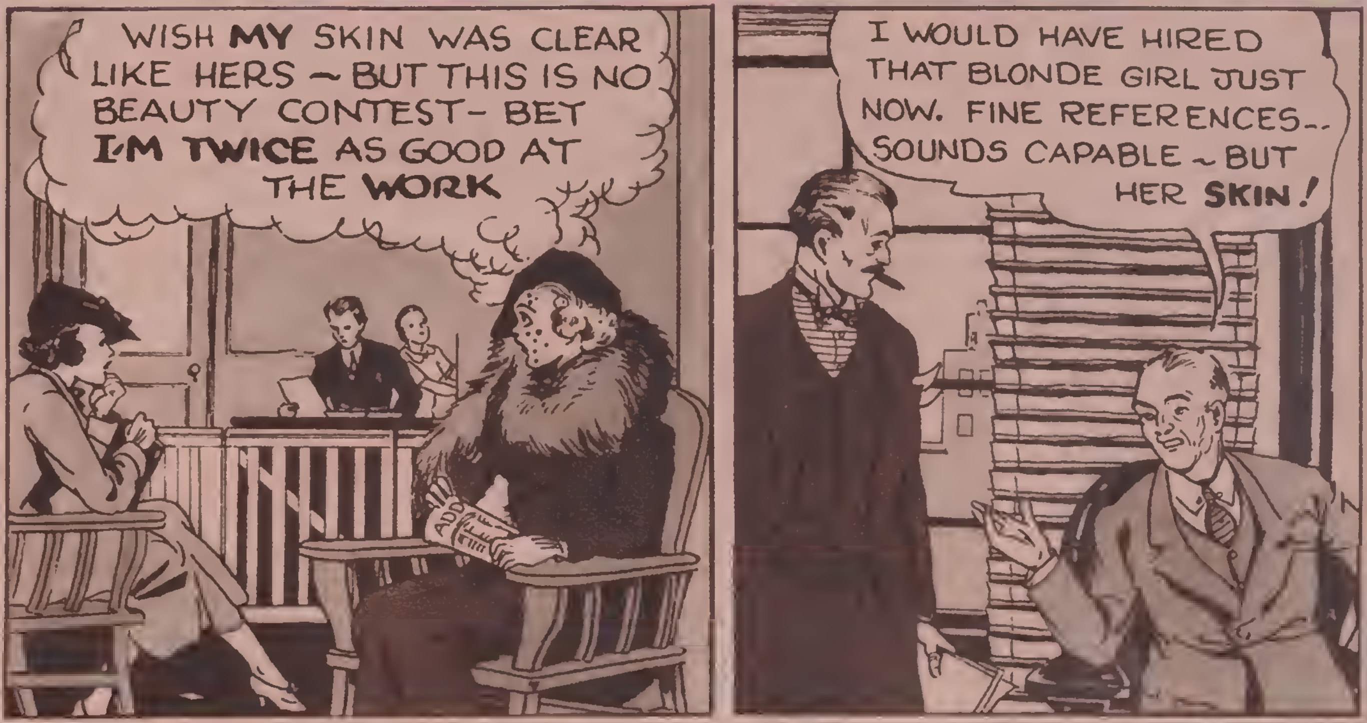
HOW many of you remember Robert Taylor in his first picture? He played the part of a thief in that series of shorts, "Crime Never Pays." Bob was recognized for his ability in that

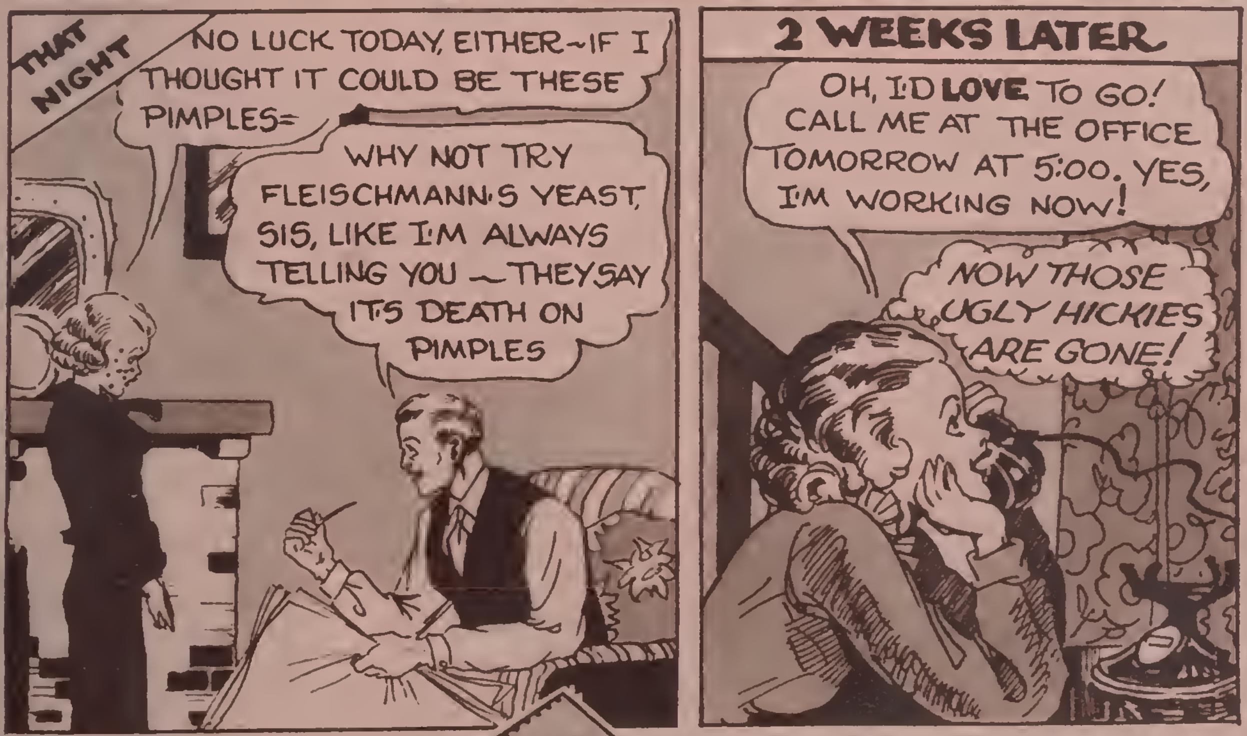
And here is the new singing star, Gladys Swarthout, and her husband, Frank Chapman (also a concert singer), snapped at dinner at Cafe Lamaze.

Below, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Howard return to Hollywood after too long an absence.

JUST LIKE A MAN—TO CHOOSE A PRETTY FACE
OUT

Yet in her heart she knew her bad skin was no asset for any job


WISH MY SKIN WAS CLEAR LIKE HERS — BUT THIS IS NO BEAUTY CONTEST— BET I'M TWICE AS GOOD AT THE WORK
I WOULD HAVE HIRED THAT BLONDE GIRL JUST NOW. FINE REFERENCES— SOUNDS CAPABLE — BUT HER SKIN!

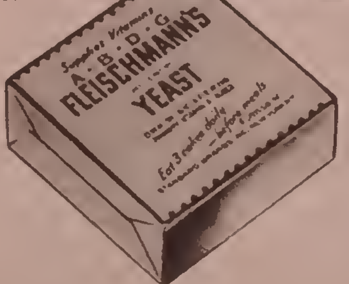

THAT NIGHT
NO LUCK TODAY, EITHER—IF I THOUGHT IT COULD BE THESE PIMPLES=
WHY NOT TRY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST, SIS, LIKE I'M ALWAYS TELLING YOU — THEY SAY IT'S DEATH ON PIMPLES
2 WEEKS LATER
OH, I'D LOVE TO GO! CALL ME AT THE OFFICE TOMORROW AT 5:00. YES, I'M WORKING NOW!
NOW THOSE UGLY HICKIES ARE GONE!

Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU out of a job!

Between the ages 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin —and pimples are the result.

For the treatment of these adolescent pimples, doctors prescribe Fleischmann's Yeast. This fresh yeast clears the blood of the skin irritants that cause pimples.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin is entirely clear.


Supplies Vitamins A B D G
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
Eat 3 cakes daily before meals

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1935, Standard Brands Incorporated

An earnest after-dinner discussion engrosses Adolphe Menjou, Ronald Colman (who very seldom dines out), Benita Hume and Verree Teasdale Menjou.

one small role and now is getting more fan mail than any other player on the M-G-M lot!

Now comes Harvey Stephens! He also was discovered in the same series and has just been given a term contract. Will he do as well as Bob in such a short time? If he does, it's sure going to be tough to keep the hopeful young leading men out of those shorts!

* * *

A FEW QUESTIONS

WHAT newly-imported, dark-haired beauty is so obviously in love with the much publicized Romeo of a very famous blonde young lady that all Hollywood is shivering in anticipation of the day she finds it out?

What handsome actor, in a costume picture now in production, looks so much like Garbo when he gets on his wig and stuff that most of the prop boys and electricians had to leave the set to keep from spoiling the "takes"?

Which heart-throb leading man will soon play a role written for a boy of fifteen?

In what forthcoming picture is there a real-life triangle between a man and two women that has the same equivalent in the pictures they are making?

What actress, famous for her obvious sex-appeal, is now sporting a black eye and how did it happen?

* * *

LOVE IN BLOOM

AND so, in a very quiet wedding Sally Blane and Norman Foster were married. That grand idea they had for the honeymoon—each accepting an engagement in Australia for a movie—has been thrown overboard. Whether they decided that La Colbert's trip into darkest Mexico for the divorce that made Mr. Foster a free man (for a few days) was enough traveling for one marriage or not, we can't know. However, they plan to stay in Hollywood for the present.

* * *

WITH GABLE IN CHILE

ACCORDING to the clippings, Marse Clark passed through this country in an awful hurry. Not that he didn't stop at times but he made snappy exits in most cases. In that quaint and colorful town of Santiago, a hundred-odd beautiful gals stormed his hotel room and police had to be called to keep them outside of kissing distance. When the law arrived, however, the fun was over. Every handkerchief, necktie and pajama had been stolen and Clark's face was so covered with assorted lipstick that the law couldn't take his charges seriously!

IT is whispered that Marlene Dietrich has a quaint habit of walking around the set, between shots, in her stocking feet. When the cameras are ready, she hoists herself into her four-inch stilts and they are off. Sounds like some more of the "Garbo influence."

* * *

HEARD AROUND

THAT Frank Shields, the tennis ace who has been signed for pictures, is having home-and-wife trouble because the Hollywood gals persist in calling the handsome Frank to Hollywood parties *alone*.

That just the idea of playing Romeo has changed Bob Montgomery's life and that he'll never be the same. Wonder if Betty, his sweet wife, has noticed the difference?

That Fred MacMurray is letting several close friends think they are talking him out of marriage, until he actually walks down the well-known aisle with his first-and-only choice.

That the much-denied trouble in the Ginger Rogers-Lew Ayres household hasn't been helped any by Ginger's new financial arrangement with her studio, Lew being one of those regular guys that likes to be the chief bread winner.

That Connie Bennett has become the subject of much bridge-tea gossip on account of the fact that she continues idle. Many are asking about her plans at M-G-M but despite daily conferences

Karl Struss, Bing Crosby (just get that technique!), Ethel Merman and Director Lewis Milestone take time out for tea on the "Anything Goes" set over at Paramount Studios.

Myrna Loy, back in Hollywood again, does some autographing at a Westwood Theater preview while Arthur Hornblow, the producer, looks on.

and tests for hair and clothes, nothing seems to come of it.

That Eleanor Whitney was handed a new contract immediately after the bosses at Paramount saw the first day's rushes of her very first picture "Millions in the Air."

That Gertrude Michael almost had her heart broken the day she removed the cast from her leg (automobile accident) only to have the doctor demand that she put another cast on and stick to her wheelchair for a while longer.

* * *

JOAN BENNETT and George Raft danced every dance together at the Trocadero the other night without making a single "lowdown" column the next morning!

It happened this way:

Alice Joyce Brown gave a very big party at the Troc in honor of something or other and George and Joan were invited, but not together. But you know how it is at long tables with everyone swapping partners politely until the rounds are made? Well, it just happened that Joan was the second girl George asked to dance with him, and when they stepped out on the floor together, believe me, it was a beautiful thing to see! Such rhythm, such waltzing, such rhumba! Rogers and Astaire could have seen them and turned green with envy. In fact, most of the folks just decided it would be more fun to sit down and watch Joan and George than to try to compete with them.

Gene Markey was in London, and Virginia Pine announced her engagement to Georgie a couple of days later!

(*Continued on page* 89)

Words of Wisdom from a Lovely *Bride of Winter*

MT I don't believe anyone likes it better, or uses it more faithfully. And a Camay Complexion adds to your happiness as well as your beauty.

Sincerely,

St. Louis, Mo. Marie Louise Thorsen
August 16, 1935 (Mrs. J. Wallace Thorsen)

"Divinely tall and most divinely fair" . . . that describes her! Marie Louise Thorsen's loveliness is the legendary kind. And her skin is just what you would suppose—*matchless!*

She trusts her skin only to Camay, is devoted to it, and uses it faithfully. She proved to herself that Camay is a gentle, a thorough beauty soap—and there was no more shopping around for *her*. You, too, will find that proof—you, too, will find that Camay brings your loveliness to light—working small miracles almost from the start. Its fragrant, rich lather cleanses oh-so-thoroughly, and it leaves your skin so fresh, so soft, so young! And you'll be delighted with Camay's low price.

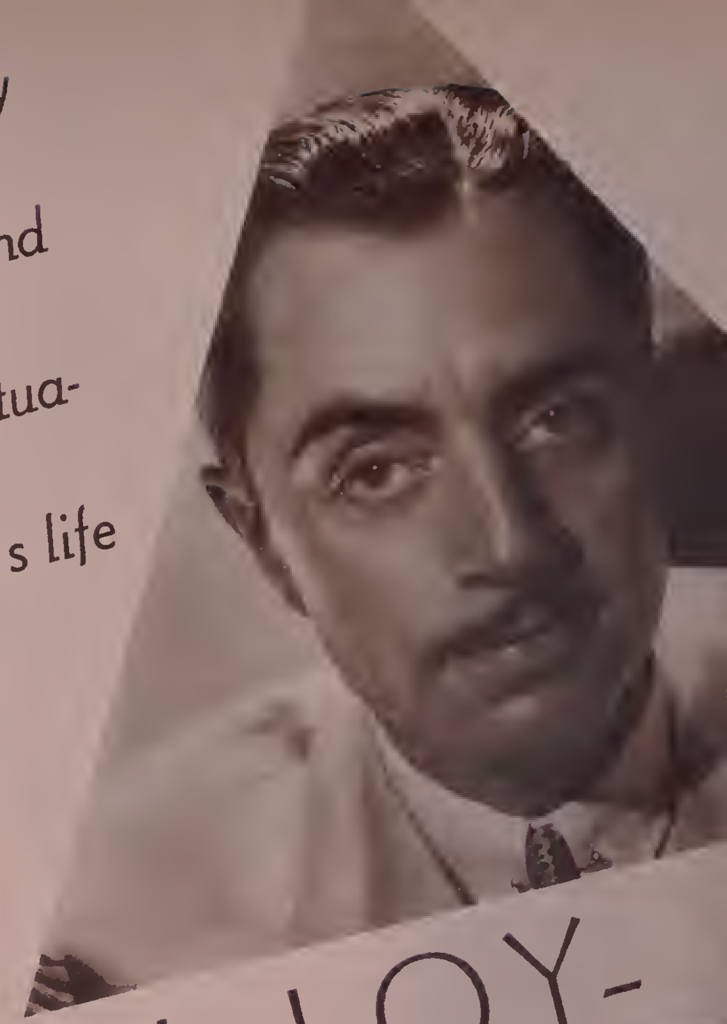
Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

What a cast! Bill Powell as Ziegfeld, Myrna Loy as Billie Burke, Luise Rainer as Anna Held—and all the characters confronted with a real-life situation as dramatic as any in the great showman's life

The AMAZING POWELL-LOY-



IT'S really a grand joke on Hollywood. That is, it would be if it weren't anything but a laughing matter.

Funny, I mean, how that old reliable geometry of dramatic architecture, the triangle, whose lean shanks support most make-believe movie plots, has very realistically speared two beautiful women, Myrna Loy and Luise Rainer, and a somewhat embarrassed gentleman, Bill Powell.

Funnier still (if it weren't also serious) that they should be placed, spaced and faced professionally in positions which parallel, exactly in reverse, the situation they mimic for the camera, the triangle of Flo Ziegfeld's dramatic life.

Maybe you'd like to know what it's all about.

The cast sheet of "The Great Ziegfeld," which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is shooting, should give you a hint. But it might need some explaining.

It reads: "'Florenz Ziegfeld,' William Powell; 'Billie Burke,' Myrna Loy; 'Anna Held,' Luise Rainer."

There is further data available to one and all, to wit: that this pretentious, star studded drama sings entertainingly of the colorful life and loves of the Great Glorifier of American beauty; that it chronicles in heart-tugging fashion the emotional response of Mr. Ziegfeld to the impulsive, warm, temptestuous, child-like charm of an irresistible French star named Anna Held, who bathed in purest milk; that it likewise reveals his sincere love and mature devotion to a loyal, noble, understanding protege named Billie Burke. And that soon all of this will be unreeled before your very eyes. Don't miss it.

It does not add that the roles of Myrna Loy and Luise Rainer are so equal in actual film length, power, and sympathetic appeal that the mere weight of an eyelash flicked by Bill Powell may swing the feminine end of the picture in either's direction. Nor that a dramatic triumph in this particular picture is rather vitally important to both. Nor that Bill Powell is very fond, in a platonic way, of course, of both Myrna Loy and Luise Rainer.

All of which cooks up a delightfully intriguing situation which pool shooters colloquially call a set-up. With Bill Powell behind the eight ball.

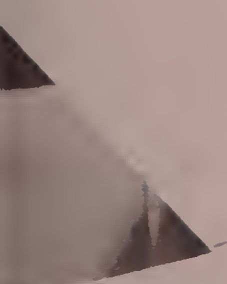
You'll recall that Myrna Loy had first claims to Bill's screen affections. She was his make-believe wife in "The Thin Man," "Evelyn Prentice" and "Manhattan Melodrama." They clicked together as few romantic-though-married couples have ever clicked on the screen. Audiences sensationally adored their tailor-made compatibility. So, very obligingly, M-G-M brought them together once more in "Escapade."

They shot a few first scenes with that union. Then Myrna walked out. And Luise Rainer walked in.

Myrna had no issue with Bill, of course. The truth of her desertion is that she couldn't see herself in the part, which was the direct antithesis of her type. Also, she had money matters on her mind and maybe it seemed a good time to get them off. Anyway, she went away and stayed

BY JOHN CHATTERTON

RAINER TRIANGLE!



Triumph or disaster for either Luise (extreme left) or Myrna rests with Bill (above) in "The Great Ziegfeld."

away on "strike." And to meet the emergency the studio checked up on the English of their little colt-eyed Viennese importation, saw she might do and slapped her right into the big break of her life.

Some people criticized Myrna Loy for her abrupt walkout. Some people cheered. Some people might have regarded Luise Rainer as an impudent usurper and an opportunist when she made such a ten-strike in the eventual "Escapade." Some people applauded with a "good for you—serves Myrna right" attitude.

But Bill Powell, if he shared any of these assorted feelings on the matter, never batted an eye. He was, as always, the perfect gentleman.

Bill had always, has always, considered Myrna one of the best. Their natures hit the same smooth tempo. They've always been pals. Every time they get a chance they toss orchids in profusion at one another. Sincere orchids, too. I'd bore you by quoting, but there are plenty of instances on record.

He felt a pang or two of honest regret when she pulled out, but he didn't let it make any difference about his new screen love by arrangement. Droll, wistful, impulsive little Rainer won him at once. He couldn't resist her funny comic opera attempts at American slang. The eyes, the bangs, the little heart shaped face got him.

Before it was over he had handed her "Escapade." He talked over every scene with her, straightened her out. He pointed out camera angles, things like that. He insisted on co-star billing. It was her picture and he wanted her to have it. Bill's a sort of a gallant guy, you know. Himself, I mean, not just on the screen.

She adored him. I don't think she'd deny it. She hung on his every word; she was always around him, tagging around him. Maybe because she's an appreciative little kid to people who are good to her. Maybe because she couldn't resist anyone so darned charming.

I'm not hinting at any romance, either—just affection. As a matter of fact, there's no breath of romance connected with this whole tense situation today. Bill likes Jean Harlow that way, it seems. Myrna Loy has eyes only for the man she intends to marry. Luise, I've heard, is pretty true to a ghost lover.

And all of this helps the squares on all three sides of this particular triangle to add up to practically nothing. It makes it even less possible to hazard the outcome of an inevitable struggle which is pretty important to both Miss Myrna Loy and Fraulein Rainer.

Why? Because it's Myrna's comeback picture after a respectable absence. And because it's Luise Rainer's challenge role.

Without faking the dramatics one bit, Myrna Loy, with her prestige behind her, her strike to justify, can't allow anyone to steal this most important picture of the year from her.

Yet Luise Rainer, with her sensational first picture acclaim still echoing, must answer the challenge, *must* prove she wasn't a shooting star.

They will be two hard played, desperately played roles. There will be no quarter given, because there can't be. And there is something more real and primitive, more exciting and dramatic and beautiful than any situation a scenarist could have contrived, as these two stars, as different as Cleopatra and Sweet Alice Ben Bolt, but both powerfully attractive in their own way, tilt in the age-old feminine joust of allure.

Myrna Loy, smooth, sophisticated, mysterious, quietly devastating.

Luise Rainer, wistfully bewitching, naively disarming, maddening, sweet.

It's a natural, but box-cars for Bill Powell.

As a matter of fact, Myrna Loy and Luise Rainer have never met. Stranger still, they won't necessarily meet all through the picture, because they never work together, are never in the same scene.

The race will be swifter because it will be run against time. The score will be lower (*Continued on page* 70)

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW'S ADOPTED FATHER

LONELINESS, fear, hatred, pain. Strong stuff, those, and hardly the ingredients from which Fate could be expected to fashion a friendship so fine, so outside the ordinary selfish scheme of things as to make Hollywood glow warmly from within.

Yet had it not been for a small boy's unflinching gameness under accidental but cruel pain, or for the terrible fear and hatred engendered within him for the man who unwittingly caused that pain, that friendship of a little gentleman and a big one never would have been born.

Nor could this story of Freddie Bartholomew, fine little English lad that he is, and his tall, thinking fellow countryman, Basil Rathbone, have been written.

Today, with the steady growth of months behind it, the relation between these two really transcends friendship. It is, rather, one of father and son by "adoption."

It all began almost a year ago when M-G-M was making "David Copperfield" in which Freddie made his unforgettable American screen debut as young David and Rathbone played to the hilt his unpleasant role of the lad's villainous foster-father, Mr. Murdstone.

The story of Freddie's English background, his meteoric rise to stardom are too well known to need repeating.

But the word picture of the real Freddie, the flesh-and-blood little boy behind the movie star, is a difficult task; there are so many contradictory, unusual and almost of-another-world things about him. But one thing is certain. He's one hundred percent boy.

Just meet him casually, talk to him of this and that, and see how quickly you will realize this!

He was talking to me about Basil—he calls him Fella, now—and perched precariously on the arm of my chair. As he talked he scratched away happily at a flock of mosquito bites on his bare legs.

"Don't do that, Freddie," Miss Myllicent Bartholomew, his adored and adoring aunt whom he calls Sissy, reproved him.

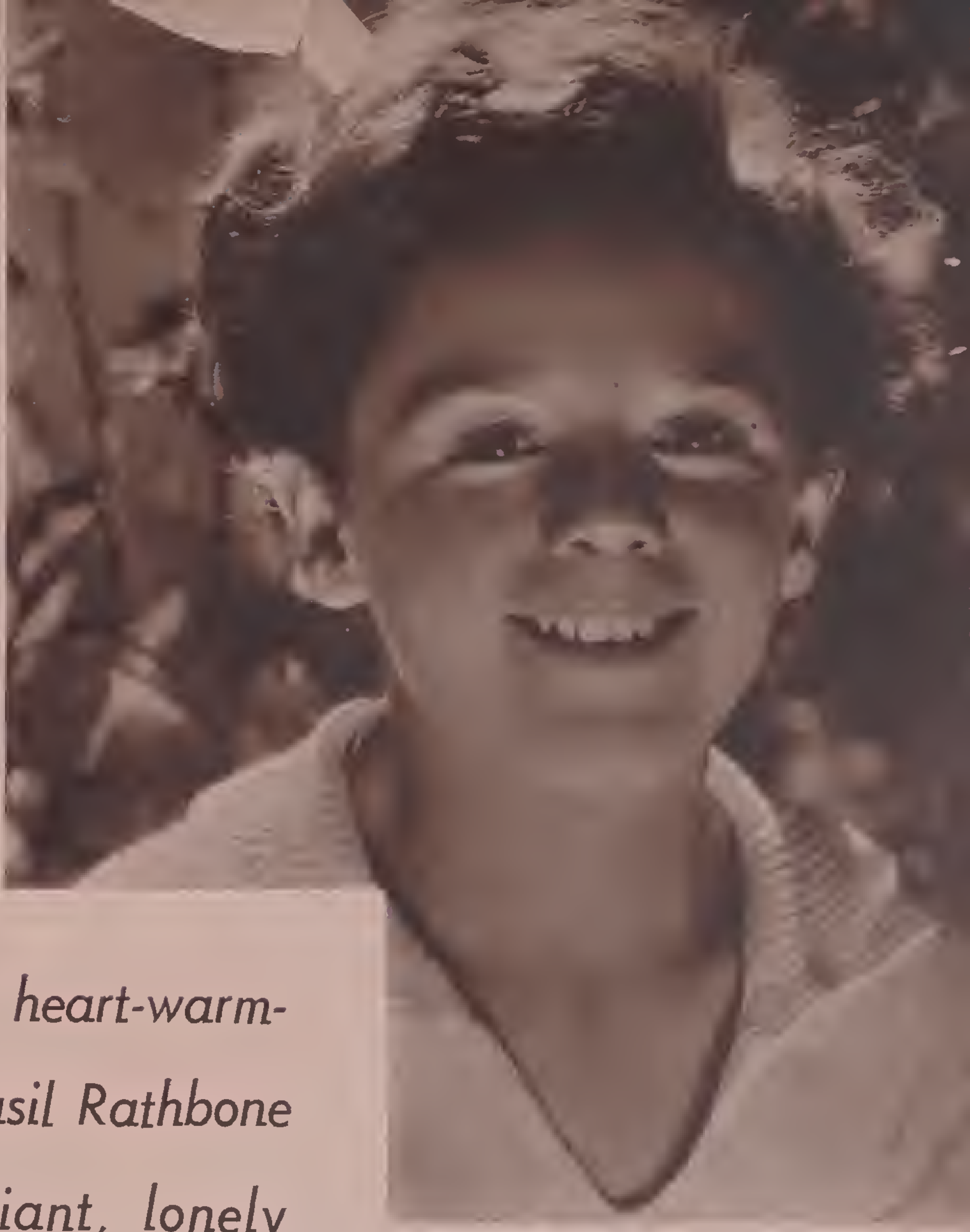
"I know I shouldn't, really," he grinned. "But oh, Sissy, you should know how good it feels!"

Then he wheedled a nickel out of her that he might set me up to a twist of licorice. The nickel had to be borrowed "on time" as his allowance of a nickel a day was used up for the next five days. He was sorry, he said, that a nickel's worth of licorice was all he could stand me.

"I collected all my nickels for this week in a lump sum and spent them all in one grand smash," he explained. "All six of them at one time, mind you. And was it a glorious bingo!"

But to get back. With all the love and understanding which Sissy lavished on him, Freddie needed a real man's influence and guidance when he found himself suddenly astride a prancing horse on the bewildering movie merry-go-round of publicity, limelight, adulation, and strange work in a strange land. His short little legs, for all his determination, could not quite reach that steadying stirrup.

In short, he needed a father.



Freddie has a real father, of course. He's in England now with Freddie's mother and brothers and sisters. But due to personal family circumstances, chief among which was his delicate health as a baby, Freddie was never very close to his father. He grew to boyhood with charming, sensible Sissy both mothering and fathering him in her English country home. He hasn't returned to his family because his parents realize he has a greater chance for success under Sissy's continued care.

The amazing, heart-warming story of Basil Rathbone and the brilliant, lonely little boy from England

By KAY PROCTOR

Thus Freddie when he first met Basil Rathbone on a barnlike stage on the M-G-M lot a year ago.

At the time of this meeting, Rathbone, too, needed someone. Someone to fill a spot in his heart that none, not even his wife, Ouida, had guessed was so bleakly empty. He needed one person to replace two who had been taken from him: his kid brother, John, and his own son.

John was dead, killed in a crash. Between him and Basil had been an unusual bond. Trite as the phrase is, it was true that with John's sudden death, something died in Rathbone too.

The march of the years and divorce had taken Rathbone's own son from him. For although the actor is still in his late thirties, his son who was born when Rathbone was pitifully young himself, is now a grown man leading his own, independent life abroad.

Rathbone, the actor, needs no introduction; his stage and screen roles in "Romeo and Juliet," "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," "The Swan," "The Last of Mrs. Cheney," "Anna Karenina" and scores of others with the polish, suavity and tenderness he brought to them, speak for themselves.

Rathbone, the man, perhaps does. Rathbone, the man with the sense of humor which prompted him to recite the impassioned balcony speech of Romeo to a Utah critic one midwinter 4 A. M. while bundled up in galoshes and overcoat and standing knee-deep in sloshy snow.

Tall, darkly handsome with eyes of brittle blue, casual and athletic, Rathbone personifies that reserve, that disciplining of emotion characteristic of his native England. He's jolly and lots of fun but you feel always that he is holding just a bit apart from you.

His early marriage and fatherhood played a tremendous part in hewing the path which was to lead him to friendship with Freddie Bartholomew.

(*Continued on page* 83)

If you'd like to have a real personality, just take a few tips from Carole ("Never-a-Dull-Moment") Lombard!

YOU have heard time and time again that beauty isn't everything in the Hollywood success market. In fact, most experts say that beauty is a poor third. Personality is the first priceless ingredient. Acting talent second. And then if you have beauty as a plus, so much the better. Glamorous Joan Crawford, dynamic Katharine Hepburn, poised Myrna Loy, dignified Ann Harding, daring Marlene Dietrich, sensational Jean Harlow, original Carole Lombard. These adjectives, which are the keynotes of these actresses' success, are descriptive of their personalities, rather than their looks. These adjectives represent the qualities in each star which have magnetized the world.

You may not have beauty; true classic beauty is a rare and old-fashioned thing these days. You may not even have acting talent to send you movie-ward. But every girl can and should have individuality, personality, whatever you want to call it, to send her to top place in her own little business or social world.

THE GIRL WHO IS ALWAYS STARTING SOMETHING

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

She's always the first to try new things. First to wear silk gabardine pajamas for flying (extreme left). First to give unusual parties (above, with Randolph Scott and Toby Wing at one she gave in the Venice Pier Fun House). And first star to plan on playing tournament tennis.

And just as chic and beauty can be acquired, so can personality be developed. Carole Lombard was once an unidentified beauty in the Hollywood ranks. When she began to develop personality, she became not only a star, but an important, beloved person. She was one of the first stars to employ originality as a part of her personality. First to be first in everything. While Hollywood scarcely used to speak of her at all, all Hollywood now talks about her as "the girl who is always starting something, that never-a-dull-moment-Lombard!" This is how she did it and how, on a lesser scale, you can do it, too.

Carole was: First star to have her house done to suit her personality. First to give unusual parties. First to drive her own small car to the studio. First to dispense with a personal maid on the set. First to originate a practical aviation costume. First to send telegram greetings instead of Christmas cards. First not to give a darn about stardom or grandeur or any of the other fol-de-rols that go with it. First (and pretty nearly the last) to refuse to inflate her ego, as is the usual Hollywood custom. Some of these things took money and position, naturally, but chiefly they took brains. And those of you who are looking for a personality can learn a lesson from her. I asked her why she had started so many things.

"Because I don't want to bore other people!" she said, briefly and to the point, as she sprawled on a low satin lounge.

"You mean you've been bored yourself now and then, and you know how important it is to keep from boring other people?"

At that, Carol actually bounced off the low lounge and, in righteous indignation, yelled, "I? Bored? Why, I was never bored in my life! Do I look bored? Did I ever look bored? Even at interviews? Good heavens, no! Why, do you know what is the most boring thing in the world? A person who is always saying, or even looking, 'Oh, I'm so bored with it all!' That is my first rule in acquiring a non-boring personality—never be bored yourself! Because if you are, you can be sure everybody is going to keep as far away from you as possible!" That off her chest, the far-from-boring Miss Lombard relaxed and sprawled again.

"Always think of entertaining the other person," she went on, "and, if you do that well, you'll be entertaining yourself. Take a dinner party, for instance. The people who come to my dinner parties go to a lot of other dinner parties, and, nine times out of ten, they get the same dinner, course for course, everywhere they go. And you know food can be terribly boring. So I do a little something different about food. Serve stuffed cabbage when my guests expect stuffed squabs, for example. Anything for a change!

"I have a funny complex about food, anyway. It doesn't mean a thing to me. A green salad a day is all I want. I never eat, really I don't. But when I give a party I have gobs of food, all kinds of food for all kinds of people, because most people like to eat, and eat well. I feel about hunger as I feel about boredom. I've never known hunger but I do try to prevent those around me from knowing it!

"Another thing that few women realize is that a party takes its cue and its tempo from the hostess. If the hostess is scintillating and on her toes, the party is sure to be scintillating and on its toes. But if the hostess is uninspired and lackadaisical and bored, you can

(*Continued on page 76*)

Hollywood Mothers
To Be Different . . .

IT is only fair, I suppose, to warn you now that this story deals roughly with parents in general and mothers in particular. It is an irreverent, but truthful record of six Hollywood mothers who have kicked aside all the ancient canons of parenthood to accomplish the skittish task of raising six talented, financially independent and superbly modern young daughters in a town that can be glamorously cruel and tragically gay.

The ringleaders of this clique of maternal radicals are the mothers of Betty Furness, Ida Lupino, Gail Patrick, Ann Shirley, Mary Carlisle and the legal guardian of Jean Parker.

Some of these mothers are young and chic and some are in their comfortable middle years, but all are courageous crusaders, willing to bear the disapproving jeers they know their published statements will arouse, because they believe a few mothers and daughters somewhere in Amrica may find the way to happiness through their words.

And if you think I am exaggerating the possibility of jeers, listen to this from Mrs. Florence Furness.

"The average young girl today is smarter than her mother. At nineteen, Betty is better equipped to handle her life, her career and her happiness than I am to guide her. I never interfere with her business at the studio or with her personal decisions."

How do you like that for solid hearthside philosophy? Not much, I'll bet, if you're one of the old guard.

Then there is Mrs. Stanley Lupino, who left her own stage career, a luxurious home and a husband in London so that Ida could have her chance at stardom in Hollywood. She admits that she is often wretchedly homesick, but registers indignation if anyone hints that she is performing a motherly sacrifice.

She says: "Sixteen years ago, when Ida was born, I resolved that she should always enjoy the divine right of making her own mistakes when she reached the young lady age. I have seen too much unhappiness and friction caused by mothers wrapping their daughters in theoretical cotton to protect them from every hurt and disappointment life offers. It can't be done."

Mrs. Lawrence Patrick, of Birmingham, Alabama, where she raised two sons and the lovely, dusky Gail, voiced her opinion.

"Mothers," she told me in a rich southern drawl, "were made to give all and ask nothing in return. Modern mothers exact too much in the way of companionship and complete confidence from their daughters. I believe that I must really earn Gail's love, actually work for it. Certainly it is nothing I can demand just because I am lucky enough to be her mother."

I am afraid those stolid parents of the "duty, gratitude and obedience" school will find much to argue about in her observation.

But whether you agree with or violently disapprove of the theories of these Hollywood mothers, you must face the irrefutable fact that their revolutionary daughter-raising plans bear pleasant results.

Ida, Gail, Betty, Ann, Mary and Jean individually represent the answer to any mother's prayer. They are sagely temperate youngsters about such things as gaiety and pleasure, their collective social conduct is unerring, they are compatible with their parents and they are beautiful, popular and charming girls as well.

All of which sounds as if nature made the rounds when these young stars were born and slipped an assortment of golden spoons into their mouths. But nature did nothing of the kind. She merely deposited (*Continued on page 90*)

Mrs. Wright (left, with Jean Parker) refuses to interfere with Jean's very young romance—and gives a logical reason, too! Below, Ida Lupino and her lovely mother handled that "too young for dates" problem drastically.

Who DARED

By JULIE LANG HUNT

These six modern women made up their own rules—and the result was screen success for their daughters

Mrs. Shirley is the only mother who regulates the time of daughter's dates (below), but Anne will take charge of this important matter when she's eighteen—in two years.

Gail tells Mrs. Patrick how her boyfriend likes his pie (one of mama's date-control secrets!).

Mrs. Furness follows her daughter's guidance! At right, below, she's helping Betty with fan mail.

Mrs. Carlisle (right) admits she was afraid when Mary had her first date with a real studio executive. But she exacts only one promise.

WHY

By FRANC DILLON

When Janet Gaynor returned to the studio, it looked as though Rochelle Hudson's career was finished. But it wasn't—not by a long shot!

A CROWD gathered in front of a phonograph store in Oklahoma City. They pushed and jostled one another, crowding those in the front row against the glass in an effort to see, inside the show window, a tiny girl doing a toe dance on a huge record. Around and around she flew, her black curls bobbing up and down and her gray eyes dancing an invitation to the crowd to come in. Many sales were made that day and the grateful proprietor gave the little dancer five dollars. It was against the law in Oklahoma to employ a minor, so the money was a gift.

Five dollars was a lot of money to the four-year-old and the first she had ever earned. Right then she decided to be a great dancer when she grew up.

That little girl was Rochelle Hudson. Recently and just about fifteen years later, her contract with 20th Century-

She's Getting Places Now

Fox was torn up and she was given a new one which doubled her salary and placed her in a class with important actresses. There is always a reason for actions like this and in Rochelle's case the reason is simple. She has earned it. For the past year she has been going forward by leaps and bounds from one good role to another. Four of the eight pictures she has made were not at the Fox studio, but for other producers who borrowed her.

"What has happened to Rochelle?" Hollywood asks. "She was always such a mild little thing and suddenly she is one of the most exciting girls in town."

To explain fully what has happened to Rochelle, we must go back to the day she danced on the record in the show window. Her decision to have a career met with the approval of her parents. In fact, they had thought of it first. They also thought that singing and piano playing went along with a dancing career, so from that time on Rochelle had regular music lessons.

IT was with little thought of a screen career that she was taken to the Fox studio in Hollywood ten years later. Oklahoma still had laws against child labor and the family had moved to California in order that Rochelle could pursue her singing and dancing career. A neighbor knew the voice instructor at Fox and arranged the interview for her.

Rochelle, still intent upon singing, had no way of knowing that Janet Gaynor was at the moment lolling on the beach at Waikiki with an "I won't come back" look in her eye; that studio executives were biting their fingernails and conducting a nation-wide search for a girl to take her place in case she didn't recover from that A.W.O.L. disease. Rochelle couldn't have known all that, because she had never heard of Janet Gaynor.

So it was truly one of those Hollywood Cinderella stories that Rochelle, having made her singing audition, was asked to make a screen test; and that when the frantic executives looked at her test they said, "That's the girl!" and offered her a seven-year contract and a salary of $75 a week.

The little girl from Oklahoma City was in a daze. Her parents were slightly dazed, too. It was too good to be true. To Rochelle it was almost as good as a dancing career and perhaps later she could go back to that.

For six months Rochelle's every waking hour was devoted to study. She kept up her high school work under the tutelage of the studio teacher. She had daily dancing, singing and dramatic lessons. She was a little bit roly poly, with straight up and down legs that gave no hint of the curves to come. A quiet little thing, she went in and out of the studio unnoticed. She spoke to no one; no one knew her and it was a well-guarded secret that hidden away in the school room was a potential Janet Gaynor threat.

But suddenly Miss Gaynor returned to work and Rochelle's career seemed over before it started. At the end of six months her option was not taken up. Aside from the test which won her a contract, she had never appeared before the camera. She hadn't had a chance to learn whether or not she could act. She had no experience to recommend her to another studio. She had never even seen a motion picture made. She still intended to become a dancer but she had now been bitten by the movie bug. Where else could a fourteen-year-old girl, untrained and without experience, earn $75 a week? Here was a serious situation, but there was one hope.

Frank Borzage was preparing to direct a Fox picture for which Rochelle had been promised a test. But on the day set for her test Mr. Borzage started for the golf links, leaving an assistant to take care of Rochelle. Mustering all her courage, she ran after the famous director.

"This means a lot to me, Mr. Borzage," she said. "Won't you make my test? You can play golf any day." Then she trembled with fear at her own temerity.

"All right," he said kindly. "I'll make your test and play golf tomorrow."

"He made it," Rochelle tells. "He had me do everything from soup to nuts. I laughed; I cried; I danced and sang. I posed in different dresses and hats. It was a beautiful test but still the casting director said I wouldn't do.

"I've never had any friends in Hollywood to push me ahead, to be interested in my career, but Mr. Borzage, whom I didn't even know, told another studio he had a beautiful test he wanted them (*Continued on page* 87)

It wasn't mere chance that put Rochelle opposite Henry Fonda in "Way Down East" at 20th Century-Fox Studio.

LAST CHANCE to

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IS THE $500.00 CASH PRIZE ENTRY PICTURED ON THESE PAGES? YOUR VOTE MAY BE THE DECIDING BALLOT ON WHO GETS THE TWO BIG PRIZES!

The RULES

1. Any child who has not passed his or her tenth birthday is eligible in this contest.

2. To be considered, photographs must be received by Children's Picture Editor, Movie Mirror, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., on or before Friday, October 11.

3. The name and address of the child and name and address of the sender must be **PRINTED IN INK** or typewritten on the back of every picture entered. In the event a picture is submitted by someone other than a parent the consent of the parents must be written in ink on the back of the picture.

4. The editorial board of Movie Mirror will select the sixty most attractive pictures for publication in this magazine in the November, December and January issues. With each group a ballot will be printed. The readers of Movie Mirror will vote to select the child from this list of sixty whom they would most like to see in a screen role. The child receiving the greatest number of ballots will be awarded the first prize of $500.00. The runner-up will receive $200.00.

5. Movie Mirror will pay $5.00 for each of the sixty pictures selected for publication and each of these pictures will become the property of Macfadden Publications for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Movie Mirror will not be responsible for the return of any picture although every effort will be made to return pictures which are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed return envelopes when submitted.

7. Quality of photography will not count. The attractiveness of the child will be the sole basis of judgment. Expensive portraits are not required. If of sufficient clarity for reproduction, a snapshot will be as acceptable as a studio sitting.

8. You can submit as many official ballots as you wish but only the official ballots printed in this magazine in November, December and January will be counted. All ballots must be in the hands of the counters on or before Friday, January 10, 1936, the closing date of this contest. Ballots should be sent by First Class Mail to Children's Picture Editor, Movie Mirror, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Pick the $500 Child!

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FORTY-ONE to sixty! Not their ages, Ladies and Gentlemen, but their numbers in Movie Mirror's Children's Picture Contest! Will one of them be made the lucky number through the preponderance of your votes? Now you've seen them all. The twenty pictures published in the November issue, the score more that were reproduced in December, and now this final group. You have the sixty pictures. You have the votes, one official ballot in every copy of the three issues of MOVIE MIRROR. What will be your verdict? If you have not already decided upon the picture that you think rates the $500.00 award, consider the three score pictures now—and file your decision by official ballot. Votes count!

You will find the name of each of the children pictured here on a later page in this issue. We suggest that you make your decison without reference to the names but, if you wish, there is no reason why you should not look at the names before voting. And remember that there is a $200.00 cash prize for the runner-up. Perhaps, if your candidate just misses the first award, he or she will capture this second money. Your vote may decide it! Of course a check for $5.00 goes to each of the entrants represented here in accordance with the rules.

Votes will be counted with all the rapidity consistent with absolute accuracy. MOVIE MIRROR is as anxious to discover the result of the balloting as you are. Every effort will be made to finish the count in time for early announcement. Watch MOVIE MIRROR for the names of the winners. Checks will be mailed to each of the winners at the time the awards are published.

USE THIS OFFICIAL BALLOT TO VOTE FOR THE CHILD YOU WOULD MOST LIKE TO SEE IN A SCREEN ROLE.

OFFICIAL BALLOT

MOVIE MIRROR'S CHILDREN'S PICTURE CONTEST

As the child pictured in this contest whom I would most like to see in a screen role, please count this ballot as

ONE VOTE FOR NUMBER...............................
(Write in number that appears on picture of your choice)

My name..

Street...

City...................................State....................

From Calcutta to California, she's inspired adoration and love—and Merle Oberon tells you here what she has learned of the masculine heart!

WHAT MEN HAVE TOLD ME ABOUT OTHER WOMEN

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Merle Oberon continues to be our favorite interview subject, because no other star in Hollywood talks with such utter frankness and candor. Some say it's because she is new to Hollywood and hasn't had time to be molded into the customary routine of tact and evasiveness. But we prefer to believe that this green-eyed, brown-haired English charmer couldn't be otherwise if all the diplomats in Hollywood tried to sway her. True, she is the newest feminine sensation of the screen due to her magnificent performance in "The Dark Angel," but first and foremost she is originally, excitingly and disconcertingly herself.

By MERLE OBERON

AS TOLD TO GEORGE MADDEN

MEN, or perhaps I should say gentlemen, never realize they are telling the woman in their present anything about the women in their past. To kiss-and-tell; to call names; to discuss an old love with the new is strictly against that code of ethics that gentlemen wear.

But I have never loved a man or been in the slightest interested in one that I have not been acutely conscious of the other women in his life. Without realizing it, men have given me a post-graduate education in my own sex.

Today, when a man pays me a compliment, I do not wonder how many other women he has said the same thing to, but rather, to whom he hasn't.

Perversely enough, I have found that men are slaves to physical (although not always character) types in women; and that when a man has loved one blonde, he will some day love another unless he is that proverbial rarity of nature; a one-woman man.

For, whether they like it or not, men are what the women they have loved have made of them and the resulting story is there to be read by every woman who is to love them in the future.

Nor is it always necessary to be an actual partner to a romance to realize the havoc, or the enormous comedy that other women write into a man's life. Because I was closely associated, professionally, with a brilliant man at one time, I was privileged to a close-up view of one of the most amusing love tangles imaginable.

The gentleman in question was madly in love with a lady whom we shall call Princess X. He raved about her continually. Everything about her, as far as he was concerned, was ideal. But the qualities he most insistently stressed were her "adorable femininity," her "enchanting blondness" and her "childish naivete." I'm afraid I was not the impressed audience I should have been for those recitals; I couldn't get it out of my mind that these glorious traits he extolled to the skies were not only characteristics of his former wife but qualities she had made famous the world over.

Never would I have been able to convince him that his all-consuming new love was merely a slightly more worldly and sophisticated continuation of his old love. So I didn't try. But I did learn, thereby, that men are slaves to types in women. I actually believe that if we could flash back, as they do in the movies, over all the loves of a man's life from his childhood sweetheart to the present-day romance, the average would prove that men usually fasten upon some particular love ideal that is almost as permanent as its personification is subject to change—with or without notice.

Douglas Fairbanks and I once had a conversation on this subject while we were making "Don Juan." It was amusing and we were joking, of course, when Douglas said, "It is too bad you are not a blonde because if you were, I would be obliged to fall in love with you." To which I replied, "And it is too bad that you are not an idealist, else I would be obliged to try to make you forget I'm not a blonde." There was, however, enough truth in the banter to prove the point.

Another example is a well known singer who really gained the sympathy of all his intimates when he was forced to divorce his wife whom everyone knew to be a domineering, overbearing and fiendishly-jealous person. But his plight became a laughing stock when, just one year later, he married her exact counterpart (some believed her even worse (*Continued on page* 78)

In her dramatic change from Oriental exotic to enchanting modern girl, Merle has lost none of her world-famous glamor.

A tub of warm water and a glass of iced coffee are part of Jean Harlow's pick-up recipe when time is short—

While Ruby Keeler has grand advice for the girl who wants to dance after being on her feet all day—

And Claudette Colbert tells you how to achieve a charming coiffure in a very few minutes at home.

From ONE WORKING

Had a hard day's work? Got a big date tonight? Try the tricks the stars use to restore the sparkle to tired eyes!

By MARJORIE HAYNES

SIX o'clock every Saturday night finds Joan Crawford, who works at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, and Susie Smith, who works in the bargain basement at the Bon Ton Department Store, facing the same problem. At six o'clock on Saturday night, and maybe on Friday and Thursday and Tuesday too, Joan and Susie are usually muttering the working girl's lament. And if you have ever toiled daily from nine to six for a weekly pay envelope you're thoroughly familiar with the lyrics. They go something like this:

"What a day, what a day. Why, oh, why did I make a date for tonight? I'm dead. My feet are killing me. My hair is in strings and I know there are circles under my eyes. With luck I'll have just thirty minutes for dressing. Thirty minutes in which to perform miracles, eh? Thirty minutes for a quick change from a crumpled, work stained drudge to a glamorous, glittering vision packed with vivacity and wit. Well, I can't do it. I'll break the date. I'll go to bed early, instead."

But, of course, Joan and Susie along with eleven million other American working girls never have the slightest intention of going to bed early. Instead they somehow rush through a confusion of cosmetics, showers and hairdressing and emerge at seven, glamorous and glittering.

At least Joan Crawford and her Hollywood working mates emerge that way. Susie Smith's thirty minute transformations sometimes miss fire, and she is prone to blame lack of money and leisure for her failures. She bitterly belabors the current economic system because she must show up for a Saturday night date with unwaved hair and throbbing arches. I know she does. I used to be a Susie Smith myself.

It was Carole Lombard who put a stop to my grumblings.

Yes, you're right. My reformation took place on a Saturday night at six o'clock—in the Lombard cream and turquoise dressing room, where I found Carole lying on the floor with white pads over her eyes and her feet propped up on a stack of books.

"Come in and sit down and don't say a word for ten minutes," she ordered, and I obeyed.

Exactly ten minutes later Carole jumped to her feet, whipped the pads from her eyes and smiled at me radiantly.

"That, my pet, is called Lombard's rapid rest cure," she explained. "Ten minutes on your back with your feet about two feet higher than your head and you feel like fighting your weight in wildcats.

"I have a big party ahead of me tonight. That's why

I'm taking the rest cure. Oh, what a day I've had on the set. But I feel elegant now, and I have the unheard of luxury of thirty minutes for dressing."

I discovered later that the white pads over Carole's eyes were wads of cotton moistened with a solution of boric acid, a simple routine that does very nice sparkly things to tired eyes.

Now all this happened five years ago and since that time I have picked up quite a collection of the lightning dressing-table tricks of almost every feminine star in the industry. And a very shipshape collection it is, too.

For instance, there is Claudette Colbert's neat little hair-dressing scheme that has saved many a day (or rather night) for me.

Like any other working girl, Claudette used to find herself any number of times with an important party and a crop of unwaved hair and not an extra second in the day's schedule for a trip to the beauty shop. And because movie stars get a cold, fishy stare from the local fans whenever they appear publicly with so much as one misplaced strand of hair, Claudette decided something had to be done about this situation.

"I worked out the riddle after a half dozen sessions with my studio hairdresser," she told me. "Together, we created what I call my emergency coiffure, and now when I find myself facing a gala evening with only the drab remains of a wave left in my hair, I simply annihilate the remains with lots of water and press the straightened hair close to my head.

"Then the uncurled ends at the back are buried safely beneath a switch of braids and when I finish this routine I am always delighted with the rather sophisticated results as well as the meager eight minutes it requires to complete it."

Claudette is very certain that every woman can create at least one becoming hair style that does not demand waves or curls. And for short haired girls, Claudette advises a sensible investment in one small switch of braids for the aggravating evenings when those two familiar torments, overtime work and traffic jams, preclude the comfort of water waves or curling irons.

And then there is Miriam Hopkins' interesting theory that routing that "Ol' Davil Fatigue" is more important to a business woman's glamor than a whole carload of hair-dressing tricks. Perhaps Miriam feels this way about it because she carries around a brilliant thatch of naturally curly blonde hair. She insists that no woman can look even faintly attractive unless she is thoroughly rested.

"Give me just ten minutes, a warm tub and a small glass of sherry and I'm as good as new," she boasts. "The sherry, mind you, is sipped while I'm sitting in the warm water. And it's the combination of both that bounces me right back into high gear no matter how pulverizing the day at the studio has been. It wipes out an aching back, head and feet. It's as good as a three-hour massage, an expensive facial and what's more you don't need any trick lotions to bring the glitter back into your eyes."

Of course, you've read volumes (*Continued on page 92*)

GIRL to ANOTHER

Even the seemingly tireless Mae West has a prescription to perk you up after an exhausting day—

Jeanette MacDonald always takes time between work and play for her own special method of relaxation—

And Miriam Hopkins says her simple routine is just as effective as a three-hour massage and a fancy facial.

UP THE GLORY ROAD with TIBBETT

By
WALTER RAMSEY

Beginning the light-hearted story of a bad boy who made good—or, "With Lawrence in California" in his early days

SOME men are born to adventure; others have it thrust upon them and a rare few deliberately seek it from cradle to grave. Of these rare few is Lawrence Tibbett.

Fate tricked Larry Tibbett by delivering him to life two generations too late for the swashbuckling California of his grandfather's day. By the time he, the youngest son of Bill Tibbett, saw the light in the little town of Bakersfield, California, the adventure of the Gold Rush and the romance of the Dons were past; all that was left was the comparative calmness of the Barbary Coast ". . . three hundred miles up the coast" and life in the outlaw-infested towns where Law courted Justice with a rope in her hand and a gun on her hip.

"And so I was cheated," grinned Tibbett in the luxurious drawing room of his Beverly Hills home. "All that was left for me was the compromise of living my personal adventure as dangerously as possible! I have known only one fear along the way: the deadening lull of safety and security. In a way, it is the fear of all this." His gesture took in the charming room, the swimming pool we could glimpse through the window, the soft-footed servants, the huge pile of clippings on the table that proclaimed his long-awaited performance in "Metropolitan" a complete vocal triumph.

But if they were to raise Tibbett onto the highest pedestal of security, fame and responsibilities, they could never remove the glamor of adventure from his swashbuckling personality. Tall, not particularly handsome unless you reckon the intense vitality of his features, two hundred pounds of evenly proportioned muscle, his presence filled to overflowing the French drawing room in which we sat. Some inner dynamo charges him with perpetual restlessness which manifests itself in his every gesture and word.

Later, the secretary whose flying fingers took notes as Tibbett told of his great adventure gasped, "He leaves me breathless!" To which a million other mythical women might echo, "Amen." A few tangible ones have! Tibbett, himself, must have left life a little breathless trying to catch up with him.

"All I want from success is the adventure of it," he said. "Success should never be more than a toe-hold on a crevice from which we dangle perilously—never knowing whether we are to climb the last great heights or fall dizzily into obscurity. That is the adventure of achieving!"

He moved restlessly back and forth. Sometimes he recounted his memories with a roaring laugh, a laugh as gusty as any aria he has sung before opera audiences. Others, he approached with just a whisper in the rich fullness of his recounting. But, triumph or defeat, they all add to the same total in Lawrence Tibbett's heart: the zest of the adventure along the way!

"Larry Tibbett, run tell your mother that Jim McKinney just killed your father in a Chinese Joss House . . . and your Uncle Bert's done killed Jim McKinney!"

As long as he lives, those burning words born on the wings of a neighborhood kid's changing voice will live in Lawrence Tibbett's memory of his childhood, blocking out other, and more normal, adventures with a vivid splash of his first tragedy! The awfulness of it gripped the slender little boy and shook him as though he were being lashed. In a daze, he saw the other boy leap the fence and pound on the back door of his home. But seven-year-old Larry, seeing the shocked face of his mother and hearing the heart-sick scream of his sister, remained rooted to the spot feeling, rather than loss, a sort of soul-stirring, eye-blinding pride for his father. For his father who had met life head-on in the gamble of carrying out his duty as the deputy sheriff in a lawless little county—and had lost. As small as he was, Larry willed that his own life should be as adventurous!

STRICTLY speaking, the death of his father was the end of his childhood, in spirit if not in years. Before that, nothing had happened to Larry. He had been a delicate child, a not too-conspicuous unit in a family clan well known for their church and political activities throughout the valley. Aunts, uncles, cousins, brothers and sisters populated the prosperous little farms. They were respected, God-fearing folk. His father, Bill Tibbett, was a range-riding deputy sheriff on week-days and a pillar of the Methodist Church on Sundays. When he stomped his boots into the darkened room at 716 K Street in Bakersfield to take his first look at Lawrence, his youngest, his only comment was, "Kinda puny, isn't he?"

If "inferiority complex" had existed in those days, Lawrence Tibbett would certainly have suffered from it. Being "puny," it was natural that he should be thrust under the supervision of women folks and by the time he was seven, his life was nothing more than a beaten path from his own front porch to the choir stalls of the Methodist Church where he was a boy soprano. Never a church social went by that Larry—clean and spotless in a neat little suit, a white handkerchief dangling from his pocket—wasn't called upon for a solo sung ". . . so high that it would have put Galli-Curci's range to shame." And he might have been proud of his talent had not the (*Continued on page 79*)

On the opposite page, the movie star of today leans on his picture taken in the days when he was a struggling unknown in New York; above, Lawrence when he sang in the Grauman prologues in California; right, with his first wife and their twins.

Above, Onslow Stevens, Moroni Olsen and Paul Lukas as "The Three Musketeers," with Walter Abel.

George Marion, Sr., Lawrence Tibbett and Luis Alberni do some fine work in "Metropolitan" (above).

"Thanks a Million" is a riot—and why not? It has Fred Allen, Patsy Kelly, Ann Dvorak and Dick Powell.

Henry Armetta (above with Billy Barrud and Charlotte Henry) reaps praise in "Three Kids and a Queen."

You'll like Jack Benny in "It's in the Air," even if he does throw all the good lines to stooge Ted Healy.

"Hands Across the Table" is swell entertainment, with Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray in the leads.

MOVIES of the month

Reliable reviews of the latest films, with ✓ for the good ones, and ✓✓ for the grand ones

✓Three Musketeers (RKO)

You'll See: *Walter Abel, Paul Lukas, Margot Grahame, Heather Angel, Ian Keith, Ralph Forbes.*

It's About: *Dumas' swashbuckling classic of intrigue and love, when d'Artagnan and his three pals ride to the Queen's rescue.*

Presenting an entirely new version of the old classic, this is a film that the many million lovers of the story will want to see.

Once again we have *d'Artagnan* and his romantic, trouble-making henchmen, *Athos, Porthos* and *Aramis*, and their hectic escapades in sword crossing and love-making to the tune of much action. True, the talking version is much less hectic and exaggerated than the original, but it has a sustained interest that will please most fans.

Don't let the lack of big names scare you. Walter Abel, who plays the original Fairbanks role, will grow on you as the picture progresses and you'll like him. Although, he doesn't come through with the acrobatics that Doug used in the silent picture, his sense of the dramatic is almost worth the loss. Margot Grahame, as *Milady de Winter* shares top acting honors with Abel and will certainly be remembered for her work as the spy of Richelieu who finally captures *d'Artagnan.* Paul Lukas, Onslow Stevens and Moroni Olsen carry on in brawling, broad-comedy manner and the kids should cheer for them. The remainder of the cast is adequate.

Your Reviewer Says: Fairly good entertainment. Excellent for boys.

✓✓ Hands Across the Table (Paramount)

You'll See: *Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Ralph Bellamy, Astrid Allwyn, Marie Prevost, Ruth Donnelly, Joseph Tozer.*

It's About: *A boy and girl who want to marry for money but who decide to marry for love.*

This is really swell entertainment. Paced for plenty of laughs, but using romantic drama with a deft hand. You'll like it.

Carole Lombard is a manicurist who admits that she is after a man with money—and love can go hide. She meets her counterpart in Fred MacMurray. They decide to stick together while they stalk their prey, Ralph Bellamy and Astrid Allwyn. As you may guess, they finally fall in love with each other and throw the money idea out the window.

Carole Lombard hits a new high as far as acting is concerned and carries away top honors. Fred MacMurray is honestly becoming a grand performer and adds even more to this picture than he did to "The Gilded Lily." Ralph Bellamy and Astrid Allwyn, as the objects of their financial affections, do right well, too, and Marie Prevost as the stooge for Carole is a welcome sight indeed! Why isn't she seen more often? Ruth Donnelly plays her role of the cashier for all there is in it and the remainder of the cast is fine.

Particular praise should go to the dialogue writers and to director Leisen for keeping the entertainment value at such a nice peak.

Your Reviewer Says: One of the most entertaining shows of recent weeks!

✓✓Metropolitan (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Lawrence Tibbett, Virginia Bruce, Alice Brady, Cesar Romero, Thurston Hall, Luis Alberni, George Marion, Sr.*

It's About: *A group of singers who form their own opera company because Metropolitan won't use them, and find money trouble.*

Here is some of the greatest singing the screen has ever given the world! Lawrence Tibbett proves himself the least self-conscious of the fine singers and certainly the best actor.

The story concerns a temperamental opera star (Alice Brady) who, in spiteful gesture to the Metropolitan, forms an opera company of her own and signs many singers who have, for years, been hanging on the edge of recognition. As the opera is about to start, however, she walks out, leaving her leading man, Tibbett, with the entire responsibility for both performance and financing. Just as all looks black, one of the chorus (Virginia Bruce) reveals herself as a rich girl and covers expenses.

The story, while adequate, is not up to the music and Tibbett's voice.

Virginia Bruce is her usual beautiful self and seems in surprising voice. Alice Brady contributes a nice performance as do Cesar Romero, Luis Alberni, George Marion, Sr., and a fine cast. Tibbett sings "On the Road to Mandalay" and "De Glory Road" as they've never been sung before.

Your Reviewer Says: Please go and *hear* this picture!

✓It's in the Air (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Jack Benny, Ted Healy, Una Merkel, Nat Pendleton, Mary Carlisle, Grant Mitchell and Harvey Stephens.*

It's About: *A guy who bluffs himself into a stratosphere flight to impress his wife only to find he's taken seriously.*

An unusually fast-moving comedy with loads of laughs and a bit of suspense thrown in for your complete entertainment. You'll like Jack Benny in his first starring picture.

Benny, a crooked promoter, finds that his latest scheme (an idea to promote a fake stratosphere flight) is the last straw for his (*Continued on page* 84)

Simply elegant entertainment this month, headed by "Thanks a Million." It's the best musical comedy of the month and it also creates a new movie star in Fred Allen of radio fame. Also a musical standout, though serious music this time, is "Metropolitan," starring Lawrence Tibbett in his first movie for something like four years. For light romance, Carole Lombard's "Hands Across the Table," with Fred MacMurray, is much fun. Then there's "Little America" for novelty and "Three Kids and a Queen" has a sob or two, if you need them. All in all, a grand month!

Ruth Waterbury

PICTURES in the CUTTING ROOM

Advance Tips on Tomorrow's Talkies

COLUMBIA

The Lone Wolf Returns. Melvyn Douglas and Gail Patrick in a thriller.

If You Could Only Cook. Jean Arthur, a maid, answering an ad for a "couple," takes millionaire Herbert Marshall from a park bench to be butler to gangster Leo Carrillo.

M-G-M

Ah Wilderness. An all-star cast headed by Wallace Beery, Lionel Barrymore and Eric Linden brings the Eugene O'Neill saga to the screen.

Rose Marie. Jeanette McDonald and Nelson Eddy in the colorful musical favorite. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.

PARAMOUNT

Millions in the Air. Wendy Barrie, rich girl, and John Howard, ice-cream truck man, both have ambitions to make good in radio.

Nevada. Larry Crabbe and Kathleen Burke in a cattle-rustling westerner.

RKO

In Person. Ginger Rogers plays the part of a movie actress who wants to get away from her public and runs smack into romance with George Brent.

Sylvia Scarlett. Katharine Hepburn, as the daughter of a small-time crook, meets Cary Grant, also a crook. They think they're pretty smart until hero Brian Aherne changes Katharine's point of view.

It Happened in Hollywood. A gangster's face-lifting job is so good he crashes the movie and hides out in a studio until caught. Wallace Ford, Phyllis Brooks, Molly Lamont and Erik Rhodes.

We're Only Human. Preston Foster as a brutal detective who learns fear and feelings at last from Jane Wyatt, a newspaper gal who pans him.

Seven Keys to Baldpate. A new screening of the old story with Gene Raymond and Margaret Callahan.

20th CENTURY-FOX

The Littlest Rebel. Shirley Temple as the Confederate patriot in a story of the glorious old South. With John Boles, Jack Holt and Karen Morley.

Professional Soldier. Victor McLaglen, hard-boiled marine, kidnaps little king Freddie Bartholomew. Ought to be a hit.

WARNER BROTHERS

Ceiling Zero. James Cagney, Pat O'Brien and Stuart Erwin are three war buddies now in commercial aviation and hard-boiled on everything but love. With Isabel Jewell and June Travis.

The Petrified Forest. Leslie Howard and Bette Davis in the play about a disillusioned writer who finds beauty and justification in the Arizona desert.

Meet the Duchess. Dolores Del Rio escapes marriage in titled society to find romance at the English Coney Island.

Movies of previous months—those in italics are recommended for children, while ✓ indicates the good pictures, ✓✓ and those you shouldn't miss

Tips on Talkies

Joe Penner is chawmed and dee-lighted, even though he seems to be getting the cold shoulder from this famous man on the "Collegiate" set.

✓✓ACCENT ON YOUTH (Paramount). Herbert Marshall, Sylvia Sidney and Philip Reed in a bright, witty story which shows that love and youth are not always synonymous. Marshall is excellent as the middle-aged writer who thinks himself too old for Miss Sidney, while the whole picture is a delightful merger of laughs and romance.

✓ALIAS BULLDOG DRUMMOND (GB). An English film featuring Jack Hulbert and the American Fay Wray in a gay, improbable adventure about the famous amateur detective. The plot has many ingenious twists and its background, staid London, is interestingly treated. Hardly believable but ringing with laughs.

✓✓ALICE ADAMS (RKO). A simple, realistic and deeply touching story of a small town girl who attempts a step up the social ladder. A highly successful blend of laughter and tears. Great performances by Katie Hepburn, Frank Albertson, Fred Stone and Ann Shoemaker.

✓BARBARY COAST (Goldwyn). San Francisco's waterfront in the Gold Rush days. An exciting and colorful melodrama mounted with the usual Goldwyn thoroughness. Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea and Edward G. Robinson nearly have the picture stolen from them by two newcomers, Brian Donlevy and Walter Brennon.

✓BISHOP MISBEHAVES, THE (M-G-M). Edwin Gwenn, a grand character-comedian from England, gives this farce distinction and flavor. All about a mystery loving clergyman who gets involved with real and pretended crooks. Maureen O'Sullivan, Lucile Watson, Reginald Owen and Dudley Digges are the others after the stolen pearls.

BONNIE SCOTLAND (M-G-M). Laurel and Hardy's latest offering is made from two distinct stories that never quite get together. One has the comic team up to all their old tricks and as funny as ever. The other is a serious romance that travels from Scotland to India but never really gets any place. A fifty-fifty picture.

✓BORN FOR GLORY (GB). The human element doesn't count for much in this importation from the English studio, but the battle scenes are decidedly thrilling and well worth seeing. Story concerns a sailor who, single-handedly, manages to wreck a German ship. John Mills, the hero, is a young man to watch.

✓✓BROADWAY MELODY OF 1936 (M-G-M). Eleanor Powell dances in a way you'll never forget. And the whole lively cast—Jack Benny, Robert Taylor, Sid Silvers, June Knight, Frances Langford and Buddy Ebsen—gives us M-G-M's best musical. Full of laughs, songs and gorgeous sets. Worth anybody's time.

✓BRIGHT LIGHTS (Warner Brothers). Joe E. Brown and Ann Dvorak as a small time burlesque team that finally lands on Broadway. Love enters to complicate the comedy team's success but all ends well in this typically humorous item from the cavern mouthed clown. Joe's tap dancing and Ann's singing are pleasant surprises.

CAPPY RICKS RETURNS (Republic). Better for those who never read any of the famous Cappy Ricks series. Story treats Cappy's feud with his enemy over the shingle business. Ray Walker, Florine McKinney and Lois Wilson assist in the homespinning.

✓THE CASE OF THE LUCKY LEGS (Warner Brothers). Latest of the popular Erle Stanley Gardner mysteries with Warren William perfectly cast as the cynical lawyer-sleuth. Story centers about a "most beautiful legs" contest racket. A couple of murders, hard boiled talk, humorous bits and smart playing from the supporting cast combine to make this worth while.

✓CHARLIE CHAN IN SHANGHAI (20th Century-Fox). Easily the best of this mystery series, with Warner Oland in the title role and Keye Luke as his son, both turning in grand performances. Some good comedy, too.

✓✓CRUSADES, THE (Paramount). A stupendous pictorial version of the trek to the Holy Land, with breathtaking scenes of battles and crowds in the best DeMille manner. Loretta Young, Henry Wilcoxon, Ian Keith and Katherine DeMille cavort in picturesque costumes. The picture, though, is more memorable for its grandeur than its players.

✓✓CURLY TOP (Fox). Shirley Temple gets better with every picture. This latest one, remodelled from the famous "Daddy Long Legs" to fit Shirley, is **(Continued on page 74)**

MICHAEL SPENCER McHUGH AND PROUD FATHER

Master Michael Spencer McHugh takes his ambition to be a great contortionist very seriously, but it only amuses his papa, Frank, who just finished work in "Stars Over Broadway."

ELIZABETH ALLAN

Over at M-G-M they call her the "epic girl" because she's always being featured in important roles in their biggest productions. This time she's another Dickens heroine, Lucy Manette, in "A Tale of Two Cities."

HERBERT MARSHALL

While he was hard at work on Columbia's "If You Could Only Cook," Paramount signed him to a real long-term contract, under which his first role will be that of a British Secret Service agent in "Reunion."

ZASU PITTS

Maybe Universal's right, and the ZaSu Pitts-Hugh O'Connell team is really tops for romance. Surely, we'd never have guessed this fine actress and comedienne was capable of such alluring serenity.

MADGE EVANS

Only recently she returned from England, where she's a great favorite with the fans and where she made "Transatlantic Tunnel" for GB, under a loan arrangement with M-G-M, her home studio.

MOVIES, and

Photographs especially made for
MOVIE MIRROR by HYMAN FINK

On the "Rose Marie" location with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, singing in the wilderness—but getting pretty tired of baked beans as daily fare

IF it's the vagaries of life you want to ponder about, then take the case of Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald.

Both of these songbirds feel that Philadelphia is their home. Jeanette lived in that historic city until that busy day she dashed from school to try out for a chorus job with Ned Wayburn in New York. And Nelson, though he was born in Rhode Island, got his first success and his early encouragement in Philadelphia. Yet they didn't know each other then.

No two people could have been more surprised if you had told them that a few years hence they would be hanging precariously off a rock, high in California's highest mountains, blending their voices in a duet

That was how I found them when I visited Lake Tahoe where W. S. (Star-Tamer) Van Dyke is making "Rose Marie," the screen's first great outdoor musical. Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy and Van Dyke are the three who made "Naughty Marietta" such delicious entertainment. Now they are in the midst of a picture that is certain to be one of the most scenically gorgeous and charming to the ear of the new season's offerings.

Nelson plays a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, those fearless horsemen of the Northwest who always get their man. He wears his brown and gold uniform with a dashing military air. When he leans against a pine tree with Lake Tahoe a thousand feet beneath him and the Nevada range looming stark and grand in the background and pours out that gold-standard voice to the wilderness (and a microphone) it's a cinema thrill not to be topped.

Eddy's broad shoulders carry his new success very easily. I found him pleased with life, pleased with the new picture and enthusiastic about the concert tour which he plans soon to take. But he's not smug. The studio press department is busy giving him a romantic background. But Nelson is really a hard-working, talented young man whose only vice is an insatiable love of practical jokes. His heart is in his music.

Nelson's co-star, Jeanette MacDonald, isn't so happy just now. Though any girl who looks as cute as this green-eyed red-head does in the corduroy slacks and shirt that Adrian designed for her should have nothing to worry about. But she has her troubles, Jeanette will tell you as she sits there being more feminine than ever in her mannish outfit.

She isn't worrying about her recently publicized romance with Gene Raymond. That doesn't mean anything. Just two people who happened to have a few dates together and were photographed everywhere they went. And Jeanette isn't worrying about her fiance, Bob Richie. He just returned to Hollywood from a talent hunt in Europe. He arrived at location bringing Jeanette a Bedlington, one of those lamb-faced dogs that never bark. Or if they do they keep awfully quiet about it. Jeanette's and Bob's greeting should squelch any doubts about their romance. It's still love at the

MOUNTAINS MUSIC!

BY MICHAEL JACKSON

Hundreds of Indians from many tribes were gathered together for such spectacular scenes as the one above. Left, close-up of the central group in one of the dances.

Jeanette used to think beans were very nice vegetables—until she had to eat them every day for five days, registering extreme hunger before the cameras all day long! Left, even the prop-boys grin when Jeanette takes her some-thousandth spoonful of beans from Nelson Eddy. Top, left—lovely Lake Tahoe, where "Rose Marie" is being filmed.

eighty-five thousandth sight.

Jeannette's troubles are beans.

Until recently she didn't have anything against this Boston vegetable. In fact, she thought she liked it. But no more. For some writer thought it would be a cute gag to have Jeanette, who plays an opera star lost in the woods, appear to be famished and devour as many beans as possible. This was mildly funny, even to Jeanette, the first day or so.

But not now. When I saw her she had been eating beans all day long for five days and there were still several bean-eating scenes to go. Nelson, an everlasting joker, got a big kick out of teasing Jeanette. For he is sick of beans, too, but he doesn't have to eat them any more. In this take, only his hand shows. So he lifts the beans to his mouth, then throws them over his shoulder before he gets a new fork full.

Jeanette, however, who up to now has been acting pretty ritzy, is supposed to register extreme hunger at the sight of the beans. But because she and Nelson are quarreling she won't admit that she wants any. Finally Nelson asks her if she isn't hungry.

She looks at the beans, almost in a swoon at the sight of food. Finally she forces out a weak little "No."

Nelson smacks his lips. "I've eaten more than I can cook. It seems a shame to throw these away."

Then Jeanette gives her all for art. "Don't," she cries.

"But these are *beans,*" Nelson tells her.

"I don't care," she answers, and with that the courageous Miss MacDonald is, for the ninetieth time, devouring them. Any ambitious fan who might want to make a hit with her should try sending a jar of nice baked beans. But don't say we said so!

A good part of Van Dyke's genius is that he can keep the actors happy and laughing, even in trying scenes like these. After Jeanette gets through with her off stage ribbing from Eddy, Van Dyke tells her, "Don't worry, Kid, I'll see that you get something good to eat in your next picture."

Van Dyke has the reputation, deservedly, of being the best man in Hollywood for handling locations. If you ask people on the set why this is so, they will tell you, "Van is tough. He knows how to handle men." They say this as if the qualities were synonymous.

Nelson, Jeanette and Star-Tamer Van Dyke take time out for lunch (right). Below, Bob Ritchie brought Jeanette this friendly thoroughbred Bedlington terrier as a souvenir of his trip to England.

Van Dyke may be tough in his ability to assimilate hardships, which he has done all his life. But he is not tough in handling people. He's just the opposite. He does it all—seeing that people are fed, taking care of the thousands of details, getting the location, cooling off the flares of temperament—with a friendliness that is almost gentle.

Van Dyke's fame is comparatively recent, his greatest success coming with that wisest of comedies, "The Thin Man." A rugged, gray-haired, handsome Dutchman with light blue eyes and an easy smile, Van Dyke persists in being more colorful than any player he has directed.

Born just a ham's throw from the theater and of theatric parents, he spent his early childhood playing boys and girls on the stage. When he grew up he became his mother's leading man for a season. When there were no parts he took to lumberjacking, oil-digging and anything he could get. He first came to Hollywood as an extra, then got a job as assistant director to the florid C. B. DeMille, of whom he is the exact antithesis in both directorial technique and personality.

For instance, Van Dyke is the only director who still uses the "silent" technique even in these times. He talks to his players all the time the camera is shooting. Later, his voice is dubbed out. He shoots so rapidly that even the most rampant actor cannot overact. Being in a Van Dyke film does not necessarily mean that the actor will give a great performance, but it is a guarantee that he won't give a hammy one.

Van Dyke's first pictures were the Tim McCoy westerns, generally photographed in Utah and Wyoming. Seeing that it had a man who could master the intricacies of off-the-lot picture making, M-G-M assigned him to the arduous task of going to disease ridden Africa to film "Trader Horn." That picture established Van Dyke as the best director of his vagabond type.

After making a film in the South Seas and "Eskimo" in Alaska, Van Dyke found himself home with nothing to do. The studio, still feeling that he was just a tough guy for outdoor adventure things, finally risked giving him sound-stage assignments. "The Prize Fighter and The Lady" and "The Thin Man" were the happy results. Then M-G-M gave him "Naughty Marietta" to direct, one of the most popular musicals of the past year.

Now, a combination outdoor and musical is being attempted in "Rose Marie." Added to the usual difficulties of all such undertakings, there will be songs recorded in the natural settings. For one number, the *Echo Song,* which Nelson and Jeanette sing in duet, it was necessary to pack an organ by burro up a steep incline to the top of Cascade Falls. So severe is the trail, that only the most sure-footed of animals can make it.

These are the spectacular perils of location. As the time when Julie Laird, one of the contract girls, slipped and started to fall to her death when she was grabbed by Bill Steinkamp, the soundman, who dislocated his knee saving her.

The real problem, though, is keeping ninety dancing girls, fifteen cast members, ninety of the working crew and six hundred Indians all alive, working and happy.

The dancing girls, to the wide-eyed delight of the CCC boys camped near the set, are to do an Indian ceremonial routine called the Autumn Corn Dance. The Indians, a bit bewildered by it all and ill at ease in the traditional costumes, are to be the background. The dance, a prayer for more corn, or thanks for this year's crop—no one

(*Continued on page* 70)

Another of the Indian dancers in full regalia for a scene, silhouetted against the lake and sky.

MEET SARAH ROSE MARY (PATSY) KELLY

At last—the cockeyed truth about one of the grandest gals in Hollywood and how she got that way!

By NANCY HARRISON

WELL, we gotta admit the automobile did finally replace the horse. Even in cocktail rooms side-cars took the place of horse's necks. But when it came to Patsy Kelly replacing ZaSu Pitts in those outlandish Thelma Todd-ZaSu Pitts comedies, Hollywood wouldn't believe it. It can't be done, Hollywood cried. No use. Send the girl back to Broadway and let Thelma run her restaurant in peace and quiet for no one can step into ZaSu's shoes and get away with it. Besides no one can wave her hands like ZaSu.

"Maybe I can wave my ears?" Patsy suggested.

"You just wave 'bye bye,'" Hollywood suggested, "and forget it."

"That's gratitude for you," Patsy said and stepped into the part.

From then on the riot was on. Funny-faced Kelly simply ploughed them under like so much cotton. Todd tells me that even though she was miffed at Kelly for daring to take ZaSu's place, she had to take time out between shots and laugh at the fool. She was that funny.

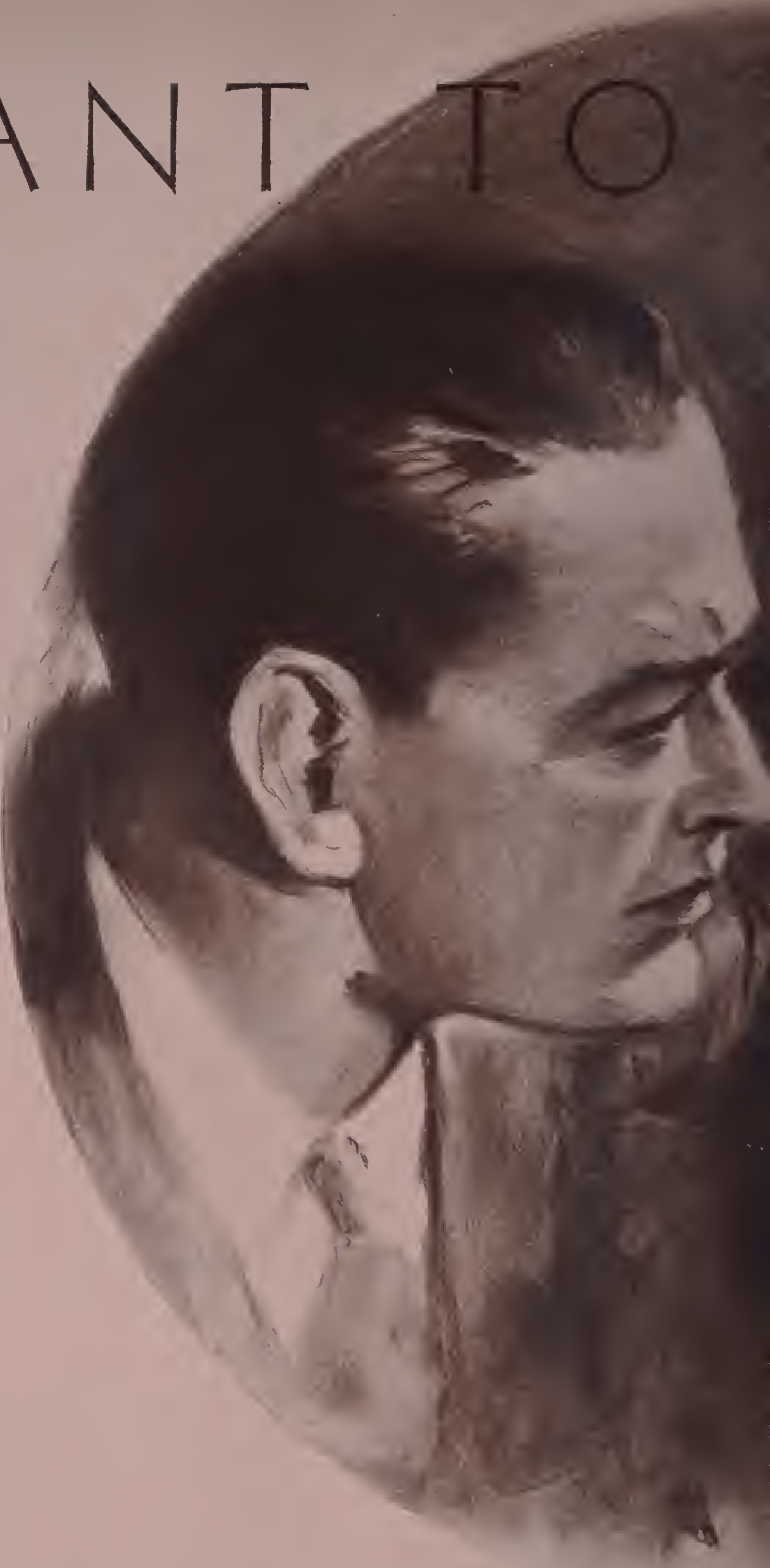
For one thing, she took everything literally. A fall that should have been slightly faked and been just as funny, was gone into with all the sincerity of a man about to leap out of a ten-story building for the express purpose of neck-breaking. For instance, when the director told her to step lightly on a pair of roller skates planted on the set and come down lightly on her—I mean just come down easily—she let go with all her might and part of her main and came down with a thud that shook the Brooklyn Bridge. At the end of her first day's work in Hollywood, they carried her gently to her car while someone held the smelling salts and an impromptu quartette from the prop room sang "Stars Fell on Alabama."

"Where, oh where, are these Hollywood stand-ins?" Patsy would moan. And the worst of it is, she has never learned. At the end of every day's shooting Patsy limps, wounded and maimed, to her car while Toddy, who has gone through the same routine, trips off somewhere to a dance, not a bruise to her name.

Of course, bumps to Patsy are an old story. As a kid, after she'd been knocked edgeways by every truck in Brooklyn and run down by practically every taxi in town, the Kellys decided the only thing to (*Continued on page* 68)

Other comedians may fake their falls, but not Patsy! She puts her whole heart and soul (and a little bit more) into scenes like this in her comedies with Thelma Todd.

I WANT TO



Desperately seeking a moment's paradise in the love so long denied her, Judy faces new and dramatic complications in her Hollywood life

THROUGH the golden August afternoon we drove. Happily, intimately, we talked. Ours was a case of falling in love and then getting acquainted. Dick told me all he read into my letters, and I realized how my heart had crept between the lines.

We avoided the future—there was no future, only a brief present—but we could rediscover the past.

Traffic grew less and less as we reached the desert. There was a tang of sage in the air. A huge white moon came up, changing the tall cacti to sentries and horsemen and signposts. It was all weird and fascinating. And *I was in love*. My man was beside me and he loved me, whatever the world saw.

The road skirted the mountain base, and around a sudden turn we came upon an inn. A low, rambling place in the Monterey style, with outside stairs and an upper verandah. Lamps gleamed in the lobby and lounge, a radio played in the dining room.

Panic overtook me as Dick registered. What was he writing in that book? Could the clerk tell, at a glance, that I wasn't married?

Dick must have read the sudden fear in my eyes.

"I'm famished," he said. "Shall we have dinner and walk around a bit before we go to our rooms, dear?"

"I'd like it," I said gratefully. Our room . . . for a brief snatch of happiness. I did love him, I wanted to be with him, but my heart ached with thoughts of what might have been.

We thought we were the only guests as we entered the dining room. Dick held my cold hand in his and suggested a balcony table. Then from a far corner a hand heavy with bracelets waved in the air and a raucous voice greeted me.

"Judy Pine!"

I jerked about abruptly at the sound of the voice, and saw Chris Baker, Victor Munson's assistant director, coming in the door. With him was Elida Crane and half a dozen others, all of whom I knew, and all of whom had been at Sonya's party.

"Why, Chris, imagine seeing you here!"

Dick's fingers dug into my arm.

"Dr. Carr, Mr. Baker," my throat was so dry the words thumped out.

"Where's Bert?" someone asked.

"At Arrowhead," I explained. "Dr. Carr is an old friend of mine from the East. He is sailing for home tomorrow. We came out for . . . dinner."

"You and Doc must join us. This is a birthday party for Elida. We called you and Bert and Sonya."

Sonya! I had forgotten about her invitation. I had forgotten everything.

"Do stay," Elida Crane was urging.

Elida Crane, Sonya's good friend; Chris Baker, intimate friend of Bert and Victor's assistant. We couldn't go up those stairs now. A party that went on and on, with much laughter and high spirits. It was two o'clock when we left—and we left with the others.

Teresa Lane and her man had quarrelled, so she rode in the car with us. I was glad to have her. It spared the necessity of words.

At six the whole crowd was eating onion soup in a French restaurant in downtown Los Angeles. Dick was down the table from me, between Teresa and Elida. We parted there. He had the drive out to Sierra Madre and he was sailing that day. It was eight miles to Hollywood. Chris could

BE A STAR!

Somehow we lost them all and were standing, just we two, in his lovely apartment. "Judy, have you any idea how much I've thought about you?" Bert asked.

By DORA MACY

Illustrated by Stephen Grout

drop me at the bungalow, saving Dick the extra mileage.

I mumbled goodbye to Dick in the midst of a crowd. Not even a kiss! Our eyes didn't meet. We had both drunk too much. His hand was cold and I shivered. As Chris handed me into his car, my eyes followed Dick. He looked taller, in the early morning light, older. He waved a hand in salute as he started the little car. The next moment he was gone. And I felt something go dead inside of me.

That was the end of our flight to happiness.

Rene opened the door for me. She had heard the car stop. "I thought you were going to Camp Baldy," I said.

"How could I," she demanded, closing the door, "with everybody in Hollywood hunting for you? Where did you go? Sonya, Bert, Victor, not to mention me, searching for you everywhere."

"I'm sorry," I said wearily. "I was down near Riverside . . . with Dick."

I went into the bedroom and began pulling off my clothes. My body was one weary ache. I slept all through that day and night. The next morning I told Rene the story.

"I'll never hear from him again, Rene," I said when I told her of his going away.

"Maybe it's just as well," she said quietly. "After all, you have Bert, and he is grand to you, Judy."

"He's married," I objected.

"So is Dick, and a lot more married. I don't count wives not on the premises. After all, a wife in England that he hasn't seen nor lived with for years won't cramp your style much."

Rene resented Dick, the attitude his family took toward me—Judy Pine from across the tracks. They were all against Dick, strangely enough, because of me. And all cheering for Bert.

That same evening our old foursome sat in the patio at Sonya's after dinner. Victor's great bulk, in white linen, stretched out on a willow chaise lounge; Bert, Sonya and myself.

"I read the grandest script today," Victor said musingly. "Elida Crane is going in the lead, but the role really calls for a girl like Barbara Bell without so much Hollywood sophistication."

"It sounds like a role for Judy," Sonya suggested.

"Yes, it would have been a role for you, Judy, if we'd found you before we discovered Bell."

I knew what he meant. I was checkmated. Bell's contract had several years to run, so, with luck, I was assured of a job for three years. But it was merely a job, not a career.

"Speaking of roles," Victor went on, "there's a juvenile bit in there that would fit your brother to the ground."

"My brother?" I started. "Jack?"

"Sure. What do you hear from him?"

"I haven't had a letter lately. It takes a couple of months to get mail through from the expedition, but he seems to be making out all right. Dr. Landreau has used him in the pictures they're taking of some of the polar region. He's working too hard to get into mischief."

"I hope it will knock all the excess deviltry out of him," Victor said thoughtfully. "Of course, the camera does queer things, but he looks like a natural to me. So you see, Judy, I was saving him for myself as well as for you. Don't think I've forgotten him, even if we did ship him away for a couple of years." (*Continued on page* 65)

Beauty in the Evening

By Gloria Mack

MAKE IT A HAPPY NEW YEAR FOR YOURSELF

Don't go on being disturbed about flaws in your complexion, or a figure that doesn't suit you, or any of the many things that can keep you from looking your best! Write to me about it. And you'll want to know about that special water-softener, and the secret that helps stars look so beautiful in evening clothes. Or perhaps it's a new coiffure you'd like. Whatever your beauty problem is, use this personal, confidential service to help you solve it.

Address: GLORIA MACK, c/o Movie Mirror
7751 Sunset Blvd. Hollywood, Cal.

No charge at all, but I do appreciate your sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you write.

Here's how Ginger Rogers dresses in private life—and she tells you here how she achieves this fascinating effect.

THE holiday season! Vacations beginning, Christmas and New Year's parties to look forward to. Are you planning a perfectly devastating ensemble for that important dinner party or big ball? You are going to look your best, of course, for its going to be an utterly happy evening. Or is it?

Do you have, disturbing the pleasure of anticipating a good time, a tiny little doubt about yourself? Have you sometimes felt, when you finally arrived at a party, that you didn't really look your best? Were you self-conscious and a little awkward in your new dress? Were there others there whose charming sophistication you had to envy?

So many girls, especially those in their teens, have this experience, and so many have written me about it, that I felt we ought to have an entire article on just how to be your prettiest in evening clothes.

With this idea in mind, I went to see Ginger Rogers. Now I sometimes think it is a little unfair to try to take motion picture stars as examples for ourselves. After all, they *do* have advantages most of us can't possibly command. But in Ginger's recent pictures she has worn her evening clothes so beautifully I thought she might have something to say that would help us. She did! She gave me several ideas, really practical ones, that I'm glad to pass on to you.

I began by asking her whether she felt her screen work had helped her with her personal make-up.

"Yes," she said. "Having to put on and take off make-up so much has taught me skill in applying it though, after all, I could have learned that if I'd never been on the screen. It's certainly something every girl ought to learn, though lots of them never take the time to."

"But don't you have help with your screen make-up?" I asked. I was surprised, and I am sure you are, because most of us think of movie stars sitting back luxuriously while experts work over them.

Ginger shook her head. "No I didn't, ever! I just experimented and experimented until I found what was right for me. After all, if you want a thing done the way you want it, do it yourself. Of course, I watched others and tried to learn all I could, but the actual work I did myself, and still do."

You don't have to be a movie star to apply *that* intelligent advice. You can follow Ginger's example: experiment for yourself and keep at it, until you have found the right things and acquired skill in using them.

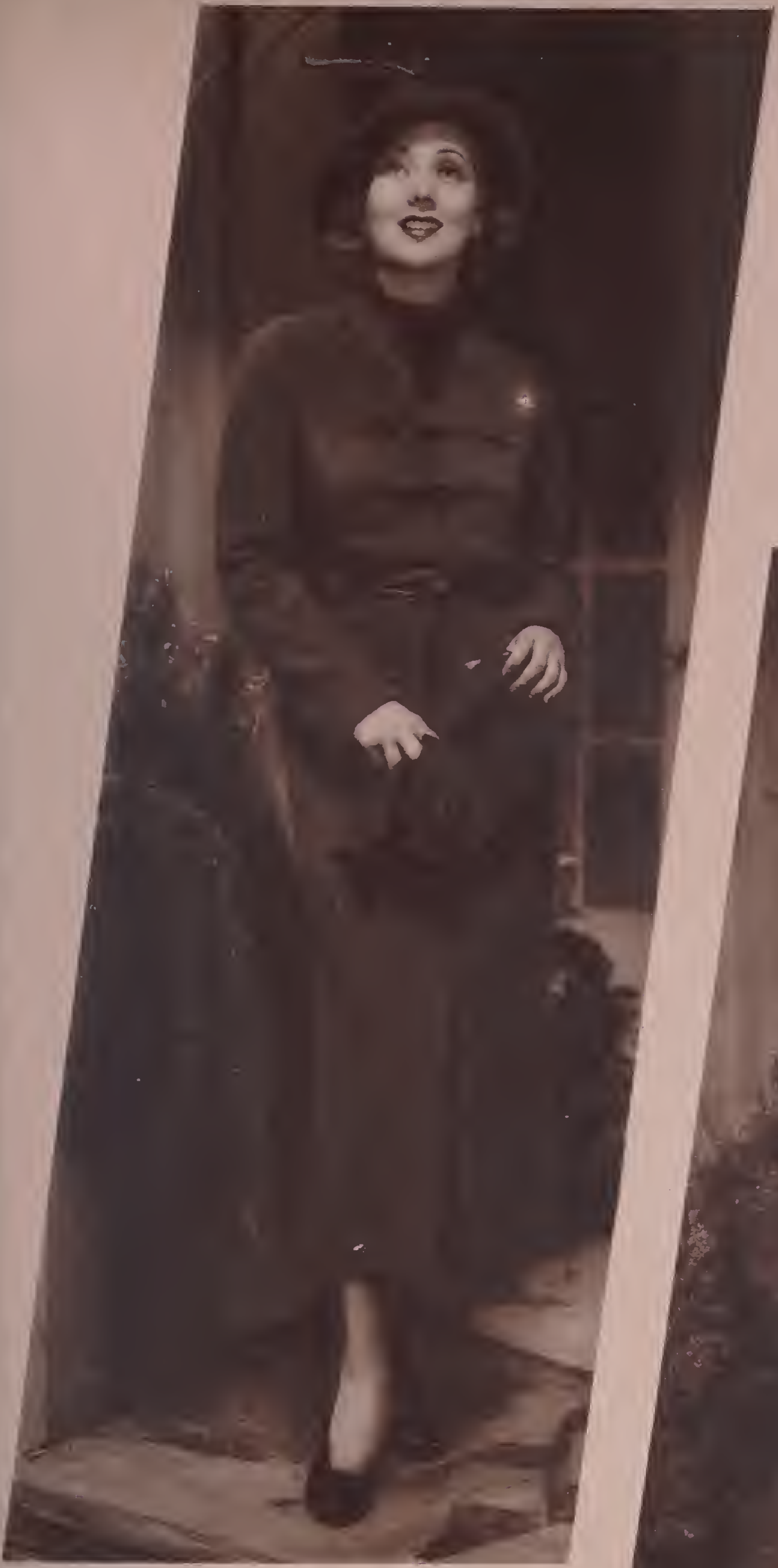
"Just what do you use for personal evening make-up?" I asked Ginger.

"Well, lip-stick of course, and the same cream for my cheeks; a little brown eye-shadow at the corner of the upper lids to make my eyes look bigger; a touch of mascara, eyebrow pencil—that's all."

"Powder?" I prompted.

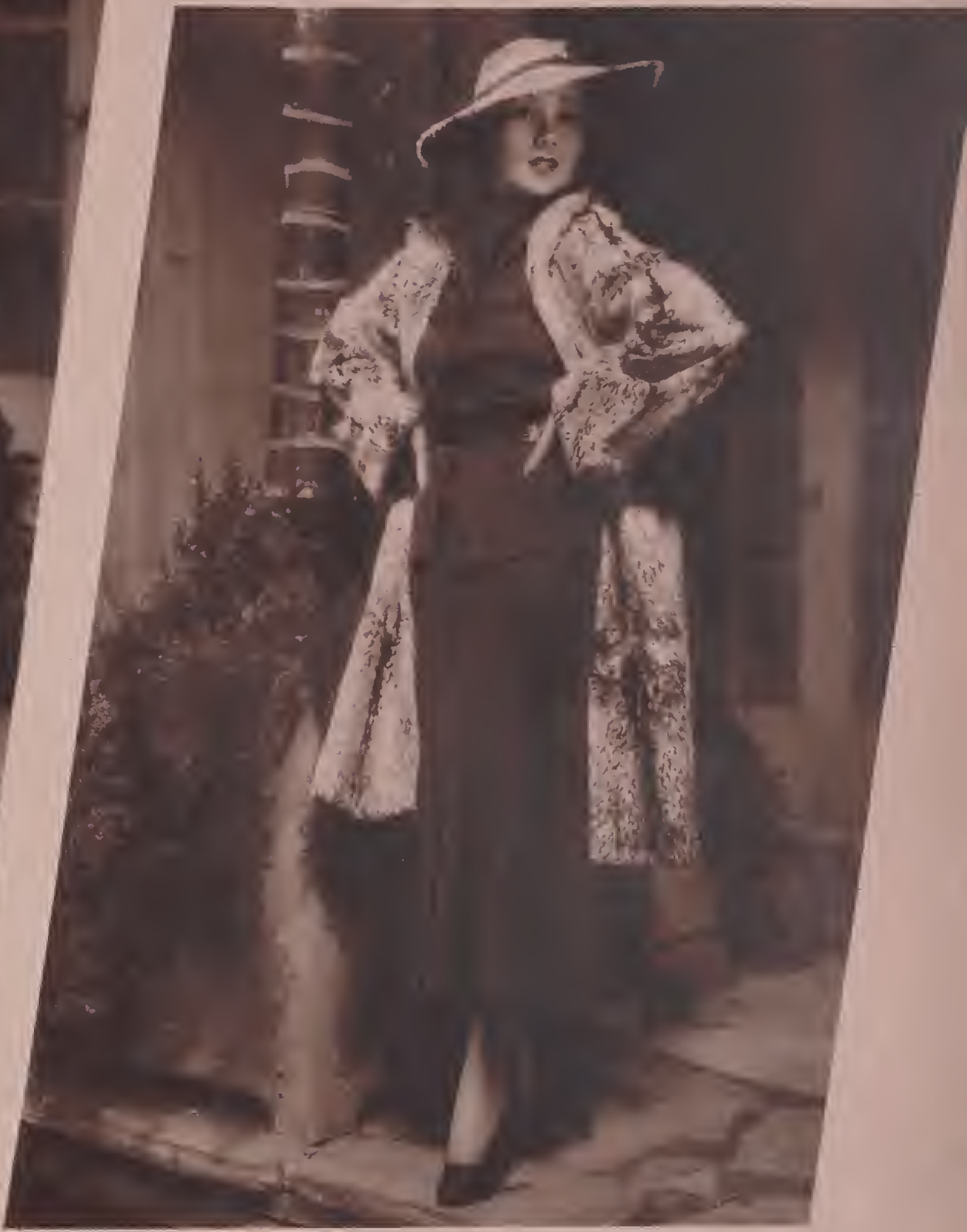
She shook her head. "Not very much." Then, a little defiantly: "You see, I've got freckles, and I'm crazy about them. I like them on myself, and I adore the freckles that Janet Gaynor and Myrna Loy have. I don't want to cover mine up!"

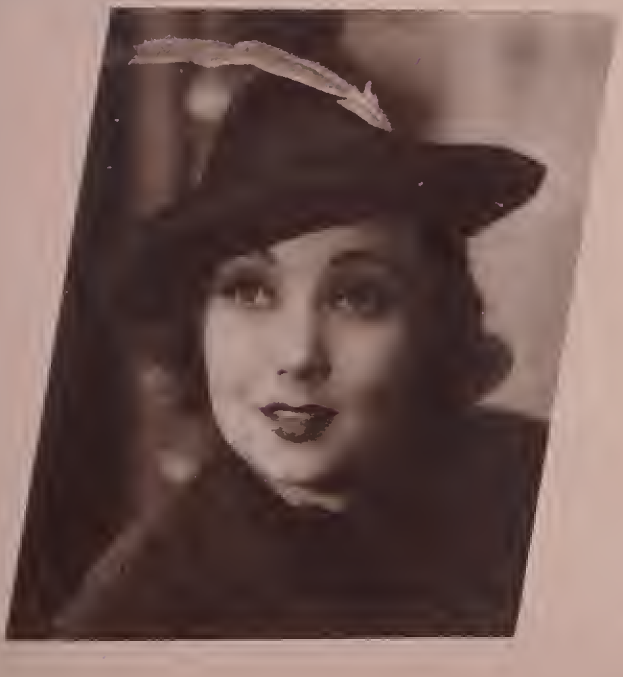
(*Continued on page* 96)



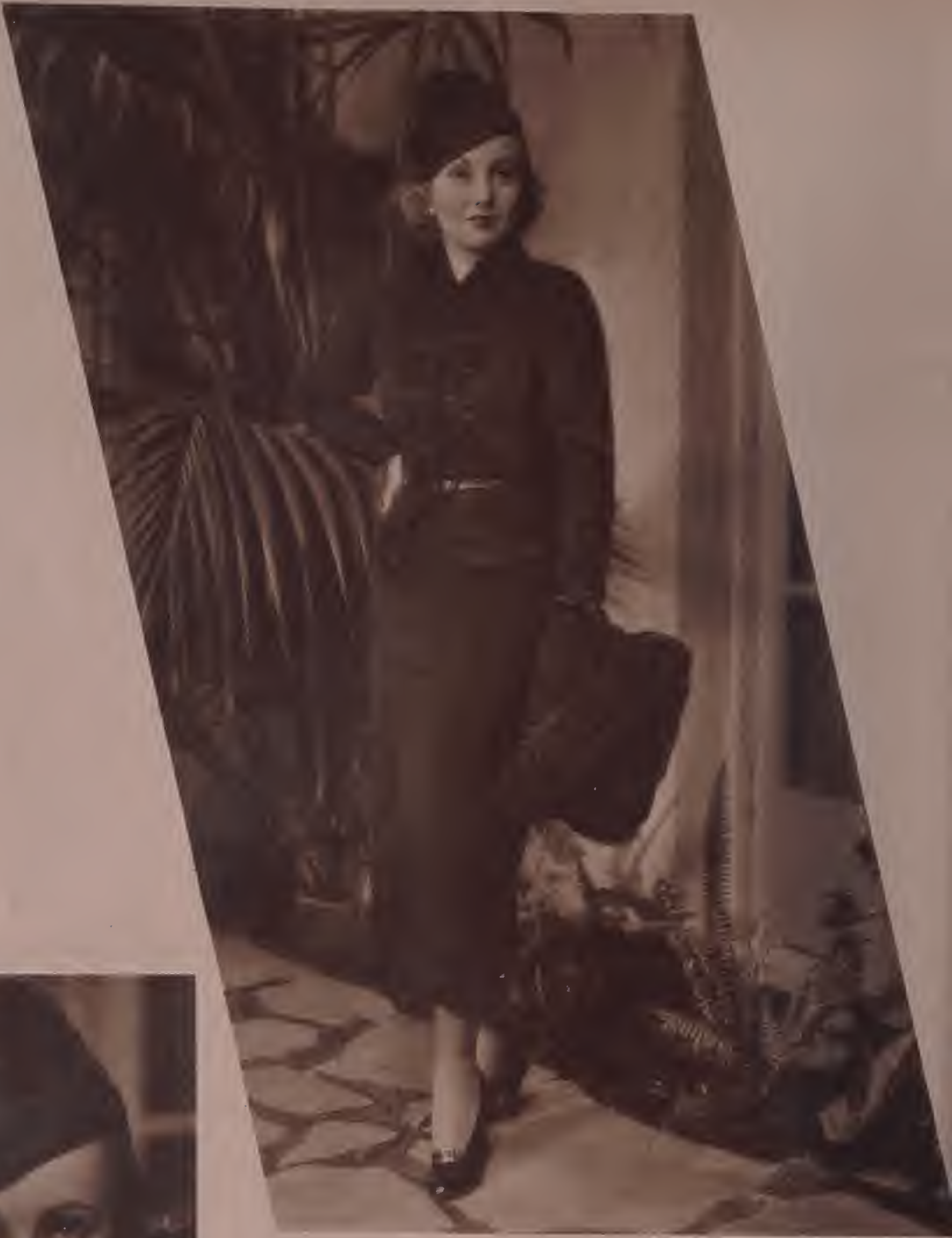
Star Fashions

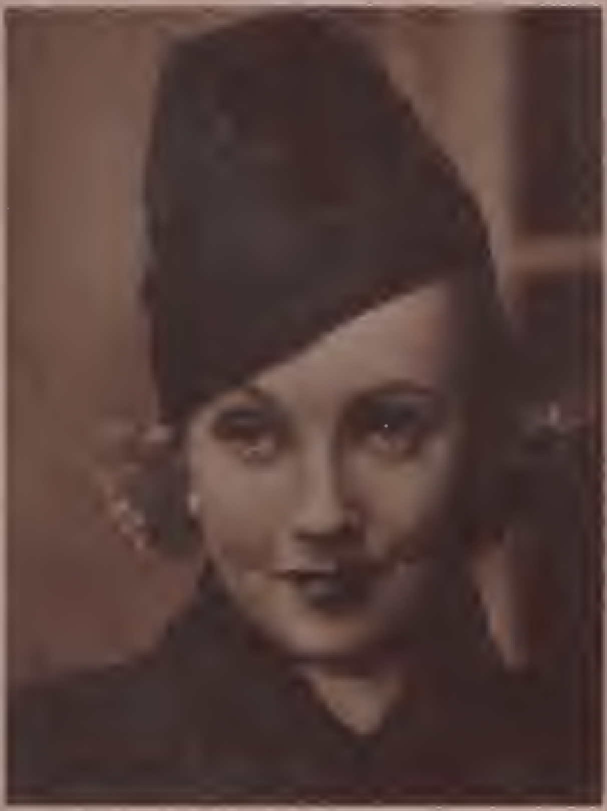
By GWENN WALTERS



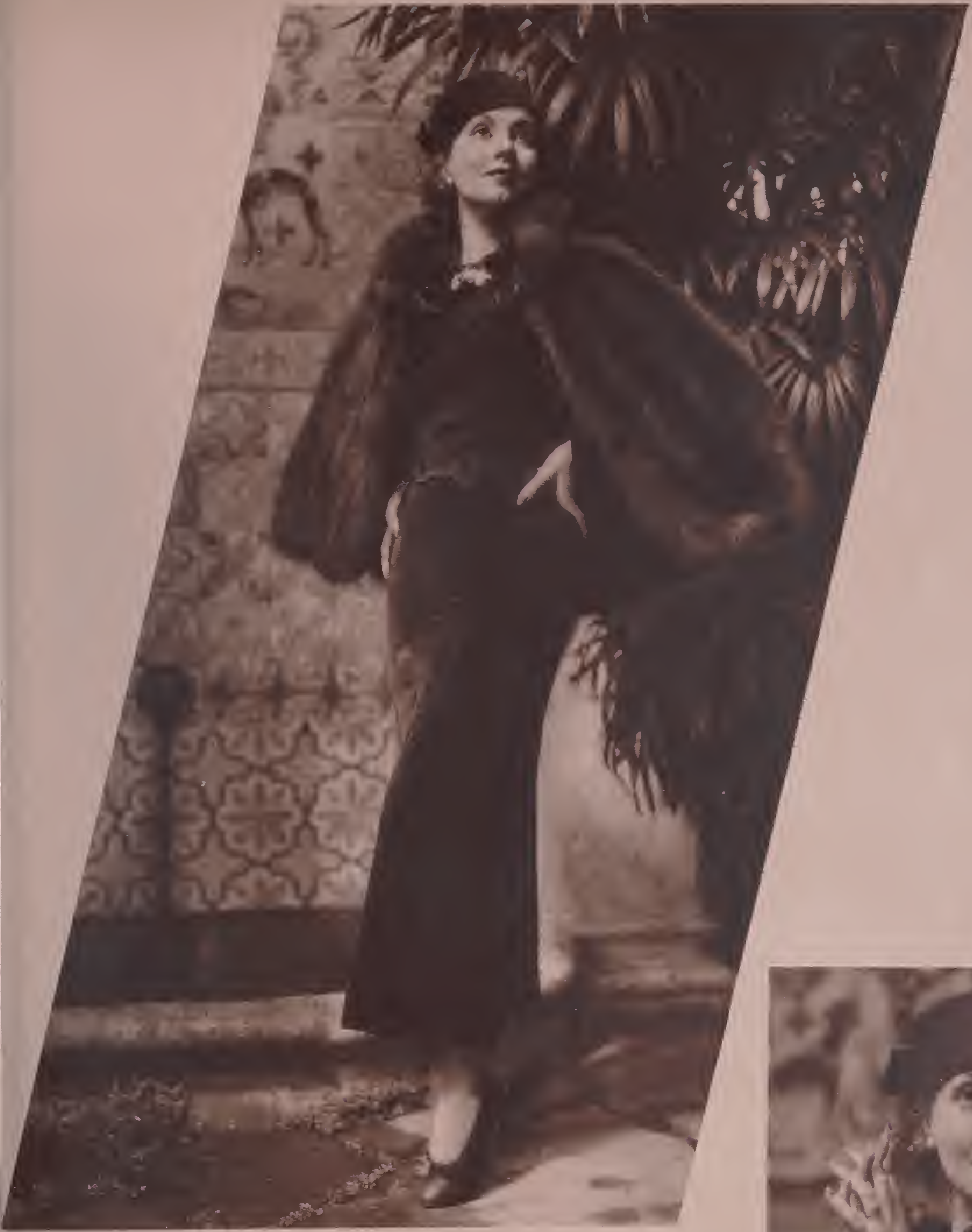


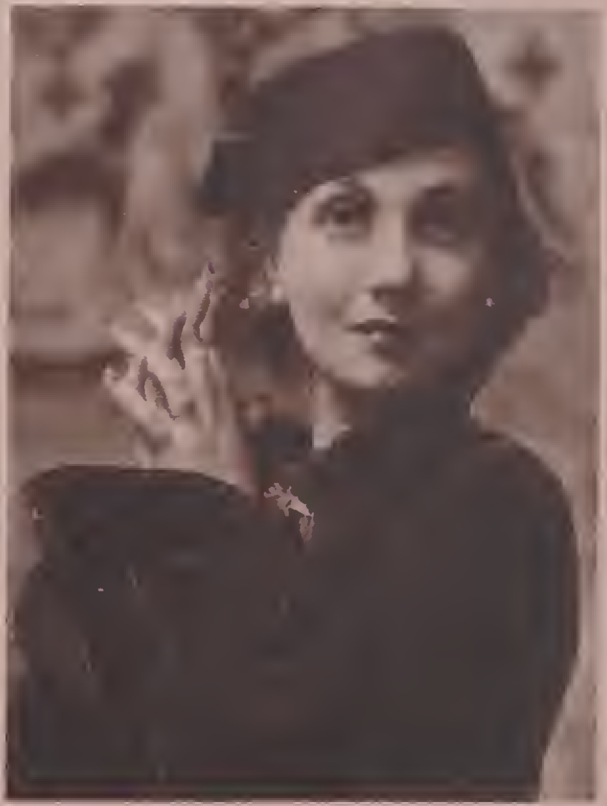
Happy New Year and a stylish one! A glimpse into Ann Sothern's new wardrobe will surely give you a desire to cast off your old clothes for new. Here you see Ann in a bright green wool sport frock with a jacket top fastened by fabric frogs. With this she wears a brown scarf and belt and a coat of grey pony which has a large matching hat faced with sheer brown wool. With the frock alone, Ann wears the smartly impudent brown felt hat at left, with its stand-up quill.



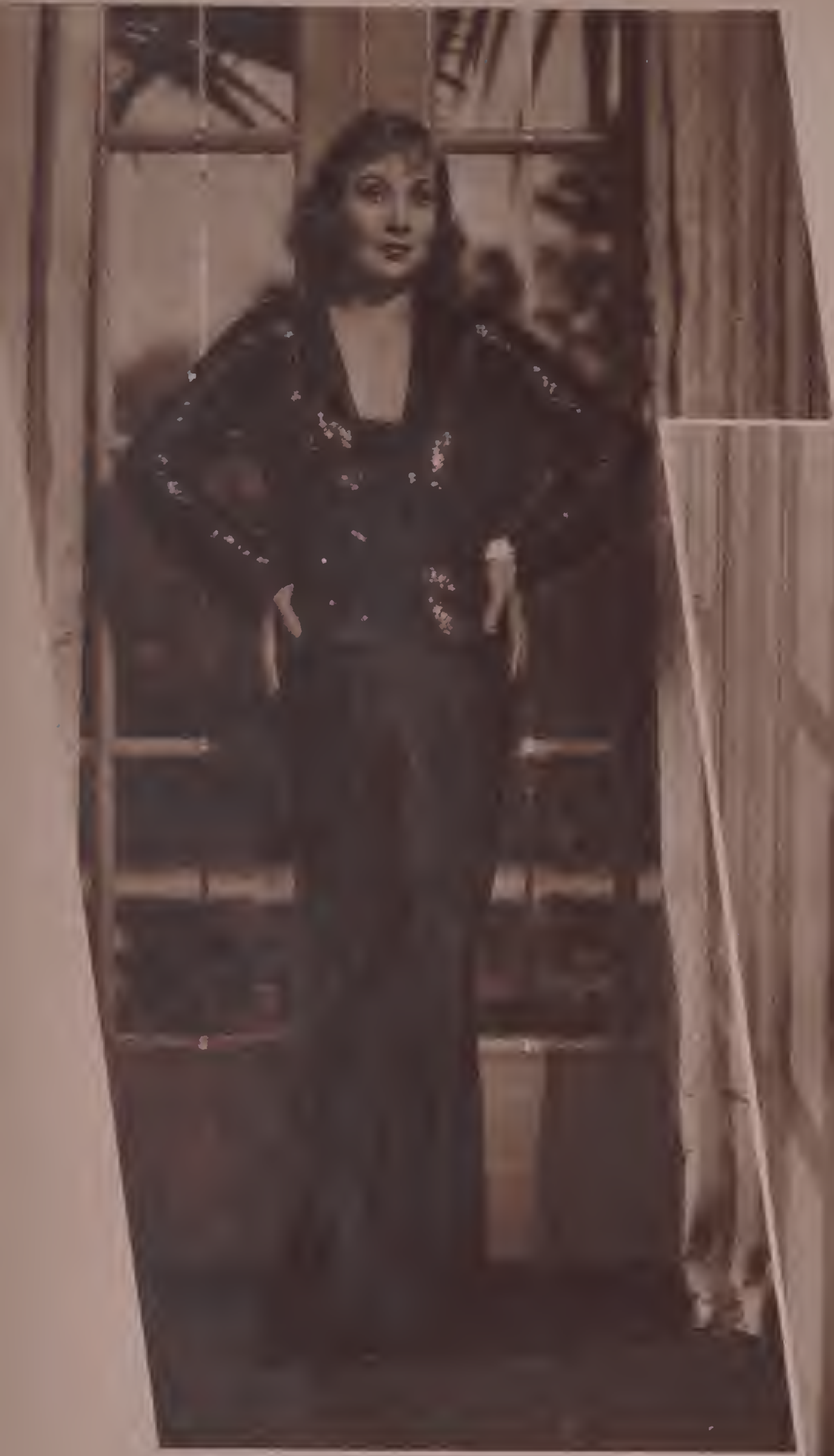


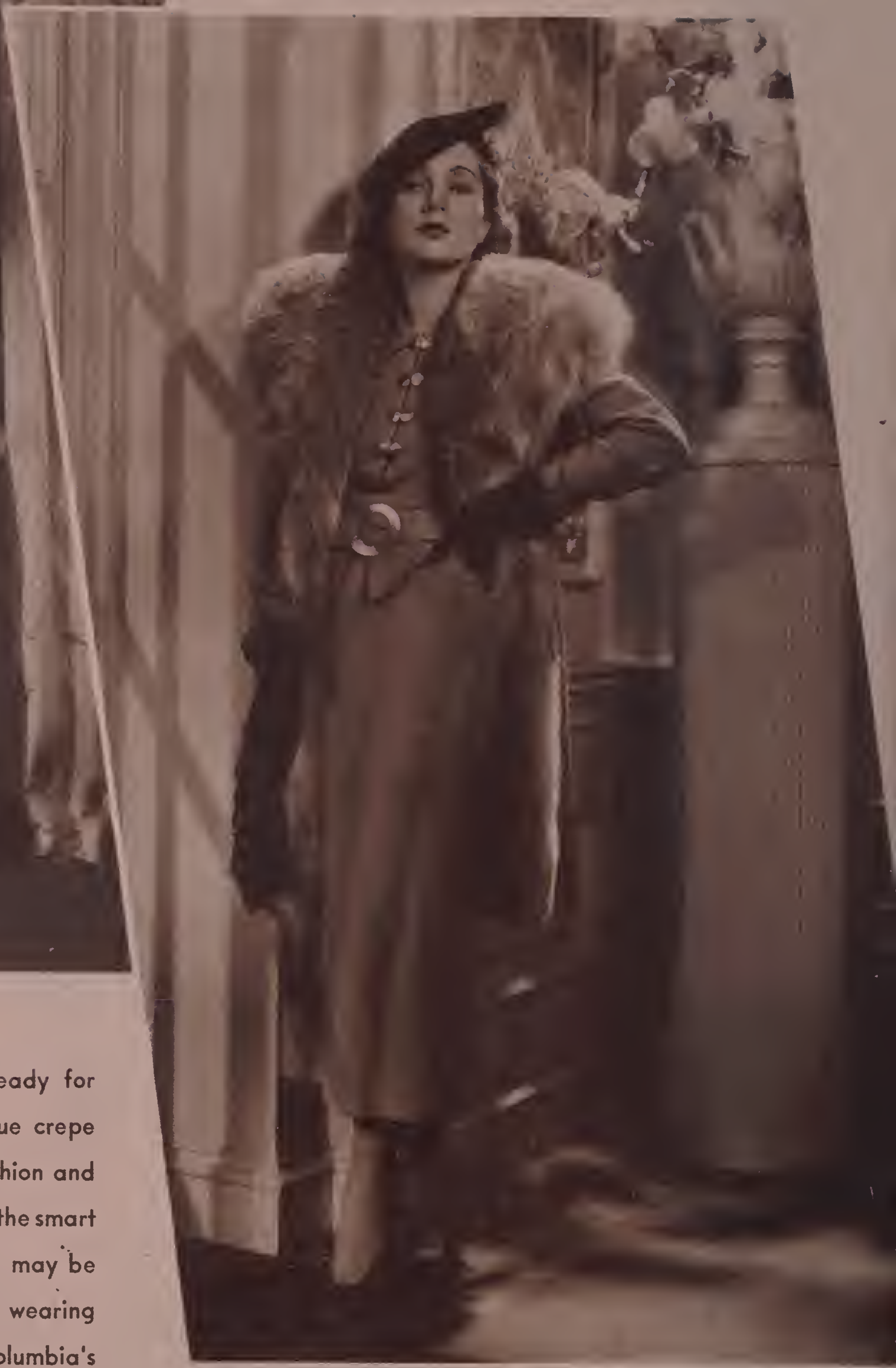
The Mediterranean trends of the coming styles are well represented in this street suit of Ann's, for which she selected black wool and Persian lamb, the season's smartest combination. The jacket boasts a tiny double peplum (grand if you have small hips), intricately-patterned frog fastenings, a perky collar of Persian lamb—which fur also trims her Corsican turban and large purse-muff—and a finger-width belt of black kid, matching her gloves and shoes. Just note the trick drape of the wool band on her turban, in the close-up!





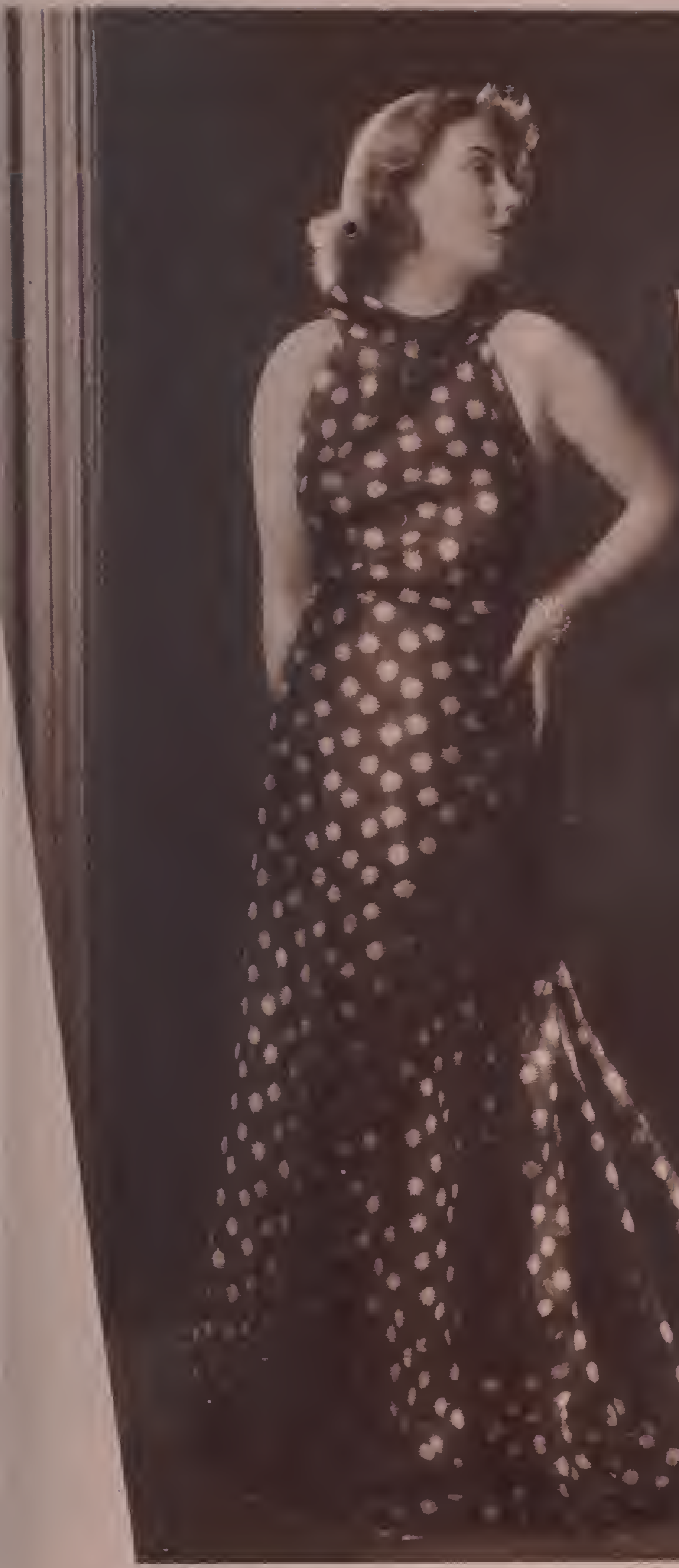
Important! That's a mild way of describing Ann's new afternoon costume of sable and green velvet. The clever detail of the frock is worth careful study in both views, with and without the cape. The fullness of the blouse, held in just above the bust by rows of shirring, is released again at the neck to form a soft front collar held in place by a large pin of old gold. The full sleeves are also held in at the wrists by shirring. Her little hat borrows from the Turkish fez in style and is trimmed with a felt bow and a mesh veil.

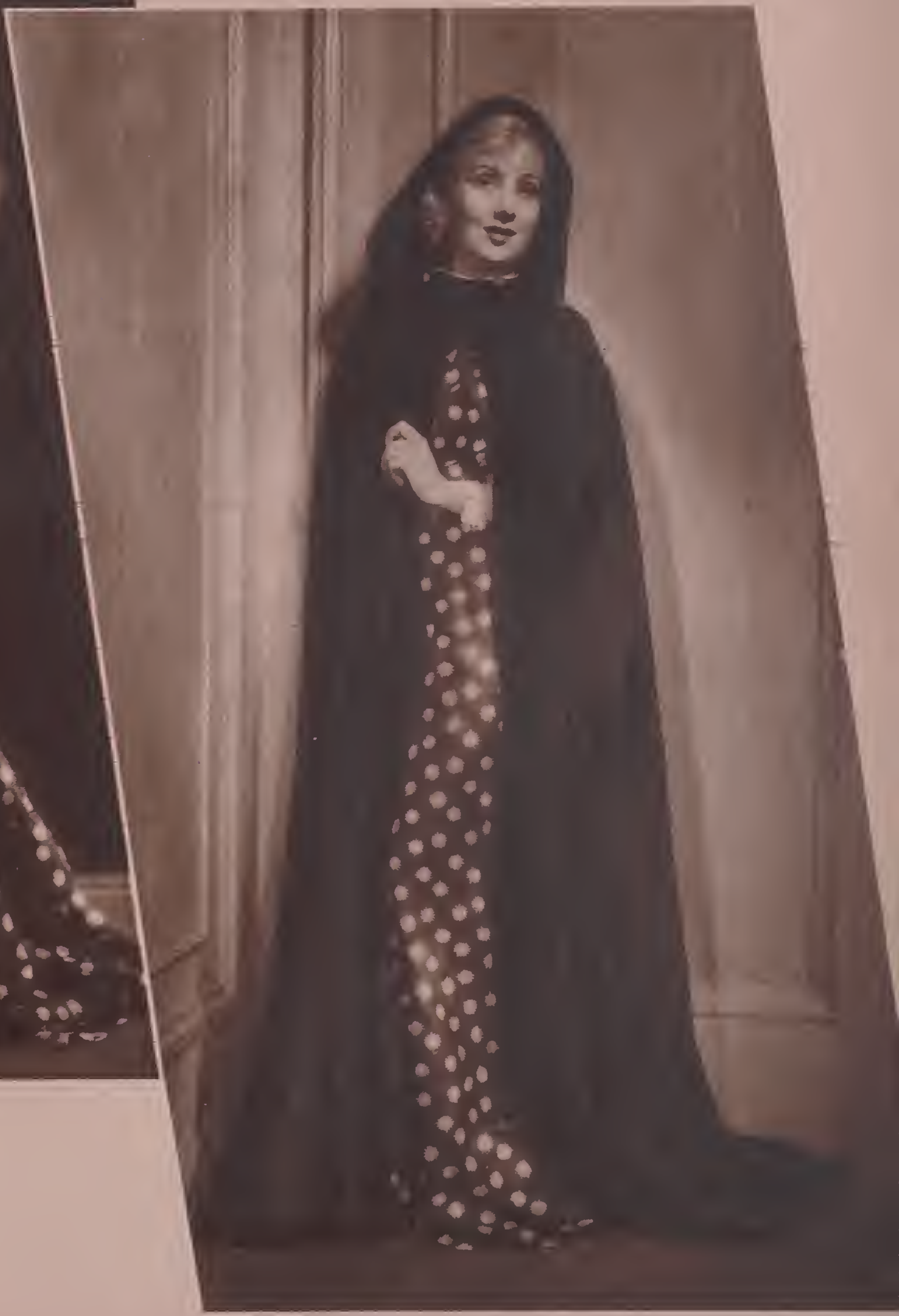




The stroke of eight finds Ann radiantly ready for the smartest dinner, in a gown of navy blue crepe romaine. The skirt is draped in Grecian fashion and banded with the navy sequins which fashion the smart dinner coat. Without the jacket, this gown may be worn on formal occasions. You'll see Ann wearing the ensemble of beige wool at right in Columbia's "Grand Exit." Lavish bands of natural lynx trim the three-quarter length coat with its swagger silhouette. The frock has vest points jutting from under a wide belt, and matching linked buttons and buckle of burnished gold. Her jaunty tam is of brown velvet.

Ann is assured of a brilliant evening whenever she dons this gown of stiff taffeta with its gleaming silver stars on a field of black. The soft cowl of the front neckline fastens at the nape of the neck to form a collar and the gown flares widely at the back. Over this luxurious frock Ann wears a long, flowing cape of black velvet—and a hooded one at that, to catch wayward curls in the evening breeze. Just another example of this season's Mediterranean influences! If you'd like advice on your own new wardrobe, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Gwenn Walters, MOVIE MIRROR, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood.





WHY Bing Crosby's Wif Went Back to Work

By
SHEILA WORTH

Little more than a year ago, Dixie was happy at home with Gary Evans Crosby (below), but not long after the twins were born she returned to the screen in "Redheads on Parade" for Fox Films (right).

"She already has everything!" they said in Hollywood, but Dixie Lee wanted something more

The whole Crosby family, twins and all—Phillip with Bing, Dennis with Dixie, and Gary in the center.

ONE morning last March the Bing Crosby household was in an uproar.

Upstairs in the nursery pandemonium reigned. The twins stolidly refused their cereal, and two-year-old Gary Evans added his bit to the chaos with a series of ear-splitting howls. A distracted nurse tried to explain to the truculent trio that "muvver" would see them later, that she was too busy at the studio for her usual morning visit, but the sullenness and the howls continued undiminished.

Downstairs in the dining-room the master of the house found his first plate of bacon and eggs underdone, the second serving overdone and when the cook's third attempt was placed before him, decided summarily that he wasn't hungry, anyway. There was something about an empty chair across the table that suddenly made the room and the food intolerable to Bing.

Later in the kitchen the distracted nurse and the befuddled cook looked at each other across the twins' untouched cereal and the master's three plates of bacon and eggs, and a cautious whispering ensued.

The cook said:

"Now, I'm askin' you, why must the missus go get herself in pictures? Ain't one picture job in this family enough, and ain't she got it soft here at home?

"Why, this mornin' she was up at six o'clock, and left without a bite of breakfast. Said she didn't want to be late her first day on the set. And what's more, the mister and the kids never act up this way when she's at home where she belongs."

The nurse said:

"I suppose in time Mr. Crosby and the children will get used to her absence during the day. But what I want to know is why any woman, with a famous husband who provides her with everything, suddenly finds it necessary to return to the grind of picture making, to work all day like a stevedore, and for what?"

And the cook said:

"It beats me."

And strangely enough, on that same March morning all of Hollywood was repeating the Crosby cook's very words.

"It beats me," voices murmured across tables at the Vendome and the Brown Derby, "why Dixie Lee Crosby wants to get back into it all again. She's been out of it four years, since her marriage. Surely she knows what stiff climbing it takes to get back. It must be just another case of boredom."

"It beats me," studio stenographers sighed to assistant directors on chilly sets, "why any girl who knows this business as well as Dixie Lee Crosby is lured back into the fold by the tinsel promise of fame. It must be fame she wants. She has everything else."

And in a cramped little dressing-room on the RKO lot, Dixie Lee (she does not use the name Crosby on the screen) looked searchingly into her mirror at a pair of newly penciled eyebrows and said:

"It beats me the way I had forgotten how much fun it is to put on makeup at seven o'clock in the morning."

Five months later, when she had completed two pictures, "Red Heads on Parade" and "Love in Bloom," Dixie told me the whole amazing story that lies behind her mystifying return to the picture grind.

"I'm not chasing fame or eluding boredom" she said. "I went back to work because I was afraid that some day I would become a typical successful man's wife. You know the type—mousey, colorless, lacking an atom of personality and resigned to a vague sort of place in the background of things."

Now this story really begins back in the second year of Dixie's marriage, when she was very certain that she was finished forever with a personal life that did not include Bing and their home.

She told me that one day shortly before Gary Evans was born she spent an entire morning sorting and wrapping a stack of old photographs and press clippings, her only souvenirs from three successful years on the screen. When the last knot was tied securely, she called the house-boy and told him to put the box in some unused corner of the garage because she was very sure she would never have occasion to open it again.

But when she saw the cumbersome box disappearing across the garden, she stared after it ruefully. There were so many months of heartbreak, and joy and work and dreams buried beneath that neatly tied brown wrapping paper.

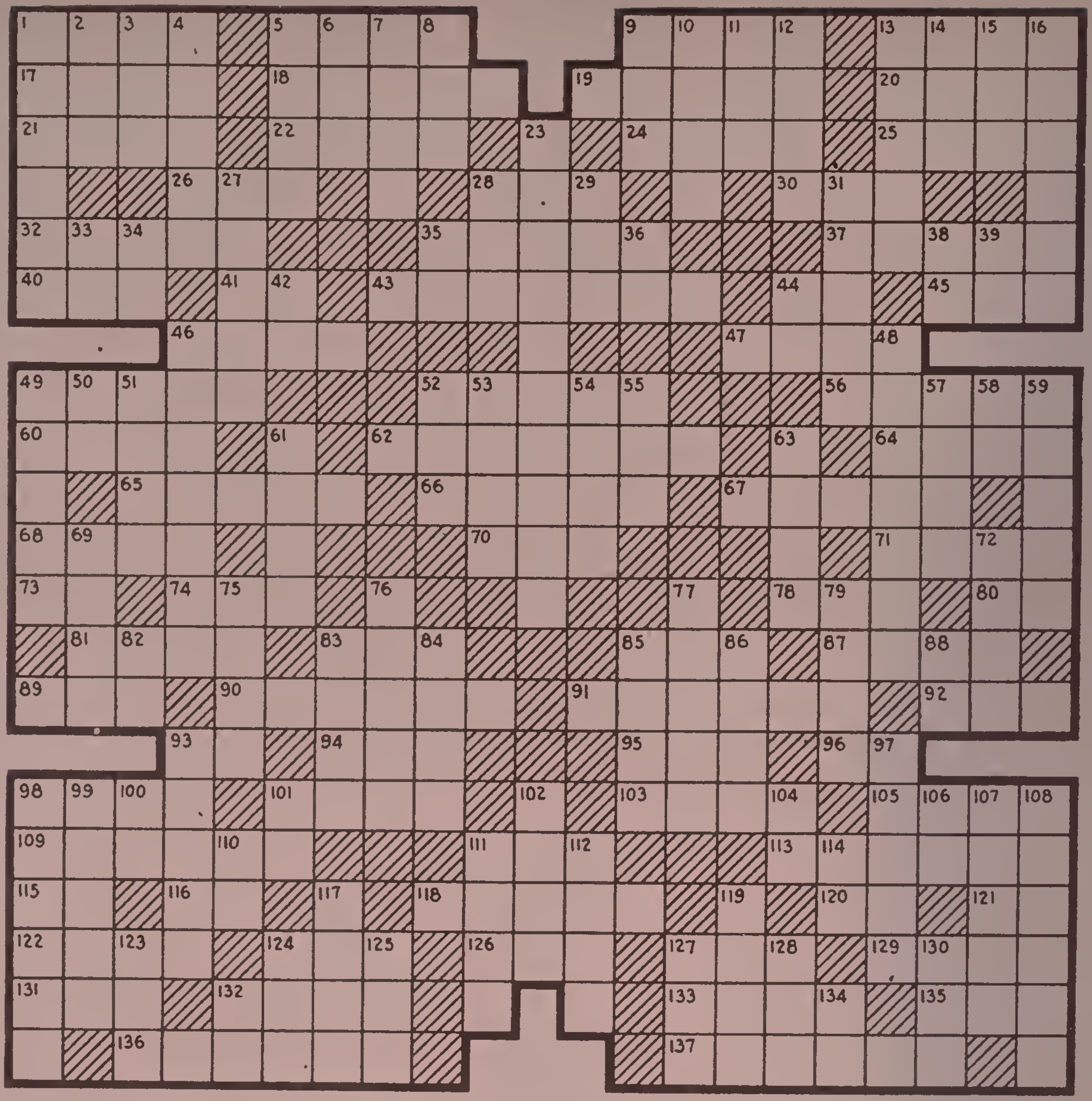
"But there was little time for regrets or memories during the first three years of our marriage," Dixie recalled. "My job at home was very important then. Bing was working like a madman, at that time, trying to wrest recognition and success from two big jobs at once, radio and pictures.

"He needed me at home when he returned at night, always tired and often discouraged. He needed me waiting for his rare hours of leisure when he required a companion to take his mind off the burden of those two depleting jobs.

"And then, Bing wanted a (*Continued on page 72*)

MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

MOVIE MIRROR awards $20 for the best original puzzle submitted in October to J. R. Peralta, 1762 Oroquieta, Santa Cruz, Manila, P. I. Why not try your luck? You may win the same amount. You must create a new and original puzzle. No trick words, no phoney definitions, please. We cannot return puzzles. No award is paid for solutions of published puzzles. Address Puzzle Editor, Movie Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.



ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

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ACROSS

1. "Dr. Socrates"
5. The empress of sex
9. "Peter Ibbetson"
13. Foremost portrayer of modern American girls
17. China's contribution to Hollywood
18. Actor's assignments
19. "Anna Karenina"
20. Starred in "Chasing Yesterday"
21. A surname
22. A West Indian shrub
24. "Laddie"
25. Sten's American debut
26. Two sisters long absent in films
28. "Peck's —— Boy"
30. "—— of Aces"
32. Husband of June Collyer
35. Dancer in "Hooray for Love"
37. She is a member of 23 down
40. Hurried
41. "— Old Kentucky"
43. Janet Gaynor's screen lover
44. "—— the Earth Turns"
45. The screen's fastest talker
46. Soviet star
47. The principal player of a picture
49. She is from Norway
52. A Warner musical
56. The singing cop
60. Nazimova
62. She'll be in "Meet the Duchess"
64. Played by Charles Laughton
65. Yvonne in "Mad Love"
66. A deceased star noted for her character portrayals
67. She's in "Tale of Two Cities"
68. For fear that
70. Profession of Tallulah's father (abbr.)
71. "The Case of —— Smith"
73. Swedish comedian
74. Cathedral or city in England
78. Frozen-faced comedian
80. "Accent —— Youth"
81. Viennese player born in China
83. To draw through water
85. Jack in "Little Men"
87. A definite quantity
89. Star of "My Heart Is Calling"
90. Role that made Johnny famous
91. "Diamond Jim"
92. Old in Stepin Fetchit's language
93. Confederate army (abbr.)
94. Snakelike fish
95. One of the Great Lakes (abbr.)
96. Formerly Mrs. Bruce Cabot
98. Leading lady in "Air Hawks"
101. Was teamed with Evelyn Venable several times
103. One who dyes
105. —— Andre
109. She said Clara had "It"
111. Mrs. Merian C. Cooper
113. He is a compatriot of the Great One
115. Co-star in "The Dark Angel" (init.)
116. Same as 82 down
118. Child actress in "Ginger" (poss.)
120. Pronoun
121. "Mimi" (init.)
122. Mr. Baker of screen and radio fame
124. Plays "dumb cluck" roles
126. Suffered Cagney's manhandling
127. Algonquin Indians
129. Star of "Tabu"
131. Freddie is an English ——
132. Miss Engels
133. Blondel in "The Crusades"
135. "The —— of Madelon Claudet"
136. She is featured in "Way Down East"
137. Feminine lead in "The Arizonian"

DOWN

1. Co-featured in "Murder in the Fleet"
2. Whatever kind
3. M-G-M blonde comedienne
4. Descended from Austrian nobility
5. Mrs. John Monk Saunders
6. Immeasurable space of time
7. Zasu's cinema boy friend
8. Means of communication (abbr.)
9. "Gift of ——"
10. Metric areas
11. Royal British Academy (abbr.)
12. French girl in "All Quiet on the Western Front"
13. A farmer took her for a wife
14. —— Munson
15. She was Harriet Lake
16. "Nell Gwyn"
23. Illustrious family of stage and screen (pl.)
27. The object of Tom's affection
28. "Wonder ——"
29. To perish
31. Cuban leading man
33. Sun god
34. Western state (abbr.)
35. Parent
36. Spouse of Ruby Keeler
38. Spectacled actor-producer (init.)
39. Engineering degree
42. Direction of compass
44. "Murder —— the Vanities
46. Part of an automobile
48 Played in "Trader Horn"
49. The ace of M-G-M's male stars
50. Plays vampire roles (init.)
51. Olden times (poetic)
52. Dominion (abbr.)
53. Exclamation
54. Jo in "Little Men"
55. What you do with a movie
57. He'll be in "Seven Keys to Baldpate"
58. Locale of "The Shiek" (abbr.)
59. Mary —— an ex-Universal blonde star
61. "—— America"
63. Husband in "Beck Sharp"
69. "The Bride of Frankenstein"
72. Playwright appearing in "The Scoundrel"
75. Ex-Mrs. Charlie Chaplin
76. Twelve
77. Singing star of the movies and radio
79. Icelandic literature
82. Article
83. Dorothy ——
84. Creator of Mickey Mouse
85. Step
86. Love to excess
88. Edna Ferber's "—— Big"
93. Henry Fonda works on a —— in "The Farmer Takes a Wife"
97. To make otherwise
98. The wonder child in all filmdom
99. A picture of the South Seas
100. Location of Paramount's Eastern Branch (abbr.)
101. Role played by Wilcoxon in "The Crusades" (init.)
102. One of the Barries
104. The Mayor of Tolucca (init.)
106. Stan Laurel's partner
107. Valentino's posthumous sweetheart
108. Mrs. Wesley Ruggles
110. "Mutiny —— the Bounty"
111. "Good ——"
112. Newspaper comic strip hero portrayed by Hal LeRoy
114. Actor who died recently (init.)
117. America's sweetheart
119. Eskimo actor
123. A Paramount starlet
124. "One —— York Night"
125. Describes the skin of Clark Gable
127. Anna Sten's boss
128. "—— 99"
130. Superlative suffix
132. Women's League
134. Bad

Cooking Department

CONDUCTED BY PAULINE NELSON

SEND TO PAULINE NELSON for the other cookies, and special dishes for the holidays. And you'll want her recipe for plum pudding, too! There's no charge for this, just include a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you write her. Pauline Nelson, c/o MOVIE MIRROR, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

HAVE you planned your Christmas list yet? Have you already encountered that blank "what shall I give this year" feeling? You want to give things that people are going to enjoy, of course. More than that, you want your gifts to be individual.

That's why gifts you have made yourself are such fun, and so appreciated. They could have come from no one but you, and they express so beautifully the time and thought you put into them. A package of cookies from your own kitchen is surely one of the nicest home-made presents there is. And if your Christmas list is a very long one, and you're wondering how the budget can carry it, this kind of gift may be inexpensive without looking in the least as though you had skimped on it.

So make out your list, and decide on the size of the box for each person on it, or for each family. (This kind of present is particularly acceptable when you wish to remember a family as a whole.) Then buy a supply of pretty boxes (or you can cover plain ones with fancy paper), tissue paper, ribbons, seals, holly and the things that make a Christmas present so excitingly different from any other kind. Because, good as the contents may be, you want your presents to be festive and gay with trimmings, and home-made in the real sense, not in the way we sometimes use the word—amateurish and carelessly done.

Get some crepe paper, too. Roll the pieces up tight, and with a pair of stout, sharp shears, snip them down till you have a mass of crinkly shreds. This is splendid for packing your boxes as it is light, but holds firmly. You'll see some of it under the jars and cookies in the picture here.

Have all these packing supplies ready before you begin the actual cooking, as you'll want to rush things into the mail as fast as you can.

There is such an array of things you can put into your gift boxes: jars of home-made conserves and jams, cookies of all kinds, cakes, candy, nuts. You can even send little crocks of plum pudding, carefully sealed and wrapped.

Of course, if you are famous among your friends for some specialty, a different kind of cookie or extra good fudge, by all means include this. Many girls, otherwise inexpert cooks, can make one good thing. If you are like this, send your own speciality, and fill out the box with the fine preserves, candies and good things you can buy. Choose the smallest of the jars and tins so you have a variety.

Many of the commercial containers are so attractively decorated that they need no extra touches; holly an dribbon will transform the plainer ones.

Boxes that are going to be delivered by hand can include frosted cakes and other things that wouldn't mail safely. You could put this maple pecan pie into such a box, or little tarts made with the same recipe.

(*Continued on page* 82)

There are few gifts more delightful, more gratefully received, than delicacies from your own kitchen, prepared and wrapped like these.

Photographs by R. A. Whitten, Los Angeles

The BROWN FAMILY,

They're real folks, those Joe E. Browns, and very much like your own next-door neighbors—only more so!

THEY are truly the salt that peppers the good earth of these United States. The Joneses, the Smiths and the Browns. Every village, every town, every city has 'em. And even Hollywood, a mere glittering mirage of civilization, has its Joneses, its Smiths and its Browns.

Our Jones, a Grover Jones, is a writer. Sort of an institution of the place. Our Smith is an actress. A tiny gray-eyed Gladys known the world over as Mary Pickford. But it remains for our Brown, our Joe E., most accurately to typify the Brown of your home town.

Which may account for the fact that Joe E. Brown is the greatest small town drawing card among motion picture stars of Hollywood. They recognize in him, for all his grotesque mimicry, someone they know, someone they understand, someone who is part of them.

He may live in a twenty-room house, but he isn't twenty-room conscious. He may employ a staff of servants and a couple of secretaries, but he still yells downstairs to Mrs. Brown for anything he may have mislaid. He may be the life of every party, but the real wit of the family belongs to his self-effacing wife, whose capable hands hold the reins of the team while Joe cracks the buggy whip and thinks he's going a heck of a clip. And he's never quite allowed to find out he isn't.

His family problems are average family problems. He's a disciplinarian up to the usual point. From there on, the boys, sixteen and eighteen, humor him into thinking he makes 'em quake! Mrs. Brown is constantly calling him aside, warning him to be more stern with little Katherine and Mary Elizabeth, aged four and five. And he promises —without knowing how or where to begin! Love pours from his heart, which incidentally is bigger than his mouth, as a stream of warm lava, enveloping his dear ones in its constant embrace.

His love of sports testifies to the healthy Americanism of the man. He's that product peculiar to the country in which he was born—a self-made man, with all the tolerances and intolerances of the average self-made man. In short, he's an average Brown in a strange setting and wouldn't know how to be anything else.

The busy swishing around of two secretaries is due to the fact that mail addressed to Joe E. Brown of Hollywood is received by Joe E. Brown of Hollywood and no one else. Every letter is read and sorted.

Three fourths of them are letters of appeal. "Help me! Help me! Help me," they call. Appeals sent by people who

Left, Joe is very proud of his trophy room, where he keeps many sports mementos—mostly baseball, of course, for that is Joe E.'s hobby of hobbies.

When Joe was only nine he earned a living for mom and the kids—the man of the family, but just a homesick little acrobat in a grown-up circus.

Hollywood Style

By
SARA HAMILTON

instinctively know that of all people in Hollywood, Joe E. is one who can feel, actually feel, the throbbing ache behind the cry even if so little can be done about it.

It goes back a long way, the story of Joe's understanding through experience. Back some thirty odd years ago to a little poverty stricken boy who lived in a double house on the wrong side of Toledo, Ohio. Back to a little nine-year-old boy trudging away each season to join a circus, a homesick little boy, sore from the beatings and cuffings of the day, weeping alone on a hard circus bunk. And going back to it season after season so mom and the kids could have it a little bit easier!

Young manhood found Joe, a husband and father, with that heart still sore and weary from the lambasting of fate, giving up the vaudeville to manage a bowling alley back home in Toledo, because Joe felt a man with a family should settle down to some legitimate business. He worked at it like a Trojan, too. Too hard, in fact, for Joe was fired one day because his salary and commission combined totaled thirty dollars a week. Then he tried the Electric Auto Light factory and finally had to go back to Broadway and starvation.

Eventually came Hollywood and fame. But oh, the path that lay behind!

Now you'd think, wouldn't you, with all that lay behind him, once he'd arrived, he'd let go with a bang and go haywire all over the place? Shucks, I don't believe the Browns would know how to go ritzy if they wanted to!

Here's "Pops" with his two small daughters, Katherine and Mary Elizabeth, at a kids' party.

My gosh, those Browns! The visitor scarcely has his nose inside the door when someone yells to come on upstairs. Young Joe, the second boy, has just arrived from somewhere and everyone races upstairs to see him unpack; someone else screams to come on over to the little girls' room because Katherine is going to sing "Isle of Capri"—good and loud, too; a neighbor kid calls from the back bedroom to know where the heck is the baseball he hid under Joe E.'s bed and Joe E. is dragging the visitor back through someone else's room to see a new autographed baseball and—well, it's home. Home, where the Browns and half the neighborhood live.

Oh, now mind, Joe E. has established unto himself some of the things a prosperous man is entitled to, but some of them are the darndest things anyone ever heard of. Things that are comical and yet a little pathetic at the same time.

For instance, there's the soda fountain right in his home. Joe E. never knew what it was to have a soda when he was a kid; gosh, how he longed and longed for a soda! He and his kids can have a soda anytime now right out of their own fountain. And Joe shoots all the fizzes at once and puts cherries in the wrong flavors and doesn't give a whoop. Just so it's a soda.

There's the peanut brittle, too. A dish in every room in the house. Joe never got enough peanut brittle when he was a boy, but brother, he gets it now. Let just one dish in one room get itself empty and Joe goes screaming around about someone always eating up the peanut brittle before he gets a chance at it. It's Mrs. Brown who usually recalls that he, himself, if he'll just remember, ate the last piece of peanut brittle in that particular dish last night.

Too, there's the vacant lot business. The

Just as in other households, the hopes of Mr. and Mrs. Brown of Hollywood are centered in their two husky sons, Joe L. and Don.

Browns never moved in Hollywood, or Beverly Hills either, unless there happened to be a vacant lot next door. Once when he asked about a vacant lot next to the house, the realtor hastened to assure Joe a house would soon go up there and it would cease to be an eyesore to the Browns.

"I don't want this place then," Joe said. "Where the heck are my boys going to dig caves without a vacant lot, tell me that? And where are my boys going to play ball? Tell me that?" The realtor couldn't. He was too flabbergasted to speak.

And then, there's the trophy room which Joe had built right onto the house. A room filled with objects, all desires suppressed from his youth. Joe E. never had time to play baseball when he was a kid and even his session with the New York Yankees later on failed to satisfy his hunger for the game. There are cabinets in that trophy room crowded with autographed baseballs, bats, uniforms of famous players, footballs, boxing gloves, aviators' helmets, each labeled and carefully laid in its own place for Joe to take out and handle with loving care.

FRIED chicken and ice cream and a gang around the dinner table to talk sports are Joe E. Brown's idea of heaven. Neighbor boys, pals of the boys, just automatically wander in about dinner time and grab a plate of ice cream and a place at the table and join in the talk.

"Do they ever fight?" he asked in answer to a question. "My boys fight? Listen, Bill, come over here a moment," he called to a carpenter busily engaged enlarging one of the cabinets to house Carnera's shoes that had just arrived. "You see Bill, here, Miss Hamilton? Well, he's an A number one carpenter we just keep around to mend the furniture the boys smash up."

Don, blue-eyed, blond, with a dimple in his cheek, and Joe, sixteen, six-feet-two and two hundred-and-twenty-five pounds, grin sheepishly while dad razzes them.

It was about two years ago that young Joe had his elbow broken in a baseball game. It didn't heal properly and began to stiffen. Joe E.'s mouth took to drooping a little more each day, it was noticed at the studio, but he said little. It was decided finally to rebreak and reset the arm. It still didn't do so well and soon it began to look bad for young Joe, who loved to play baseball better than anything else in the world. And so his dad undertook to give back to his boy his good right arm.

Every day the two started out right after breakfast. Nothing was allowed to interfere. Business, pleasure, nothing. Joe E. would toss a ball to young Joe. "Now toss it to me sort of underhand, son," he'd say. "That hurt much? Now again. Now try an overhand ball. How's it feel? Pain too much? Now again."

Patiently, day after day, Joe E. worked with his boy. And saved that arm. This summer he packed him off to join the Cardinals in St. Louis just to keep that arm limbered up and let him have fun doing it. The result, however, was a kickback Joe E. never expected. Young Joe, as methodical as an old maid, wrote down in a little notebook every cent he spent and can't, simply can't, account for forty-four cents that seems to be missing. The missing forty-four cents of young Joe's has the Brown family completely nuts and if young Joe doesn't soon locate his forty-four cents and let peace reign again, Joe E. swears he's going to jump off the bridge.

Don is the go-getter of the family. Working in the laboring gang at Warner's studio in the summer time. Or working his way to Japan as a deckhand. During Christmas vacations you'll find Don Brown working like mad in the boy's section of a men's store in Beverly Hills, selling penknife and necktie sets like a good fellow.

The boys have no set name for their dad. "It's 'Hi, pops, good old pops' when they want money," Joe E. grins. Usually it's just "dad." The fact he's a world famous movie star never seems to occur to them. He's just "Hi pops" to a couple of swell lads out in Beverly Hills. And "my daddy" to a couple of dear little girls. And maybe it doesn't get you to see the love these three males, Joe E., Joe and Don, bestow upon those little girls.

It was midsummer when Joe E. and young Joe returned from a school hunting trip. They had decided on Mercersburg Academy back in the hills of Pennsylvania. As long as I've known Joe Brown I've never heard a word of self-pity even once issue from that famous mouth, but I did detect a note of wistfulness when Joe E. was telling about that school. "It's just the kind of school I'd have wanted to go to"—and here came the wistfulness—"if I could have gone to school." And that's the nearest to being sorry for his lost boyhood I've ever known him to be. When asked why they chose that particular school above others, Joe E. looked over at young Joe and back again. "We both liked the chapel," he said simply. "I felt with a chapel as beautiful as that, Joe would be all right!" Which, when you come to think of it, is the average man's way of saying, "In God's care I place my boy."

Christmas is a family feast for Joe E. and Mrs. Brown, shown (above) with one of their daughters.

There's a lot of free and easy bantering about the place. Joe E. says someone around the house is always owing someone else seventeen cents or thirty-two cents or something. "You'd think," he grins, "it was the Owens family lived here."

The walls of the Brown home are not too artistically decorated to be desecrated with good old-fashioned photographs and snapshots. Of Joe E. taken with baseball teams and players. Of Joe E. with notables. And unnotables. "Up there is a picture of me with the manager of the circus I belonged to," he said. Knowing something of the horror of that life and the resultant pain that still racks his body, I scanned the picture with interest. I glanced back at Joe and the lummox was standing there gazing at it with the tenderest kind of gleam in those funny little eyes of his.

"You mean you've forgiven?"

"Aw, shucks, he's all right," Joe said. And I could see as far as he was concerned, the chapter was closed.

Speaking of the every-day humanness of the man and his family, I like best the story of Joe E.'s room. While Joe E. was up North with some baseball team or other, Mrs. Brown was seized with the usual urge to do over his room. All the old furniture was carted out and new, modernistic furniture moved in. When Joe E. returned, Mrs. Brown had already left for the East on a vacation. Stopping off in Chicago she telephoned home to find a wild man on the other end of the phone.

"Thank God," Joe E. yelled. "Where are the socks?"

Mrs. Brown, who hears nothing but baseball, was a little confused. "You mean the 'White Sox?'" she asked.

"Any socks. White, pink, blue—only where are they?"

"Joe," said Mrs. Brown very calmly, "be quiet. I'll start home tonight."

That anyone else might know the whereabouts of his things never occurred to him. His wife is the rod and the staff upon which he leans. Without her he's lost.

OUT at the studio they tell about the distinguished visitor who had been invited to the Browns for lunch. In the downstairs hall, he suddenly found himself in the midst of the wildest bedlam imaginable. In one corner stood Joe E. and in other corners stood young Joe and Don. Mary Elizabeth, a little blonde bundle, was being tossed from one to the other. "Heave ho, heave ho," they cried while Mary Elizabeth shrieked with glee and Mrs. Brown stood on the stairway urging everyone to be careful.

So fast and furious was the fun, it was several minutes before the visitor was noticed. He isn't over it yet. Still talks about it down in Washington and declares it changed his whole outlook on Hollywood. Just that glimpse of a man and his children playing a rowdy in a mansion.

Yes, they're just average people, the Browns. Just everyday people like everyone we know. Through all the headlines, the excitement, the scandals, the divorces, the marriages, the didoes that blaze forth from Hollywood, the Browns go right on. Living normally and sanely. The only commotion that may arise from their corner would be the sound of a baseball going through a back window or Joe E. leaning over a banister to yell about someone eating all the peanut brittle.

And the reason behind it all may be laid to one thing. Although Joe E. Brown is a man of Hollywood, for Hollywood and with Hollywood, he's a man, who, until the day he dies, will walk about with Toledo, Ohio, in his soul.

I Want To Be a Star!

(*Continued from page* 51)

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:

Hollywood had seemed like heaven to little Judy Pine, off in New England. Hollywood, where she was going to achieve wealth and success, where her brother Jack was going to lead a straight, clean life. Here were two of the worthless Pine family, she was determined, who would amount to something. But Jack got involved in a blackmail scandal which was hushed only through the intercession of her two or three influential friends in the film center. As a result, Judy's brother was hurried out of town on a two-year scientific expedition to the North; if only it would make a man of him, Judy thought ruefully.

Judy herself got on a little better. After fairly steady work as an extra, made possible by these same influential friends, she landed a job as stand-in for Barbara Bell, one of the real movie queens, but it looked as though the very resemblance which got her this job would be the end of any career of her own—she began to believe that she would never be anything but Barbara Bell, the second. In spite of the fine friendship of Victor Munson, the famous director, and his mistress, Sonya, as well as that of Bert Brothers (the distinguished British film executive whom Jack had tried to blackmail), Judy was very unhappy. Judy was in love, hopelessly, forlornly in love with her childhood hero, Dick Carr, from her home town.

Ironically, Dick brought his new bride to California on their honeymoon—and on this trip Judy and Dick discovered their love for each other. Even this faint hope of returned affection seemed lost to Judy when Victor accused Sonya of having spent a night at Arrowhead with Bert and Judy publicly shouldered the blame, to protect the happiness of the three friends who had done so much for her in Hollywood. Later, both Bert and Sonya told her that their reckless gesture in going to Arrowhead alone had meant nothing, that their consciences were clear. It was too late. All Hollywood was now whispering that Judy was Bert's mistress; Judy might be a nobody in filmdom's social register, but Bert was known everywhere, and the scandal spread.

Judy could not even bear to talk about it. She was not sorry for her impulsive sacrifice. "I owe Victor and Sonya anything I amount to—for all the friendship I have known in the world," she told Bert. The one thing that really hurt, though, was that Dick had dashed away without waiting for any explanation she might be able to offer him and she knew the love so lately discovered was already in danger of being stilled forever. To Bert, however, she merely murmured, "It's done, so what's there to say?" "When you have claimed me in public," he answered wryly, "and always refuse me when not in public, it's a bit ironic." Bert was a fine person, respected, handsome, prosperous—but married; his wife in England didn't matter very much to Judy, but she knew she could never be unfaithful to even her few memories of Dick, no matter how attractive Bert's proposals might be.

It was quite different, though, when Dick came to her finally, saying that he knew she must have been protecting someone else, that he wanted her more than anything else in the world—that he was sailing for the East the very next day. There was no question in her mind then. Tossing some lingerie into a bag, she hurried out to his hired car with him and they were quickly on their way to one stolen night of happiness before the parting. Speeding along toward the desert resorts, Judy had no qualms of conscience. Happiness was within her grasp at last. Dick and Judy loved each other, and that was all that mattered.

"Eighteen months," I said. "He'll be back in April or May."

"We'll see what we see then," he promised.

On the drive home Bert laughed at Victor's plans—if the trip knocked any sense into Jack, Victor thought he might make a star, on looks alone! I know I should have felt thrilled, but it seemed a mocking.

When I got home I found a letter. The strong clear hand that had been my life and inspiration. I tore frantically at the flap.

Dear Judy:

Sometimes I think that we are puppets and that the gods who pull the strings do it for a laugh, to make us ridiculous, and maybe they are as much in need of a laugh as we are. Perhaps it all happened for the best. I was wrong. I have no claim on you and had no right to talk to you as I did, to take you as a sedative. Perhaps we are both very young fools who have not yet become accustomed to life as it evidently must be lived. I feel both bitter and cheated. And I know that that is a narrow, dramatic and absurd attitude. In such a short while you have done so much. You will go so much further and please do for my sake so that I'll have something to believe in. But forget all that I said to you for we have separate lives to live. Unless friendship counts.

Dick.

JUST like that. Thinking sane, reasonable thoughts. Finding himself. Why could men do it so much more reasonably? Standing aside and looking at a problem coldly, making their decisions and feeling justified.

I put his letter aside in a fit of pique but somehow, day after day, coming home tired and dirty from late work at the studio, I'd find myself opening and rereading it. Until at last I said to myself, some take to dope and some take to drink and some take to sleeping tablets—but I must make the best of what I have left—Dick's friendship.

So I sat down and wrote him. And somehow life had a meaning again even though it was just "friendship" and we made no personal references. Our correspondence was a comfort. A very weak brew but more satisfying than nothing.

The next two months passed quickly. I was working hard, fortunately. Rene was getting notices. Her new comedy was attracting attention. Her little dancing spot in a musical had brought praise. Rene had talent which I knew I didn't possess. She was a trouper, raised in vaudeville. A dance routine was as simple and natural to her as washing a kid's face was to me. I was thrilled for her and we spent hours rehearsing her parts.

In November I had the last letter I would get from Jack until the expedition pulled out of the ice in the spring. He really seemed happy, was behaving himself and working hard. If this would only have a lasting effect on him, really make a man of him and whip out some of the "shiftless" Pine traits, then with Victor's interest, he could make something of his life.

And through it all like a shadow in the background of an orchestra were the letters from Dick, coming more and more frequently.

I hadn't forgotten Sonya's advice about Bert, but I was thankful it wasn't necessary to take any action. He kept our relations on a friendly basis. I saw him once or twice a week and shut my eyes to the future.

A FEW days before Thanksgiving I got home from the studio to be greeted by Rene, her blue eyes round, spots of color in her cheeks.

"You came right in time. Mrs. Mitchell is on her way down here. She telephoned half an hour ago."

Quickly I changed my dress and made sure everything was in order. When the bell rang I faced my caller with what I hoped was a politely calm expression.

"Oh, Miss Pine, good evening!" Mrs. Mitchell's narrow mouth was drawn tight at the corners.

"What I have to say won't take long," she announced as I offered her a chair. "I understand, Miss Pine, that you are corresponding with Dick."

"You understand?" I fenced.

"I *know*," she corrected. "My daughter has found some of your letters. What Dick has told you regarding his marriage, I have no idea, naturally. But I must say this. It has been a very difficult situation for Hazel from the beginning. They have been married a year—the poor child has had to live in a tiny one-room apartment, with no privacy. I'm afraid you wouldn't understand what all this means to a girl as sensitive and carefully raised as Hazel."

"Dick has told me nothing about his marriage," I said quietly. "Our friendship has been one of shared ambitions, as your daughter must know, if, as you suggest, she has read my letters."

Had I ever said anything that could be misconstrued? Had a loving note crept in between the lines, as Dick had read there in the first letters?

"Whatever the basis of your correspondence," Mrs. Mitchell said frigidly, "I'm going to ask you to discontinue it."

"But Dick and I," I began, then the rough material of the divan cover under my nervously clutching hand brought back that afternoon together in this very room, the mad drive to the desert, the might-have-beens.

"I know you have great admiration for Dick," Mrs. Mitchell continued. "That is why I'm confident you will see the wisdom of this. You know how much he wishes to succeed in his profession. Mr. Mitchell is a man of influence in Boston and he can be of great assistance to Dick in the next year. Hazel's social position will be a great help."

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

"I had thought," her tone was more gentle, "that you might fail to answer his letters. Or tell him that you think it better to discontinue the correspondence—the usual excuses."

"I'll find them, Mrs. Mitchell," I said. She got quickly to her feet.

"You've been very kind," she hesitated. "I—that is—"

"You do not want Dick to know that you interfered?" I suggested.

"Yes," she agreed hastily, then coloring faintly, "that is, that I advised—"

"I shan't tell him," I said, as I opened the door. If she'd only go quickly while I still had control of my nerves and tears and temper. She began to say something else, then, with a quick goodnight, turned away. I closed the door and leaned against it. Rene came out of the bedroom slowly. I knew from the scarlet spot of anger on each cheek that she had heard.

"Why didn't you tell her off?" Rene demanded. "The old snob, I'd have told her a thing or two."

"What was there to tell? She's right."

ON Thanksgiving eve there was a holiday wire from Dick. A FRIENDSHIP TO BE THANKFUL FOR. The words ran through my head as I sat in the Rose Bowl the next afternoon with Bert. Afterward we drove out to Santa Barbara.

"Do you realize this is in the nature of an anniversary?" Bert asked at dinner.

"Anniversary?" I echoed.

"Don't you recall? Last Thanksgiving there was a rather unpleasant little session with your brother and Mike Sweet."

"Oh, yes," I nodded.

"Also, if I recall, it was the first time I recommended myself to you as a domicile sharer, or something of the sort."

"So it was, Bert."

"You know your answer has become absolutely monotonous. Couldn't you try another tune?"

"Such as?"

"Yes," he suggested softly. "I'd love to hear you say that, Judy."

"Even now?"

"More than ever."

Perhaps this was the thing to do and it would simplify my handling Dick.

"Judy," Bert's tone was breathless. "Look at me, dear child."

I lifted my eyes to his.

"I know I've been terribly unfair to you," I said quickly, the words tumbling out, "but you must know the reason by now. There were several reasons, of course. My scruples, as you call them, and then there was Dick. I still don't think I love you but I'm fond of you."

"I'm part of your life, Judy. I have made myself part of your life deliberately. This illusion of yours, I want you to get over it, sanely and simply. After all, Judy, Dick is no part of your life. He wasn't even in your home town. He would never be here, or there. He is just some peculiar fixation that you have hitched your wagon to. I'm of your world and you are of mine."

"Well, Bert, if you still want me to come, I don't suppose there's any point in waiting."

It was such an awkward, ungracious consent, but Bert got the meaning almost without hearing the words. His voice was barely audible.

"I'll be good to you, Judy. You'll never, never regret it, so help me. Let's cut it right now, tonight. We'll go anywhere you say."

"Oh, no, not tonight," I protested. "Give me a day, two days."

"Of course. What's two days more? We'll make it the week end, darling, and go to Caliente."

"Very well," I nodded. "That's a promise."

The next morning brought a letter from Dick, full of hospital details, and his hopes and dreams and problems. Before I left for the studio I answered it with a brittle little note. I was busy, I said, and was going to Mexico for the week-end. Hoped he wouldn't mind if I didn't have time to write for awhile. With every push of the pen, I was begging him not to believe it, and yet this was the end.

The day at the studio was a kind I particularly hated. Draped in a heavy satin evening gown, too tight to permit me to sit down, I posed and waited and stood.

Late in the afternoon a page came in and murmured to Victor. Victor signalled to me. Bert wanted me at once on the phone. It was very urgent.

With Victor's permission, I flung a coat over my shoulders and hurried out, blindly seeking the phone booths.

"Judy," Bert's voice on the wire was like a stranger's. "I've had very bad news. I've only finished talking to London. My wife is ill, critically ill. I have to leave at once. I'm flying to New York. I can get a midnight sailing tomorrow."

"I'm so sorry," I said sincerely and contritely. I knew how much he admired Lady Mary, even though their marriage didn't work. "Is there anything I can do?"

"Just one thing," he whispered urgently. "Wait until I come back."

NOW my life was busier than ever before. For not only was I doubling for Barbara Bell, but I also had a chance at comedy—one reelers made by Independent which only through Victor's graciousness was I allowed to accept. But the comedies were only flashes in the pan. They were only temporary sops to the laughter that Americans found harder and harder to give in a darkened theater and I was to learn despite my hopes that I was not funny. I was not beautiful enough. I was not funny enough. I was not graceful enough. I was not talented enough. I was nothing. I was mediocrity. I was middle class. I was nothing and nobody, definitely—very definitely. A stand-in.

Occasionally I had letters from Dick, hurt, dissatisfied, questioning, as if he hated to give me up and hated me for not measuring up to his faith.

On the other hand Bert's wires became more and more frequent. Even when he had reached England and was daily visiting the hospital where Lady Mary was fighting for her life. Her chance for recovery was slim. On New Year's Day she died.

For several days there was silence and to my own amazement I missed word from Bert. I knew that in his own strained, starched way he was sad. He was facing a new life. And for the first time I considered him important. Now that the barrier between us was removed I wondered where I stood. I wanted him to mean marriage after all these months of pseudo-love and complications.

And then, a few weeks later, Rene, Victor, Sonya and I were at the station when Bert's train pulled in. Presently I saw him stepping off the train. Bert who had been so kind to me. A trifle more slender than I remembered, a faint touch of silver in the light brown of his hair, but the same kind smile, the same intensely quiet eagerness in his eyes.

Quick handshakes, and then, "Judy! It's been so long." He held me very close and kissed me, so tenderly, so ardently, the tears smarted in my eyes. There was no mistaking the sincerity of that embrace. Somebody loved me and loved me enough to be his whole life. Somebody thought I was grand. Somebody cared.

There were people to be met. Telegrams, more handshaking, then somehow we lost them all and were standing, just we two, in his lovely apartment.

JUDY, have you any idea how much I've thought about you?" Bert asked. "You'll never know how disappointed I was about that trip. And yet I was glad. We can still have it, and it will be a regular honeymoon, if you say so. I can ask you now. Judy, will you marry me?"

"Yes, Bert."

Once it was said, I was glad. It seemed that everything was over, settled, final.

It was after midnight when we reached my bungalow.

Under the partly drawn shades I could see Rene's feet and the movement of her skirt. She was standing in the middle of the floor when we came in as though she had come from the other room. Her face was brightly expectant.

"Rene!" I burst out. "I've got a surprise for you."

"I've got one for you, too," she said excitedly.

"But ours is special," Bert sang out, his arm about me. "Rene, meet the future Mrs. Bert Brothers—and the very near future at that."

"Oh, really?" her voice was suddenly faint, and there was a look of near fright in her eyes.

"Rene, what is it?" I demanded. "What is your surprise?"

She gulped, failed to find her voice and raised her hand mutely. I looked toward the bedroom door. Standing there, eyes smouldering, his fists clenched at his sides, was Dick.

"Dick," I said. "Dick, please. . . .!"

But he turned, grim and silent, and threw open the hall door. I heard his footsteps out through the hallway past the kitchen door, the delivery entrance.

And I heard the door slam.

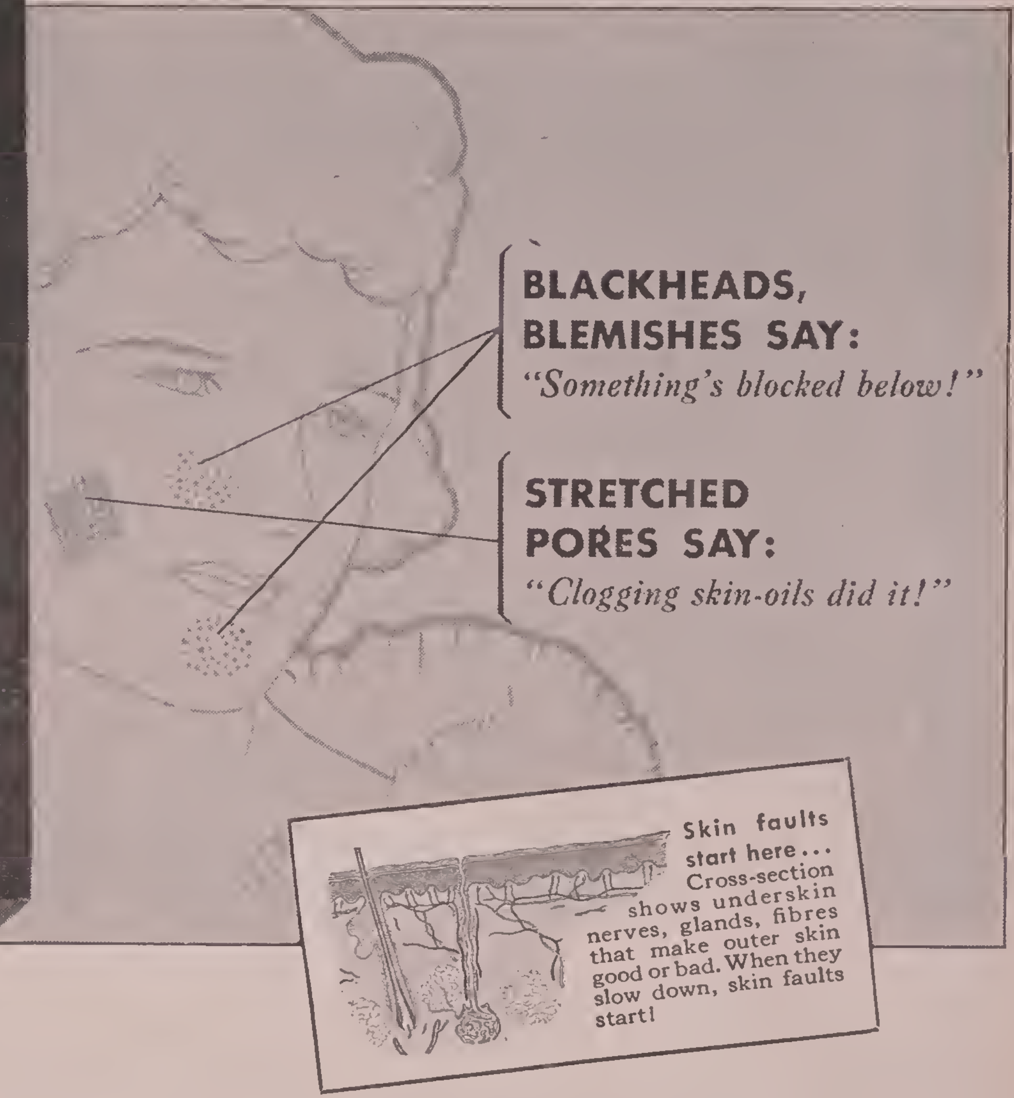
Whatever had brought him here, and why? I looked at Rene's pale and drawn face and called out instinctively.

"Stop him, somebody! Dick, *come back!*"

Why has Dick returned, like a ghost from the unhappy past, just when Judy thought she could be happy with Bert? This searching story of a girl in love in Hollywood reaches a totally unexpected climax in the February MOVIE MIRROR. *Don't miss it!*

"BAD SKIN" means—A Lazy Under Skin

Miss Helen Mitchell Stedman, of an old Boston family, says: "Pond's Cold Cream makes my skin much finer. Pores don't show!"


BLACKHEADS, BLEMISHES SAY:
"Something's blocked below!"
STRETCHED PORES SAY:
"Clogging skin-oils did it!"
Skin faults start here... Cross-section shows underskin nerves, glands, fibres that make outer skin good or bad. When they slow down, skin faults start!

Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel III

Not a single flaw in the skin of this beautiful young Society woman! She says: "The last thing before bed—every morning, too—I use Pond's Cold Cream. It stimulates and tones up my skin . . . Blackheads and blemishes just never come!"

Underlying glands, nerves, fibres . . . need rousing with this deep-skin cream

TODAY, stand close to some girl you know. Gaze right at the skin on her nose, on her chin. Isn't it awful?—the way coarse pores and blackheads stand out!

Your own face gets the same "third degree" every time you're at arm's length. People think, Why don't you *do something* about your skin?

Yet it's not the skin they see that's at fault. It's your lazy *underskin!* Tiny glands are overtaxed . . . The oil they give off is thick . . . clogs the pores on its way out. What follow are the blackheads, coarse pores that ruin your good looks!

Even heartbreaking lines and sagging contours are just the outward signs of an underskin "let-down"!

Stop Skin Faults . . .

But you can quicken that underskin—rouse it, set it to work. Yes, you can!—with this deep-skin cream of Pond's.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go straight to the underskin. Even as you smooth it on, you see it go in, come out—thickened with grayish dirt, stale make-up. Now your skin is clean. Clear to its depths!

Now smooth on more Pond's Cold Cream. Pat it in sharply with firm finger tips. This way you rouse that lazy underskin. Nerves, glands and fibres "step lively" . . . flush your skin with new fault-fighting vigor! Keep this up. See how quickly bad skin becomes "a good complexion."

Tip-ends of blackheads loosen. Deep-lodged matter comes out . . . fine texture takes the place of every blemish. Even critical eyes can't find anything wrong!

For a Beautiful Skin

Every Night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it bring out dirt, make-up, secretions. Wipe off. Pat in more cream briskly. Your underskin *feels* it . . . gets awakened. Your outer skin *shows* it . . . blooms fresh, unblemished!

Every Morning, and always before make-up, renew this newly-won freshness with Pond's Cold Cream. See it brighten your skin—soften it. Now powder can't possibly catch or flake!

Try this cream without delay. Pond's Cold Cream is pure. Germs cannot live in it.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

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Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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One Grand Fudge!

EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE FUDGE

2 cups granulated sugar
1 cup water
1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
3 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 cup nut meats (optional)

Mix sugar and water in large saucepan and bring to boil. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and boil over low flame until mixture will form firm ball when tested in cold water (235° F.-240° F.). Stir mixture constantly to prevent burning. Remove from fire, add chocolate cut in small pieces. Chop nut meats and add. Beat until thick and creamy. Pour into buttered pan. When cool, cut in squares.

● Let others have their fudge failures. You needn't. This recipe is never granular—never anything but creamy-smooth perfection. Clip it. Try it.
● But *remember*—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.

MAGIC RECIPES
Quicker easier surer to succeed

FREE! New Cook Book of Wonders!

New! New! NEW! Just off the press! "Magic Recipes" is a thrilling new successor to "Amazing Short-cuts." Gives you brand-new recipes—unbelievably quick and easy—for pies, cookies, candies, frostings! Sure-fire custards! Easy-to-make refrigerator cakes! Quicker ways to delicious salad dressings, sauces, beverages, ice creams (freezer and automatic). Address: The Borden Sales Co., Inc., Dept. MWG-16, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

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NO MONEY NEEDED
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C. E. ISRAEL

I Have Special Work For MARRIED WOMEN who need UP TO $22 IN A WEEK EASILY QUICKLY

Don't just wish for money. I need ambitious women in every town to make up to $22 in a week demonstrating and taking orders for beautiful, smart new Spring and Summer styles of famous Harford Frocks. Over a million satisfied customers. Complete line of exquisite last-minute models featuring the very newest fabrics and colors in all sizes. Also Chardonize fabric Lingerie endorsed and guaranteed as advertised in Good Housekeeping Magazine. Women just can't resist them. You earn splendid income and get SAMPLE DRESSES (your size) FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE.

NO HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASSING

No experience or house-to-house canvassing necessary. New plan makes work fascinating, easy and dignified. Gorgeous presentation of beautiful styles sent FREE. No money needed—now or ever. Write today giving dress size.

C. E. Israel, HARFORD FROCKS, Dept. W-7, Cincinnati, Ohio

Mail Post Card TODAY for GORGEOUS STYLE PRESENTATION SENT FREE!

Meet Sarah Rose Mary (Patsy) Kelly

(*Continued from page* 49)

do with Patsy was to put her in dancing school in her spare hours and give Brooklyn traffic a chance. Naturally all the hoofing was bound to get her somewhere and in no time Patsy herself was a teacher in the school.

So when her brother was promised a part in a Frank Fay show if he could learn to dance, Patsy was called over to the theater to teach him the steps. That was enough. Fay took one look and said, "I can't believe I'm seeing it," and Patsy was in. In fact, Patsy was in Frank Fay shows for three years and then did crazy things for Earl Carroll's "Vanities" and Al Jolson's "Wonderbar."

After the grand success she'd had on the stage, her friends had quite a time persuading Patsy pictures were her dish. "Naw, can't see it," Patsy said. "I'd be a flop in movies. Besides, I don't like 'em and I never did believe there was a place called Hollywood. Somebody made it up."

Well, sir, Mr. Hal Roach talked himself blue in the face until he finally persuaded Patsy to trot out to California and movies.

THE first day at work, Thelma, from her chair in the corner, eyed Patsy coldly. ZaSu was her special pal, and who did this newcomer think she was, daring to take her place? Patsy eyed her back and went right on breaking her neck. Their first comedy clicked. Slowly the ice melted between Patsy and Thelma and the two are now the closest of friends. Off screen they go right on with their act.

Patsy Kelly is a type. You meet the Patsy Kellys of the world every once in a while in your travels about and stop a moment to look back at them with a chuckle that somehow gets mixed up with a lump in the throat. Plain of face, honest, too generous for their own good, they travel their way alone, asking no favors and really expecting none. There's something really brave and gallant about the way they accept the role of comedy relief that fate has handed them and go on playing it for all it's worth. Their hearts are large. Their hands are calloused from constant travel from an open pocketbook to someone's open hand. They make plenty. And they give it all away.

They are seldom found in the usual habitats of sister celebrities. For instance, there's a little out-of-the-way place on the Santa Monica pier where people gather to play a game called "Tango." It seems, from what I could gather at one sitting with Kelly, a slightly delirious young man calls out numbers that should correspond to numbers on a card before each player. When one row of numbers is finally covered, the lucky holder raps loudly on the counter and wins a pale pink coupon. Any afternoon Patsy Kelly isn't working, you'll find here there between Mrs. Gutsenheimer and an old Mr. Smithers, who has sciatica, rapping like a wild woman on the counter and dragging in her coupons. All by herself and having herself a time.

After a year and a half, they know little about her down at the studio. "Lone Wolf Kelly," they call her. She simply walks her way alone and says nothing. Not even with half of Hollywood screaming for her services. The Hal Roach studio is swamped these days with screams from other studios for Patsy in this picture and Patsy in that one.

We lunched at the Brown Derby one day, Patsy resplendent in white tailored linen, a black scarf and no hat. Many a brave man and woman have gone off the deep end trying to get a hat on the Kelly head. She won't even wear one in pictures. If the script calls for a hat, Patsy merely waves it around or hangs it on one ear and pretends its been shoved there. "You should see me with one on," she moans.

Yes, and you should see her with one off, too, with her straight black hair, which, for some reason she imagines is waved, tucked squarely behind those Gable ears. If you can find a speck of make-up on that pan, you're dreaming. And yet, it was Kelly who attracted more attention in the Beverly Derby than all the beauties put together.

Outside a timid little miss with huge spectacles and a blue straw hat came running after her. "Oh, Miss Pitts," she cried, "would you please sign my autograph?"

WITHOUT batting an eyelash Patsy snapped into her act. "Oh, dear," she fluttered in perfect imitation of ZaSu, her hands waving helplessly. "Oh, dear, you want my autograph. Has anyone a pencil? Ohhh, dear." Her hands flew through the air.

With "best regards and thank you," she signed ZaSu's name while the poor fan, still under the delusion it was Miss Pitts, thanked her profusely.

On other occasions when fans asked Patsy for her autograph, we noticed she signed them all with a "Thank you." A sincere, warm "Thank you" that came right from her heart. A thanks to you and you and you for just knowing she exists. That's the kind of person this Kelly is.

When Ruby Keeler's beloved little sister lay dying in a Los Angeles hospital, it was to Patsy Kelly, of all people, Ruby turned for comfort. Her head on Patsy's broad shoulder, she stood outside the hospital and sobbed out her broken heart. Patsy Kelly and Ruby.

Never once, mind you, has Patsy mentioned to Hollywood that back in Brooklyn she and Ruby had been kids together. Attending the same school. It wouldn't occur to her to cash in on the publicity.

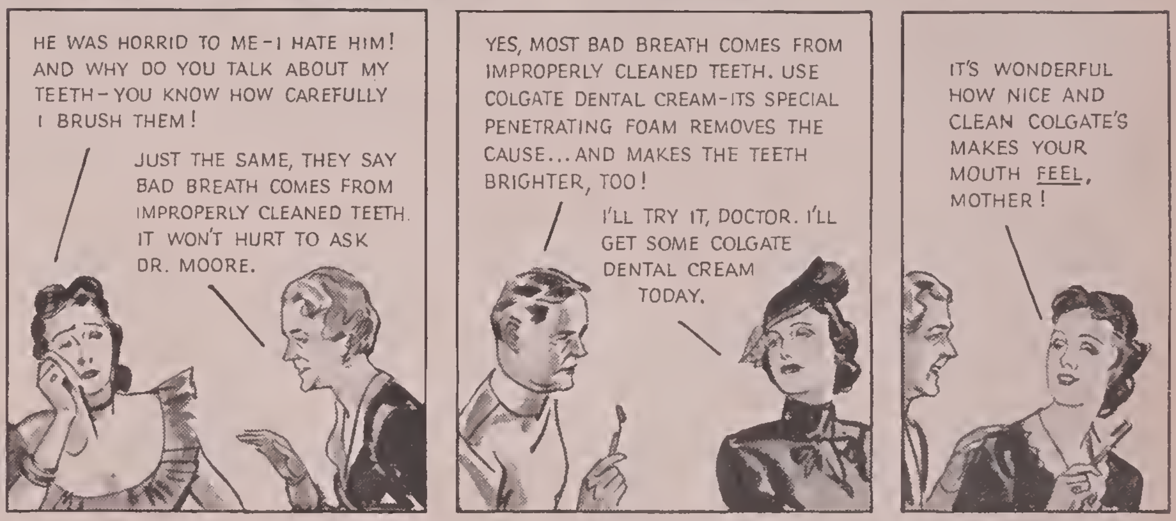
"The trouble with me," Patsy complained, "is that I don't get the right kind of publicity. Nobody ever refers to me as 'The Gardenia Girl.' Now, why couldn't I be known as the daisy or the hollyhock girl? I could wear a wreath of them in my hair and carry one around between my teeth and really go to town. 'Hollyhock Kelly, the girl with the allure.' Now there's my idea of real publicity. But do I get it?"

Maybe it isn't fair, but I'm going to tell on her.

Her name isn't Patsy at all. It's Sarah. And wait, I'm not through. There's more.

It's Sarah Rose Mary Kelly. And she's so Irish it's ridiculous.

NOW-NO BAD BREATH
behind her Sparkling Smile!
AND THEY USED TO PITY HER AT PARTIES
YOU CAN'T FOOL ME, MISS ALLEN, I'D KNOW YOU ANYWHERE!
WHY MUST SUCH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL HAVE SUCH A BREATH!
POOR PEGGY–ANOTHER PARTY SPOILED


HE WAS HORRID TO ME–I HATE HIM! AND WHY DO YOU TALK ABOUT MY TEETH–YOU KNOW HOW CAREFULLY I BRUSH THEM!
JUST THE SAME, THEY SAY BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. IT WON'T HURT TO ASK DR. MOORE.
YES, MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM–ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE...AND MAKES THE TEETH BRIGHTER, TOO!
I'LL TRY IT, DOCTOR. I'LL GET SOME COLGATE DENTAL CREAM TODAY.
IT'S WONDERFUL HOW NICE AND CLEAN COLGATE'S MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL, MOTHER!

..YOU SHOULD SEE PEGGY NOW
COME ON, PEGGY... JUST ONE DANCE!
GO 'WAY...THIS IS MINE!
THANK HEAVENS FOR COLGATE'S. I'LL NEVER BE CARELESS AGAIN!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MAKE *sure* you don't have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes *all* the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

The Amazing Powell-Loy-Rainer Triangle

(*Continued from page* 21)

played against par. And so close will it be that one of two scenes may spell the answer.

One where Luise Rainer as *Anna Held* tells Bill Powell as *Ziegfeld* how glad she is that he is married to *Billie Burke*. It is a poignant picture of a hurt child, fighting back tears, trying to be brave. It will be her strongest bid for sympathy.

The other where Myrna Loy as *Billie Burke,* finding her husband financially desperate, slipping, with his back to the wall, brings her jewels, her securities and puts them in his hands. It epitomizes her loyalty and devotion. The scene may be Myrna's trump.

If there is any possible edge on the natural casting, Rainer has an advantage. She was recognized as the almost perfect *Anna Held* months ago. She has been preparing in her quiet, terribly earnest way for two months. On the other hand, Myrna Loy was the last principal character named.

It was hard even then for some to reconcile her to the fluttery Billie Burke character known to the screen today. But few who see that Billie Burke have known her in her other role—as Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld. Those who know, people like William Anthony McGuire and Fanny Brice, who worked with "Ziggy" and knew him intimately, say Myrna has the same assurance, the same depth on the screen that Flo Ziegfeld's wife has in real life.

Anna Held was then, as Luise Rainer is now, the more seductive, the more attention demanding, the more slyly fatal.

Billie Burke was then, as Myrna Loy is now, the more real, the more poised, the more stable.

Screen prototypes of real people who have lived don't often line up as accurately as that.

Of the two, Myrna Loy was Bill Powell's first screen love. But Billie Burke was the second big romance in Florenz Ziegfeld's life.

Anna Held walked out on the Great Glorifyer and Billie Burke marched right in. But in the Hollywood version it was Myrna Loy who deserted Bill Powell and it was Luise Rainer who filled the aching void.

No man was ever on a more definite and delicate spot between two beautiful but purposeful women. Even subconsciously he can't afford to show the slightest preference, by word, act or gesture. One or the other down deep in her heart, would never forgive him. And he's mad about them both!

The ordinary gent might take to strong drink under the pressure. But somehow, I think Bill Powell is getting a huge bang out of it, without benefit of alcohol.

BECAUSE just such a contretemps is a challenge to the suavity, the subtle essence of his personality. It provides a supreme test of the tact, the sophisticated adroitness in *affaires du coeur* upon which he prides himself.

If he can carry it off with the delicacy it demands, he can pat a white carnation in his lapel and twirl his stick with the jaunty assurance that he is the top in discreet maneuvering.

Well, that is the show that goes on behind the glamorous, dramatic show of "The Great Ziegfeld."

It is the game that Hollywood now watches with tingling zest, and which pleasant, composed Director Robert ("Pop") Leonard, the only man who could ever handle fractious Connie Bennett, umpires with impartial calm.

It looks like a twelve-inning contest, a pitcher's duel.

And it calls for a double-play by Mister William Horatio Powell.

Movies, Mountains and Music!

(*Continued from page* 48)

seems sure which—is quite torrid.

Originated by Chester Hale, who had his hands full showing the Indians the steps, the dance is done on one of the most beautiful spots imaginable, a level space at the lake's edge with the mountains rising behind it, and with immense grotesque totem-poles forming the background. A twenty-five-foot, decorated tom-tom supplies the rhythm.

ONE girl, dressed in corn shucks, stands in the middle of the dancers. The others dance about her, each taking a piece of her dress in passing and handing it to the Medicine Man, who throws it into a fire. The girl is finally left—Hays' office willing—just as nature, cosmetics and curling irons made her.

M-G-M has gathered Indians—Washoes, Shoshones, Piutes and Diggers—from all over the West. They live in teepees that will be seen in the picture. Some of these tribes are traditional enemies. The Piutes are the toughies of the lot. But the Shoshones are the best gamblers and are going to end up making the most money out of "Rose Marie."

There are cowboys on the location, too. Most of them will be seen as mounted cops. Fred Gilman, an old Hoot Gibson man, brought up about thirty horses for the picture. Two of these, the ones ridden by Jeanette and Nelson, have regular parts. The others are used for background and for one stupendous number, *The Song of the Mounties*, in which the police do a riding song. There will be three hundred horses in this spectacle.

Somehow, you can't imagine anything being done on a small scale in this setting.

"HELLO
Dirty Face"

Use FREE Coupon Below

● When you were young and your parents said, "Hello, Dirty Face!"—they were referring to "clean," *surface dirt*. Today, of course, you keep the *surface* dirt removed. But what about the *under-surface* dirt caused by dried make-up, gland secretions, ground-in dirt and grime, and the pore-clogging, skin-drying *alkali* that comes in soap and water?

It's this *under-surface* dirt that frequently causes "faded skin," pimples, blackheads, enlarged pores and shiny skin, and it's this particular kind of dirt that DRESKIN removes so effectively. DRESKIN *neutralizes* alkali—keeps the pores clean—lets the skin *breathe naturally.* DRESKIN is rapidly replacing old-fashioned skin cleansing methods. Make the famous "ONE-TWO-THREE" Dreskin Test. It's explained in every package. Send 3c in stamps to cover cost of packing and postage for FREE Travel Size Bottle—enough for a week or more.

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THE ORIGINAL SKIN INVIGORATOR
by the makers of Campana's Italian Balm

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Gentlemen: I enclose 3c in stamps to cover packing and postage. Send me FREE a Travel Size Bottle of DRESKIN—enough for a week or more of skin cleansing treatments.

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If you live in Canada, send your request to Campana Corp., Ltd., McF-1 Caledonia Road, Toronto, Ontario

The country is so overwhelmingly beautiful that even while you are looking at it you can't quite believe it. It's like an immense backdrop. Lake Tahoe is on the border of Nevada and California. In fact, it's so exactly on the border that at mealtime the cook stands in Nevada and the company lines up in California.

This country is still wild. There are bears and countless deer just over the ridge. For all its beauty it is a somewhat fearful place. It is not far from the scene of the tragic Donner party, early California pioneers, who were marooned in the mountains for the winter. Those who were not eaten by the animals were the victims of the party's cannibalism.

Even now the place is practically unlivable in winter. Surprisingly, the few signs of civilization are from other pictures. A set, now in the last stages of decay, still stands near the lake's edge. It is from "Lightnin'," one of the first Will Rogers' talkies. Across the canyon Paramount carpenters are building a skeleton city for Mae West's gold-rush film, "Klondike Lou."

From where the company sleeps, you can see clear across the lake to the Nevada range. Van Dyke stays on that side, coming in to work by speed-boat. Van Dyke's wife, the good looking Ruth Mannix, niece of Eddie Mannix, M-G-M producer, stays there with him. Some nights, when the company is having a party, Van stays in camp.

THERE was a Major Bowes Amateur Hour one night. Lucien Littlefield was master of ceremonies and talked through the amplifier which the sound man had rigged up in the lodge. Nelson Eddy sang a couple of comic songs, Jeanette did a few numbers from opera. But perhaps the most popular "amateurs" were the members of the Rose Marie Rhythm Kings. Using cowbells, sticks, chairs, whistles and almost any other noise making contrivance, a group of prop boys and cameramen formed a red hot orchestra that took first prize. The only person to get the gong was rotund Robert Greig who attempted, over our dead bodies, to recite "The Killing of Dan MacGrew."

Reno, that colorful little city of divorcees, gamblers, cowboys and Basque sheepherders, is but a two-hour drive from the location. Sometimes a few of the location troupe skip out for an evening in its wide-open gaiety. But more often everyone is dead asleep by nine o'clock. For the siren that calls the faithful to work sounds at four-thirty in the morning. Ah, the wild, wild picture life!

By six o'clock Jeanette and Nelson are on the set, nineteen miles from the camp, made-up and ready to go. They are to sing *The Indian Love Call*. Bill Daniels, Garbo's favorite cameraman, gets the scene lined up. Then, with the early sun just skimming the topmost crests of the pine-studded mountains, Nelson and Jeanette begin to pour out their voices over the still dewy morning.

There is a charmed hush when the song ends.

Then Van Dyke says, "It's okay, Kids."

And that's the month's best bit of understatement.

I'M READY TO GIVE UP. I CAN'T SEEM TO COOK SPAGHETTI TO SUIT YOU!
WONDER HOW MARY MAKES THE SAUCE FOR HERS. IT'S MARVELOUS!

"...and then I found that Mary buys her spaghetti ready-cooked!"

"I COULD hardly believe my ears. My sister-in-law, Mary, the prize cook of the family, using *ready-prepared* spaghetti! It *must* be something very much out of the ordinary. And Franco-American most decidedly is! I doubt if the best home cook in the world could make as fine a sauce as it has. No more complaints about spaghetti in my home now. My husband fairly beams when I serve Franco-American."

A superb sauce

Skilled hands prepare it. Quality ingredients go into it—*eleven* in all! Tomato purée—velvet-smooth, lusciously rich and flavorful. Cheese—a specially selected Cheddar, aged to just the right degree of sharpness. Plenty of spices and seasonings, yet so subtly blended that there's no strong over-seasoned taste, but instead, the most delicate, delightful piquancy imaginable.

Would *you* like to go to all this bother at home? No—and you can thank your lucky stars you don't have to! Just say to your grocer, "Send me Franco-American." Then heat, serve and enjoy. It never costs more than three or four cents a portion. That's *less* than you'd pay for all your different ingredients plus the cost of cooking them. And isn't the *time* you save worth something, too? Order Franco-American today.

Franco-American
SPAGHETTI

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Why Bing Crosby's Wife Went Back to Work

(*Continued from page 59*)

family. Even before we were married he told me quite frankly that he didn't believe in waiting for a financially secure future or until we had finished with traveling and fun and building a house."

After Gary Evans was born, in 1933, Dixie often paused in the middle of a work crowded day to wonder how Norma Shearer or Marlene Dietrich or Joan Bennett managed to pack picture careers into lives that already contained the endless demands of youngsters and husbands.

"You see," Dixie observed, "I didn't know then that I was mastering new lessons. I was so busy learning how to oil the wheels of my new household I didn't realize that some day the wheels would begin to turn smoothly without my supervision. I was so completely absorbed searching for the right servants and training them to the irregular hours that Bing's work necessitates, and finding a responsible nurse who would run the nursery with clocklike regularity, I gradually dropped out of things."

AND then in the winter of 1934, Dixie's doctor told her that twins were due at the Crosby household in the summer. But their safe arrival, he warned her, depended entirely upon her courage and grit.

His final words to her rang out like the crack of doom. He said:

"The three of you have just one chance. You must go to bed and stay there for six months."

"At first it was almost unbearable," Dixie recalled. "I worried about a million details, whether the servants were looking after Bing's meals, his clothes and his appointments. I fretted over Gary and wondered if the meticulous routine of the nursery was being neglected.

"And do you know, it was like a physical blow when I finally discovered the truth, that my house was running beautifully without me, and that Gary and Bing were thriving wonderfully in the new setup.

"I felt suddenly deserted and useless. My big job was finished, and I had nothing to take its place."

And for the rest of those endless weeks of waiting Dixie was haunted by the drab ghosts of her future. For long hours when her nurses thought she was sleeping, she was conducting a silent but fierce debate with those somber spooks.

"When the twins are here and you're well again, what are you going to do?" the ghosts jeered at her. "What's there left for you to do that's important? Nothing, admit it, nothing. Bing has arrived. His career is set. The twins and Gary will go under the wing of a competent nurse. So just where do you come in?"

"I can learn to play bridge," Dixie would fire back. "Lots of women seem to make life go by pleasantly that way."

"Oh, don't talk twaddle. You know you loathe the sight of cards." The ghosts were hard to talk down.

"Well, I'll have lots of time for tennis and golf and swimming. Or I can sit home and read millions of books and go highbrow."

"But no one reads books throughout a lifetime, and you know you're a perfect dub at every sport except riding."

"Then what's wrong with going terribly social? I'll give parties and dinners and receptions. They take up a lot of time."

"Oh, hum, you bore us. Why argue? You know what you're destined to be, just another successful man's wife, the mousey type without a shred of personality or gumption."

"I won't, I tell you. I won't. I won't."

And the debate usually ended for the day with a puzzled nurse administering a sedative.

Well, the twins managed to get themselves born without too much trouble in July, 1934, and two months later a very determined Dixie packed up her three babies and moved down to the Crosby ranch one hundred miles south of Hollywood.

"I made up my mind, as soon as I was well enough, to do four things," Dixie told me. "First to gain back twenty-five pounds I'd lost during those six bedridden months. Second, to store up enough energy to whip my weight in wildcats, and third and fourth, to learn to swim and play tennis.

"And I accomplished just what I set out to do. I went into the ranch pool alone every day and taught myself how to swim, although I swallowed a tankful of water before I succeeded. Then I started batting tennis balls on the court, and when I finally came back to town I wasn't ashamed to hire an instructor to go on with the good work.

"And somehow I began to gather up a lot of confidence in myself, and to really enjoy interests outside my home for the first time. You know, being able to smack a ball over a net with a whacking forehand drive does something to you."

AND then late one night at a gay Christmas holiday party, a well known producer asked Dixie if she would consider coming out of retirement and do a singing-dancing role in his next production. She laughed it off and gave the eggnog bowl full credit for the offer. But the next morning the producer telephoned and demanded a "yes" or a "no" and Dixie gave him a "no."

"I really wanted that part," she admitted to me, "but I had decided before Gary was born that I was through with a personal life of my own, that no woman was clever enough to hold down two jobs at once, and that one career in the family was sufficient. You know, the usual recipe for happy marriage in Hollywood."

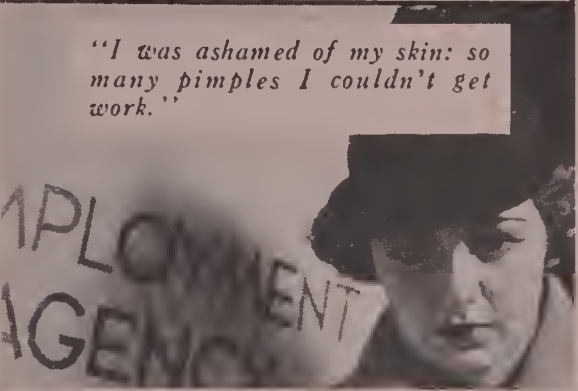
But when regret began to tarnish the nobility of this decision, Dixie found herself calling on her best friend, Jobyna Arlen (Dick Arlen's wife), and begging her advice.

"I was certain Joby would back me up," Dixie said. "I knew she would tell me I had done the right thing, the only thing, and that would help me squash those regrets. You see, she gave up a starring contract two years after her marriage to Dick because she believed matrimony couldn't be cut down to a part time job."

So Ashamed Of Her Skin!

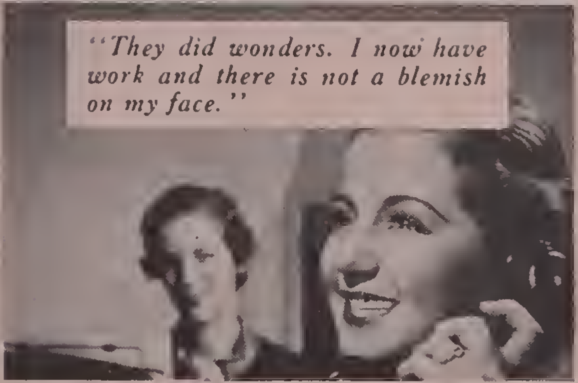
Every quotation in this advertisement is from an actual and voluntary letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Bernice G. Ruttingh
NOTARY PUBLIC



"I was ashamed of my skin: so many pimples I couldn't get work."

"I heard about Yeast Foam Tablets from a friend and decided to give them a trial."



"They did wonders. I now have work and there is not a blemish on my face."

NO ADVERTISING copywriter invented the story above. It's a true experience—one of hundreds reported to us by grateful users of Yeast Foam Tablets.

What these pleasant yeast tablets have done for others they should do for you. Why don't you try them today? Their rich stores of precious corrective elements will quickly help to rid your body of the poisons which are the real cause of so many common skin troubles. And you should *feel* better as well as *look* better.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. Refuse all substitutes.

FREE! *Lovely Tilted Mirror. Gives perfect close-up. Leaves both hands free to put on make-up. Free for coupon with empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton.*

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Please send the handy tilted make-up mirror.
R. G. 1-36
Name____________________
Address____________________
City____________State________

But Joby didn't back her up. In fact, she called Dixie an idiot. She said:

"I'm not sorry I left the screen when I did, but I was mistaken about a home and marriage absorbing a woman's whole life. They don't. Not when you've reached the point where your husband's career is running in high gear and you can do nothing more to further it, and when you can afford competent help to do the mechanical things for your children.

"You and I have plenty of time for a small career. Not one as big or as important as our husbands', but one that can be tucked into those long lonely weeks when they are working all day and often late into the night at studios. And such a career would give you and Bing a new common interest. You'll both be working at the same thing, and that should develop into a wonderful bond between you.

"If you get another chance, promise me, Dixie, that you'll consider it."

WELL, Dixie got her second chance and she didn't turn it down. On the first day of March she set her alarm clock for six, and was driving over Cahuenga Pass toward Hollywood and the RKO studios before it was light.

"Yes, Bing was a little startled when I told him about my decision," she admitted, "but he urged me to do exactly as I wished. Of course, the children were in a bad temper during my first week at the studio, and a lot of things went wrong at home, but everything simmered down nicely after a few easy adjustments.

"I won't sign a long term contract, because I want to be free when Bing is free, and that way my job will never grow too big to be fitted into the convenient chinks in our life together.

"And surely, it can't be wrong to fight back at a fate that would someday mold me into a typical successful man's wife, a colorless, indefinite person, without personality, ability or accomplishment."

A brand new slant on Jean—the intimate details of the Harlow collection of mementoes — in the February MOVIE MIRROR.

HOUSEWIVES VOTE . . .

SILVER DUST

Deeper Suds

MAKE DISHWASHING QUICK AND EASY

SILVER DUST
A WHITE SUDSY SOAP FOR DISHES AND LAUNDRY

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FOR COLDS & SIMPLE HEADACHES SINCE 1889

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Tips on Talkies

(*Continued from page* 40)

thoroughly charming. John Boles and Rochelle Hudson, who sings, too, supply the love interest. However, this is all Shirley's picture and those who come to see her won't be disappointed.

✓✓DARK ANGEL, THE (United Artists). A new, and attractively fresh, Merle Oberon in a poignant and touching story. Fredric March, at his best as Miss Oberon's sightless soldier lover, and the suave Herbert Marshall in excellent support. An artistic, sensitive rendition of a sentimental and romatic plot. Superb direction, photography and incidental music.

✓*EAGLE'S BROOD, THE (Paramount). Good news for Western fans in this second appearance of Hop-Along Cassidy, with William Boyd giving all the fast riding and gun play you could ask for.*

FIGHTING YOUTH (Universal). Collegiate football and campus Communists join hands to make this a timely and fairly interesting film. Charles Farrell as the All-American half back who gets mixed up with shady politics. J. Farrell MacDonald, Ann Sheridan, Edward Nugent and Herman Bing as his patriotic friends.

✓HARMONY LANE (Republic). A decidedly worth-while musical. Based on the life of Stephen Foster, composer of "Swanee River," "My Old Kentucky Home" and other American folk tunes. Douglas Montgomery, Evelyn Venable, Adrienne Ames and William Frawley head the cast of this sincere, emotional and quietly effective costume film.

✓HIS NIGHT OUT (Universal). Edward Everett Horton, Irene Hervey and Jack LaRue in a riotously funny yarn about a dyspeptic *Casper Milquetoast* who, thinking he has only three months to live, confesses to stealing the boss's bonds to save the boss's secretary.

I LIVE MY LIFE (M-G-M). Not up to the usually elegant Crawford standard. A mild and rather imitative piece about a rich young society bud and the poor young adventurer who tames her. Brian Aherne, Frank Morgan, Aline MacMahon and Fred Keating in excellent support.

✓✓LAST DAYS OF POMPEII, THE (RKO). An impressive spectacle based on the twilight of an evil city and the dawn of Christianity. Full of awe inspiring scenes and more than competently enacted by Preston Foster, Basil Rathbone, David Holt and Louis Calhern. Strangely human and touching for all its massive sets.

✓*LITTLE AMERICA (Paramount). The use of sound makes this second film of Admiral Byrd and his crew in the Antarctic more thrilling than the first, and places it on the "must see" list of all interested in educational and adventure fare.*

✓✓MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A (Warner Brothers). Mendelssohn's delicate music, Reinhardt's masterful production and superb photography lavishly embroidering Shakespeare's classic of that bewitched night in the woods. Little Mickey Rooney leading practically the entire Warner contract list in a hauntingly beautiful screen masterpiece.

MORALS OF MARCUS, THE (GB). Lupez Velez, the Mexican tamale, in a rather uninspired English film. All about Lupe's troubles with the men, her specific problems being how to get out of marrying an aged Oriental, and how to break through a scientist's stern reserve. Adrienne Ames, Ian Hunter and Noel Madison in adequate support.

✓MURDER OF DR. HARRIGAN, THE (Warner Brothers). Ricardo Cortez gives an excellent performance as a hospital interne with detective instincts who solves the murder of the doctor who was about to operate on a rich patient, and the mysterious disappearance of the patient from the operating room. There's good comedy, too.

MUSIC IS MAGIC (20th Century-Fox). Lacking outstanding box-office names, this little item about a passe movie star is better entertainment than you might expect. Story and music nothing to get excited about, but capable performances from Alice Fay, Ray Walker, Bebe Daniels and Jack Durant.

✓NAVY WIFE (20th Century-Fox). This one tells about a girl who has seen so many unhappy marriages that she is afraid to risk it for herself. Ralph Bellamy is the handsome Navy surgeon who tries to change her mind and Claire Trevor is the timid girl. A well told, smartly enacted piece.

✓✓PAY OFF, THE (Warner Brothers). A breezy, fast-moving story about a crooked sports promoter and a newspaper columnist who unearths the dirty work. Jimmie Dunn, Claire Dodd, Patricia Ellis, Alan Dinehart and Frankie Darro combine their talents to give this one suspense, romance and speed.

✓✓PERSONAL MAID'S SECRET (Warner Brothers). A homely, down-to-earth little affair that blends two stories. One is about a young insurance salesman's climb to success. The other treats mother love with restraint and simplicity. Warren Hull, Margaret Lindsay, Ruth Donnelly, Frank Albertson and Anita Louise head the smooth-working cast.

RED SALUTE (United Artists). Chock full of the American flag and featuring the Communistic scare, the story has Barbara Stanwyck as a head-strong lass who falls for a campus agitator. Robert Young and Cliff Edwards take care of the romance and the laughs. Hardie Albright is the baddie. Film is best when it is silliest.

✓✓SHE COULDN'T TAKE IT (Columbia). A side-splitting, exciting comedy romance that runs through its complicated plot with enthusiasm and humor. George Raft, in a part for which he is ideally suited, gives his best performance since "Scarface." Joan Bennett, James Blakely, Walter Connolly and Billie Burke form the silly family over which Raft is made guardian.

SHE GETS HER MAN (Universal). ZaSu Pitts and Hugh O'Connell in mildly funny complications that arise when two hard working people spend a holiday together at a beach playground, Walter Catlett helping out with the laughs. And there's a pleasant song called "Love Is In My Heart."

✓SHE MARRIED HER BOSS (Columbia). Claudete Colbert taking a rest from heavy drama. An intelligent portrayal of a successful working gal. Light, but with serious undertones, the story concerns her difficulties after she marries her stuffy boss. Michael Bartlett, who sings, and Melvyn Douglas, who doesn't, are the men. Edith Fellows gives an interesting brat performance.

SHIPMATES FOREVER (Warner Brothers). Dick Powell as a radio and cafe crooner who gives up his melodious art to become a cadet at Annapolis. Never quite believable, but containing a few good songs and, of course, the fetching dancing of Ruby Keeler. Best work, however, is done by the supporting cast. Especially John Arledge, who gives the best performance of his career.

✓SPECIAL AGENT (Warner Brothers). Bette Davis, George Brent and Ricardo Cortez offer a belated entry in the G-Men pictures. Fast, interesting and entertaining enough, but hardly up to the standard set by the earlier films of this rugged type.

THUNDER MOUNTAIN (20th Century-Fox). A better than average horse opera with lovely outdoor settings and the required amount of fast action. Muscular George O'Brien as the fearless cowboy-prospector and Barbara Fritchie as the gal of his manly dreams.

✓✓TOP HAT (RKO). Nimble Fred Astaire and his lovely partner, Ginger Rogers, in a gay, handsome and tuneful offering that's just as charming as you'd expect. Irving Berlin's grand music and comedy performances by Eric Blore, Erik Rhodes, E. E. Horton and Helen Broderick assist in making this something you just can't miss.

✓✓TWO FISTED (Paramount). Based somewhat haphazardly on the stage hit "Is Zat So?" this is fast talking, vigorous entertainment. Story tells of a has-been fighter and his manager who become bodyguards and run into kidnapping and other adventures. Lee Tracy, Roscoe Karns, Gail Patrick and Kent Taylor cavort through the leading roles.

WATERFRONT LADY (Mascot). Notable for the debut of promising Ann Rutherford, this salty little tale concerns a girl, living on a barge, who falls in love with a fugitive from the police. Frank Albertson is fine as the boy who protects his boss, and the film itself is satisfactory.

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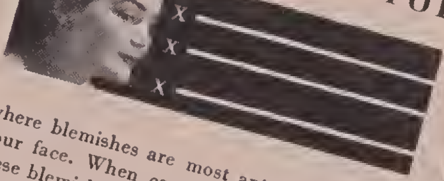

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The Girl Who Is Always Starting Something

(*Continued from page 25*)

be sure that the party will need some sort of emergency operation if it's not to die on its feet. This, I believe, is contrary to the old-fashioned belief that a hostess should sit back and let her guests entertain themselves. It can't be done, at least not in the early part of the evening. The hostess must get everyone in a gay key and then, atuned, they will carry on of their own volition.

"This is the reason for my so-called 'unusual' parties, my barn party right in my own living room, for example. The minute my guests came in the door they were startled into delighted exclamations. That struck the key."

AND well those guests might have been startled. Carole had converted her artistic Empire drawing room into a barn, with harnesses hung over valuable paintings, hay stacked against the walls, and even a few chickens cackling in the corner. The formal carved-wood fireplace became the background for a grill over which steaks were sizzling. The doors opening on to the garden now opened on to a barnyard. The servants wore hill-billy costumes and sang hill-billy songs. And the party was a success.

The first unusual party in which Carole had a hand was a hospital party which Bill Powell gave some years ago. The guests wore doctors' and nurses' uniforms. Drinks and food were served in white enamel ware, and it was, in a word, a riot.

"Another thing is this," Carole went on. "I abhor rigamarole and I adore simplicity. I can't be bothered to clutter up my life with stardom gestures. Like having a maid on the set. What do I want a maid on the set for? It's all right to have one in my dressing room, to serve lunch, and take care of my clothes. But there are enough prop boys and other people on the set to do little things for me, if I want them done, and I'm not too lazy to light my own cigarettes. If I have a maid on the set, she's always under my feet, unless I can think of enough things to keep her busy. So I don't have one.

"The same with driving my own small car to the studio. All this liveried chauffeur business, the big limousines—a *nuisance!* Where's the chauffeur now? Has he eaten? Is he tending to business or driving around on his own? I can't be bothered. The glamor of having someone drive me around as though I were a wax doll, and too fragile to turn a wheel! I can't see it. When I started driving my own little inexpensive coupe, I did it because it was the simpliest thing to do."

And as soon as Carole paved the way, the rest started. Most of the glamor girls of the screen now drive their own little cars—Joan Crawford, Katharine Hepburn, and so on. In case you think that Hepburn has always driven her own small car let me remind you that when Hepburn first came to Hollywood, she bought an Hispana-Suiza limousine. At that time, Carole was already "coupe-ing" it around.

THEN there was the business of make-up kits. Everybody on the Paramount lot was vying to have the most beautiful and the most expensive leather make-up kits, fitted with enameled containers, silver-topped jars, and all that stuff, a place for everything and everything in its place. Carole couldn't be bothered so she dropped out. She had a wicker basket tray. One day she dumped all her make-up in that, and has been using it ever since. And now, no one but extras and small contract players carry smart make-up kits. The stars are using cake tins, bread trays, cigar boxes, and just any old thing they can lay their hands on. Carole, first to start this informal fad, has made it smart.

Several years ago she telegraphed her Christmas greetings, much to the delight of her friends. Why bore them with another card? That was Carole's idea. And

In the characteristic informal pose above, the camera catches a glimpse of the Carole you will see in "Hands Across the Table."

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besides, the telegrams were simpler. Last year, the Hollywood branch of the telegraph company did an unheard of business at Christmas!

Her urge for simplicity is again illustrated in the long, straight bangs, which she was first to wear. "Curl my bangs every two minutes? I guess not. I'll wear them straight. Let the other girls fuss with theirs if they want to. Not me." But the other girls didn't want to fuss, either, after Carole had shown them the way. Straight bangs became the rage.

Carole, if you remember, was also the first to wear those goofy big beach-hats—Mexican sombreros, Chinese coolie hats, good old American-farmer straws—all large, all fantastic, and all exceedingly simple. Carole adopted them to avoid the annoyance of creaming a sunburned face.

Recently she originated a practical aviation outfit, a gabardine pajama with matching trench coat. You can loll in that in ease, and still be smart about it.

I could go on and on with incidents of Carole's "firsts" in fashion. She was the first to wear tailored evening dresses, first to wear cuff links and clips instead of buttons, first to wear the kimono fur coat, first to wear matching rings and bracelets. She has a positive knack for these things. But there are two things which she has begun recently which are of even greater interest. One is an actuality and the second is still a dream.

CAROLE is the first female star to turn interior decorator in a semi-professional way. She began years ago, when, with William Haines, she redecorated her own house to suit her personality. Both Jean Harlow's platinum blonde house and Crawford's white one came much later. Then Carole began to help her friends with their re-decorating. Today this hobby absorbs a great part of Carole's spare time.

At the moment she is decorating Bob Riskin's house. She shops at every out-of-the-way antique dealer's. She carries a shopping list with her constantly. She talks intelligently of Empire, Italian Renaissance, and Louis XIV and XV. Recently she has received a commission to decorate a house in Santa Barbara for some English people.

The other thing is tennis. Carole has dreams of playing tournament tennis all over the world. "Don't you think it would be amusing to have a movie actress turn tennis player? Somehow people think we picture people can't do anything but emote. Well, I want to emote on a tennis court. I play tennis now two and three hours a day. I am working harder at it than I have ever worked at anything. And am I getting good!"

As you may have gathered, it is pretty obvious that if Carole never made another picture, she would not suffer a minute. She has a good time out of life, and being a picture star has nothing to do with it. She would have a good time at anything because she can always start something. And she never starts anything at all that isn't amusing, that doesn't alleviate boredom, and that doesn't give her the maximum pleasure with the least effort.

Not all of us can adopt these particular "firsts" for ourselves. But you and I can remember and practice the principle—and then we'll really have personality!

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What Men Have Told Me About Other Women

(*Continued from page 33*)

than the original) with the unimportant difference that she was some fifteen years younger.

But if gentlemen have scruples about mentioning the loves of their lives, they have no such tender reticence concerning the women who have bored, annoyed, pursued or fooled them. And from this field, there are to be gleaned many words to the wise woman.

Just the other evening, a famous bachelor actor escorted me to a typical Hollywood party. He is an Englishman. When I say "Englishman," I mean all that the word implies—a reserved, aloof soul who is like a ship without a pilot when he is robbed of that protective dignity Englishmen must wear at all times. Poor chap, what an evening he spent! We had hardly arrived at the house when he was forced into the comparative role of a rabbit eluding the hounds or, in this case, two unattached ladies. One, more persistent than the other, would scarcely let him out of her sight. Finally, worn down by her relentless tactics, he gave up and spent the remainder of the evening talking to her. About midnight, I took a taxi home—alone.

THE next morning he rang me up. He was embarrassed beyond words. He hoped I'd understand. He had never been in quite such a predicament before. Was it a jolly old American custom, or what?

Englishmen whom I have met in America have generally asked me that question. They are amazed by the equality of American women in romantic prerogatives. An American woman makes no effort to be coy or aloof or difficult to know when she really likes a man. She is not only quite capable of telling him she likes him but of arranging an introduction, as well. In Carole Lombard's picture, "Rhumba," this was tellingly demonstrated when Carole sent a waiter to George Raft, whom she had never met, requesting that he come to her table. I had seen this in American films previously, but had always considered it movie fiction. American men seem to think nothing of it—in fact, they know their women to be equally direct in calling quits to a romance that has begun to pall. But to the foreigner, this feminine guidance (either at the beginning or end of a flirtation) is almost beyond comprehension.

Many men have told me that they fear a woman who is not natural. There's a pat, American phrase for it: "an act." Men can and will forgive a broken heart. In time I believe they really become rather proud of it—it's much like an attractive scar gained in battle. But they will never forgive a woman who deliberately fools them. Or perhaps I should be more explicit: most men can forgive a devil with the heart of an angel. But they can never forgive an angel with the heart of a devil.

Men have told me they are afraid of beautiful, clever women. It's not really fear, though. It is suspicion. They are such odd creatures, these males, they want the impossible. They want all the sophistication, worldliness, charm and understanding that is brought into a woman's life through experience, but they don't want her to have had the experience. They want all this in a gingham dress, tied up in blue hair ribbons and marked: "Exclusive."

And many men have unconsciously told me that they hate the practical side of romance—too early. Not that they dislike looking at that side of it themselves, but they dislike to have it pointed up for them. One particular man I know was frightened out of what might have been a great romance and love in his life because the woman was too quick to prompt him to help her with her career. Successful men are always wary of this element in their romances. To kiss one moment and be asked to lift the mortgage the next is the quickest way to kill romance. A well-known producer of English films once told me that he had fallen so deeply in love with a certain budding young star that he had written out a stellar contract for her and purchased her first starring material. It was to have been a surprise—a sort of engagement present. But the girl made the fatal mistake of continually regaling him with her professional, family and financial difficulties. In time, the man began to feel more like her banker than her fiance, and the love story was over. Men have told me so much, in fact, on this subject that I have been forced to realize that were I ever really interested in a man I would never discuss my troubles with him, financial or otherwise.

Men have told me that they love simplicity in women, that their secret ideal is the home-maker, the mate. Yet I have known men with such wives who were unforgivable philanderers.

AND here is something that no man has ever told me, yet I know it to be true: that all men are slaves to physical comfort. The wisest women I ever knew was a plain, unassertive little person who was married to a brilliant novelist, a gay blade with a weather eye toward a beautiful woman. He was thoroughly convinced, he confided in me, that he had his wife completely fooled. But the charm of the situation was that just the opposite was true. She was the clever one. She was the master of the situation. For she knew in her heart that the beauties he met might temporarily infatuate him, but that was all. It was all because she had enslaved him with the ceaseless thought for his comfort with which she conducted his home.

But before you conceive the idea that I have learned all there is to learn about what men think of women, let me say that I have had men tell me just enough about other women they have loved to learn this:

If some superlatively attractive man crossed my path, one whom I should like to have love me very much, I know I should forget all the generalities men have taught me and fall head over heels in love, subject to all the "bitter mistakes" or "accidental successes" of all other women in love.

Up the Glory Road with Tibbett

(Continued from page 37)

other boys of his age been generously sprinkled throughout the audience.

Never will he forget that first song he sang in public! He was to have rendered "Jesus Wants Me For A Sunbeam" but before he could get any further than a piping announcement of the title, one of the neighborhood kids laughed. "Jesus Wants Me For A Sunbeam" didn't get a start; in fact, it stopped just back of Larry's teeth through which it refused to spout. In despair, his mother arose and announced to the gathering that her offspring would sing, instead, "The Star Spangled Banner." Thus Lawrence Tibbett made his debut as a soloist with a hundred strong voices propped under him to keep him from falling down! "It's really funny," laughed Tibbett, "how even the poorest voice is applauded after singing a patriotic song! Often, in a similar embarrassing situation, I've wished I could use the Bakersfield method of squirming out of a tight spot with a shriek of 'Oooooh say can you *seeeeee!*'"

WHEN Larry was twelve, his mother moved the fatherless little brood to Long Beach, California. Bill Tibbett had left $10,000 of insurance to his widow and Mrs. Tibbett believed her small fortune should be invested in greener pastures than the sun-baked slopes of Bakersfield. For several years she struggled with a hotel before selling out at a loss and moving to Los Angeles. Ironically enough, it was as though she were running away from Fortune; the land in both Bakersfield and Long Beach subsequently brought millions in oil to those who purchased it!

By now, Larry's two older brothers had married and left home and only his sister remained to help his mother in her new venture of "taking in roomers" in a huge house at Twelfth and Figuroa Streets. Shortly after they moved in, Larry was enrolled at Manual Arts High School.

He had grown into a tall, gangling youth so delicate in appearance that his mother was convinced he was suffering from tuberculosis. Several doctors assured her that such was not the case, but she was unceasing in her promptings that Larry go in for physical exercise.

He was not a popular boy at school—that is, he was not a ring leader in sports, dramatic or glee club activities. "How I hated that!" said Tibbett. "I've always loved the spotlight, wanted it! It was one of the real defeats of my life when I was turned down by the Glee Club. There were fifty others whose voices were considered better than mine. And I've no doubt they were. I had nothing but the burning *desire* to sing, until I came into my voice at the age of twenty-one."

Larry would have liked to be a devil with the girls of Manual Arts, too. But his success with the girls was no more pronounced than with the Glee Club. To add to his embarrassment, he found that he was surrounded on every side by youngsters with avid movie ambitions. Though he would have died rather than admit it, "scrawny necked" Lawrence Tibbett wanted

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to be a dashing movie star more than anything else in the world.

Because he worshipped at the shrine of Bill Hart and Doug Fairbanks, he spent gruelling hours on a trapeze he had rigged up in the backyard. As he remembers now, he always sang as he turned and twisted on the bar in quest of a strong body—sang so loudly, in fact, that he became a neighborhood nuisance and some of his mother's lodgers considered him the loudest youngster they'd ever heard. But he began to fill out, to gain strength.

Then Maude Howell came from Leland Stanford University to coach the dramatic class.

Maude Howell was a beautiful young woman who was to go far in the world of dramatic coaching. She was a splendid teacher and more than a passing actress herself. But to the worshipping Larry Tibbett, she was a First Love—with all the agony and self-consciousness that means.

FOR the sole reason of basking in Miss Howell's approbation, he finally got up steam enough to make the Glee Club and the dramatic group. In order to impress her, he began to assume a sort of man-of-the-world flourish and confidence that he was far from really feeling. But it was a developing phase in his outward personality.

Two months after Larry was graduated from Manual Arts High School, the United States entered the war. This official proclamation was a turning point in his life and an important hurdle, delaying his career. For, if he had not joined the Navy to see the world, he would no doubt have begun his career three years before he actually did.

But the war was a challenge of glamor and excitement, so he hit the decks of the training ship *Iris* stationed in San Francisco Bay. For a year, he knew nothing of war beyond the scrubbed decks of the *Iris*. But he threw himself into his work with such enthusiasm that he was soon made an instructor in seamanship. Eventually he was transferred to Boston and was in Baltimore when the war ended.

Returning to San Francisco, he was sent to Vladivostock on the leaky ship *Caderetta*, heavily laden with ammunitions and supplies for American soldiers in Russia. It was not until May of 1919 that the *Caderetta* returned.

He was singing as he rushed up the steps to the old house and there was an even greater song in his heart. But his mother did not open the door. Instead, a tall, dark girl stood framed in the doorway. Instant surprise lighted her face.

"Lawrence Tibbett!" she cried, hurling back the screen to admit him. "I wouldn't know you . . . I . . ."

Larry laughed, too, and caught her hands in his. She was Grace Mackay Smith, who had boarded with his mother and whom Larry had first known in high school. They had been casual friends, nothing more. But now they were clinging to one another's hands and eyes as though they were rooted by the electric spell of the moment. Without thought or plan or reason the emotion-starved boy of twenty-one drew the vivid, dark girl into his arms and kissed her.

Four days later, they were married!

A great deal has been written on the subject of the married life of Grace and Lawrence Tibbett. Some biographers have seen in the dominating personality of this intense woman the spark that set off his subsequent career, the dynamic inspiration behind his success. Others have politely wondered how it ever lasted as long as it did. But none denies that it was a partnership charged with zest, adventure, struggle, defeat, victory, bits of heaven and flashes of hell. Certainly, in their greatest struggles, it was never dull. From the moment they swore "I do" to the moment of their distant divorce, they lived completely. Years later, Grace Tibbett was to tell a reporter that she had always loved Lawrence more than he had loved her . . . ". . . more than he could love *any* woman." But surely no woman ever knew greater intensity of love than Grace found with Larry those first few years of their marriage.

Grace continued to work as a stenographer until four months after their marriage. At that time, she knew she was to become a mother; months later, twins were born to the Tibbetts, each weighing a little over four pounds. In spite of their cramped finances, they were as happy as their explosive temperaments would permit. Grace had courage and ambition. Larry had a magnificent voice. They were good for each other. The girl prodded him, goaded him on to a goal she knew he would reach. Larry sometimes chafed at the driving, but, without it, he might never have made some of the daring steps that eventually saw him to stardom.

IT was Grace and her friend Rupert Hughes who first insisted that Larry abandon Los Angeles and try his wings in New York. In 1920 when he had played *Iago* in a local production of "Othello" under the fancy name of "Lawrence Mervil" (considered very hot stuff by Tibbett) he had attracted the attention of the local artistic group and particularly the novelist Rupert Hughes. Many friends joined forces with Grace in her plea that Lawrence should seek broader fields. Money? What did money matter? They would borrow it, the plan being that Grace should remain in Los Angeles with the twins until Larry had succeeded at which time he would send for them. But just as he made up his mind to take the fateful step, opportunity in the guise of a Sid Grauman prologue delayed his New York venture for a year.

Sid Grauman was the local Reinhardt—at least of the movie house prologues. He was the impressario of the "Revue Impressionistic." Larry had been sent for to double as Charles Ray against a blacksmith shop backdrop. Because he didn't look much like Ray, he hadn't thought he would get the job. Sid was a stickler for detail. But much to his surprise, Grauman snapped him up as "the perfect illusion of Ray over the footlights" and signed him at $50 weekly for the run of the show.

So successful was Tibbett's singing engagement with the Ray picture, that Sid was loath to let him go. True, he didn't look much like Bill Hart, who was to be featured in the next picture, but that little detail was ignored in the excitement of Grauman's new orchestra elevator that would lift the band up from the basement with Tibbett standing in a spotlight singing! "You'll be the first actor in the world to come into a spotlight on an elevator!" said Sid.

But the Grauman prestige earned other engagements for Larry. Grace diligently put away as much of his earnings as possible against the New York trip. But even a year of careful saving did not yield enough to protect Grace and the children during his absence. It was James G. Warren, wealthy president of the Orpheus Club in which Larry had been singing for several weeks, who eventually loaned him the money for the trip. Warren's intructions were that Lawrence was to study with Frank La Forge, coach of Mme. Alda, wife of Gatti-Casazza, director of the Metropolitan. The agreement was that if Lawrence, who was then twenty-four, did not succeed by the age of thirty, he was to return to Los Angeles and take over a job selling trucks. Certainly, an artist was never launched on a more commercial basis. He was to deliver or work it out!

LARRY'S life now settled into a hall bedroom and his coaching with La Forge. He had no money with which to enjoy the night life, no clothes to wear had he been invited out. And for the first time in his life he was overawed by competition. New York seemed alive with fine singers, many of them working in choruses and small bit roles, if lucky enough to be working at all. When he confided to his few friends that La Forge was working toward an audition at the Metropolitan for him, they laughed and warned him not to hold his breath until he got one. Some of them had been promised auditions for years and grown old waiting!

It was a discouraged and blue young man who arrived at the studio one morning to be met by the beaming face of his teacher.

"What do you think?" La Forge yelled at him. "I have secured you an audition at the Metropolitan . . . this afternoon!"

Tibbett could not believe his ears. He doesn't remember much of what happened during the next hour. But he *does* remember the fever of the preparations, the trip to the Opera House in a rusty taxi and the first glimpse of the mammoth, deserted house with its famous Diamond Horshoe yawning in his face. Someone, from deep in the pits, asked what he was going to sing. There was nothing there. The ordeal had been too intense. The untried young baritone was as lifeless as though he had been turned to stone. He was singing.

Suddenly, a voice he could hardly hear, coming from a person he could not see, cut off his song in the middle.

"That is all," said the Voice. "That is all. Thank you for coming, Mr. Tibbett, but I am afraid you are not prepared for the Metropolitan."

He was numb.

That night he sent a wire to Grace to beg, borrow or steal money and to join him in New York. He was a failure. They must make other plans.

Disaster and disappointment—but his great triumph at the Metropolitan lay not far ahead; next month, the inside story of the early successes which brought Lawrence Tibbett the adoration of many women, divorce and a new marriage.

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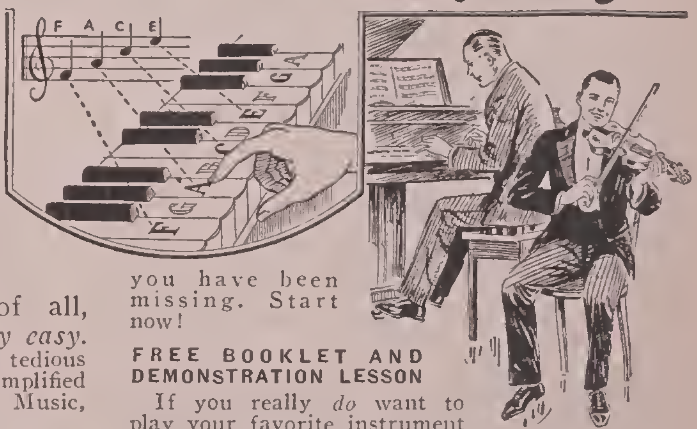

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Movie Mirror's Cooking Page

(*Continued from page 61*)

MAPLE PECAN PIE

3 eggs
¾ cup sugar
¾ cup maple syrup
2 tbls. butter
⅛ tsp. salt
1 tbl. vinegar
1 cup pecan halves

Beat eggs, stir into them gradually sugar and syrup. Melt butter and stir it in, together with salt, vinegar and nuts. Pour into a pie-tin covered with pastry (unbaked) and bake in a slow over (300° F.) for about three-quarters of an hour.

Here, however, is a cake that you can safely include in mailed packages, as it will keep fresh a surprisingly long time.

CIDER CAKE

½ cup butter
1 cup sugar
2 cups sweet cider
1 lb. currants
1 tsp. allspice
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 tbl. soda
4 cups flour
4 eggs

Cream butter and sugar. Beat in cider, currants and flour, into which soda has been sifted. Add beaten egg yolks and beat until light, then fold in beaten egg whites. Bake for an hour in a moderate oven (350° F.)

And here are two good cookie recipes, both of which will pack and keep well.

LEMON WAFERS

1 cup butter (or other shortening)
1½ cups sugar
3 beaten eggs
2 tbls. strained lemon juice
1 tbl. grated lemon rind
3 cups flour
½ tsp. salt

Cream butter and sugar, and add other ingredients. Shape into a roll and keep in ice-box until firm. Then slice and bake on a cooky sheet in a hot oven (425° F.) until delicately brown. Sprinkle cocoanut or crushed nuts on top.

BRAZIL NUT BARS

¾ cup. flour
½ tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
½ cup chopped Brazil nuts
1 cup sliced dates
2 eggs
1 cup brown sugar

Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt. Mix nuts and dates through the flour with fingers. Beat eggs until light and add sugar gradually while beating. Stir this into dry ingredients. Pour into a shallow pan that has been well buttered and dusted with flour, and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for about half an hour. It is ready to take from the oven when the surface will spring back when pressed with the finger. Cut into strips about four inches long and an inch wide, and roll in powdered sugar.

I spoke about including conserves in your gift box, and this one is so different and so good, I am sure after you have once made it, you will want to keep a supply on hand all the time!

PERSIAN MARMALADE

2 lemons
1 qt. green tomatoes
1 cup preserved ginger
2 lbs. sugar
3 slices canned pineapple

Slice lemons very thin, throw away the seeds. Cover with half a cup of water and let stand over night. Cut the tomatoes into cubes, add sugar, lemons and water. Put into a saucepan and place in a slow oven (300° F.) until tomatoes are tender. Shred pineapple and ginger, add them to the first mixture, and continue cooking until tomatoes are clear, and syrup rich and thick. Seal in jars.

Here is a recipe that you really should have in your file, as it is a splendid basis for *petit fours*. You can use these in your boxes if you are careful to choose a frosting that is firm and hard. This cake batter is also good baked in the convenient little paper cases. You can frost the tops and decorate with ginger and colored sugar.

FOR FANCY CAKES

1½ cups sifted cake flour
3 tsp. baking powder
½ cup butter
1 cup powdered sugar
4 well beaten eggs
½ tsp. lemon extract

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and sift again three times. Cream butter and sugar until light, add eggs and flour alternately, the flavor going in last. Turn into a well-greased, shallow tin, lined with paper, and bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) about fifty minutes. Cut into shapes and frost as desired.

When you come to pack your boxes, you will find it simpler, if you wrap each individual thing first; cookies of course, make half-dozen packages. Tissue paper, when used, should go over waxed paper or cellophane, as tissue paper alone won't keep things fresh. Then divide into groups for each box, remembering to use plenty of the crinkly cut paper so your gifts won't arrive broken and crushed.

I know you will enjoy sending out these boxes, and if there's anything I haven't made clear, write me about it when you send for the other special Christmas recipes I haven't space for here.

MOVIE MIRROR'S CHILDREN'S PICTURE CONTEST

These are the children whose photographs appear on pages 30 and 31

41. Richard C. Thorp, Philadelphia, Pa.; 42. Robert Karl Ostrander, Jr., South Orange, N. J.; 43. Jerry Garst, Peninsula, Ohio; 44. Charles A. Goetting, Jr., El Paso, Texas; 45. Walter Drolt Carter, Welch, W. Va.; 46. Buddy Burnwood, Philadelphia, Pa.; 47. Richard Hauser, Buffalo, N. Y.; 48. Billie Martin, Dyersville, Iowa; 49. Rodney Lionel Dennison, Seattle, Wash.; 50. Lester Lee Woerther, Manchester, Mo.; 51. Helen Louise Hamilton, Oklahoma City, Okla.; 52. LaVonne Mae Evenson, New Deal, Mont.; 53. Mollie Ann Attley, Durand, Ill.; 54. Jerlene Master Wadenpfuhl, New Orleans, La.; 55. Mary Stella Costello, Cincinnati, Ohio; 56. Jane Deppen, Lincoln, Neb.; 57. Celeste Marie Buckholz, St. Louis, Mo.; 58. Frances Louise Spadinger, Buffalo, N. Y.; 59. Wanda Joyce Haynes, Longview, Texas; 60. Janice Segrest, Samson, Ala.

Freddie Bartholomew's Adopted Father

(*Continued from page 23*)

He was only nineteen, a pretty callow nineteen at that, when his son was born.

"I do not think," he said thoughtfully, "that young people should take on the responsibility of children. At least not until they have given their marriage several years' trial. My son was born when I still wanted to play, dance and be—well, just a young man about town. My son and I both missed a lot because he was so near my own youth I didn't know how to appreciate him."

Rathbone then mentioned that the son had remained with his mother when the Rathbones were divorced, and that since then he had seen little of him. He said it casually but a fleeting expression in his blue eyes told that losing his son had been anything but a casual matter.

Thus Rathbone when he first met Freddie Bartholomew on a barnlike stage on the M-G-M lot a year ago.

It was particularly unfortunate that Rathbone was in the complete make-up of the sadistic Murdstone when they met, for Freddie was so steeped in his Dickens that dissociation of the man from the character was well night impossible for the little mind that was so old in one way and so adolescent in another.

FREDDIE hated Murdstone on behalf of both himself and young David Copperfield. Hated him intensely for a bully and a fiend, hard, cruel and calculating. He saw Rathbone only as Murdstone and hated him. He tried to mask that hatred with coldly polite phrases but it drew upon all of his little boy's reserve of courage to look him in the eye. He trembled in the very midst of his grave little courtesies.

Rathbone knew it and the knowledge troubled him but he was helpless in the face of Freddie's Murdstone fixation.

Then came the day which Rathbone, far more than Freddie, had dreaded. The day when the brutal beating of young David by Murdstone was to be filmed.

"I didn't want to play that scene," Rathbone said simply. "For days it had hung over me, black and depressing. Then suddenly the day was there, the whip was in my hands and Freddie before me, manfully trying to conceal the fear in his heart and eyes."

It wasn't fear of physical pain. It was fear of Murdstone.

The lights were focused, everything rehearsed and ready. Rathbone raised the whip and rained blows as gently and yet as realistically as was possible on Freddie's shoulders.

Pain crossed Freddie's face but he didn't cry out. Around him tense watchers silently applauded his magnificent acting and that too-real pain in his face.

They should have applauded. It was real pain. Through the unexpected slipping of the protecting pad beneath the boy's clothing, the whip bit into his flesh.

He should have cried out after the first blow, told them that the pad had slipped, that he was being hurt. With foolish courage he refused to. Perhaps the thought flashed across his mind that the scene might be better. Perhaps a lot of things. It doesn't matter now.

But how he hated Murdstone—and Rathbone—for it! Unfair, yes. But remember he was only a little boy.

"When I learned what had happened I apologized to Freddie for hurting him," Rathbone related. "He accepted my apology like the well-bred little gentleman he is, but there was no warmth nor real forgiveness in his voice. He didn't mean it, but he went through the motions."

When the picture was finished, Rathbone said, "I hope you won't think of me as a beast always."

"Oh, no, Mr. Murdstone," Freddie answered politely.

There it was. Rathbone was indelibly associated in Freddie's mind as the monster step-father.

Then Rathbone went to New York to play the gentle Romeo to Katharine Cornell's magnificent Juliet and Freddie went to New York, too, to make a personal appearance with the opening of "Copperfield." The two met while making some publicity pictures.

Rathbone, hoping to make amends, was too hearty, too genial, too anti-Murdstone. Freddie remained as politely aloof as a well-bred cat when a casual caller pets it.

Then Rathbone invited Freddie and Sissy to attend a performance of "Romeo and Juliet" as his guests and Freddie accepted. They came to the performance, Freddie in his little Eton collar sitting very straight and earnest in the third row.

What took place in Freddie's heart as he watched that performance no one knows. But Murdstone was murdered in Freddie's memory.

"Anna Karenina," in which Rathbone was cast as Karenin, the father who so greatly loved and protected his son, Freddie's role, proved the beginning of their friendship.

They played cricket on the set, joyously hooting together at the advocates of sturdy American baseball. Rathbone climbed on beams to chuck paper wads at Freddie and Freddie gave exciting chase.

IT was then that Basil made his first real gift to Freddie, a cat which Freddie promptly named "Ouiba" in honor of both Basil and his wife.

Thereafter the friendship grew by leaps and bounds, until Freddie was consulting Rathbone about little-boy, but important, problems.

No one was more pleased with Freddie's "adoption" of Basil than Sissy, who realized the time had come when her tender ministrations and watchful care were not enough.

Now they're inseparable. Freddie dines at least once a week at the Rathbone house where the menu, according to Freddie's dictates, never varies. It's always a joint of beef, Yorkshire pudding, mashed potatoes, green peas and deep dish cherry pie.

They ride together, they swim together, they dive for nickels and bet on the outcome. Although Freddie doesn't realize it, it is Rathbone's way of encouraging him to develop his body so that it may match his remarkable mind. They play together as two fellows, not as man and little boy. A wise idea it is, too.

They read together, and discuss, as man

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to man, roles that appeal or don't appeal to them. They're careful not to exclude Sissy from too much of the goings-on; both recognize the fairness of that.

Rathbone is encouraging him to play with boys his own age and has rounded up several "stout fellas" to whom Freddie has taken like a duck to water. He's been needing them and what they can give his character.

"Freddie needs level-headed, honest affection which is well-governed," Rathbone said. "It is the kind of affection a woman, by the very nature of things, cannot give a boy, be he a little one or a grown-up one. I'm trying to be both a father and a big brother to him. I believe it's working. At any rate, Freddie assures me that it is."

When Freddie and Rathbone first met, the boy was a supersensitive, emotionally over-developed little person. He is still sensitive, as he must always be to be a great actor, but under Rathbone's understanding tutelage, he is learning control.

"You see, Freddie, one can't be master of his life unless he can accept or reject what others may say or think of him according to their merit," Rathbone reasoned it out with him. "And we English, we've got to be masters of our lives."

Freddie pondered this carefully.

"Yes, Fella, I unerstand," he said finally. "I won't let you down."

He won't.

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 39*)

wife, Una Merkel. When she leaves him the fun begins: the public has taken his bluff seriously and the money is pouring in for the flight. In a desperate attempt to regain his wife's love, Jack decides to make the flight himself. He makes a record before the laughs and the suspense are over.

Real credit should be given to Director Charles Riesner and the writers of the dialogue. Benny should make a flock of new fans, even though he continues to throw all the laugh lines to his stooge. Ted Healey, the stooge, will give you all the laughs you want and Nat Pendleton, the dumb detective, will keep you smiling the rest of the time. Una Merkel keeps the story running while the boys are cutting their funny capers. The remainder of the cast, Mary Carlisle, Grant Mitchell and Harvey Stephens, are okay.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll laugh your head off. See it.

✓ Three Kids and a Queen (Universal)

You'll See: *May Robson, Henry Armetta, Charlotte Henry, Frankie Darrow, William Burrud, Herman Bing, Lillian Harmer, John Miljan.*

It's About: *A benevolent barber who adopts kids right and left and almost becomes involved in a kidnaping as a result.*

Henceforth, Henry Armetta will have to be rated among the truly great comedians of the screen! His performance is one of the finest we've ever seen and alone raises this picture to real heights.

Armetta is an oldtime barber who loves homeless kids to the extent that he adopts so many he can barely carry the load. Following an accident, the kids bring home May Robson, wealthy Park Avenue spinster, who enjoys it so much she stays to become "mother" to the brood. Of course she is suspected of being a kidnap victim and Park Avenue hunts her with all the power at its command.

May Robson brings her usual gusty character to this role and gets as many laughs as tears for her fine work. Of the many adopted kids, newcomer William Burrud, as the cripple who longs to be a doctor, stands out like a light and should go far. The other youngsters, Charlotte Henry, Frankie Darrow and an unnamed actor, give real sincerity and honesty to their performances. Herman Bing as the nosey neighbor is excellent.

But this picture belongs to Henry Armetta who, after months of inferior comedy material, shows his true worth.

Your Reviewer Says: Clean entertainment for the whole family. See it.

✓✓ Thanks a Million (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Dick Powell, Ann Dvorak, Fred Allen, Raymond Walburn, Rubinoff, Paul Whiteman and Band, Phil Baker, Patsy Kelly, Bennie Baker.*

It's About: *A crooner who runs for governor on a musical platform and almost loses his girl before he wins the race.*

Smash entertainment! An evening of fun and laughs topped off by grand music and the singing of Dick Powell.

A group of wandering entertainers, stranded in a small town, wander into a political rally to keep out of the rain. The figurehead who is being run for governor by a bunch of schemers is losing ground rapidly and Fred Allen, manager of the entertainers, suggests they back up the campaign by giving a show. Finally, the schemers trade their figurehead for Dick Powell, who croons for the troupe, because of his platform personality. In winning the election he almost loses his girl (Ann Dvorak). Plenty of entertainment and music in the meantime, of course!

Dick Powell is swell. He looks handsomer than usual and his songs are well chosen. While you may say he is too animated at times, you must give him credit for a very entertaining performance and a grand voice. Fred Allen, of radio fame, is a natural for pictures and you're going to cheer for more of his method of getting laughs with a word. Ann Dvorak lends real sincerity to her role. Orchids to Raymond Walburn (the figurehead), Paul Whiteman and his Band, the Yacht Club Boys, "The Alphabet Song" and "Thanks A Million."

Your Reviewer Says: This is top musical entertainment. See it sure!

✓ Ship Cafe (Paramount)

You'll See: *Carl Brisson, Arline Judge,*

Mady Christians, William Frawley, Eddie Davis, Inez Courtney.
It's About: *A coal heaver from the stoke hole who becomes an entertainer and a lap-dog before he returns to romance.*

A nice piece of intelligent entertainment, geared to romance and music by a combination of clever direction and a good performance by Carl Brisson.

When a countess (Mady Christians) goes below decks, she falls for a coal heaver (Brisson) and helps him to a job as entertainer in the ship's cafe. Everything is going nicely between Carl and Arline Judge, another entertainer, when the countess proposes taking him away and giving him his own cafe. He takes to the idea only to find that she is really grooming him for social life as her lap dog. Finally he escapes and returns to his first love, the ship, in time for a surprise reunion with Arline.

Carl Brisson makes you believe in him from the moment you see him as a coal heaver until the fade-out. His voice is very pleasing and he sings at least one hit tune, "That Fatal Fascination." Arline Judge comes through nicely as the real romance in Brisson's life—playing a gal who knows all the answers. Her partner in entertainment, Inez Courtney, may take a bow, too. Bill Frawley's performance of the comic cafe proprietor is excellent and the remainder of the cast is up to par.

Your Reviewer Says: Well worth your time and trouble.

✓✓ Frisco Kid (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *James Cagney, Donald Woods, Ricardo Cortez, Margaret Lindsay, George E. Stone, Lili Damita, Fred Kohler.*
It's About: *The fight between law-and-order and the vice lords of the Barbary Coast led by an ambitious sailor.*

With bawdy, colorful Barbary Coast as a backdrop, Jimmie Cagney romps home with one of the fastest action and romance stories he's had since he came to pictures.

Cagney is an ambitious lad who climbs up the ladder from a sailor—a shanghaied hoodlum—and a clever manipulator until he is lord of the Barbara Coast. There is a strange friendship between Cagney and a second-hand man, a crusading editor of a newspaper that would clean up the dives, and a girl. The picture reaches a smash climax when Cagney and the vice leader (Fred Kohler) have a fight-to-the-death which is followed by the burning of all dives on the waterfront by the vigilantes and a romantic fade-out.

You're going to love Cagney in this role—he's the Jimmie of old in action and words. George E. Stone takes second honors as the second-hand man who befriends Cagney. Margaret Lindsay, as the girl publisher of the crusading newspaper, is fine, too, and the editor, Donald Woods gives his role real sincerity and punch. Fred Kohler fights hard and Ricardo Cortez is the bad element to a nicety.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll rave about this fast-talking action drama!

✓✓ Mutiny on the Bounty (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Charles Laughton, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone, Eddie Quillan, Herbert Mundin.*
It's About: *Adventure on the high-seas when the crew turns against the brutal captain of the Bounty.*

Full to the jib with the high wind of adventure played against the colorful background of a ship of the King's Navy in those swash-buckling days of the seventeenth century, manned with exceptional and sincere performances, this picture you've waited for sails into the port of two-fisted entertainment with flags flying!

Of course you know the boisterous yet romantic story of the crew that, after months of brutal treatment from an unmerciful captain, revolted and threw the captain and his friends off the *Bounty* to drift in the seas—of how that man set sails on a life-boat and finally brought part of the mutineers to justice, leaving most of them lost in the South Sea Islands. It's all in the picture, and more!

Charles Laughton, as the blood-thirsty *Captain*, gives as telling a performance as he has ever offered on the screen. Clark Gable, playing the lieutenant who ordered the mutiny after long months of brutality, shares honors for his fine performance. Great applause should also be given Franchot Tone for the finest acting of his career—there will be those who give him first call in this picture. The entire cast is excellent. The direction of Frank Lloyd and the photography (both of the ship and of the Islands) by Arthur Edeson are of the best.

Your Reviewer Says: An achievement in high adventure. See it!

✓ The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Ronald Colman, Joan Bennett, Colin Clive, Nigel Bruce, Montagu Love.*
It's About: *The man who broke the bank and vowed he'd never return to Monte Carlo and lose his winnings—and why he did return and lose everything.*

The lure of big-money gambling; the suspense of watching one player risk millions on the turn of a single card with romance waiting just around the corner! That is what you may look forward to in this picture.

Ronald Colman is a poverty-stricken taxi driver in Paris who is chosen by a group of waiters and cooks, all former members of the Czar's court, to represent them at the gaming tables at Monte Carlo. Colman breaks the bank, winning ten million francs. Now, for the real test: he must return home with the money. The executives of the Casino try every method of making him return but he leaves with the money and divides it among his Russian cohorts in Paris. But Monte Carlo is still on the trail. They send a woman to try her luck. She is very beautiful—but let's not tell all the story. You'll enjoy watching what happens.

Colman, though badly photographed, does mighty well with the colorful role; he really has you on the edge of your seat when he shoots the works. Joan Bennett, as the blonde lure from the Casino, has little to do and does it well. She continues to be one of the most fragile beauties on the screen. Colin Clive, Nigel Bruce and Montagu Love head the cast.

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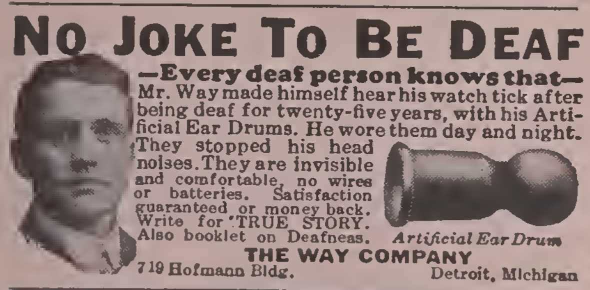
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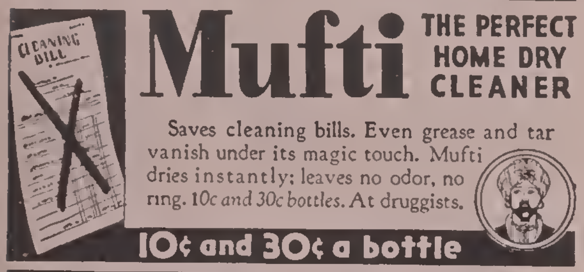
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Your Reviewer Says: An evening of exciting, romantic entertainment.

✓✓ Show Them No Mercy (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Rochelle Hudson, Cesar Romero, Bruce Cabot, Edward Norris, Edward Brophy, Warren Hymer, Herbert Rawlinson.*

It's About: *What happens to a gang of kidnappers after they've collected the ransom and the G-Men get on the trail.*

This picture has more suspense, more down-to-earth reality and, surprisingly, more comedy than any picture of its type ever made in Hollywood.

Story concerns the gang of kidnappers in their hideout with a suitcase full of ransom money. Into this is woven the very human story of a young couple with their baby who take refuge in the hideout on a stormy night. The gang can't afford to let them go because they're likely to lead the police back to the gang. Into this setting comes the government G-Men. How they manage to get the lot of them, we'll leave you to find out for yourself.

Rochelle Hudson and newcomer Edward Norris will capture your heartfelt sympathy as the young couple who are shut up with the gang while their sick baby cries for hospital care. Miss Hudson plays with fine sincerity and feeling and Mr. Norris almost steals the show with his exceptional performance. Bruce Cabot is masterfully wicked and Cesar Romero is an oily, villainous chief of the kidnappers. Gangsters Warren Hymer and Edward Brophy gather the laughs. Orchids to the baby—*what* a coo!

Your Reviewer Says: Fast, suspenseful action.

Charlie Chan's Secret (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Warner Oland, Charles Quigley, Edward Trevor, Henrietta Crosman, Rosino Lawrence, Astrid Allwyn, Herbert Mundin.*

It's About: *The further adventures of* Chan, *the Chinese detective, and how he solves a murder by means of a seance.*

Warner Oland continues to amaze us with his deft characterization of the Chinese detective *Charlie Chan,* and in this latest story lives up to the best past performances in the series.

Chan has been hired to find a relative of Henrietta Crosman who is supposedly lost at sea. None of his relatives can afford to have the man turn up because they have been playing fast and loose with his money. However, he does show up at the mansion but before anyone knows of it, he has been murdered. *Chan* produces the "dead man" at a seance. From then on, the murderer tries several other attempts but in each instance is stopped by the detective, who finally catches him red-handed.

As we have said, Warner Oland is exceptional as *Chan,* gaining every advantage of comedy or suspense offered by the story. The rest of the cast, particularly Henrietta Crosman, Herbert Mundin and Rosina Lawrence deliver good performances. The two mediums used in the seance, Gloria Roy and Arthur Edmund Carewe, perform difficult roles with flying colors. The atmosphere, color, suspense and comedy are good.

Your Reviewer Says: *Charlie Chan* fans will cheer and it's good entertainment for the average movie-goer, too.

LAST MINUTE NEWS

Accident and illness have struck Hollywood—Adolphe Menjou is critically ill in the hospital with stomach trouble and getting blood transfusions; only three scenes of "The Milky Way" in which Menjou appears are left and if he is unable to finish it means reshooting an entire half-million-dollar picture. Verree Teasdale, his wife, has suffered a relapse from her recent illness, because of shock.

Gordon Westcott died of injuries received when a horse fell on him in a polo game.

Mae Marsh, great star of the silent screen, is also very ill after an emergency appendix operation—and Grace Moore just left the hospital the other day after treatment for a throat ailment.

'Tis said the Chaplin-Goddard romance is on the rocks and that Pauline will try other studios after the release of "Charlie Chaplin in Modern Times." Rumor of Goddard temperament during production are being denied.

We've seen Nancy Lyons at the Trocadero with Von Smith, though we thought Nancy Carroll obtained her divorce to marry him; now it looks like the end of any Carroll-Smith romance.

Dietrich says she's going to quit pictures after one more here and two in Germany, but Paramount denies it.

Announcement of the engagement of heiress-movie actress Grace Bradley and Frank Prince is expected momentarily.

M-G-M's testing John Buckler for the role of Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet"; this revives Bob Montgomery's chances for the Romeo role of his dreams.

Our deepest sympathy goes to Fred Astaire in the death of his sister's twin babies.

Despite all the columnists and feature writers, Jackie Coogan does not inherit a million on his twenty-first birthday. In an exclusive MOVIE MIRROR interview, Jackie said: "There is no trust fund—I've been incorporated for years. But I'm glad the family protected the money this way because I want to work and earn some money for myself."

Mae West has turned down an offer of fifteen thousand weekly for personal appearances.

Following "Crime and Punishment," Joseph Von Sternberg has signed a five-year contract with Columbia.

Latest rumors say there'll be a Barbara Stanwyck-Frank Fay reconciliation.

As a gesture, 20th Century-Fox may hold the title role of "Ramona" for Loretta Young because that's her favorite role and only her present illness prevents her from taking it now.

Sylvia Sidney was injured in a fall down a steep embankment while on location for "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," but not seriously.

Ann Harding has finally obtained the custody of her daughter after a long-drawn-out court struggle with her former husband, Harry Bannister.

Hollywood's newest romance is Jack Oakie and Venita Varden.

Homes of many movie stars at Malibu Beach were threatened by a terrific forest fire, but few suffered losses, the heaviest loser being Charlie Farrell.

Why She's Getting Places Now

(*Continued from page 29*)

to see. He sent it over and within a week I had a contract at RKO."

But again Rochelle experienced the fact that having a contract doesn't always mean having a career. In two and a half years she had just two good roles.

"I was the delight of the publicity department," she said. "I couldn't pick up a magazine that didn't have pictures of my legs in it. I was nothing but a leg model when I was trying to become an actress. I had publicity, plenty of it, but it didn't mean a thing because I never worked. My name should have been changed to 'Legs' Hudson.

"Whenever a part came up that was my type, I was told that I was too young. For five years Dorothy Jordan was my nemesis. She got every part that I hoped for, even at my own studio. They borrowed her from M-G-M, telling me I was too young and that Dorothy had a name. Of course she had a name because she had worked in lots of pictures. But how could I get a name without working? It certainly was a break for me when Dorothy married Merian Cooper and retired. I've worked steadily ever since.

"How did I do it?" she repeated the question thoughtfully. "Well, I've never in my life let anything lick me and I wasn't going to let Hollywood get me down. I had been given just enough encouragement to make me hope I could become a good actress, and when everybody said I was 'through' I figured if I was important enough to have anything said about me, there was still hope. I resolved to leave no stone unturned; never let an opportunity slip by. One thing I didn't have to do was look for work. One director always told another about me and I've never, since I came to Hollywood, had to ask for a job. Always there has been one waiting for me. But there are a lot of angles to this business besides getting a job. You have to keep it and you have to make good.

"Acting is such a personal thing," she continued. "In almost any other profession you sell soap or hats or real estate, but when you are an actress you sell yourself, and if you don't make the grade it is a personal disaster.

"I was often advised to spend my spare time on sets watching others work; I was told I would learn to act that way. But I never did it and I would not advise any young actress to do it. It is too easy to copy the person you are watching. I've tried always to be original in everything I've done and I've never imitated any other actress, no matter how I admired her."

One thing Rochelle did observe, however, was that the sex-appeal girl seemed to do all right and she decided that she would show Hollywood an Oklahoma brand of sex appeal—new and different.

Being a natural show woman, this wise child knew by instinct that a little mystery is a great attraction. She knew the value of wearing a beautiful diamond ring, admitting that it was an engagement ring but refusing to name the lucky man. She created an aura of mystery about herself. She was always being pursued by unknown lovers. Maybe these lovers existed only in her imagination or maybe they were real. Either way, she kept people guessing. She built up an illusion of sex appeal and Hollywood fell for it. She became known among producers and directors as the girl who photographed young and was young and innocent, but who had more sex appeal in her little finger than there is in a whole chorus.

All this time Rochelle's mind was on sex appeal plus many other things. What she did concentrate on was learning everything she possibly could about the business of acting. She continued to study, practice dancing, singing and piano, and into every role she played she put every bit of energy and talent she had.

Thus, while she was maturing physically and mentally, she was also maturing artistically. The five years which consti-

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State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County, aforesaid, personally appeared Ernest V. Heyn, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Eastern Editor of MOVIE MIRROR, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addressses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; Eastern Editor, Ernest V. Heyn, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Managing Editor, Paul Keats, 1090 Amsterdam Avenue, New York City; Business Manager, nonc.

2. That the owner is: (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Owner: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City. Stockholder: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City. Stockholders in Macfadden Publications, Inc., Bernarr Macfadden Foundation. Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; Bernarr Macfadden, Englewood, N. J.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securitics are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustees or in any other fiduciary relation. the name of the person or corporation for whom each trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the months preceding the date shown above is ...... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) ERNEST V. HEYN, Eastern Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1935, Wesley F. Pape, Notary Public, Nassau County. Cert. filed in New York County, No. 58, Registered No. 6P35. Commission Expires March 30th, 1936. (SEAL)

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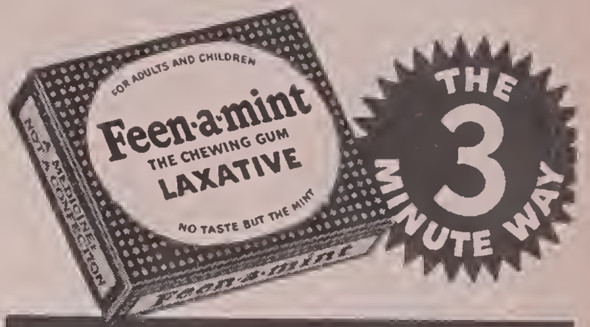

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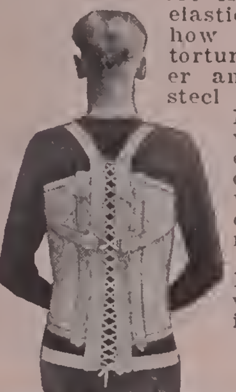

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tuted her apprenticeship as an actress were, in her case, a real apprenticeship, in the sense that the word was used years ago, when one couldn't enter the higher ranks of a trade or profession without first obtaining a thorough training for the promotion.

To Rochelle, it seems that, in constantly trying to improve her professional equipment and achieve artistic progress, she was merely doing what any intelligent person would do. She was right, and the fact that she is such an intelligent young miss explains her progress.

Before her novitiate was over, Rochelle found herself back at Fox. Only this time she worked. Her first picture was "Dr. Bull," and at noon on the first day of the picture she signed another long-term contract.

Deep in Rochelle's inner consciousness had been the desire to show Hollywood, but deeper still and ever a powerful force driving her on to succeed was her determination to prove to her producers that she could make good if given a chance. It was the latter urge, no doubt, that inspired her to drive miles to lunch at the studio when she was working at another studio; to show off the beautiful gowns made for her away from her home lot; to show directors that she was in demand at other studios.

"Now that I have a sense of security, those five hard years seem like five months," Rochelle said. "I'm always conscious that this is a precarious business and one is never really secure, but I've learned that worry does no good.

"Anyway," she laughed, "actresses are not supposed to worry. They're supposed to hope.

"I don't want to sound like a Pollyanna," she continued, "but now I realize that everything was for the best. I was discouraged many times over what I considered my slow progress, but I was learning all the time. That period was invaluable to me—opportunities to associate with older, wiser people; training in every kind of picture, even westerns. I made friends and became known to directors for my work. I had a chance to grow up. I feel now that I am prepared for my work.

"Few things that are worth while are gained quickly. My disappointments taught me patience and made me more charitable toward others who are now having the same difficulties I had."

ROCHELLE'S determination and native ability have recently won for her a new contract which stipulates that no other woman is to be billed above her in any future picture.

After the signing of this contract, chance again entered into Rochelle's success story. Injuries sustained early in the filming of "'Way Down East" necessitated Janet Gaynor's withdrawal from the cast, and Rochelle was given the lead opposite Henry Fonda. That was soon followed by "Show Them No Mercy," and then Loretta Young, who had been cast for the lead in "Ramona" had to drop out because of illness and Rochelle will perhaps share honors in this romantic story of early California with John Boles.

Her rule is: "Work hard and never let anything get you down." It proved to be the right rule for Rochelle. She was at the bottom in 1930, but in 1935 she's the top!

Movie Mirror Jr.

(Continued from page 6)

interrupted by a whistle from the cameraman which sent Mickey running for his place before the camera. He worked about twenty minutes, then came back and said:

"I sure did have a lot of fun working with Director Max Reinhardt. But then, I'm having fun here, too, working with Director Ruben and Director Brown."

Mickey is movie star enough to be very interested in his fan mail. He told me that he would be happy to hear from his fans. So, if you want to write a letter to Mickey Rooney address it to him in care of the M-G-M Studio, Culver City, California.

HOLLYWOOD cowboy actors have some strange fans, as this true story told by one of Ken Maynard's good friends proves. The friend visited the Fiji Islands last year and then hiked far into the interior to visit a tribe of native savages. He knew a little of their language but nevertheless when he came to the native village was a bit scared, for not so long ago these savages were said to be cannibals. His guides and interpreter presented him to the tribal chief of the village.

Where was the visitor from, the cannibal chieftain wanted to know. The interpreter said from Hollywood.

"Do you know Ken Maynard?" the chief asked.

Gratefully Ken's friend explained that he lived only a few tepees away from the famous cowboy in Hollywood. The old chief kept his visitor busy for hours answering questions about movies and the place where they are made. It seems the tribe could see two movies a year by traveling a long distance to another settlement. The day when the films arrived was celebrated with ceremony and fiestas.

So you see, movie cowboys are known and loved the world over.

The letter contest this month will be easy for all Movie Mirror *Juniors. Here it is: What two screen youngsters do you think would make the greatest screen team for pictures? Perhaps you think Shirley Temple and Jane Withers are the best screen team. Perhaps a boy and a girl are your choice. Think about it, then write me a letter giving me your choice and the reason you think your particular team would be the best.*

For the best letter reaching the editor of Movie Mirror *Junior Page before December 5th, 1935, a prize of $10 will be given. Second prize will be $5, and there will be 10 third prizes of $1 each. Letters will be judged on the basis of the logic of the reasons given and clarity of expression. Address your letters to* Movie Mirror *Junior, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.*

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 19)

ARE you one of the millions who feel a personal satisfaction in discovering Eleanor Powell? Well, listen to Bill Robinson, the greatest tap dancer of them all.

"I coached Miss Powell and I also coached Eleanor Whitney" (the new pride and joy at Paramount) *"just wait!"*

Now we don't know exactly what Bill means by that, but if it's what we suspect we're going to be the first in line to see "Millions In The Air."

* * *

MYRNA LOY'S loyal little secretary, Carol Pradeau, is to be married very shortly, and what do you suppose Myrna is going to give her for a wedding present? The answer is: a perfectly swell boat honeymoon trip any place Carol and the beaming bridegroom want to go!

* * *

FRED MACMURRAY and Bob Taylor are taking the play away from established stars, with Fred having nine big pictures assigned in advance and Bob, a *Romeo* possibility and a lead with Harlow, having just completed "The Magnificent Obsession," opposite Irene Dunne.

* * *

CARY GRANT stepped Virginia Bruce out to the Brown Derby for dinner the other night, and were their faces red before they had navigated the sidewalk crowds?

Had you ever noticed a resemblance between Virginia and Cary's ex-wife, Virginia Cherrill? Well, someone in the crowd *did*, to most embarrassing results.

"Hey," yelled the heckler, "you makin' up with your wife, Cary?"

Fine talk to a young man just stepping out with his new girl!

* * *

THE Fred Astaire baby will not arrive until February and will not be a Christmas present as previously announced.

Maybe a Lincoln's or Washington's Birthday present, instead?

* * *

PERSONAL to the Columbia Studio: The reason you are never able to get Grace Moore on the telephone for interviews or gallery sittings is that Valentin Parera is taking tennis lessons and the very-much-in-love Mrs. Parera just has to sit down on the court and applaud every shot he nets!

* * *

A Line o' Type or Two

IF Sylvia Sidney were superstitious, she would no doubt be wondering; her plane was almost struck by lightning and finally made a forced landing on the way to marry Bennett Cerf and after the ceremony they returned to Hollywood in a plane that came within an eyelash of a major accident.

Ricardo Cortez must have been jealous of Doug Fairbanks, Jr., because he has just formed his own producing unit and in the near future will make his own pictures.

Some of the boys and gals in these Hollywoods are equipping their cars with tear-gas—just in case.

Jean Harlow and Helen Twelvetrees must have gone to the same shop for their new slightly-red tresses, they're *that* alike. Good, too.

* * *

BASIL RATHBONE was awfully smart to stay home and tend to his knitting while John Barrymore was playing his various roles for Miss Barrie out New York way. Very smart!

Mr. Rathbone has just completed the role of the murderous French pirate in "Captain Blood" and is being paged for a big part in the forthcoming "Ivanhoe." Both roles were tailored to measure for a profile and voice like J. Barrymore's. The pay-off, however, is the role of *Don Luis* in "Anthony Adverse." The Profile was scheduled to leer in this one for sure, but now the plans are to give the part to Basil.

* * *

TO enable the camera crew working on "Splendor" to finish in time to do the music and dance sequences in "Shoot the Chutes," Miriam Hopkins moved in, cook, maid and all, at the Samuel Goldwyn studios and took up housekeeping there. What small part of the nights she didn't spend in working, Miriam slept in a portable dressing room.

* * *

ELEANOR WHITNEY'S wow dance routine for "Millions in the Air" was so fast that the cameraman held up the production while he got high-speed equipment to focus on her feet!

* * *

WE'RE happy to give you the good news. Mme. Schumann-Heink will co-star with May Robson for her first M-G-M picture in "Gram".

It sounds like a natural for these two grand old troupers. It's the story of two grandmothers, one rich and the other poverty-stricken. Schumann-Heink, as the poor grandmother, accustomed to much labor and plenty of children, gets a chance to taste luxury. She tries it and finds that she prefers poverty. We'll be right there in line with you all when it comes to town.

* * *

Story of Grit and Courage

A SHORT time ago, Phyllis Frey was earning $75.00 a minute in pictures. All of a sudden she was dropped entirely, completely. But would she yell "Quits"? No! She is back on the set of Harold Lloyd's "Milky Way" right now working for just one-tenth of what she formerly made. But she is staging a comeback that is the admiration of everyone on the set.

Miss Frey is thirteen months old.

IF *YOU* HAD BEEN NANCY-

Nancy E.—'s story could have been yours! Left with two little children to support . . . . not much money to depend upon . . . . unable to leave the children to work in shop or office—even if she could have been sure of getting a job! Yet, today Mrs. E— is making $30 a week as a C. S. N. Graduate and plans to establish a rest home for convalescents! Those magic letters "C. S. N." are responsible for her success. They stand for

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On the Movie-Go-Round

THE opening night of the new Cinegrill in the Roosevelt Hotel looked like a world premiere! Almost every celebrity there, including that new team of Dick Powell and Joan Blondell. Hardly a day passes but Joan and Dick are spotted somewhere.

When Norman Foster and Sally Blane appeared at the Marriage License Bureau to sign up, the clerk asked Norm for the usual $2.00. After a bit of fumbling, Mr. Foster turned to his future bride and asked for a loan. He got it.

Frances Dee didn't get much kick out of that report from Reno that she was there establishing residence for divorce! After all, Frances and Joel are about the happiest couple in Hollywood and, to make it worse (if possible), they are expecting a second edition to the family any minute now.

Joan Crawford isn't helping her cause any with the New York reporters and camera boys! When they ask questions, La Crawford runs from the room in tears. The bulb-pressers seem to have ganged up, as a result, and the pictures they are printing of Joan aren't the usual flattering sort.

THERE'S a cute story going the rounds about a young and very smitten lass who railroaded a thousand miles just to see and speak to Clark Gable—and, incidentally, get his autograph. When she arrived in Hollywood, Clark was on location in Catalina, which isn't far after a thousand miles. So over she went.

When she asked one of the electricians to point out Gable, he did so. She went over to Clark who was in costume without make-up and with his usually slicked hair falling in his eyes. He admitted he was Gable but the young lady wasn't to be fooled after such a trip. She almost bowled him over with:

"You should be ashamed of yourself, trying to pass off as Clark Gable. You're probably his stand-in—I even doubt that. I'm going to report you to Mr. Gable when I see him and you'll see!"

And with that she stalked off!

* * *

BING CROSBY went visiting over on Jack Oakie's set the other morning. But before he entered he knocked carefully, and then stuck his head in.

"May I come in," he politely inquired, "or has anyone seen 'Two For Tonight?'"

Hollywood Mothers Who Dared to Be Different

(*Continued from page 27*)

six lusty, normal baby girls into the arms of their six respective mothers without so much as one silver-plated spoon in the lot.

They all agree that the modern mother must perform her miracles with enormous quantities of diplomacy mixed well with equal portions of ingenuity. Take for example, daughter's first date with a boy friend, a dangerous moment in any American household, even a Hollywood household.

Mrs. Carlisle admits that, like every other mother in the world, she experienced that thud-of-fate feeling when Mary announced her first date. She had been in pictures just one month and was only sixteen and had never been away from home overnight, not even away at school, having been educated by governesses. The young man in question was a famous young studio executive, and Mrs. Carlisle knew she had no possible grounds for objections, although she longed to exact all manner of motherly promises from Mary that night.

"But I have only asked Mary to do one thing for me," she said, "and that is to hire a taxicab if her escort of the evening has been drinking even a little. Naturally, I would like to demand that she come home before midnight, not to go out more than twice a week, call me when she arrives at or leaves a party, but I don't do it. I wouldn't want to risk Mary's finding me tiresome."

But strangely enough, Mary of her own volition has limited herself to bi-weekly dates and seldom puts her key into the front door later than one o'clock.

"Because I get so darned sleepy," is the way she explains this bit of adolescent wisdom to her mother.

Mrs. Lupino, however, permitted Ida to go about socially at the age of thirteen, for an excellent reason. She says:

"She was working on the stage at that age in adult roles, and since she was performing the work of a woman I felt that I had to treat her like a woman or lose some of her splendid confidence in me. Luckily I knew thoroughly the young boys with whom she first went to parties in London, but when we came to Hollywood last year I was a bit frightened about her dates."

And because she was at first terrified by the silly hobgoblin tales concerning the film colony's wickedness, Ida's mother made her first, and so far her only completely parental demand. She asked Ida to bring all young men to their home for two full evenings of family visiting before any invitations were accepted. This demand was cheerfully adhered to by Ida, until her mother saw fit to rescind the request six months ago.

MRS. JESSE WRIGHT, who is Jean Parker's legal guardian, handles a really difficult boy friend problem in her household with unusual adroitness.

Jean, who is eighteen, is seriously attached to a boy her own age, and has never considered the attentions of any other escort. Most mothers would consider it their stern duty to break off such an early romance, but Mrs. Wright, fortunately, isn't "most mothers."

"What right have I to decide that it is better for Jean to go with many boys instead of the one she really prefers?" she asked me. "What right has any parent to decide at what age a child is ready for real love, or can experience real love? Surely Jean should have the right to handle this part of her life, even at eighteen."

And I say, "Bravo, Mrs. Wright."

Ann Shirley's mother is the only one of our maternal group who has regulated her daughter's party and date schedule.

"I have asked Ann to refuse bids to all the elaborate grown-up affairs and limit herself to the movies and kid parties," she explained. "I have done this because I want her to be able to enjoy dancing and all manner of youthful fun when she is eighteen. I don't want my Ann to become one of those party-weary, sophisticated eighteen-year-olds you see these days.

"But in return I have promised Ann that within two years, or on her eighteenth birthday, she shall have full charge of her life; all embargos and promises can be called off then."

Mrs. Patrick openly confesses to working out a dexterous plan to get Gail into the house at a reasonable hour following dances. Being one of the new-school-of-discipline mothers she didn't come out flat-footed and demand Gail's punctual homecoming. She is far too smart for that.

"I prepare (I still do this very day) a hearty midnight snack, put it into the oven for heating and set the breakfast-room table, in case Gail and her young man want it," she told me. "Knowing that it is there waiting, the young men usually are more than anxious to have their late supper at the Patrick's house instead of driving to some distant roadhouse for inferior and expensive food."

ANOTHER subject each of these Hollywood mothers treats delicately is daughter's wardrobe.

Here again Mrs. Furness pounds away at her favorite credo, that modern girls know more about most things today than their mothers who were raised in the mauve tinted years! She gives her Betty full scope in the matter, and that young lady not only purchases her own clothes, but designs them, too, even designing the larger part of Mrs. Furness's wardrobe as well as her own.

Not one of the other mothers demands to be included in shopping forays, although Ida Lupino always telephones her mother in a last minute panic before she purchases any frock or hat, and Mary Carlisle, who doesn't care much about clothes anyway, won't stir out of the house for a pair of stockings unless her mother accompanies her.

It was interesting to learn that Ida Lupino, Gail Patrick and Mary Carlisle were put on clothes budgets at ages varying from twelve to fourteen, and were all given the privilege of working out every detail of their school girl dress requirements.

Because these young stars are a popular, healthy, lively lot their mothers are also faced with that inevitable problem of youthful thoughtlessness and occasional lack of consideration.

Mrs. Wright practices the "get-it-off-your-chest" procedure.

"Never whine or nag, is my motto when Jean (Parker) keeps dinner waiting or upsets my entire household schedule through some thoughtless gesture," she told me, "but I do tell her about such breeches when they occur. I tell her frankly and appeal to her good sportsmanship to cooperate, and believe me she does try."

But Mrs. Patrick offers a really startling idea on this subject. She says:

"Youth is the time for thoughtlessness. There is so much time for consideration and things like that in maturity. I want Gail to enjoy this period of her life to the fullest. You know girlhood is the most beautiful time given to us. What if Gail keeps dinner waiting, what if she leaves for a sudden party just as we are sitting down to the table, what if she forgets to call me sometimes when her gay plans are suddenly changed? I want my daughter to have a youth as wonderful, as carefree and happy as I had. It would be selfish to hamper her with a lot of petty, little duties."

Mrs. Furness follows the Patrick method.

"I have told Betty never, never to spoil a party or her own fun by demanding a telephone to call her mother for full reports concerning where she is, where she is going and when she is coming home.

"Of course, I worry sometimes, but I would worry more about Betty's love for me, if I constantly interfered with her rights to a social life that does not and should not include me."

The delicate matter of daughter's pay check isn't in the least delicate for these mothers because they simply ignore the very existence of pay day, bankbooks, surpluses and deficits.

Mrs. Furness sent Betty to the bank for financial advice with her first week's salary. Mrs. Patrick says she runs Gail's house for her as economically as possible on an allowance, and never asks about the rest of the money.

"Whether she loses or increases her savings, I want no part of it," is the way this gallant lady expresses herself.

Because they are wise mothers they know that marriage is indelibly stamped into the futures of their daughters. And because they are brave and selfless as well as wise, these mothers have already laid careful plans for the farewells they know must take place at the altar.

Mrs. Furness says that she will go back to New York and pick up what is left of her life there as well as an interior decorating business she deserted to bring Betty to Hollywood.

"I know that my services are definitely finished the day Betty marries," she says, "and I want her to marry, even though our separation will be like a small death to me."

MRS. PATRICK will also pack up and leave Hollywood the day Gail twines orange blossoms in her hair.

"I will wish but one wish when Gail has a husband," she told me. "I will pray that she will give up her career for the only real happiness for a woman, home and children. But I won't be around to advise or interfere with her. I'll be back in Birmingham where I have another home and most of my family."

Ann Shirley's mother also hopes her daughter will leave the screen when she marries.

"And if I must live in a hall-bedroom I will do so rather than be an intruder in my only child's home. There is no room for mothers-in-law under any roof but their own," said Mrs. Shirley with great emphasis.

And so it goes for Jean Parker's guardian, and the mothers of Mary Carlisle and Ida Lupino. All of them are quite ready to make graceful and smiling exits after years of heroic service.

And please make special note that I have used the word "service," because every one of these six mothers objects and objects violently to the word "sacrifice."

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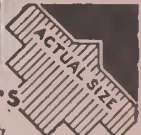

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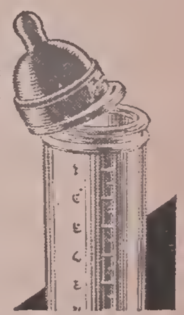

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Desk M.M.-1, 1926 Broadway, New York

From One Working Girl to Another

(*Continued from page 35*)

concerning Mae West's miraculous vitality, but I've seen her just plain tuckered out like any other working girl at the tail end of a hectic day at Paramount.

On such a day, when I knew she was giving a large dinner party at her home that evening, I asked her how she would manage to see it through.

"Easy," she assured me. "Several years ago my doctor gave me a fool proof prescription for that tired feeling. You ought to try it sometime. First, a tepid bath. No hot baths, mind you, because they let you down with a thump. After a nice five-minute lull in the water, give yourself a vigorous soapy rubdown with one of those extra rough hand bath mitts, and then finish up with a second rubdown using an extra rough turkish towel.

"And then just in case there is a single red corpuscle left in your body that isn't doing stimulated high jumps, you spend another five minutes slapping your favorite cologne over your entire body. I'll guarantee that you'll feel like the winner of the Irish Sweepstakes."

Well, I tried Mae's rubbing-slapping routine, and honestly it does the work, and does it in exactly twelve minutes, which leaves an ample eighteen for hair, face and frock.

JOAN CRAWFORD'S maneuvers after the day's toil and before the evening's pleasure, every working girl can manage to tuck into her glamor schedule.

Joan drives the ten miles that lie between the studio and her home with the top of her roadster down. She insists that the cold evening winds rushing into her face whip color into her cheeks and brush worry and listlessness away as they sweep by.

Now Susie Smith can try the wind treatment on her homeward bound elevated train, street car or bus. All Susie needs is the temerity to disregard the icy glares of her fellow passengers, lower a window and keep her face close to it. The whip and the drive of cold air on her face will revive and beautify her.

There are two more ingredients in the Crawford quick-glamor recipe. One is a good hot bath (and a tush, tush for those who scorn them), followed, of course, by a cold shower. The second is a bowl of warm mineral broth, sipped just before she leaves the house. This reviving broth is easily concocted by simmering three or four green vegetables in a small amount of water. The liquid that is left forms the broth and it can be kept in the ice box for a week or more.

Sylvia Sidney, who admits that she has never had time in her life for a professional facial, swears by a home treatment that was popular among the belles of the Mauve Decade.

One cake of yeast and a bottle of ordinary skin tonic comprise the miracle brew. Sylvia makes a creamy paste with the two ingredients and smears it thickly over her gardenia-like skin. While the paste hardens and drys Sylvia proceeds with a warm bath, a tepid shower and a five minute flop

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on the bed. By this time the pack is ready to be removed with warm water, and a piece of ice dashed over the face completes the good work. Sylvia insists that dark circles beneath the eyes, furrows in the brow and drooping mouth corners, vanish along with the rubbed off yeast.

For the girls who stand on their feet all day long, Ruby Keeler has a cheering word. She says:

"I know what it is to face the prospect of a big date after nine hours of dance rehearsals at the studio. I've tried special lotions and powders and creams, but nothing quite cured that dull dragging throb around the insteps. But recently I discovered that placing my feet under the cold water faucet for about ten minutes will really take the blues away. If I have time I lie down for five minutes with my feet propped higher than my head. I can dance the whole night through after this treatment."

GLENDA FARRELL admits that when she is cut down to a bare thirty minutes for the dizzy leap from toil-smudged slavey to radiant lady, she spends twenty of those precious minutes in the bath tub.

"But, while I'm relaxing in the warm water, I'm working away at my hair and face and nails," she explains. "A make-up tray that fits over the sides of the tub is the secret of my success. On the tray I place a mirror, a quick drying hair curling fluid, creams, astringents, powder, mascara and lip salve.

"When I emerge from the water all the aches and fatigue are gone, my face is on and my hair ready to be combed out. And by the way, make-up goes on beautifully smooth when it is applied in a steamy moist room.

"Before I get into my frock I wrap three or four heated towels over my hair to dry it out thoroughly. And so Glenda is ready for fun and lots of it."

Five tablespoons of epsom salts, a bottle of rubbing alcohol and a tall glass of iced coffee comprise Jean Harlow's resuscitating trio. The epsom salts are dissolved in a tub of warm water, the alcohol is for an after bath rub down and the iced coffee is taken just before leaving the house. The combination never fails to snap Jean out of the work-a-day doldrums. And the coffee, girls, is an absolute guaranty against yawning in the middle of your beau's best jokes.

Norma Shearer told me that she can combat the severest attacks of fatigue with twenty-five deep breaths taken before an open window. She goes through the routine of raising her arms on the inhale and lowering them on the exhale. To insure the cure she massages the back of her neck and temples with cologne, and she drinks a large glass of slightly chilled fruit juice following her shower. Norma insists that her method of renovation requires a scant eight minutes.

No matter how late she is for a party engagement, Jeanette MacDonald will not leave her room until she has had five minutes in which to lie on her bed face down with a pillow under her abdomen. She finds that this position is amazingly reviving because it relieves the spine of all pressure and strain. And she makes that rested feeling stick through an entire evening by drinking a cup of warm boullion while sitting in a tub of hot water.

Maureen O'Sullivan is inordinately proud of her cure for the after-office-hours-slump, but the process requires a big dose of courage. You see, Maureen puts a protecting rubber cap over her hair, takes a deep breath and then plunges her face plunk into a bowl of ice water (and I mean water with hunks of ice floating in it). What is even more astonishing, she keeps on plunging her face into the ice for five long minutes. Maureen has even made a game out of this beauty treatment and tries to keep her face in the water up to a count of fifty. She's only succeeded in reaching forty-eight so far.

SALLY EILERS scoffs at all the business of rubdowns, special baths and facial packs. She says:

"Give me ten minutes in a comfortable chair and a copy of my favorite humorous columnist's daily scribbling and I'm a new woman. This working girl fatigue dissolves into thin air when you can get your mind completely off the day's work and worries. A good laugh will do it for me."

And that, my dear Susie Smith, is the way the Hollywood working girls manage those difficult thirty-minute transformations from crumpled, work-stained drudges into glamorous, glittering visions, packed with vivacity and wit.

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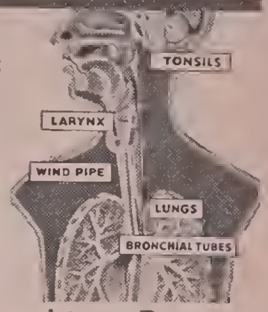

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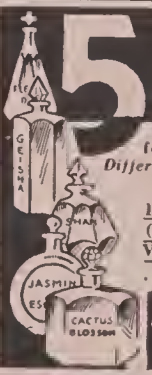

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There will be dozens of prizes ranging downward from a magnificent first prize of $2500 to the substantial sum of $250, which is the smallest amount that will be awarded to any winning story in this contest. In addition, in all probability we will purchase at regular word rates many other stories which, although acceptable for publishing, fall slightly below prize winning quality.

Get Your Share of This Money

Already we have paid upwards of a quarter of a million dollars for stories, for the most part to people who theretofore had never written a word for publication. The chances are that the major portion of the new $25,000 appropriation will also be paid to persons who have never before written for publication.

So, if you have lived one or more dramatic stories or if you know stories of this kind that have been lived by friends, relatives or acquaintances, by all means prepare now to submit them as early in January as possible and get your share of this money. In order to take fullest advantage of this opportunity your first step should be to sign and mail the coupon provided for your convenience at the bottom of this page. Immediately upon receipt we will send you a copy of a booklet which explains in detail the simple technique which in former contests has proved to be most effective in writing true stories. By acting at once you will be able to have your story well along or completely finished for submittal early in January.

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(Continued from page 4)

$1 PRIZE LETTER

A New Deal for Ann

Why can't some studio let Ann Harding be sane and human in at least an occasional picture, instead of continually making her an odd individual who can never seem to find anyone to fall in love with except some other woman's husband? A down-to-earth, human sort of person, such as she was in "Holiday," made her a big box-office attraction overnight, and then for some mysterious reason producers have since stubbornly and persistently cast her as a neglected wife, a forlorn maiden hopelessly in love with someone else's husband, or a wife not in love with her own husband. Why not let her be happy, vivacious and human, as well as Claudette Colbert? Ann was equally as captivating in "Holiday" as Claudette was in "It Happened One Night" and "She Married Her Boss." Yet producers seem to think Claudette is the only actress who can play such roles, in spite of the fact that they know "Holiday" made Ann Harding as a movie star.

Hazel Mead,
Los Angeles, Calif.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

American Films in England

The best pictures Hollywood gives us are those showing the American people—the ordinary, everyday families; not gangsters or film stars or millionaires, but farmers, office workers, school-teachers, and so on. In England, we rarely make pictures of similar folk and, when we do, our producers unfortunately spoil the film by sentimentality. But your films are *good*, and we can do with any amount of them. I mean pictures like "State Fair," "As the Earth Turns," "The Stranger's Return," "Cimarron," "Hide Out" and "Anne of Green Gables." Right back in the days of silent films you had the secret. I recall Charles Ray in "The Girl I Loved;" Barbara La Marr in "Quincy Adams Sawyer;" Henry B. Walthall—a grand actor!—in "Thicker Than Water." All these were real, human pictures about simple, natural folks.

Hollywood gets lots of praise, and deservedly, for the big films—the Busby Berkeley spectacles, and such fine stuff as "Queen Christina," "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "David Copperfield." Yet the homely pictures often stay longer in our memories; I know they do in mine.

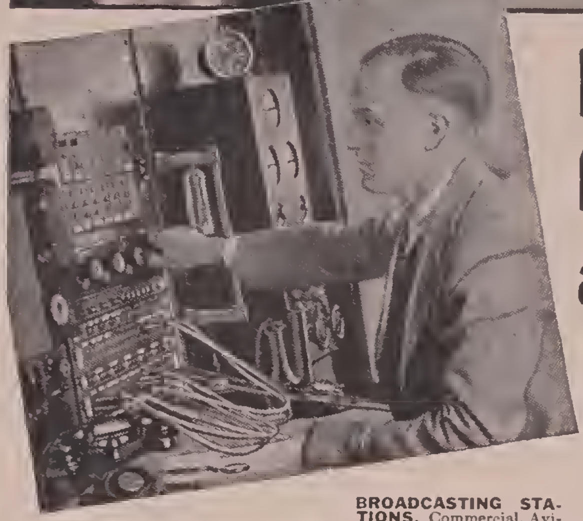
Mrs. N. M. Gibbs,
Devon, England.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

School Days

Why is it, when we have so many genuine ingenues in the movies, that the casting directors insist upon casting grownups as school children? After seeing Charles Farrell play a grown man for years it is hard to enjoy his latest picture, showing

Be a Radio Expert
Many make $30 $50 $75 a week



I will train you at home for many Good Spare Time and Full Time Radio Jobs

IF YOU are dissatisfied with your present job; if you are struggling along in a rut with little or no prospect of anything better than a skinny pay envelope—clip the Coupon NOW. Get my BIG FREE BOOK on the opportunities in Radio. Read how quickly you can learn at home in your spare time to be a Radio Expert—what good jobs my graduates have been getting—real jobs with real futures.

REAL OPPORTUNITIES AHEAD IN RADIO FOR TRAINED MEN

It's hard to find a field with more opportunities awaiting the trained man. Why in 1934 the Radio industry sold $235,000,000 worth of sets and parts! Over 300,000 people worked in the industry! It's a gigantic business, even in the poor business years. And look what's ahead! Millions of sets are going out of date annually. 20,000,000 sets are now in operation on which about $60,000,000 are spent EACH YEAR for repairs, servicing, new tubes, etc. Broadcasting stations pay their employees (exclusive of artists) approximately $23,000,000 a year. Advertisers pay 600 great Broadcasting Stations over $75,000,000 a year for Radio time and talent. A few hundred jobs that paid $30, $50, $75 a week less than 20 years ago have grown to thousands. These figures are so big that they're hard to grasp. Yet they're all TRUE! Here's a new industry that has grown to be a commercial giant! No wonder business leaders predict a brilliant future for the great and growing Radio Industry.

GET INTO THIS FIELD WITH A FUTURE

There's opportunity for you in Radio. Its future is certain. Television, short waves, police Radio, automobile Radio, midget sets, loud speaker systems, aviation Radio—in every branch, developments and improvements are taking place. Here is a real future for hundreds of men who really know Radio. Get the training that opens the road to good pay and success! Send the coupon now and get full particulars on how easy and interesting I make learning at home. Read the letters from graduates who are today earning good money in this fascinating industry.

MANY MAKE $5, $10, $15 A WEEK EXTRA IN SPARE TIME WHILE LEARNING

Every neighborhood can use a good part time serviceman. The day you enroll I start sending you Extra Money Job Sheets which quickly show you how to do Radio repair jobs common in most neighborhoods. Throughout your Training, I send you information for servicing popular makes of sets! I give you plans and ideas that have made good spare time money—$200 to $1,000 a year for hundreds of fellows. My Training is famous as "the Course that pays for itself."

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

I am so sure that N. R. I. can train you at home satisfactorily that I will agree in writing to refund every penny of your tuition if you are not satisfied with my Lesson and Instruction Service upon graduation. You'll get a copy of this Agreement with my book.

64-PAGE BOOK OF FACTS FREE

Get your copy today. It's free to any ambitious fellow over 15 years old. It tells you about Radio's spare time and full time job opportunities; it tells you all about my Course; what others who have taken it are doing and earning. Find out what Radio offers YOU without the slightest obligation. MAIL THE COUPON in an envelope, or paste it on a 1c post card NOW.

J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute, Dept. 6AT
Washington, D. C.

BROADCASTING STATIONS. Commercial, Aviation, Police, Marine Radio Stations employ managers, engineers, operators and maintenance men for well paying jobs.

• • •

LOUD SPEAKER SYSTEMS. Manufacturing, Installing, Servicing Public Address Systems, in auditoriums, public buildings, at sporting events, on sound trucks, etc., are more money-making jobs for men with Radio training.

SET SERVICING. Spare time set servicing pays many N. R. I. men $200 to $1000 a year. Full time men make as much as $30, $50, $75 a week working for Radio Dealers, Jobbers, Manufacturing Companies, or in a business of their own.

HERE'S PROOF

More Work Than He Can Do

"At times I have more work than I can do. I average $400 to $500 profit a year in my spare time. I can always make a good living or better in Radio, thanks to N. R. I."—GORDON ANGWIN, 1815 Barrett Avenue, Richmond, Calif.

$3200 in One Year

"My books show that for the year 1933 I ran $3200. Radio service doesn't come too tough for me now. You know who taught me Radio?—N. R. I."—J. P. WILSON, Box. 43, Westville, Okla.

Picked Up $1800 While Studying

"My opinion of the N. R. I. Course is that it is the best to be had at any price. I picked up $1,800 while studying, and I call that easy money—the time I gave my Radio work did not interfere with my other business."—OTIS DENTON, 14105 Lorain Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mail Coupon Now for FREE Book of Facts

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept 6AT
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith: Without obligating me, send your book which points out the spare time and full time opportunities in Radio and your 50-50 method of training men at home in spare time to become Radio Experts. (Please write plainly)

NAME..AGE..........
ADDRESS..
CITY...............................STATE......................

Rich Rewards in Radio

him as a college football hero. Andy Devine, in the same picture, seemed ridiculously old to be a sophomore.

Barbara Stanwyck has played mature, grown-up roles, yet in "Red Salute" she tries in vain to portray a young coed. Hardie Albright did not seem so woefully miscast, yet it has been quite a few years since he went to Tech here in this city. And Dick Powell was beyond campus age long before he left here to become an actor. Imagine Dick, at least thirty, trying to act as though he were but eighteen or twenty in his "school boy series!" And Ruby Keeler, a married woman, just can't seem genuine as an ingenue.

Beatrice M. Schaefer,
Ben Avon, Penna.

Honorable Mention

I am guilty of desertion! I have deserted my old favorites for a new star, Eleanor Powell—Lucie Maude Egan, Pueblo, Colo.

I could not ask for a better performance than Joan gave in "We're in the Money," but what a horrible assignment for a girl as fascinating, witty and luscious as Joan Blondell was in "Broadway Gondolier."

She's too good a trouper to protest, but I'm protesting!—Lorraine Hay, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Luise Rainer is too distinctive a personality to be spoiled, so please, Mr. Producer, hande with care!—Evangeline Elpers, Logansport, Ind.

No wonder Arline Judge contracted scarlet fever and then the hives; the rest of the "College Scandal" cast probably wished them on her for being such an interesting "pest" throughout the grand mystery picture that almost gave me a nervous breakdown—Bill Swaggart, East Cleveland, O.

I have just finished reading a biography of James Garfield, and it seems to me that a film portraying his life (which was a singularly romantic and noble one) would make an ideal subject for students of American history. How about it?—E. Ross, Dublin, Ireland.

I know I am the representative of a small minority but, strange as it may seem, I like pictures that give an actress a chance to *act!*—Jane Terry Sturges, Dothan, Ala.

Do you think that it would cause a revolution if Joan Crawford were given a new story for a change?—M. Humphreys, San Francisco, Calif.

Why not team Michael Bartlett with Claudette Colbert as a romantic lead next time?—Marion Simms, Los Angeles, Calif.

At last I am convinced that Garbo is a real actress. I couldn't stand her before, but since seeing "Anna Karenina," well!—S. J. Crooke, Bloomington, Ind.

The best talking pictures have been made from original stories which were conceived and written expressly for the screen, so let us hope that producers will cease dosing us with remade "silents" and filmed novels and that instead we shall have more stories written expressly for the camera—Ben Fairweather, Barbados, British West Indies.

Johnny Arledge, in "Shipmates Forever," gets my vote for the nicest portrayal of a character that I have seen in many moons—Mrs. Kathleen DeBovis, Watertown, N. Y.

Is there anything you can do to persude the "Powers that Be" that if they are going to give us more such generous excerpts from the operas, they do so in our own old American tongue, so we can *all* enjoy them—Lillian Rebel, Youngstown, O.

Sybil Jason's new and refreshing to us; it was really a relief to see one child actress that didn't have curly hair or live on a farm—Clifford Dockey, York, Pa.

Beauty in the Evening

(*Continued from page* 52)

Ginger went on, "But that just happens to be the right evening make-up for me, or girls of my type. But every girl should work out her cosmetic problems, individually, just as I have. And don't let's make the mistake of thinking make-up and clothes are the most important things either. They help, of course, but it's you who are going to that party, not just clothes and cosmetics. No matter how you look, people won't like you if you're self-conscious about your appearance, awkward in your clothes. You know, yourself, that you prefer to be with happy people, and no girl is happy when she's worried and fussed about how she looks."

Right there, I think, is the most important thing we can learn from Ginger. She herself is a splendid example of it. It *is* fun to be with happy people.

I had gone prepared for a serious, cut and dried interview, but it's so much fun being with Ginger (sometime I'll tell you about Ginger's comments on the things she doesn't like about herself) that I forgot I was there on business. I don't even remember what she had on, except that it was some kind of negligee, since she was making up to pose for still pictures that afternoon.

Do people remember *you* that way? I can't guarantee that they will, but I can give you some very definite suggestions for preparing for a party that ought to help you give that delightful impression.

It's entirely a matter of preparing everything beforehand, and doing it so thoroughly that when you come to dress everything goes smoothly. Many a girl finally gets to a party so flustered and tired from dressing, that she isn't herself at all. And it's also a matter of planning make-up and clothes so you can forget them after you are dressed.

THERE'S your hair. If you want to try a new coiffure, do your experimenting days beforehand. Make sure you've found a becoming style, and one that will stay put, so you won't be constantly having to adjust it during the evening. Men, especially, hate to see a girl always patting her hair, or re-arranging hairpins. And get that wave at least a day ahead of time. Don't appear with that "just out from under the drier" look. It is harsh and unflattering, so lacking in elegance.

Your dress, with all accessories, should be ready early. You don't want to be pressing a frock or hunting slippers while your young man waits impatiently below. If it's a new dress, plan to wear it around the house at least once, before you appear in it in public.

Ginger always does this. She says a successful dress should be part of you, and it can't be until you've worn it a little while. Maybe this helps to explain why Ginger can and does wear such ravishing frocks without ever looking like a clothes horse. She makes them really her dresses before anyone sees her in them, and you can do the same.

Your cosmetics should be a little different from your daytime ones; a lighter powder over plenty of powder foundation (to avoid the necessity of frequent repowdering); a brighter rouge and lipstick; deeper eye-shadow, a heavier mascara; everything stepped-up a little because you'll need it under the glare of artificial lights. And if you want that beautiful continuity of color that the movie stars have on their arms and shoulders and backs when they wear evening clothes, learn to use the famous make-up blender, as it is called, that the stars themselves use. I'll be delighted to tell you the name when you write me. When you are all dressed, apply your perfume discreetly. Ginger says she uses hers on her hair and on her throat.

At the beginning of this article is a picture of Ginger, posed especially for you. It's different from most pictures of her because I thought you'd enjoy seeing Ginger as she really looks in private life.

This picture, aside from giving us an intimate, charming glimpse of Ginger, carries a lesson, for every girl should do just what Ginger is doing here. Stand in front of the biggest mirror you can find, and look yourself over critically, back and front, hunting for flaws. And when everything is just as it should be, I want you to do this: tell yourself you are looking your very best; that you're not being conceited in this because it is something you have earned, this real pleasure in your appearance. You are becomingly and appropriately dressed. You are well groomed. No one can criticize you.

And then go out and have a good time! Be as happy and as gay as you know you look, because it's fun to be with happy people, and people will want to be with you.

Remember, if there are things about your appearance that you can't like, there's surely something to be done about it. Write to me and I'll answer you, with the best advice I have. This is a New Year ahead of us all. Let it be a happy one for you.

Let Sylvia of Hollywood Mold Your Body into a Dream of Loveliness

Model posed in an All-in-one
a satin-knit of Dupont Rayon

No More Alibis
Sylvia
of Hollywood

Read This Table of Contents

- DECIDE HOW YOU WANT TO LOOK
- DIET AND EXERCISE FOR GENERAL REDUCING
- WHEN FAT IS LOCALIZED—Too Much Hips, Lumps of Fat on the Hips, Reducing Abdomen, Reducing the Breasts, Firming the Breasts, Fat Pudgy Arms, Slenderizing the Legs and Ankles, Correcting Bow-legs, Slimming the Thighs and Upper Legs, Reducing Fat on the Back, Squeezing off Fat, Where There's a Will, There's a Way—to Reduce
- REDUCING FOR THE ANEMIC
- GAIN FIFTEEN OR MORE POUNDS A MONTH
- IF YOU'RE THIN IN PLACES—Enlarge Your Chest, Develop Your Legs
- PEOPLE WHO SIT ALL DAY—"Desk Chair Spread," Drooping Shoulders, Luncheon Warnings!
- THE "IN-BETWEEN" FIGURE
- KEEP THAT PERFECT FIGURE
- CLOTHES TIPS FOR STRUCTURAL DEFECTS
- A FIRM, LOVELY FACE
- CORRECTING FACIAL AND NECK CONTOURS—Off with That Double Chin! Enlarging a Receding Chin, Slenderizing the Face and Jowls, Refining Your Nose, Smoothing Out a Thin, Crepy Neck, "Old Woman's Bump"
- SKIN BEAUTY DIET AND ENERGY DIET
- BEAUTIFUL HANDS AND FEET
- ACQUIRE POISE AND GRACE—OVERCOME NERVOUSNESS
- ADVICE FOR THE ADOLESCENT—To Mothers—To Girls
- THE WOMAN PAST FORTY

Now you can acquire the beauty of the screen stars

You have always wanted to be beautiful . . . attractive . . . glamorous. Now you can be! For the very same methods which the famous stars of the screen and stage use to acquire and maintain their beauty are now revealed by Sylvia of Hollywood in her new book, *No More Alibis.*

Madame Sylvia is the personal beauty adviser to Hollywood's most brilliant stars. It is she who guards and preserves the exquisite charms of the screen's awe-inspiring beauties. It is she who transforms ordinary looking women into dreams of loveliness.

And now Sylvia has just put all her beauty secrets between the covers of a book. In *No More Alibis* you will find every ounce of knowledge, every whit of observation and all the good sound advice that Sylvia has gleaned over a period of thirty-five years in making the human body ideally beautiful.

Carefully guarded secrets told

In this book Sylvia reveals for the first time all of her carefully guarded health and beauty secrets . . . the treatments and methods which have made her a power in Hollywood. She gives special attention to reducing and building up the body and covers the subject thoroughly with suggested exercises, illustrated by photographs and excellent diets.

There is no other book like *No More Alibis*—for there could be none. In this one volume Sylvia tells you exactly how you can be as lovely as the stars of Hollywood—if not lovelier! No matter how old you are, or how fat or thin you are, Sylvia will tell you how you can mold your body into beautiful proportions.

Sylvia
of Hollywood

You cannot have good looks, a beautiful figure nor a charming personality by merely wishing for them. But beauty should be yours—and it can be if you follow the expert advice and suggestions of Madame Sylvia as given in *No More Alibis.*

Glance at the table of contents listed on this page. Notice how completely and thoroughly Sylvia covers every phase of beauty culture. And bear in mind that all of Sylvia's instructions are simple to follow. You need not buy any equipment whatsoever. You can carry out all of Sylvia's beauty treatments right in the privacy of your own home.

This great book only $1.00

And remember that this book gives you the very same information for which the screen stars of Hollywood have paid fabulous sums. Yet the price of this marvelous book is ridiculously small—only $1.00 a copy. If you are unable to get this book at your local department or book store, mail the coupon below—now.

No More Alibis is full book size. It contains over 135 pages and is illustrated with more than 40 photographic plates. It is beautifully covered in a rich coral Pyrokrast binding. Send for your copy of this amazing book — today.

$1 ONLY

Sign and Mail Coupon for this Amazing Book TODAY

MACFADDEN BOOK COMPANY, INC.
Dept. MM-1 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Send me, postage prepaid, the book, "No More Alibis!" by *Sylvia of Hollywood.* I enclose $1.00.

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Address.......................................
City..
State...

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

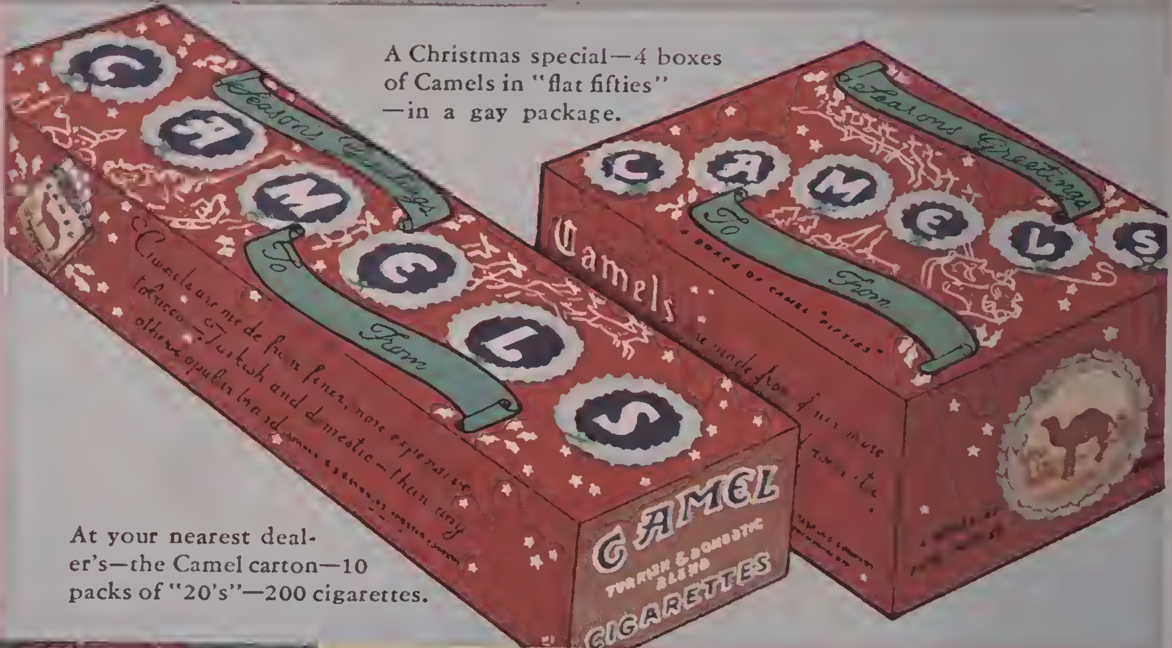
R·J·REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY

MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES AND
PRINCE ALBERT SMOKING TOBACCO

NORTH POLE
PRINCE ALBERT
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND

Camels

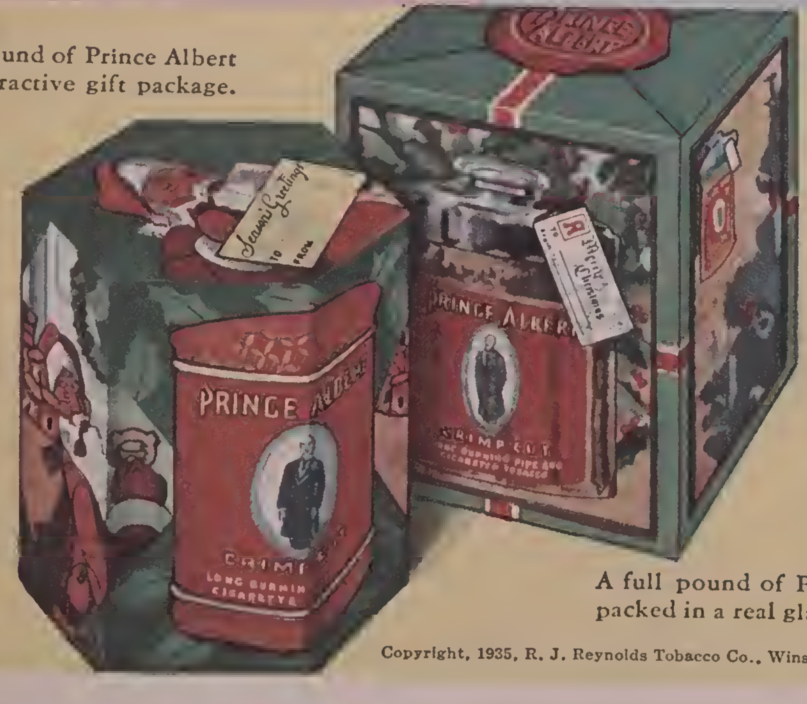
Of course you'll give cigarettes for Christmas. They're such an *acceptable* gift—such an easy solution of your problem. And Camels fill the bill so perfectly. They're made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand. They are the accepted cigarette of the social, business, and athletic worlds. Their finer tobaccos give that pleasant "lift"—that sense of well-being so appropriate to the spirit of Christmas.


Season's Greetings
CAMELS
To
From
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

A Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—in a gay package.

At your nearest dealer's—the Camel carton—10 packs of "20's"—200 cigarettes.

A full pound of Prince Albert in an attractive gift package.


PRINCE ALBERT
Season's Greetings
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT

A full pound of Prince Albert packed in a real glass humidor.

Prince Albert

Fine tobacco for Christmas. For more than a quarter of a century, the mellow fragrance of Prince Albert has been as much a part of Christmas as mistletoe and holly. So to the pipe smokers on your Christmas list give Prince Albert, "The National Joy Smoke." It's the *welcome* gift. For more men choose Prince Albert for *themselves* than any other pipe tobacco. Let every pipeful of Prince Albert repeat "Merry Christmas" for you.

Copyright, 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

movie MIRROR

Combined with **Shadoplay**

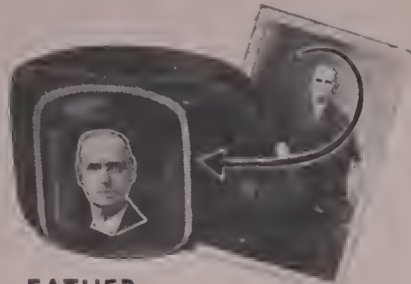
FEBRUARY

10¢

MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

KATHARINE HEPBURN

WIN BIG CASH PRIZES in [illegible] KATHARINE HEPBURN


FATHER

MOTHER

SWEETHEART

BABY

What a whirlwind money maker!

NEW! NOVEL! SENSATIONAL!

PORTRAIT RING

Any Photo
Snapshot
or Picture

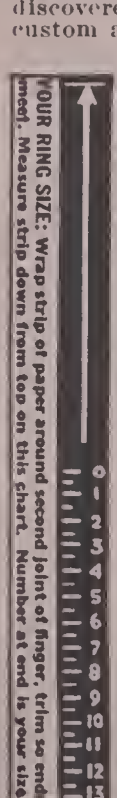
Permanently Reproduced on a Beautiful Hand-Tinted Lifetime Ring Made to Measure to Fit any Size

A GOLDEN HARVEST OF BIG, QUICK, EASY PROFITS For Men and Women

This is it! The hottest, most sensational, most gripping selling idea of the age! THE PORTRAIT RING—the ring that revives a beautiful old custom and brings it up to date! Men and women everywhere, rich and poor, young and old, want it to wear and to keep their whole lives long. Why? Because on this beautiful ring is permanently reproduced, in hand-tinted, life-like colors, any photo, snapshot or picture of some loved one. Yes—reproduced clearly and sharply and made part of the ring itself so it can't rub off, come off or fade off. A tremendous hit! Men and women—even those without an hour's selling experience—are taking dozens of orders a day. Profits shower down upon them simply showing their sample Portrait Ring. And now, in your territory, YOU can cash in big, every day, with this sensational new success and make money so easily it will seem more like play than work.

A Priceless Remembrance—Sells to Everyone

Once women carried pictures of their loved ones in lockets; and men carried them in watch cases. Those days are gone, but the desire to keep with one always a life-like portrait of a beloved child, mother, sweetheart, father or friend is as strong as ever. Not until the amazing secret process for transferring pictures to rings was discovered, was it possible to revive this beautiful old custom and to satisfy the hunger of every human being to express again this grandest of all sentiments. How mothers and fathers will welcome this opportunity to wear a ring with the most precious setting of all—a picture of their beloved child! How happy every man and woman will he to keep alive the memory of a departed one by carrying with them always, night and day, this beautiful Portrait Ring!



YOUR RING SIZE: Wrap strip of paper around second joint of finger, trim so ends meet. Measure strip down from top on this chart. Number at end is your size

SEND YOUR RING SIZE *Now*

PORTRAIT RING CO.
Dept. E-31, 12th and Jackson Sts.,
Cincinnati, Ohio

Enclosed is photo. Please rush my individually made Portrait Ring and starting equipment. Will pay postman $1.00 plus few cents postage. It is understood that if I am not entirely satisfied, I can return ring within 5 days and you will refund my money in full.

Ring Size...............

Name..

Address..

City.............................. State.......

(By enclosing $1.00 with coupon you save postage)

LOOK!

$1.00 PROFIT FOR YOU ON EVERY RING

Never before has anything like this come your way. No competition from anyone—no looking for prospects (they are all around you)—no carrying a big stock or putting any money into goods. Simply showing this ring a few times a day, if you only start with your friends and neighbors, will be enough to give you an endless flow of customers. Every person who owns a Portrait Ring shows it to a friend, and soon you have an endless chain of orders. Hundreds of customers write they wouldn't take a fortune for their rings if they couldn't get others. $5.00 and even $10.00 would be a small price for the PORTRAIT RING—but the immense popularity of this startling idea has made it possible to put a price of only $2.00 on it! Think of it—and, here's the most astounding news of all—of this $2.00, YOU COLLECT IN ADVANCE AND KEEP $1.00 as your profit! No experience needed—no sample case to carry—just wear ring in your finger, take orders and pocket your cash profits! We deliver and collect balance.

For only $2.00 retail—look what you offer! A made-to-measure onyx-like ring adorned with the most precious setting in the world—a reproduction of the picture of a loved one, in beautiful, hand-tinted lifelike colors. The ring itself can't tarnish. It will wear forever with ordinary care. The picture of the loved one is clearly, sharply, reproduced with surprising faithfulness and becomes an inseparable part of the ring. It can't wear off, rub off, or fade off. There is the beloved face on the ring, a constant companion night and day. Each ring is individually made-to-measure and shipped in beautiful Gift Box. Picture returned unharmed with ring.

All You Need Is a Portrait Ring On Your Finger

Just let your friends and everyone you meet SEE your sample Portrait Ring! That's all you need to do to take in dollars of profit by the handful! Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, husbands, wives, sweethearts—EVERYONE—wants it! Many folks order from 4 to 12 rings from one picture to give to friends and family. 10 orders a day are an easy goal. Even 20 orders a day are not too much to expect. And only 10 orders a day will pay you $60.00 a week clear profit!

Just Mail Coupon for Your SAMPLE HAND-TINTED RING You Don't Risk a Penny!

We cut away all red tape, we dispense with the wasted time of sending you circulars. We want you to send for a SAMPLE RING now and the minute you take it out of the beautiful Gift Box in which it comes, you are ready to go after the orders. Live wire men and women who sense the profit-power of the Portrait Ring will waste no time in writing letters, but will rush the coupon here for a sample ring. That's all the outfit you need. It will do all your selling for you. And we make it easy for you to obtain this sample ABSOLUTELY FREE OF A PENNY COST under our liberal offer. Don't wait. Rush the coupon at once for the sample ring on our NO RISK plan and see for yourself what a whirlwind money-maker this is for you. ACT RIGHT NOW!

PORTRAIT RING CO.
DEPT. E-31, 12 TH. & JACKSON STREET
CINCINNATI OHIO

ROUGH COPY

"Shocking"

SAYS SOCIAL LEADER

A SOCIALITE AND A DENTIST CLASH OVER A STALK OF CELERY

"Splendid"

SAYS DENTIST

(*But the civilized way to combat* "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" *is* IPANA *and* MASSAGE)

"SHOCKING!" burst from a society leader. And she *was* shocked at this picture. Emphatically. Just as you'd be shocked by such primitive conduct at your own dinner table.

But modern dentistry disagrees sharply!

"Shocking?" would respond your own dentist. "That picture's *not* shocking. It's a splendid, scientific lesson in the proper way to use the teeth and gums. If more people today would only chew their food as energetically as this girl, there'd be a lot fewer gum troubles in the world."

It's only too true. Today we all eat soft foods that rob our gums of health-giving work. And without regular exercise, gums become lazy . . . weak . . . tender. It's no wonder "pink tooth brush"—a cry for help from ailing gums—appears so often.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is a Warning

"Pink tooth brush" is a definite warning that your gums are in an unhealthy condition. And ignored, "pink tooth brush" may swing the door wide open to gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even pyorrhea.

Take care of your teeth and gums the way modern dental science urges—with Ipana and massage. Each time you clean your teeth massage a little *extra* Ipana into your gums. Soon you'll see—and feel—a new, healthy firmness to your gums.

For Ipana is especially designed to help combat "pink tooth brush". . . to help keep teeth bright . . . to give you a sparkling, brilliant smile.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

IPANA plus massage is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of the teeth and gums.

IS USED ALWAYS
GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS
NEW YORK

movie MIRROR

combined with Shadoplay

VOL. 8 NO. 3 February, 1936

Edited from Hollywood

ERNEST V. HEYN, Eastern Editor
WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Editor

special features

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Jeanette MacDonald's Life Story

She started her career as a dancer—but you know the position she occupies in the hearts of the fans today! Read the fascinating biography of the golden-voiced star, starting in next month's MOVIE MIRROR.

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Natural Color Photograph of Katharine Hepburn by James N. Doolittle

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HUMANITY'S GREATEST LOVE STORY!

"A life for a life you love." So vowed this handsome idler! In that terror-haunted cell he asked himself what is the greatest sacrifice he could make for the woman he loved . . .

The producers of "Mutiny On The Bounty", "China Seas" and other big hits of this season are happy to bring you another million dollar thrill-drama! Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has re-created for the screen, in breath-taking realism, one of the great romantic dramas of all time, penned by Charles Dickens whose "David Copperfield" was the most treasured picture of 1935. We now confidently predict that "A Tale of Two Cities" will be the best-loved romance of 1936!

RONALD COLMAN

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

Cast of 6000 including Elizabeth Allan, Edna May Oliver, Blanche Yurka, Reginald Owen, Basil Rathbone, Walter Catlett, Donald Woods, Fritz Leiber, H. B. Warner, Mitchell Lewis, Billy Bevan, Lucille La Verne, Tully Marshall, E. E. Clive, Lawrence Grant, Henry B. Walthall, Claude Gillingwater, Tom Ricketts

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE • *Produced by* David O. Selznick • *Directed by* Jack Conway

The Bicycle Isn't in the Picture . . . but we don't need any bicycle to make "The Bride Comes Home" the fastest moving picture comedy you've ever seen.

What's Wrong with this Photograph?... We'll tell you. It's too peaceful! There's not a moment as quiet as this in the whole rip-roaring comedy of "The Bride Comes Home," a Paramount Picture directed by Wesley Ruggles.

Is Claudette Calling for Help? . . . Far from it! She can take care of both of these lads ...and how? If you don't believe it, ask Fred, her sparring partner, in that pre-nuptial battle of the century..."The Bride Comes Home."

This Doesn't Mean a Thing . . . except that we're slightly goofy about this picture. You will be, too, when you see Claudette and Fred throw rocks and kisses at one another!

• Previe

Best Picture

"THE BRIDE COMES HOME". . CLAUDETTE COLBERT, FRE MACMURRAY, with ROBERT YOUNG. Story by Claude Binyo and directed by Wesley Ruggles the same lads who did the "Gilde Lily" for Claudette and Fred. A rip-roaring comedy of a pair o Chicago youngsters who battle their way to the altar. Our nomination for the 1936 Academy Award.

Advertisement

"You'll Getta Kick Outa Us!" BING CROSBY and ETHEL MERMAN, star of the Broadway stage hit "Anything Goes," sing the famous Cole Porter tunes, "You're the Top," "I Get a Kick Out of You," and a bunch of new ones.

Clever These Chinese . . . they know this old Mandarin is Public Enemy No. 13 (Charlie Ruggles to you), the ace laugh-getter of "Anything Goes."

Only the Beginning . . . of one of those grand chorus numbers Dance Director Leroy Prinz has worked out for you with those gorgeous gals of his in "Anything Goes," a Paramount Picture directed by Lewis Milestone.

Shots of the
# of the Month!

"ANYTHING GOES" . . . The smash musical-comedy hit that played Broadway for one solid year to packed houses, with BING CROSBY, ETHEL MERMAN, star of the Broadway show, and CHARLIE RUGGLES, in his funniest-in-a-lifetime part as Public Enemy No. 13, Cole Porter's famous songs, "Anything Goes," "I Get a Kick Out of You," "You're the Top," plus a bunch of new ones.

Not a Cigarette Ad . . . but a glimpse of those two badmen—Bing Crosby and Charlie Ruggles—in the ship's jail...one of the hundreds of laughs in "Anything Goes."

Advertisement

MOVIE MIRROR WILL PAY $500.00 IN CASH PRIZES FOR THE BEST CAPTIONS FOR THESE FOUR SCENES FROM RKO'S "SYLVIA SCARLETT"

KATHARINE HEPBURN, star of the new RKO picture "Sylvia Scarlett," is shown in four characteristic scenes from the picture on this page. Can you write winning captions for each? It is not necessary to have seen the picture in order to win. Doubtless many MOVIE MIRROR readers will see "Sylvia Scarlett" at the first opportunity regardless of whether or not they enter this "easy money" contest. Don't pass up this unusual chance to win some extra budget money!

Of course you can write captions for these scenes. Just think what one of the characters might be saying. Or what is in back of the situation that confronts them. Your captions need not be conversation or dialog. But whatever you write be sure that each caption does not exceed twenty words. The rules are brief and simple. Read them carefully so that you will make no mistake to unwittingly cancel your chance for one of the cash awards.

There is a $200.00 cash First Prize to be won. Will you claim it? The Second Prize of $50.00 and the fifty $5.00 awards await their claimants, too. Don't fail to write your four captions and get your entry in on time. You may be the big winner!

—THE RULES—

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., RKO-Radio Pictures and members of their families.

2. To enter, write a separate caption for each of the four scenes from the new photoplay SYLVIA SCARLETT, reproduced on this page, using not more than twenty words for each caption. Use pen and ink or typewriter. Penciled entries will not be considered.

3. Clip or trace the pictures as you think best. Paste them on sheets of paper and write the captions below.

4. Captions will be judged on the basis of aptness, appropriateness and human interest. In the order of their excellence on this basis, a First Prize of $200.00 will be awarded for the best set of four captions, a Second Prize of $50.00 will be awarded for the second best set and prizes of $5.00 each will be paid for the fifty next best sets. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

5. Address all entries, by First Class mail, to RKO-SYLVIA SCARLETT MOVIE MIRROR CONTEST, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be refused.

6. All entries must be received on or before Friday, February 21, 1936.

WIN ONE OF THESE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$200.00
SECOND PRIZE	50.00
50 PRIZES, EACH	5.00

TWO MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF LAUGHS!
ROARS OF DELIGHT
PARKYAKARKUS — KING OF CLOWNS
INTOXICATING MUSIC!
HEAR EDDIE SING "CALABASH PIPE"
ARE YOU MAN OR MOUSE
RIOTOUS
THRILL TO THE GORGEOUS GOLDWYN GIRLS!
ETHEL MERMAN SINGS

Eddie Cantor gives you the time of *your* lives in this roaring comedy of a timid tailor who became a titan among men . . . He'll strike you pink with gleeful excitement as this great production winds up in the wildest climax ever brought to the screen.

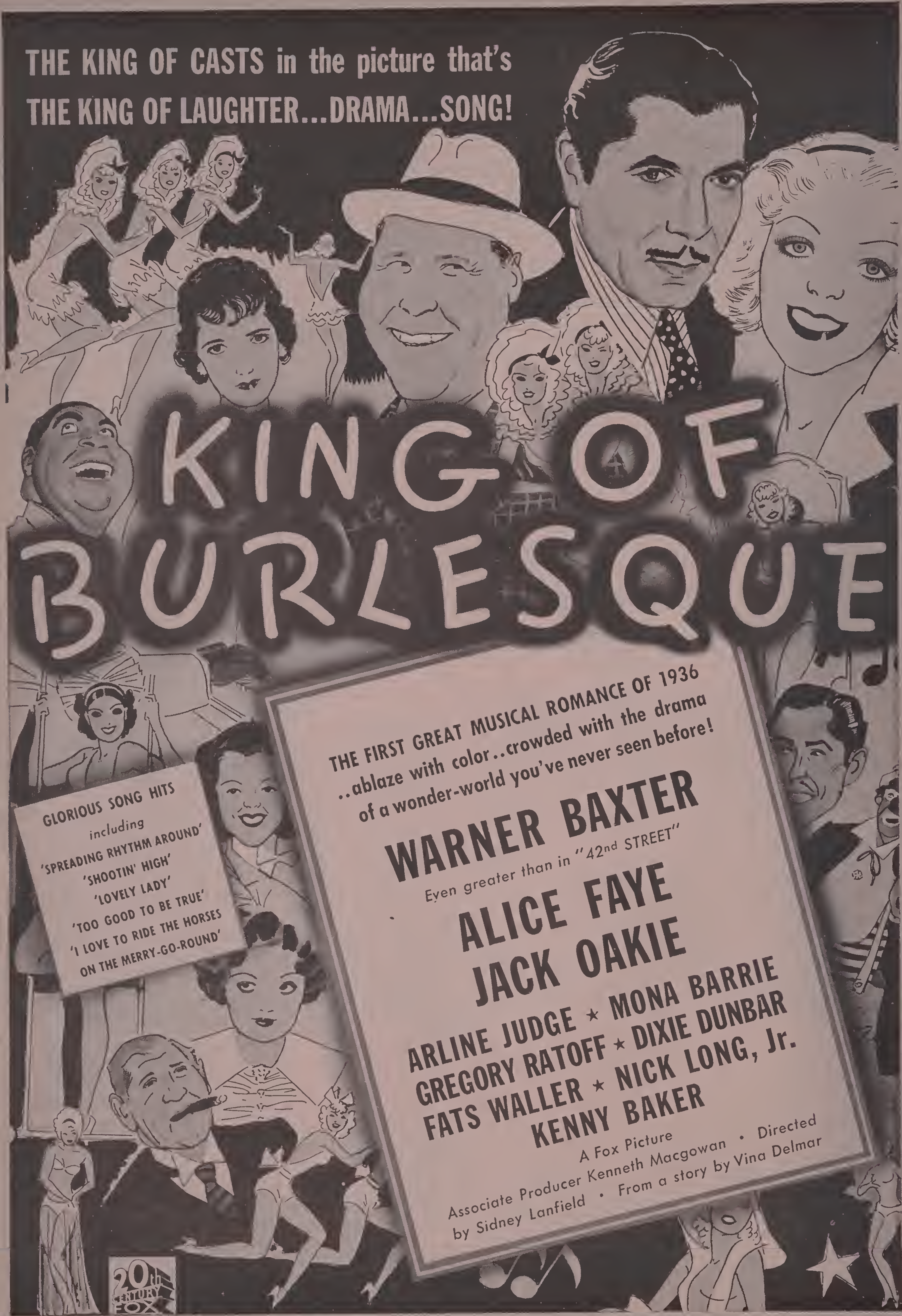
SAMUEL GOLDWYN *Presents*

EDDIE CANTOR

IN

Strike Me Pink

with ETHEL MERMAN · PARKYAKARKUS · SALLY EILERS
and the GORGEOUS GOLDWYN GIRLS Music and Lyrics by Harold Arlen and Lew Brown . . . Dance Ensembles by Robert Alton . . . Directed by Norman Taurog . . . Adapted from Clarence Budington Kelland's Saturday Evening Post Serial, "Dreamland" . . . Released thru United Artists



THE KING OF CASTS in the picture that's
THE KING OF LAUGHTER...DRAMA...SONG!

KING OF BURLESQUE

THE FIRST GREAT MUSICAL ROMANCE OF 1936 ..ablaze with color..crowded with the drama of a wonder-world you've never seen before!

WARNER BAXTER

Even greater than in "42nd STREET"

ALICE FAYE

JACK OAKIE

ARLINE JUDGE ★ MONA BARRIE
GREGORY RATOFF ★ DIXIE DUNBAR
FATS WALLER ★ NICK LONG, Jr.
KENNY BAKER

A Fox Picture

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Directed by Sidney Lanfield • From a story by Vina Delmar

GLORIOUS SONG HITS
including
'SPREADING RHYTHM AROUND'
'SHOOTIN' HIGH'
'LOVELY LADY'
'TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE'
'I LOVE TO RIDE THE HORSES ON THE MERRY-GO-ROUND'

MYRNA LOY

Once the problem child of filmdom, she's settled down to reap the rewards of her rebellion. Others are reaping rewards, too, for the careers of both Luise Rainer and Rosalind Russell were made during Myrna's absence. But she doesn't mind; they're all good friends—and 'tis said she got a tidy bonus, as well as a brand-new co-star, Spencer Tracy, for "Whipsaw," her next film after "The Great Ziegfeld."

GLADYS SWARTHOUT

A new departure in musical films is promised for her next Paramount film, "Give Us This Night," a romance in Italian settings, which will contain an original opera written by Erich Korngold and Richard Whiting. Incidentally, the picture marks the American film début of her co-star, Jan Kiepura, world-famous tenor.

JAMES CAGNEY

Jimmie still looks a bit quizzical about all that praise he got as a Shakespearean actor. Following "Frisco Kid," his latest Warner comedy, he'll get another dramatic break in "Ceiling Zero," the filming of the big Broadway stage hit, in which the faithful and long-suffering pal, Pat O'Brien, will share acting honors.

DOLORES COSTELLO

Herself the mother of two splendid youngsters, Dolores Ethel and John Barrymore, Jr., she'll play "Dearest" to Freddie Bartholomew's "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (remember when Mary Pickford played both roles—mother and son—in the silent film?) for Selznick, who has big plans for her career.

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DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY

ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS

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YOUR CHOICE of 66 famous Oriental Patterns, latest solid and two-tone colors and blends, lovely authentic Early American designs, regardless of the colors in your materials.

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Olson Rugs are *finer than ever!*

You can't get these rugs elsewhere. They are not ordinary, thin, one-sided rugs, but deep-textured, firmly woven full-bodied rugs that can be used on *both sides*—that wear *twice as long*—are *doubly soft* underfoot (no pads needed).

SPECIAL SIZES to correctly fit any room, stair or hall.

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KAY FRANCIS

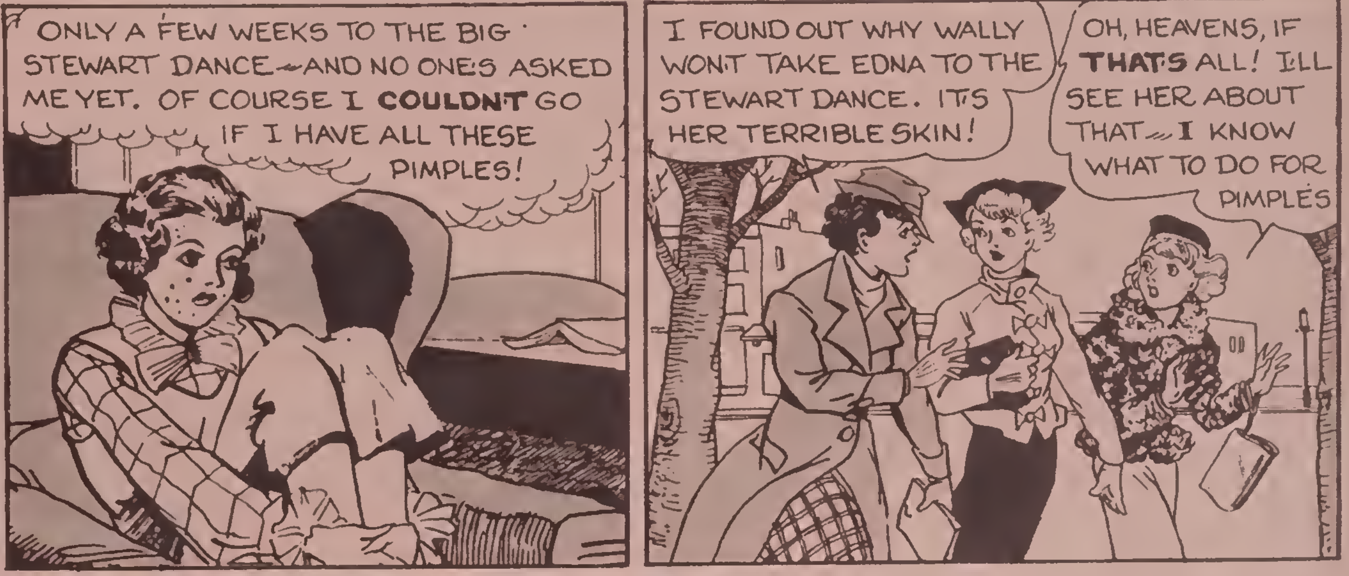
"Lovely Lady"—and that's the title of her next starring picture for Warner Bros., who just signed her to a fine new three-year contract, partly as reward for her grand work in "I Found Stella Parish." Kay's still going places with Delmer Daves, Warner film writer.

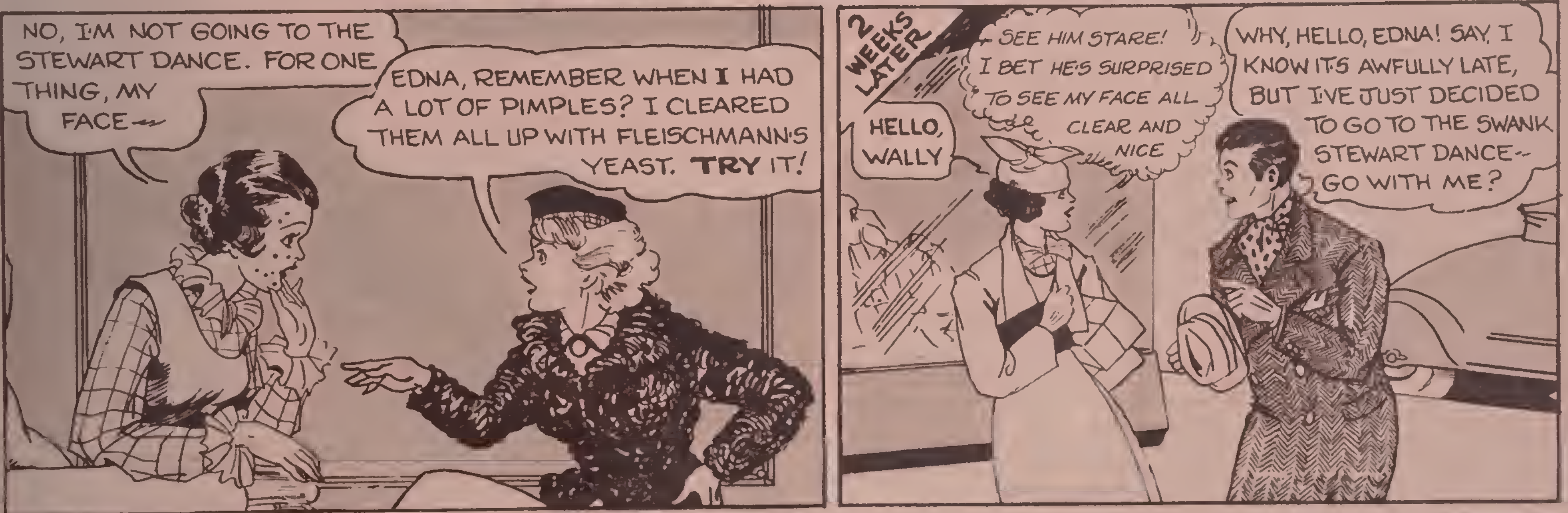
Photographed by Maurice Goldberg exclusively for Movie Mirror.

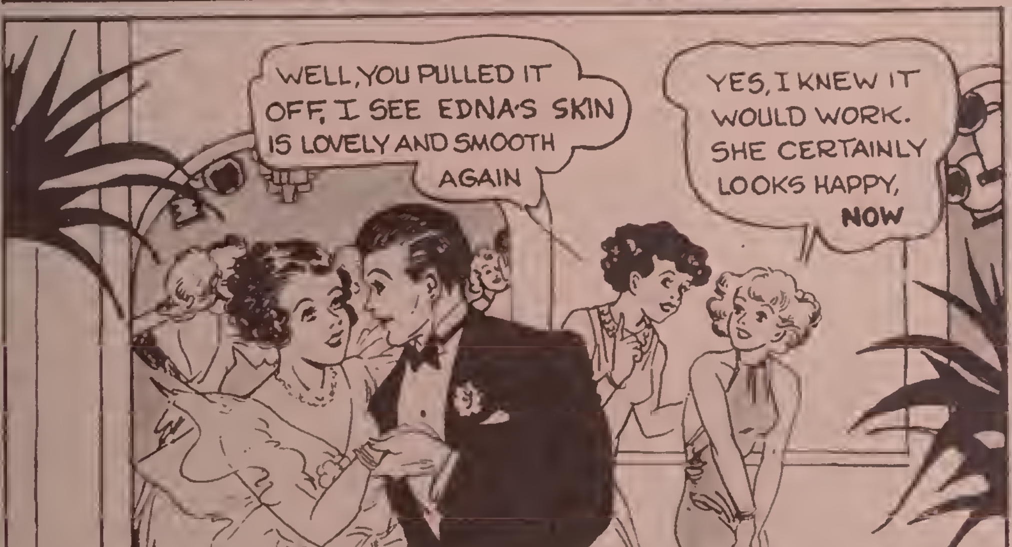
NO, SIS, THUMBS DOWN ON EDNA!

Edna had too many pimples

but not for long


ONLY A FEW WEEKS TO THE BIG STEWART DANCE—AND NO ONE'S ASKED ME YET. OF COURSE I COULDN'T GO IF I HAVE ALL THESE PIMPLES!
I FOUND OUT WHY WALLY WON'T TAKE EDNA TO THE STEWART DANCE. IT'S HER TERRIBLE SKIN!
OH, HEAVENS, IF THAT'S ALL! I'LL SEE HER ABOUT THAT—I KNOW WHAT TO DO FOR PIMPLES


NO, I'M NOT GOING TO THE STEWART DANCE. FOR ONE THING, MY FACE—
EDNA, REMEMBER WHEN I HAD A LOT OF PIMPLES? I CLEARED THEM ALL UP WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. TRY IT!
2 WEEKS LATER
HELLO, WALLY
SEE HIM STARE! I BET HE'S SURPRISED TO SEE MY FACE ALL CLEAR AND NICE
WHY, HELLO, EDNA! SAY, I KNOW IT'S AWFULLY LATE, BUT I'VE JUST DECIDED TO GO TO THE SWANK STEWART DANCE—GO WITH ME?


WELL, YOU PULLED IT OFF, I SEE EDNA'S SKIN IS LOVELY AND SMOOTH AGAIN
YES, I KNEW IT WOULD WORK. SHE CERTAINLY LOOKS HAPPY, NOW

Don't let Adolescent Pimples make YOU feel left out!

BETWEEN the ages 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Waste poisons in the blood irritate the skin. It breaks out in pimples.

But even bad cases of adolescent pimples can be corrected—by Fleischmann's Yeast. Fleischmann's Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. And when the cause of the skin eruption is removed, the pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until skin clears. Start today!

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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The SIX STAGES OF LOVE

1
The introduction—he gives you the once over — do your eyes invite friendship?

2
The first date—he follows your eyes, searching for understanding, for more than friendship.

3
Then the fateful moment, when gazing into each other's eyes, the realization of love comes.

4
The proposal — the "yes" in your eyes says more than lips ever can.

5
At the altar—eyes meet in sacred understanding.

6
On the honeymoon and ever after he adores your eyes—if from the very introduction you've kept your lashes long and alluring with Winx Mascara.

EYES INVITE ROMANCE *if framed by long lovely lashes*

Now a wonderful new way to beautify lashes—as easy as using lipstick or rouge.

Instantly EVERY girl can have the romantic eyes that men adore . . . thanks to the latest improvement in mascaras, based on years of experience.

An up-to-the-minute *creamy* mascara! Always ready! No water required! No mixing. No bother. Easier to apply. In 40 seconds your lashes look longer, darker, more luxuriant.

Creamy Winx comes in a dainty, convenient tube, handy to use anywhere, anytime. You simply squeeze a bit of Creamy Winx on a brush and apply . . . it's so easy.

This new Creamy Winx keeps the lashes soft and silky, with no danger of brittleness. And, of course, this new style of Creamy Winx Mascara does not smart—it is tear-proof, smudge-proof. Absolutely harmless.

Its creamy smoothness beautifies lashes naturally, overcoming the artificial look of ordinary mascaras.

Today, buy a tube of this new Creamy Winx—to try it is to abandon all others. Black, brown or blue. At all 10c toilet counters.*

Other Winx Eye Beautifiers

Winx Mascara for darkening lashes is also presented in cake and liquid—each superior in its field. For lovelier brows, use a Winx Eyebrow Pencil. For giving your eyes depth and accent, use Winx Eye Shadow.

* If new Creamy Winx is not yet on sale at your favorite store, mail coupon and 10c for full size tube to Ross Company, 243 West 17th St. New York City. M.G. 2-36

CHECK COLOR DESIRED ☐ BLACK ☐ BROWN ☐ BLUE

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NEW
Creamy
WINX
for Lovely Eyes
WINX
CREAMY MASCARA

LAST MINUTE NEWS

One of the most amusing situations in Hollywood is the current fight over "Romeo and Juliet" raging at M-G-M—Oliver Messel, one of the best designers in London, was brought over at great expense to design the sets and costumes, but this got in the hair of both Cedric Gibbons and Adrian in their two departments. Now both factions are claiming that Shearer wants them and that Cukor wants them, with nobody knowing what is going to happen. Probably Messel will go home a wiser and sadder young man.

Wendy Barrie and Wooly Donahue are seeing each other a lot again, despite Wooly's mama.

Al Jolson will get his chance as a producer when he makes the movie version of "Three Men on a Horse" for Warner Brothers.

Jackie Coogan and his girl friend, Betty Grable, are going out in vaudeville together in an act called "Making Movies."

Arthur Hornblow has leased an estate in Bel-Air, Hollywood's swankiest subdevelopment, which is supposed to be the honeymoon home of Myrna Loy as soon as the present Mrs. Hornblow gets her divorce.

The Harlow-Powell romance is patched up again, with Jean and Bill dancing at the Trocadero closer than This. Jean's wearing her brown hair (which is a wig, but which she may really adopt) right out in public now; it's really very pretty, too.

That Arline Judge-Wes Ruggles matter is all fixed up again. 'Tis said religion has a lot to do with this, with Arline very anxious to keep her home together.

Jane Wyatt and her new husband, Edgar B. Ward, are back from their honeymoon, which was spent visiting Indian reservations in New Mexico; Jane started work immediately in "Dracula's Daughter"—says she is going on with her career and doesn't give a darn about what the Social Register says.

Loretta Young is up and around again.

Claudette Colbert will probably be Mrs. J. J. Pressman by the time you read this. Jack is the Los Angeles throat specialist who recently operated on Grace Moore's throat.

Clark Gable, who is staying with Leila Hyams and Phil Berg now, has just bought four hunting hounds; he plans to go away as soon as pictures permit to shoot wild game in the Kaibab Forest.

After eight years of long hair, Virginia Bruce has now joined the ranks of the bobbed-haired beauties. It's most becoming, too.

Betty Furness is back from New York with trunkloads of new clothes, hats, and everything.

As soon as Jean Harlow finishes "Wife Versus Secretary," she plans a trip to the Orient.

All Hollywood is wondering what about Myrna Loy—her part in "The Great Ziegfeld," and in "Wife Versus Secretary," is so small.

When Janet Gaynor goes to M-G-M to make her loanout picture, she will have Bob Taylor as her leading man; this is the picture she preferred not to make with Bob Montgomery.

Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres have moved into their new home in Hollywood Hills.

Connie Bennett has signed to make pictures in England.

"It's thrilling to see your skin grow *Lovelier and Lovelier"*

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

It's thrilling to see your skin grow lovelier and lovelier—week after week—under Camay's perfect care.

Sincerely yours,

Ellen Conger Fernandes

November 2, 1935 (Mrs. Sim Fernandes Jr.)

This smiling lady is Ellen Conger Fernandes—slender, graceful and lovely to look at! But above all, she possesses a skin that meets the most trying test of a fine complexion—clear, youthful, enchanting even without a trace of make-up. And for that loveliness, she gives first and major credit to Camay.

You, too, will find—practically as soon as *you* start with Camay—new youthfulness and loveliness coming to your skin. You'll gradually become aware of a new smoothness, an exquisite freshness, a finer texture! This very day, convince yourself that Camay is a real and dependable beauty aid. Its price is so low you'll want to order at least a half-dozen cakes today.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

CAMAY
CAMAY

CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

INSIDE STUFF

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Paul Lukas, Crawford Kent, George Bancroft, Charlie Farrell and Ralph Bellamy get mighty hungry at Palm Springs!

By PETER ABBOTT

HOT NEWS: **Ann Harding** has announced her engagement to **Major Ben Sawbridge** as predicted in MOVIE MIRROR months ago.

Bill Boyd is just starting a real comeback, and **Dorothy Sebastian** is about to divorce him after five years of happy and apparently successful marriage.

The **Hal Roaches** are also divorcing.

Dietrich's "The Devil Is a Woman" has been removed from the world market.

That **Isabel Jewell-Lee Tracy** reconciliation is apparently on the rocks again; she's at Palm Springs and he's not visible anywhere.

The whole town's raving over **Eric Linden** in "Ah Wilderness," it looks like the big comeback of the season.

George Gershwin is here to write the music for **Fred Astaire's** next, "I Won't Dance."

20th Century-Fox has got the quintuplets from Paramount and all other contenders.

The Romeo search is finally over, with **Leslie Howard** selected for the coveted role.

Remember that MOVIE MIRROR predicted a **Gable** separation several months ago? There are no immediate divorce plans, though Hollywood doubts all that reconciliation talk.

John Boles has been signed to his first starring contract, with 20th Century-Fox.

Marriage is taking a second girl from the **Young** household. This time it's **Loretta's** sister, **Polly Ann,** who is expected to marry **Carter Herrmann** most any day now. Incidentally, the marriage of **Sally Blane** and **Norman Foster** looks very happy, they were recently guests of honor, along with **Alexander Woollcott,** at a dinner at **Dorothy Parker's.**

Rumor involves the names of **Doug Fairbanks** and **Elissa Landi** in clouds of romance.

Charlie Chaplin injured his arm while making pictures the other day and now goes around with it in a sling.

It's another boy at **Joel McCrea's. Frances Dee** and the baby are doing fine, but he hasn't been named yet.

* * *

THE very name Menjou means news these days. Ever since he was rushed to the hospital a few weeks ago, things have been happening as a direct result. Here is the latest on the case:

Menjou has been ordered to stay in bed for at least a month more. Thus, Harold Lloyd's picture "The Milky Way" may be postponed until he is able to make those precious last few scenes.

Veree Teasdale, Menjou's wife, was reported to be in the same hospital with her own, special illness and since she is also in the Lloyd flicker she was supposed to be holding it up, too. Not so. Mrs. Menjou was merely taking a bit of a rest prior to retiring from pictures to await the arrival of an heir! Yes! The Best Dressed Man and his favorite Best Dressed Woman are infanticipating.

Just after the announcement was made to the effect that Adolphe was on the mend, his tailor issued a statement: "I hope Mr. Menjou will come out of the hospital about the same weight as he went in—I have twelve suits waiting for him."

In the meantime, Paramount Studio has removed Menjou from the cast of a planned special and all Hollywood is praying he will recover soon.

* * *

THIS month, two of Hollywood's favorite laborers got a raise. Shirley Temple was boosted up to about $4,000 weekly and Dick Powell, after a one-man strike, obtained a nice new contract at just double his former salary. This marks the third hike for each and they both deserve it.

A SKUNK broke into Sir Guy Standing's ranch cabin, jumped onto Sir Guy's lap and then rolled himself over on the living room rugs. Now Sir Guy is accepting any and all invitations to visit friends.

* * *

THERE'S one extra in Hollywood who's awfully mad at the motion picture business. It happened recently on the set of Eddie Cantor's "Shoot the Chutes," where about fifty slot machines are used for one sequence.

Between scenes, the extra thought he would make a little money by playing the quarter machine. After he had put in six quarters, he decided to kick to the director. His face fell about four feet when he was informed, "Don't waste your time on those machines—they've been fixed so as not to pay off. It's part of the gag in the scene!"

* * *

ARE you one of the million American girls who have always had a terrific yen to dance with the Prince of Wales? Forget it! The Prince doesn't dance as well as he looks.

"As a dancer, the Prince of Wales is simply terrible!" says Sunny O'Dea, famous Broadway dancer who has just arrived in Hollywood for picture work. "Like most girls, I had dreamed of dancing with the handsome Prince. All I got for my trouble was sore toes and black-and-blue shins! But his brother, Prince George! Ah, that's a different thing. That man can certainly step!"

All of which set us to wondering about guys like Clark Gable and Gary Cooper. Maybe *they* could stand lessons, too. However, we bet there isn't a gal in the country who wouldn't prize a couple of black and blue shins from dancing with either.

* * *

AFTER witnessing "A Night at the Opera," one dim-wit squeaked, "If they can do that well by merely dropping one of the Marx brothers, what would happen if they dropped them all?"

* * *

THERE hasn't been much said about it, but it begins to look as though the Harlow-Powell romance is all tuckered out. Jean isn't allowed to talk for publication on the subject of romance or marriage so we haven't the benefit of her version, but wasn't that Mr. Harry Richman you were dancing and laughing with the other dawning, Jean? And from the sweet smiles you cast in the direction of your director, J. Walter Ruben, wouldn't it be just a little silly to deny that you like him a great deal, and that you have been escorted by Mr. Ruben once or twice recently?

(*Continued on page* 20)

Van Raalte says:
"IVORY FLAKES keeps fine fabrics looking fine"
IVORY FLAKES
for Safe washing of fine things

A three-minute date with Ivory Flakes will make your undies and sheer stockings wear longer! You see, if perspiration is allowed to linger, it attacks fine fabrics.

But if you think daily washings mean washed-out colors you've been using a too-strong soap! Change to *pure* Ivory Flakes—made from the same pure Ivory Soap that doctors advise for babies' tender skins.

Here's good advice from Van Raalte, makers of the famous Singlettes, "We heartily recommend frequent washings in cool Ivory Flakes suds for our lingerie, silk stockings and washable gloves because Ivory is pure—keeps colors and textures like new through *many* washings!"

CHIFFON-THIN FLAKES OF GENTLE IVORY SOAP $99^{44}/_{100}$% PURE

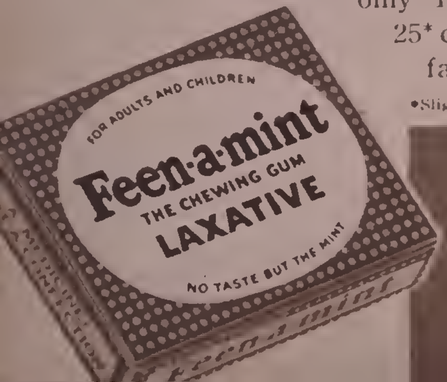
"Yesterday..
DULL, HEAVY, LIFELESS
Today-ALIVE!"

THE
3
MINUTE WAY

"My system cleared of accumulated poisons the easy way"

Why put up with jolting, harsh, "all-at-once" cathartics that may upset and shock your whole system! Take your laxative the 3-minute way—the modern, pleasant, *easy* way to clear your system of accumulated poisons. Just chew FEEN-A-MINT for three minutes before going to bed. It's those three minutes of chewing that make the difference between FEEN-A-MINT and other laxatives. You have no cramping pains—no nausea—no unpleasant after-effects. Its utterly tasteless medicinal content goes to work *gradually*. You wake up fresh as the dawn. In fact FEEN-A-MINT—the three-minute way—is the ideal family laxative—and it costs only 15* cents and 25* cents for a big family-size box.

*Slightly higher in Canada



better because you chew it

FLASHING THE LATEST FROM HOLLYWOOD

COULD it happen anywhere but Hollywood?

Four or five months ago, two heavy romances were flourishing: Frances Langford and Toni Martin, Muzzi Marcellino and Anne Shirley. Then Muzzi left for a tour with an orchestra. Some time later Martin found himself without a date. Frances Langford was working and Toni was invited to a party. A blind date was made for him by the hostess and the girl turned out to be Anne Shirley.

Now there's just one romance: Anne and Toni.

* * *

HERE'S WHAT THEY SAID

"Jo-nee, I am skinee!" (Lupe to Johnny upon arrival in New York after her South American tour.)

"I adore her. I merely wrote those letters so that she would get much publicity and more fame!" (Edward Schiffert to the police when arrested for sending notes demanding $10,000 or death!)

"Want me to lead with my *chin?*" (Clark Gable to the reporters when they asked him which South American city had the most beautiful women.)

"I'm an actor, not a tap-dancer." (Fred Astaire to reporters when they praised him for his acting ability.)

"I promise you I am not going to be married while in New York." (Joan Crawford to the head of M-G-M publicity department just before she took the train with Franchot Tone.)

"He's all washed up!" (Hollywood to itself when he finished the last Dietrich picture and before he had made "Crime and Punishment" for Columbia Studios.)

* * *

PAGING SHERLOCK HOLMES

A CERTAIN Hollywood producer hired the apartment formerly occupied by a bachelor playboy. Now he is raving and tearing his hair because he isn't allowed any rest—it seems that beautiful women ring his doorbell and telephone at all hours of the day and night. *Mystery*: Is he really serious?

A recently divorced and very fetching blonde young lady has just moved into that popular district near Bing Crosby and Dick Arlen, ". . . to be near the studio." She happens to take the house a block or so from Dick Powell's new mansion. *Mystery:* Could it be Joan Blondell?

Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are moving into the house where Joan and Doug, Jr., failed to make a go of marriage. Of course, there has been a lot of redecorating, but will that break the spell of bad luck that has hovered over the spot? *Mystery:* If so, so what?

That enigmatic young couple, Irene Hervey and Bob Taylor, relax for a while in the sunshine at Palm Springs.

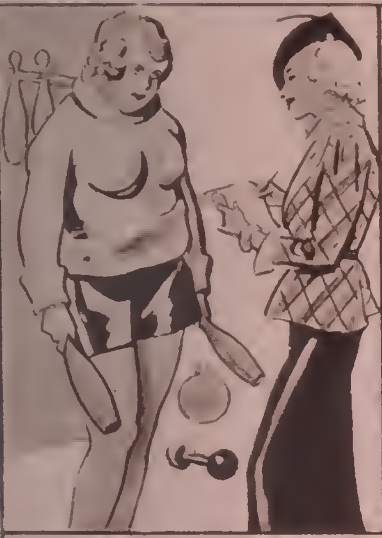
Prize grab shot of the month: Margaret Sullavan and her husband, Willie Wyler, at the Troc.

(*Continued on page 22*)

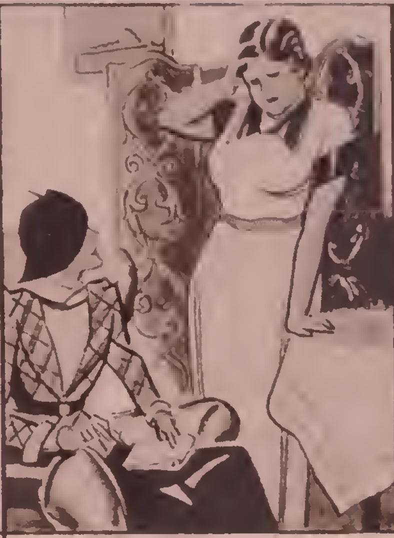
The Roving Reporter...

discovers the sure, safe way to reduce . . .

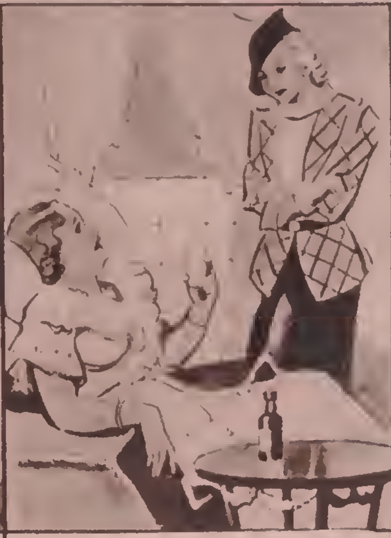
. . . THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE!



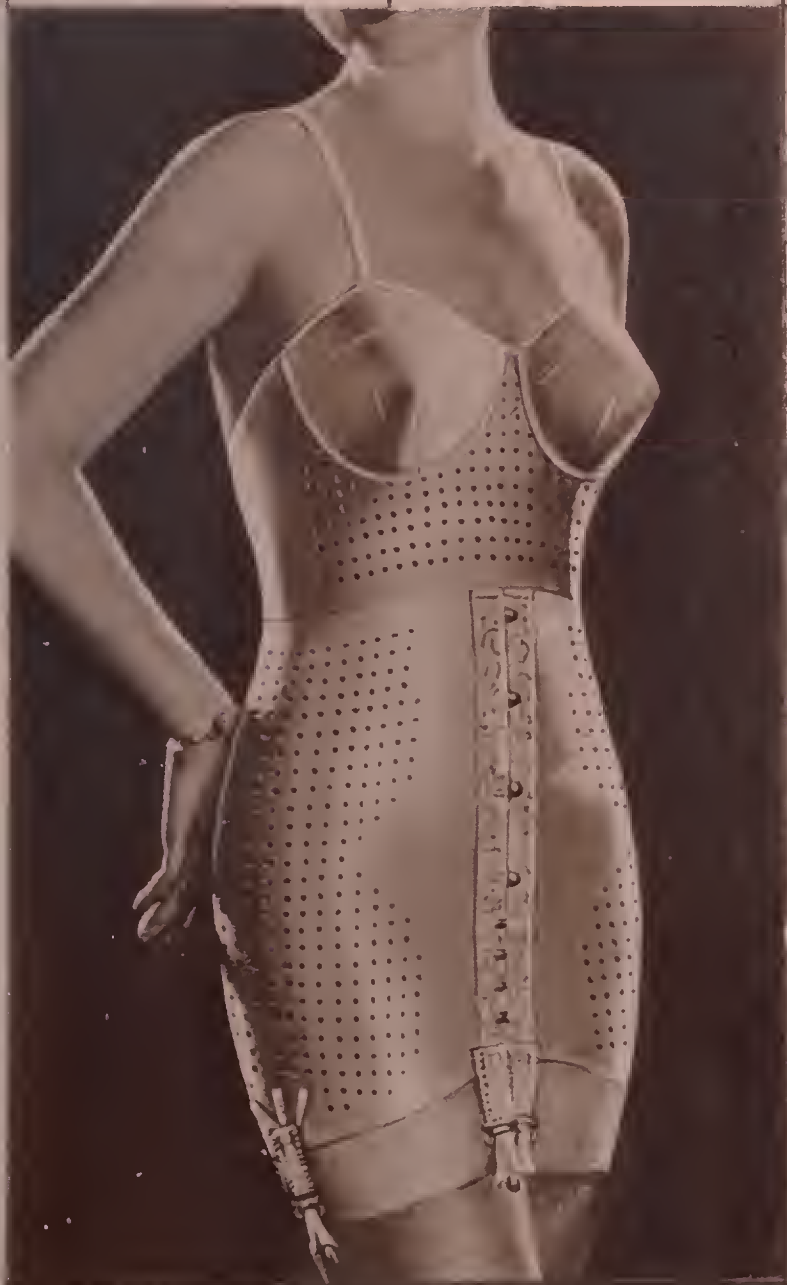
"IS EXERCISE EFFECTIVE?"
"I'm all tired out going through dozens of strenuous exercises. I wish I knew some easy way to take off these ugly bulges from my hips!"



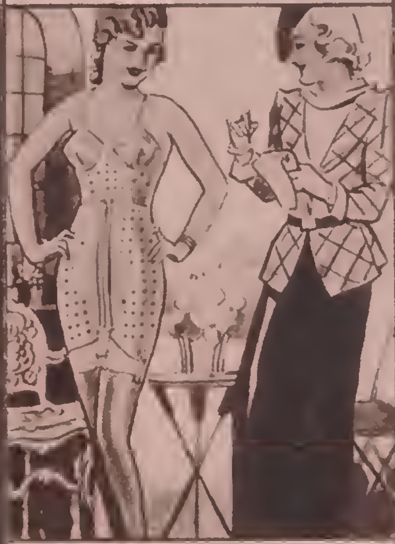
"DID DIET REDUCE YOU?"
"It took off the weight all right, but chiefly from my neck and face. I look like a scarecrow. I know I'm irritable, but my nerves are all on edge."



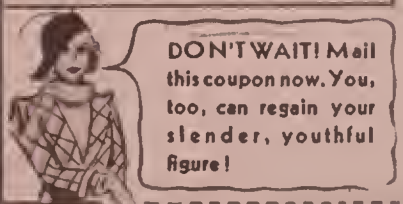
"DID DRUGS TAKE OFF FAT?"
"Yes, too much of it, and now I can't get it back. I feel miserable most of the time. I'm afraid I may have had some condition that caused a bad reaction."



REDUCE SAFELY, EASILY, QUICKLY



"WHAT DID PERFOLASTIC DO FOR YOU, MISS HEALY?"
"I lost 9 inches from my hips and 20 pounds in weight. I feel better than I have for months and I eat everything."


DON'T WAIT! Mail this coupon now. You, too, can regain your slender, youthful figure!

Reduce YOUR Waist and Hips
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
. . . or no cost!
Make This 10-day Test at our expense!

WOULD YOU like to have the slender, graceful figure so admired by everyone? Of course you would! Our roving reporter found that the majority of women want to be slimmer. Yet many go about it in a way to get unpleasant, and even harmful results. Profit by the experience of 200,000 women and reduce the safe Perfolastic way! You will *appear* smaller immediately and then, after a few days those unwanted inches *actually* disappear. Remember, you lose 3 pounds in 10 days . . . or it costs you nothing!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

■ The healthful, invigorating principle of massage is the basis of Perfolastic's great success. The special Perfolastic material is so designed that it exerts a gentle massage-like action on your flesh. With every move you make, every breath you take, this massage-like action takes away those extra inches, and with the loss of burdensome fat comes added energy and pep.

No Diet . . No Drugs . . No Exercises

■ All this is accomplished without any discomfort or effort on your part. You do not have to deny yourself the good things of life. You eat what you want and take as much—or as little—exercise as you wish. Yet the extra inches disappear from waist, hips and diaphragm with a rapidity that is amazing!

Perforations Keep Your Body Cool

■ The inner surface of the special Perfolastic material is soft and delightfully silky to feel next to your body. The many perforations allow your skin to breathe and moisture to evaporate without the usual sticky-corset unpleasantness. The specially designed lace-back keeps your Perfolastic fitting perfectly as the inches disappear.

MAKE THIS FREE TEST NOW!

See for yourself that Perfolastic is the sure, *safe*, invigorating way to reduce! Remember, it costs you nothing to try it!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 282, 41 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your
10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

*Name*____________________________

*Address*__________________________

*City*________________ *State*________

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard.

An unusual snap of Luise Rainer, who seldom steps out to the night spots.

Come backstage with us and visit your favorites at home, on the lot and on vacation

HOLLYWOOD'S NEW DIET

THE newest thing in Hollywood is the milk diet. It's almost a two-to-one bet that your favorite drinks at least a pint of milk every day on the set.

Of course, Hollywood has fallen for diets in the past—grapefruit, orange juice, tomato juice, cottage cheese and pineapple, even good old popcorn. But this new craze has a real meaning.

Hollywood is always faced with the handicap of lost energy because of so many hours spent under hot, enervating lights.

The terrific heat of the lights saps the strength and, while the men stand it better than the women, it has even caused a few of the boys to fold up.

The new milk diet was recommended by Dr. Geoffrey Grace, a studio physician. We heard him telling Miriam Hopkins on the set of "Splendor":

"One pint of milk contains more actual food than a full pound of almost any vegetable you may name. If you motion picture people will consistently drink two quarts of milk a day while working, there will be plenty of energy to do a good job and you will gain not a single pound!"

Get on the band wagon.

* * *

ANN DVORAK was just about to go into the lead of "Backfire" when her physician ordered her into bed for an indefinite period to regain her strength and put on much needed weight by a diet. Ann has been under the harsh studio lights a great deal of late and the above milk diet might have been the means of conserving her energy and weight when she most needed it.

* * *

TEA TABLE TOPICS

DESPITE those ten thousand readers who wrote in asking Dick Powell why he picked on the blondes in a recent MOVIE MIRROR issue, we maintain Dick is still having fair-haired trouble. This time it's Joan Blondell. Hardly a day goes by that we don't see them together. Miss Blondell seems to have the field all to herself, now; a few weeks ago there was competition (also blonde), but Joan, having worked a brilliant cross-ruff, was able to finesse the other queen and caught the Jack in the same play. Clever?

The actor must be nameless. He is tall and handsome, though, and has been holding his breath for a real opportunity. He finally got it when he was loaned by his studio to play a part that was sure to make him a star if he clicked. His first scene was a heavy bit of love stuff with a blonde actress. He fell for her, right off, and put his heart and soul into the scene. When he had finished (and we *must* say he looked good) he turned to the producer with, "How am I doin'?" The producer answered—by mail. The blonde actress happened to be the executive's future (he hopes) wife and the actor has returned to his own studio once more, minus the swell opportunity.

ONE of the most frequent complaints heard during a studio-star battle is, "I won't play that unsympathetic role; the public will think I'm that kind of person in real life!"

What about it? Have you always thought Janet Gaynor was milk-and-honey; that Eddie Robinson was a tough hombre; that Jean Harlow spent most of the night in cafes and night clubs, that Mae West was *really* that way? Maybe you're wrong. At least, you're wrong to assume these reel habits to be real characteristics. Here's what Miriam Hopkins says:

"I don't care what type of woman I play, so long as the person is interesting and has color. She may be a street-walker or a Sunday school teacher, just so long as I can become interested enough in her to want to step into her character."

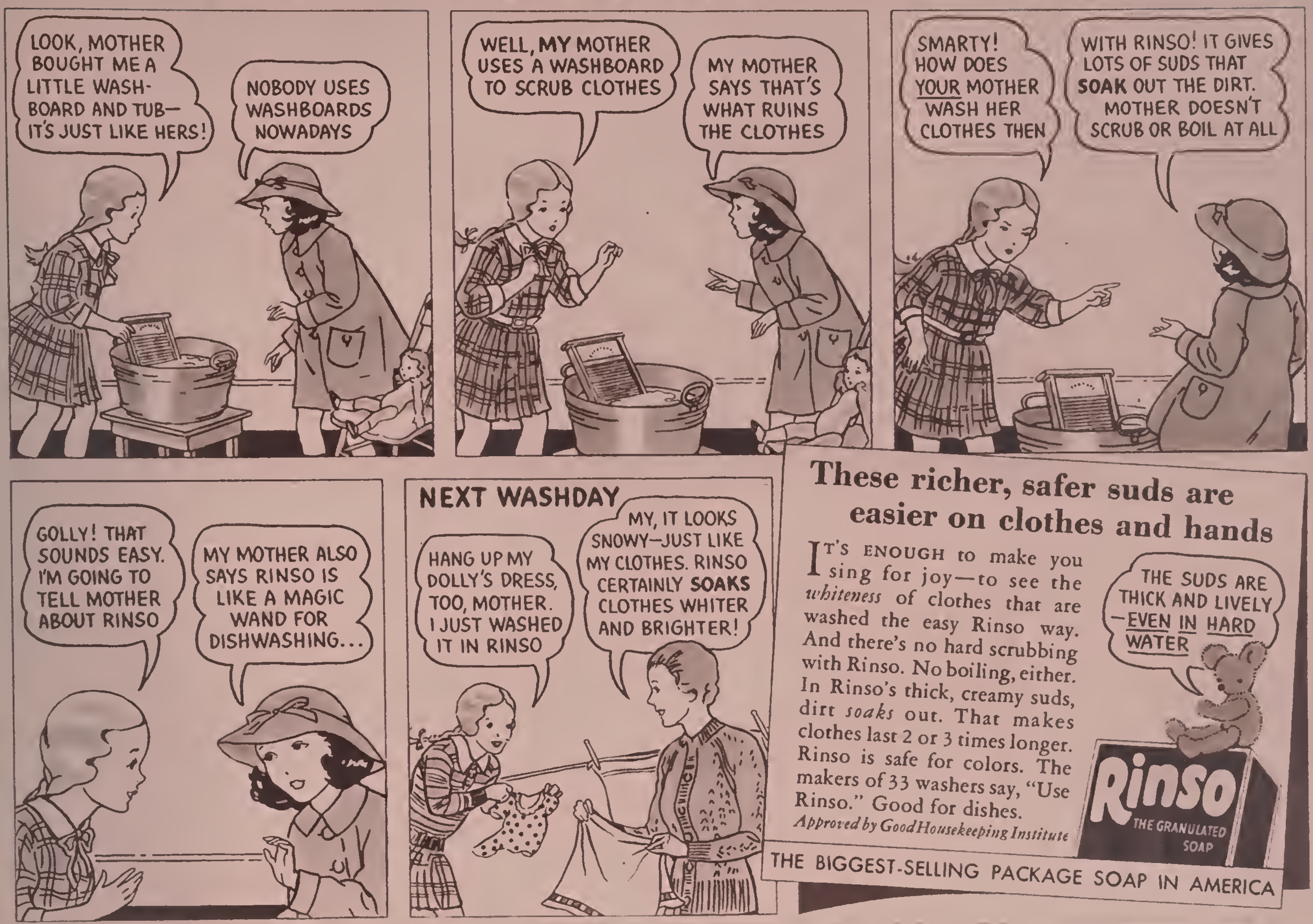
* * *

WHEN you come to Hollywood, of course you will visit the Brown Derby Restaurant. So we want to let you in on a secret. There is one booth in that room that has the queerest acoustics in the world. You can hear almost everything that is said at the other tables around you. It's called the "sound booth." If you should be lucky enough to get a seat there, you might be surprised to hear Al Jolson singing a duet with Fred Astaire at a distant table or Jack Oakie kidding the waiters across the way. Maybe you'd even hear some choice romance dialogue.

(*Continued on page* 108)

Those newlyweds, Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford, return to Hollywood.

MAKES WASHDAY EASY AS PIE


LOOK, MOTHER BOUGHT ME A LITTLE WASHBOARD AND TUB—IT'S JUST LIKE HERS!
NOBODY USES WASHBOARDS NOWADAYS
WELL, MY MOTHER USES A WASHBOARD TO SCRUB CLOTHES
MY MOTHER SAYS THAT'S WHAT RUINS THE CLOTHES
SMARTY! HOW DOES YOUR MOTHER WASH HER CLOTHES THEN
WITH RINSO! IT GIVES LOTS OF SUDS THAT SOAK OUT THE DIRT. MOTHER DOESN'T SCRUB OR BOIL AT ALL
GOLLY! THAT SOUNDS EASY. I'M GOING TO TELL MOTHER ABOUT RINSO
MY MOTHER ALSO SAYS RINSO IS LIKE A MAGIC WAND FOR DISHWASHING...
NEXT WASHDAY
HANG UP MY DOLLY'S DRESS, TOO, MOTHER. I JUST WASHED IT IN RINSO
MY, IT LOOKS SNOWY—JUST LIKE MY CLOTHES. RINSO CERTAINLY SOAKS CLOTHES WHITER AND BRIGHTER!
THE SUDS ARE THICK AND LIVELY —EVEN IN HARD WATER
Rinso
THE GRANULATED SOAP

These richer, safer suds are easier on clothes and hands

IT'S ENOUGH to make you sing for joy—to see the *whiteness* of clothes that are washed the easy Rinso way. And there's no hard scrubbing with Rinso. No boiling, either. In Rinso's thick, creamy suds, dirt *soaks* out. That makes clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. Rinso is safe for colors. The makers of 33 washers say, "Use Rinso." Good for dishes.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

I'M GETTING TO BE LIKE THAT GIRL IN THE ADS. MEN TAKE ME OUT ONCE—AND DROP ME
BY THE WAY—DID YOU EVER READ ONE OF THOSE LIFEBUOY ADS ..CAREFULLY ?
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP
Stops 'B.O.'

So easy to offend—without even knowing it!

EVEN ON the coldest winter day, don't take a chance with "B. O." (*body odor*). Clothing is heavier, rooms often stuffy. "B. O." is *instantly* noticed. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. It purifies and deodorizes pores.

Kind to your complexion

Lifebuoy lathers richly, cleanses deeply, tones and freshens the skin. And "patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

BATHE WITH LIFEBUOY—AND BE SAFE

"Dutch" Smith, 1932 Olympic champ, shows his emblems to Madge Evans and Una Merkel.

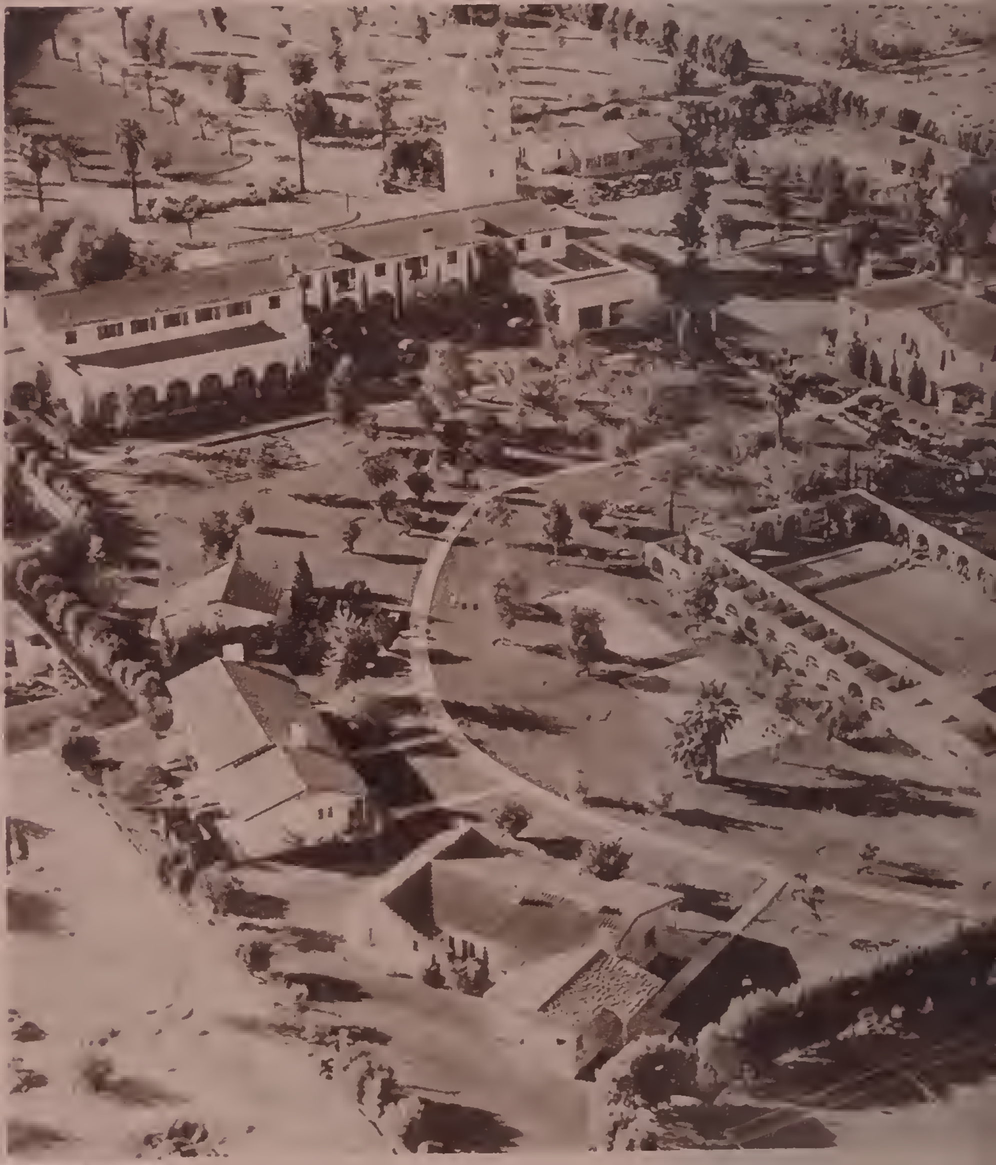
Step right up and meet Beverly Roberts and Isabel Jewell, coming down the path from El Mirador Hotel.

Carole Lombard comes to the sunny desert to get sunshine—and gets it on the Desert Inn lawn!

LET'S GO TO PALM SPRINGS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

It's the height of the season—the desert's in bloom and the stars are merrily gathering the blossoms



Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lloyd chat with Warner Baxter on the way to a desert canter.

(Left) Joe Penner and his attractive wife don't need a bicycle built for two—just an ordinary bike.

At the Racquet Club: George Brent, Frank Morgan, Bert Wheeler, Irene Hervey, Bob Taylor, Bob Woolsey.

Charles Farrell, Glenda Farrell, Charles Butterworth, Hazel Forbes; (standing) Skeets Gallagher, Michael Bartlett—at the Racquet Club of Palm Springs.

We arrive in Howard Hughes' plane, and Hymie snaps an air view of El Mirador.

It's Shirley Ross who occupies the time and attention of Henry Fonda, Walter Wanger contract player recently on loan to 20th Century-Fox.

AFRAID?

"I'm so scared" . . . "I don't dare dance!" . . . Never again need those fears haunt you. A new kind of sanitary napkin is here. Modess—the one and only napkin that is *certain-safe!* The napkin that *stays soft—stays safe!*

JOIN THE CROWD WITHOUT A FEAR!

Yes—you're truly safe—with Certain-Safe Modess. *No striking through!*—as with reversible napkins. No soggy edges! For Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back. Wear the *blue line* on moisture-proof side *away* from the body—and complete protection is yours.

End "accident panic" —ask for Certain-Safe
Modess!

Try N-O-V-O—the new safe douche powder. Cleansing! Deodorizing! (Not a contraceptive.)
(At your druggist or department store)

Fight colds where they start • *in the throat* —with LISTERINE

LISTERINE
LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY
ST. LOUIS, MO. U.S.A.
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
Tested and Approved
4602
by
Good Housekeeping Bureau
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

HONORS

For more than 50 years Listerine has had the commendation of outstanding men in the fields of medicine, bacteriology, and chemistry. In addition, it has won high awards in great Centennial Fairs; has been tested in laboratories of international repute, and today is approved by the famous Good Housekeeping Bureau of New York City.

Safe antiseptic kills millions of germs associated with sore throat and colds

DON'T go on suffering with heavy colds that undermine your strength. Don't put up with painful sore throats. Go after these conditions in the sensible, scientific way.

Kills germs in the throat

Listerine attacks the germs associated with colds and sore throat. Almost immediately after gargling it kills literally millions of them in throat and mouth, before they have a chance to enter the body.

Scientific tests in 1930-31, 1931-32 and 1934 have shown this comforting result: that those who gargled with Listerine twice a day or oftener caught fewer colds than non-gargiers.

Moreover, when Listerine users did catch cold, their colds were milder and of shorter duration than those of non-users.

At the first sign of a cold

Start using Listerine today. As you can see, it is an intelligent precaution against cold infections. If you feel your throat getting sore, or a cold coming on, use Listerine more frequently—every 3 hours is recommended. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE COUGH DROPS

A new, finer cough drop, medicated for quick relief of throat tickle, coughs, irritations.

LISTERINE
COUGH DROPS

10c

—and see how it relieves Sore Throat

HOLLYWOOD'S BILLION DOLLAR GAMBLE

Studios and "props" can be rebuilt—but who can replace the personalities lost to a film through illness or death?

By GEORGE MADDEN

Do you know the tremendous sum which Will Rogers' death actually cost his company?

Disaster on the set brought danger to Jack LaRue—and delayed a costly production.

Polo, that film colony hazard, spelled death for Gordon Westcott (left).

Grave ill-health menaces Adolphe Menjou (above to the right) and threatens a million-dollar film.

Marie Dressler, adored by fans; her death has left an unfillable gap sentimentally and financially.

MONTHS ago, most of the Hollywood studios issued the request that contracted players refrain from playing polo, riding in airplanes, driving cars with excessive speed or in any other way taking needless and unnecessary risks with life and health while actually engaged in the making of a motion picture.

Illness, accident and death are Hollywood's biggest and most costly gamble! Allowing $10,000 a day for feature production:

Death cost Hollywood $15,000,000 this year.

Accident and illness cost an added $5,000,000.

Reaching a terrible climax in the tragic death of Will Rogers, it is as though a malignant hand had cast its shadow over Hollywood pointing accident and doom indiscriminately over studio lots. Look at a portion of the record:

Gordon Westcott, dead from injuries received when his polo pony fell and crashed him to the earth . . . Sam Hardy, shockingly stricken with appendicitis on the set of "Shoot the Chutes" and dead within twenty-four hours following an emergency operation . . . Adolphe Menjou still fighting for his life as this is written . . . Gertrude Michaels' career jeopardized by long delay caused by broken leg received in an automobile accident . . . Janet Gaynor, unable to report for two productions on account of head injuries suffered during the making of "The Farmer Takes a Wife" . . . Loretta Young lost to the screen for many months because of serious illness . . . Director Richard Wallace and Captain Richard Wing on the casualty list for long weeks following a sensational plane crash. These are some of the front page catastrophes that have shocked Hollywood beyond expression.

(*Continued on page* 99)

"MY TROUSSEAU WASN'T WASTED!" says WENDY BARRIE

Here's one courageous little star who was left waiting at the altar and built a new career out of heartbreak

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

WENDY BARRIE said, wide-eyed, "But no! I don't mind talking about my lost romance. Why should I? It all belongs to living and life is wonderful, even when it hurts! I can think of my heartbreak now and remember only the lovely times we had together—you know, when it sort of clutches at your throat to be so happy! Do I sound like an old lady reminiscing about her youth? But it all seems so long ago."

Eight months, I suppose, *is* an eternity to twenty-three. Eight months that began with wild rapture, frantic shopping for a trousseau while London and Paris couturiers paid homage to the millions this ecstatic, elf-haired child was to hold in those slim brown hands, while friends envied and reporters hovered. Eight months that have held for Wendy Barrie more emotions than most women know in a lifetime—joy and disillusion, loneliness, bitter humiliation, illness and the heady taste of fame.

"But the biggest thing that's happened to me since I took the boat at Southampton" she told me gaily (only her eyes, long and jewel green were not gay) "is *that I've grown up*. Suddenly, almost over night I stopped being a girl who had to have a good time night and day, and turned into a woman. I'm so different that it seems strange to me that I have the same face when I look into a mirror! But I didn't realize how much I'd changed until a few weeks ago when he called me up suddenly on the telephone from Florida. Let's leave out his name! Everybody who reads the newspapers knows it anyway.

"I was at Jack Oakie's house for dinner when Jack's mother came back from the hall and said 'Wendy, dear, you're wanted for a long distance call.' and I said 'Hello' never *dreaming* who it was, and he answered, just as though we'd said goodbye yesterday, 'Hello, dear, how are you?' When I heard myself answering, sort of casually and kiddingly, I knew I'd grown up.

"A few months before, I'd have screamed at him across half the world. I'd have fainted or had hysterics or slammed up the receiver. Instead, nobody would have guessed that I was talking to the man who'd once asked me to marry him and then run away without a word because his socialite mother didn't want him to bring home an actress wife! *I* was the actress, mind you! Although I'd had one year in pictures plus twenty-one years of the same life he'd lived which means tearing from place to place to get away from boredom.

"If Mama and Lady So-and-So and I hadn't been lunching at the Savoy that day when Alexander Korda was looking for six perfectly new types to play the queens in 'Henry the Eighth,' I'd never have thought of acting. It happened like this. Suddenly a perfect stranger stood at our table, and bowed and said, 'Pardon me, but how would you like to go into the pictures?' and there I was an actress, right between the savory and the sweet. And I loved it from the first minute! I'm really a daytime girl and the social crowds aren't alive except at night. Acting did so much for me that I'm not afraid of anything that can happen to me hereafter. I know I'll be able to meet it with a joke. Some people never grow up all their lives."

It seems strange, looking at her sitting at cocktail time with a glass of milk in one hand and a chunky piece of chocolate cake in the other (she's trying desperately to put on weight) that such a thin, fragile looking little body can hold so much gallantry. I wish that all the girls who think that their hearts are broken because of a smashed-up love affair, all the desperate little debutantes and co-eds and business girls who sob into their midnight pillows because some man has stepped out of their lives, could see Wendy Barrie, round chin up, brown head high, laughing as she talked of that other Wendy who looked out of her hotel room into a dark November dusk and wanted to die.

"When he didn't meet the boat when it docked in New York, I couldn't believe it," she says. "We had planned to go straight from the dock to City Hall to be married. I'd been living in a daze of happiness ever since we discovered at a house party in Spain that we were in love. He rushed to Paris to tell his mother, and I rushed to England to let all London into *my* secret. We weren't going to wait to be engaged. He hurried home to New York to plan the honeymoon and I simply flung

(*Continued on page* 79)

She started in English films as a lark, but it became serious with her fine work as Anne Boleyn in "Henry VIII" with Charles Laughton.

What

An amazing story of poverty and indomitable courage, of a talented boy and a fine old lady of the Ghetto

By
HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE

IF there ever was a man who has ardent reason to be a feminist, that man is Eddie Cantor.

His children, as you know, are all daughters. His life with Ida, his wife of many years, has been ideal. Almost any woman who has touched his life for any reason has made it a better and happier life. And yet the woman who most influenced him has, until now, never been mentioned.

That woman was his grandmother, but to tell you about her and what she did for Eddie, I must cut back more than forty years.

In a tiny flat, over a Russian tea house, on Eldridge Street on the Lower East Side of New York, Maite, the young, wan wife of Michael Cantor, took to her bed on the last night in January, 1892. Eddie was born. His father set the occasion to music, despite the sounds of the Russian balalaika below, for Michael Cantor had a way of setting everything to music, without being paid for it. Michael Cantor believed that work was meant only for ditch diggers.

Maite's mother, known in her native Russian province as "Esther the Cigarmaker," had but recently arrived in New York to look after her daughter. It was Grandma Esther who delivered Eddie. It was Grandma Esther who took charge of the little tenement. Soon thereafter Maite died. Michael Cantor played his fiddle. Stunned, he wandered through the East Side, gaping, staring, seeking Maite. Pneumonia struck him and he died, clinging to his beloved violin.

"I was not yet two," Cantor told me, "And Grandma Esther, my proudest figure before the world, was sixty years my senior. We were alone, two lonely creatures at the opposite poles of life, I looking forward, she backward, to the same welter of poverty, adversity, and toil.

"Years that followed were years of a ceaseless treadmill—grinding, churning, without end, without hope," Cantor continued. "Grandma Esther could not earn enough selling matches and candles from door to door to support me so she took to lifting trunks on her back and lugging them up three and four flights of stairs as part of her duties in furnishing cheap immigrant servant girls to 'private families.' She rented two rooms in a basement and, as she could not afford the price of a license, she had a 'bootleg' employment agency. She specialized in Poles and, in those two rooms, would keep eight or nine girls, who slept on the floor, until she could find employment for them. She lived in constant fear of the city inspectors and, when quizzed by them, would swear that all the girls were blood relations. Eventually she amassed the fortune of $25 to pay for a license so that she could struggle and starve legally. Even then she was obliged to shift her headquarters frequently for some little detail like non-payment of rent. But moving costs involved only the hiring of a push cart and little Eddie always rode on the top pile of straw mattresses she kept for the girls.

MY very close friends know the history of the terrible scar on my forehead. They know that, as a small boy, I was kissed by a brick in a gang fight, a kiss that cleaved my skull in two. My grandmother hated doctors and considered it a sacrilege the way the women in our tenement at No. 13 Market Street called the neighborhood doctor for children who were ill. I remember that doctor! He would not even climb the steps to look at a patient, but carried on his examination from the sidewalk.

" 'What is it, Mrs. Meefoosky?' he would shout.

" 'Mine child, it hurts in his belly," she would answer.

" 'Give him castor oil,' the learned physician would shout, 'And throw me down a dollar.'

"Grandma hated all this and so it was, when I was carried home with a split skull, she knew that her herbs and incantations were better than the doctor's verbal prescriptions. But her magic failed and in the end, and it was very close to the end, she carried me to the Essex Street Dispensary.

EDDIE CANTOR Owes His Grandmother

"Soon thereafter I went to work for the Isaac Gelles Wurst Works, carrying their sausages from the factory to their store and if I had never met Florenz Ziegfeld I would have won a place in history for, between the ages of seven and twelve, I became the world's supreme delicatessen taster, and absorbed more salami, pastrami, bologna and frankfurters in those five years than most families do in a life time. I used to start out with an empty stomach and a full basket and wind up vice-versa. And while going into that I might as well confess that at the age of six I began keeping late hours. The neighborhood gang discovered that I had a voice and in those days the East Side was not only menaced by cats, but by bands of singing youngsters. I grew lean, big-eyed and eager."

WHEN Eddie was ten the Educational Alliance, a community welfare organization, sent him to Surprise Lake, Cold Springs, N. Y., for a two-weeks' vacation. It was not a reward for anything; the alliance specialized in slum children. There Eddie met Nature face to face for the first time and promptly tossed a rock through the nearest window. He felt the world had been holding out on him. But nothing happened. No angry face appeared; there was no calamity cry of, "You bummer, you loafer you." That was the greatest surprise of Cantor's life. Today he owns and maintains Surprise Lake Camp, where thousands of slum children are entertained each summer. Recently directors of the organization changed the name to "Eddie Cantor Camp," but, greatly as he prized the honor, Cantor wouldn't permit the name to become official.

When Eddie was fourteen he used to stand on street corners and make funny faces at passers-by. He did it so well that people would gather about him and toss coins into his hat. Most of them thought he was nuts. But he had one secret admirer, Anna, a prospective domestic who was lodging with his grandmother. Anna was Russian, emotional, sixteen, and had large, sad, black eyes.

"I should have become suspicious when Anna told me that she longed to be always in my presence, to listen to my warm, pure humor, but I was too young. She used to urge me to sit beside her and hold hands, but I always pleaded that the boys were waiting for me in the street. This was my very first rehearsal in actual life of a scene I have used so often on the stage, the seduction of the innocent boy by the bad, bold lady. I was fourteen and had my honor to defend. But Anna was very, very serious about her little comedian! I was scared.

(Continued on page 81)

Eddie with Mrs. Cantor (Ida) and the three eldest of their five daughters.

Recognize seven-year-old Eddie in the rare snapshot below? He's third from the left in the front row of this outing of the Fresh Air Camp. Today, the man with the cigarette is Eddie's lawyer—and Eddie owns the camp himself. But read the story—

A NEW SLANT ON JEAN HARLOW

You'll find the truth among her souvenirs, from childhood to the very peak of her career

By JACK GRANT

IN Jean Harlow's home, there stands a piece of furniture that has long been the subject of speculation by friends. It is a cabinet with a marble top, with one deep drawer and doors which open upon three shelves. As it is not an antique and therefore a possible art object and as its dark, nondescript wood fails to match the furnishings in her all-white house, many people regard it with amazement and curiosity. It holds forth majestically just beyond the reception hall.

Jean caught me looking at it one day. She laughed. "That's my bottom bureau drawer," was her explanation.

"Your what?"

"Bottom bureau drawer," she repeated. "You know. All women have one. In it they keep all manner of worthless things they don't need, yet can't bring themselves to throw away. Odd scraps of material, buttons from worn-out dresses and keepsakes of every kind. As I care very little about clothes, my 'bottom bureau drawer' is filled entirely with keepsakes and mementoes. Every single thing I have kept has a great sentimental value. Here are my most treasured possessions and I wouldn't part with a one. Would you like to see some of them?"

She opened the top drawer of the cabinet and held out a doll. "Here is my first heartbreak. Mother played with this doll and grandfather kept it for me. I was four years old when they gave it to me. And how I loved it! Her eyes used to open and close before I broke her face. You see where she is patched?

"It was a fit of temper that caused me to break the doll. When I saw what my temper had done, I couldn't forgive myself and cried for hours. My heart was really broken. Nothing would console me. The doll was mended, but it wasn't the same. I never cared for another nor would I play with dolls again."

Jean carefully returned the doll to its sanctuary and brought forth a child's pleated silk dress. "This was mine when I was six although I never wore it. It was to have been my 'coming out gown' upon my first vacation away from home.

"Mother took me to Atlantic City, a trip about which I was very excited. I imagined my entrance into the fashionable dining room of a seaside resort hotel, arrayed in this bit of finery. Having developed at the time more than my share of vanity, I was sure I would be the cynosure of all eyes. But I never even saw the dining room.

"Immediately upon our arrival, I was taken ill. The hotel's house physician assured mother that many children suffered similar stomach disorders upon visiting Atlantic City the first time. After several days, I was no better, so we went away. I grew extremely bitter about the dress and refused ever to wear it.

"These old duck wings also have to do with an illness, a serious illness this time. It was during the first terrible flu epidemic that I came down with spinal meningitis complicated by double pneumonia. I was not quite seven.

"The hospitals in Kansas City were overcrowded and the epidemic made it impossible to obtain a single nurse. Mother called an old family friend and physician, Dr. Herbert Lippman, bless him, who had once saved her life and now proceeded to save mine.

"For eight days and eight nights, dear Dr. Lippman never left my bedside. He held his hands beneath my back to hold my spine in a rigid position until his fingers were numb. Then mother would relieve him so that he could restore circulation to his aching hands. Between them, they supported my unconscious body for more than one hundred and ninety hours. Even after I regained consciousness, the night-and-day vigil continued two days.

"Friends of my father brought me the duck wings as a sick-bed present. At six and seven, I had an unaccountable passion for all kinds of feathers and particularly loved the wings of ducks. Knowing this, father's friends, just returned from hunting, had a beautiful pair of wings cured and brought them over for me to play with. The moment I saw them, I put them on my shoulders and shouted to mother, 'Look, Mummy, I'm an angel.'

MOTHER fainted dead away. My narrow escape from death and her own overwrought nerves from her grueling watch at my bedside had her dangerously near a breakdown. My heedless words were a cruel shock. Young as I was, I realized what I had done and resolved to learn to think before I spoke.

"There was a lesson connected with this little bottle of turpentine, too. You must think my keepsakes very odd—from duck wings to turpentine. Yet each one marks something of importance to me.

"Turpentine was Grandfather's favorite panacea for all minor injuries. Bottles of it were all over the house for immediate use upon cuts and bruises. I've never known anyone to use as much turpentine as he did.

"Grandfather's razors were a tremendous temptation to me as a child. He told me many times to leave his razors alone, but I would sneak away to play with them. One day I heard him coming and in the hurry to put away the forbidden playthings, I cut my finger just as he had warned me I would. When he entered the room, I had replaced the razors and was holding my badly-bleeding finger in the neck of this bottle of turpentine. He asked me what was the matter, and I said, 'Nothing.' Yet I was certain he knew. He walked out with a chuckle.

"I hid the tell-tale bottle so well I didn't find it again for several years. Then I decided to keep it as a memento of my first realization that taking

(*Continued on page 77*)

NEW FACES Are

What caused the startling revolution in Hollywood in 1935 that placed so many newcomers on the thrones of the mighty?

Foremost among the new leading men of the year were Fred MacMurray (left), who brought a new kind of wit to the screen, and Nelson Eddy of "Naughty Marietta" fame, who gave us a refreshingly different type of singing hero.

IT has all happened without fanfare. After two years of ranting, raving and begging on the part of Hollywood, the answer to the prayer is upon us. Upon us so quietly, in fact, that most of the former darlings of the higher-salaried brackets are uncertain, even now, of the reason for their month-after-month idleness while some unknown forges ahead with one hit picture after another.

Almost without exception, there has been no wild splurge of publicity, no sustained campaign to herald the approach of these dangerous contenders to the Hollywood thrones.

The old, established order has changed. The new deal has been dealt painlessly. The revolution has been bloodless. Yet the irrevocable facts remain:

New faces, fresh personalities, intriguing new loves and lovers are on the scene with a vengeance; and movie audiences the world over are hailing their arrival with a burst of box-office enthusiasm.

A few months ago Hollywood producers were bemoaning the lack of new faces. Talent scouts were dispatched to the four corners of the world in a desperate attempt to unearth new material for the cameras. Now and then, a discovery was thought to have been made. Performers of every nationality were imported to Hollywood studios in a blare of publicity. Certainly, no face was ever launched with more enthusiasm and cash on the line than Lilian Harvey's. German, French and Italian Greta Garbo imitations have descended upon us by the boat load. Future celebrities have arrived to the accompaniment of everything but martial music. They have come, have been seen—but few have conquered.

Ironical then, isn't it, that when the new face threat actually hit Hollywood, the most dangerous pretenders to top rungs in the fame ladder should have been found in our own backyard. They did not come in carloads marked "box office." They have not come expensively, sensationally or overnight. Yet slowly, one by one, they are here!

You may say: "But of course there are new faces. There is always room for an occasional threat. But we still have our Gables, Bob Montgomerys, Janet Gaynors, Marlene Dietrichs, Greta Garbos, Wallace Beerys, Lionel Barrymores, Joan Crawfords, Jean Harlows, Norma Shearers and Claudette Colberts who continue to lead the box-office parade and will for a long time." This is a logical argument and I, for one, would not care to dispute it with you. But if you are willing to make a little experiment, just take your evening newspaper and read the attractions now playing or coming soon. Unless I miss my guess, you will find such titles as these: "Top Hat," with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers; "Broadway Melody of 1936," with Robert Taylor, Eleanor Powell and Jack Benny; "Here's To Romance," with Nino Martini and Madame Schumann-Heink; "Dark Angel," With Merle Oberon; "Way Down

Filmdom's FORTUNE

By JOHN CHATTERTON

"The Gay Divorcee" brought Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers (left) their first important roles before the camera and started a whole series of dancing films. Opposite page—Robert Taylor was the romantic find of the year, and Eleanor Powell (in blonde wig), who played with him in "The Broadway Melody of 1936," proved to be a meteoric sensation.

East," with Henry Fonda and Rochelle Hudson; "Rendezvous" with Rosalind Russell opposite Bill Powell; "Mary Burns, Fugitive," with the sensational new screen heavy, Brian Donlevy; "Thanks A Million," introducing the famous radio comic, Fred Allen; and "Hands Across the Table," in which Fred MacMurray, again, co-stars with Carole Lombard.

And two years ago, not a single one of these bright names was well known in Hollywood and none of these faces was familiar on the screen.

The absence of Myrna Loy, a reigning queen of 1934, from the films gave Luise Rainer (left) and Rosalind Russell miraculous opportunities for stardom—and they responded with miraculous performances in their roles.

IN searching out the causes for this almost mushroom growth of new talent on lots all over Hollywood, and for the reasons behind it, two important factors must be taken into consideration.

First: the screen needed new blood.

Whether you realize it or not, you were getting pretty tired of seeing the same players in picture after picture. In too many cases a popular star, knowing his own bag of tricks, repeated them over and over; until, inevitably, the public was fed up with them. This is no idle opinion. The box office reports tell the story only too vividly.

Second: only one story in ten affords more than one or two excellent (Hollywood calls them "fat") roles that will rate consideration from stars.

This combination of circumstances has resulted in better roles being assigned to less temperamental and much less costly players who could not be as choosey about the parts they played or how often they appeared on the screen.

Studio stock companies began furnishing players for important supporting roles with almost embarrassingly successful results. Roles left vacant by stars through illness, accident, vacation schedules or contract difficulties were filled with surprising ease from the roster of smaller names and newcomers. Janet Gaynor, leading feminine box-office attraction for many years, met with an unfortunate accident during one of the last days of filming "The Farmer Takes a Wife" and had to give up the lead in "Way Down East." Frantic executives, faced with rapidly mounting production costs on an already scheduled picture, rushed novice Rochelle Hudson into Janet's shoes opposite Henry Fonda, a newcomer.

Myrna Loy, sulking through a contract battle for more money, ran away from Hollywood, thus paving the way for Luise Rainer's triumph in "Escapade" and for Rosalind Russell's success in "Rendezvous," both starring Myrna's old partner, William Powell. A startling situation has developed from this particular mix-up. Myrna is now back on the M-G-M lot, contract and money difficulties ironed out to the satisfaction of everyone. Yet many weeks went by before the beautiful rebel was cast in "The Great Ziegfeld" in which Luise Rainer and (*Continued on page* 116)

The Strange Case of CONSTANCE BENNETT

THREE years ago, Constance Bennett, sleek, slim screen personification of Park Avenue, was the most valuable woman box-office attraction in motion pictures.

This is no mere personal opinion. The man who signed Connie to that $30,000 weekly agreement for two pictures, and thereby rocked the natives of the highest salaried town in the world, recently told a reporter that that contract was not his company's greatest extravagance; it was the biggest buy for value received they had made to date. For they were buying more than a blonde actress and a glamorous star; they were buying a personality of front page legends who had intrigued the imagination of two continents.

Connie was no mere Hollywood star.

Here was the tempestuous daughter of the most tempestuous theatrical family in America, next to the Barrymores.

Here was the glamorous divorcee, darling of the Sunday supplements, upon whose blonde coiffure a million-dollar fortune had been settled by playboy Phil Plant.

Here was the sophisticate who had married a marquis, ex-husband of Gloria Swanson, in one of the most exciting front page marital mix-ups Hollywood ever witnessed. In short, here was public interest *de luxe*. If Connie had possessed only half the beauty she has, if she had been only partly the charming screen personality she was, Hollywood would have placed a high figure on her services. She was a fad, a cycle, a smart symbol of woman interest in the smart circles of two continents.

That was two years ago.

As this is written, Constance Bennett has not made a picture in ten months!

Thirty-thousand-dollar-weekly demands on her services and month after month of dangerous idleness—these are the incongruous contrasts in the amazing case of what has happened to Connie Bennett, what is happening, and what will happen in the future!

If Connie were completely through in pictures, hers would be only another one of those fabulous tales of dizzy triumphs somersaulting into oblivion with which Hollywood abounds. But she is not through. She holds valuable contracts—one with 20th Century-Fox for one more picture, another with M-G-M for two. The salary quotations on both scraps of paper are pretty things to see. The contracts allow her almost autocratic choice in stories, casts and directors. And that is the first of the strange problems that are confronting Connie now.

The average star, victimized by the inevitable slump periods that hit even the most glamorous careers, (Carole Lombard, Claudette Colbert and Dolores Del Rio are outstanding examples of careers revived just in the nick of time) is at the mercy of studio executives who select and assign her stories, casts and directors. But Connie's autocratic contracts, signed in the hey-day of her great screen power, are proving impersonal boomerangs, throwing the responsibility of her future directly into her own imperial lap. Had she been a lesser star, her problems might have been settled for better or worse by now. She would have been forced to make a certain number of pictures within a certain time; and if the breaks had been good, as they were in the cases of Carole and Claudette, she would not be in the precarious position of regaining ten months of lost prestige in one (her next) screen appearance. Win or lose—there is no "draw" in Hollywood—the screen future of Constance Bennett depends solely on her own decisions and judgments.

No other Hollywood star has ever had to gamble so with

her own career. The hurdles in her path are high and dangerous.

First, being a smart and career-wise young woman, she must be aware that the cocktail-shaking, pre-repeal sophisticate of her early successes is definitely an outdated screen character today. Ever since the church clean up drive, Hollywood has realized that sex is old-fashioned as a screen theme. The astounding result of Connie's last fling into screen daring in "Outcast Lady," *née* Iris March of ten-year-old "Green Hat" fame, was not that the censors deleted it of all fire and zip, but that if it had been faithfully presented in its daring, the reaction would have been "so what?" Before Hollywood thoroughly realized what was happening, the movie public had seized with sentimental wistfulness onto Katharine Hepburn's "Little Women," Shirley Temple and Dickens. If Connie's fate had been in other than her own hands, she might have bridged the gap in type-change as painlessly as her sisters in sophistication, the ultra-modern Miss Crawford, the salty Miss Harlow and the smooth Miss Lombard. But Connie chose "The Affairs of Cellini" for her following picture, which offered her the same old Bennett sophisticated role, only in costume; and it was not until too late that it was discovered that "Cellini" earned honors only for the male stars, Fredric March and Frank Morgan. "After Office Hours," even with the virile help of Clark Gable, only helped to prove conclusively that clothes and coiffures and strong (*Continued on page* 112)

Although she's under contract to two major film companies, Connie hasn't made a picture in almost a year. Why?

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Three years ago Connie was making thirty thousand dollars a week. Today, though she has lost none of her sophisticated appeal, she stands at the crossroad of her career.

Paul Muni, shown here with Henry O'Neill and Donald Woods has the lead in "The Story of Louis Pasteur."

"Ah Wilderness" is touching and true, with Eric Linden, Wallace Beery, Lionel Barrymore and Spring Byington.

Movies of the Month

The reliable guide to the recent talkies, with one check (✓) for good ones, two checks (✓✓) for those that are outstanding

✓✓Ah Wilderness (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Eric Linden, Helen Flint, Cecelia Parker, Aline MacMahon, Spring Byington, Frank Albertson, others.*

It's About: *Love's young dream in 1906.*

Here's the picture you've been waiting for, the story of youth in a typical family in a small New England town of thirty years ago. The story involves the coming of age of the younger son from the wine, woman and song period into the full bloom of love right before the worried eyes of his entire family.

That essentially is all of the story, but interwoven throughout are enough pages from your own memory book to make you laugh and cry at the same time. There is the typical graduation exercises at the local high school—the delivery of the halting poetry, the town soprano and her nasal high C, not to forget the speech by the boy who is yet to pass through the pages of "Low-down Passion."

Superbly directed by Clarence Brown, this picture from Eugene O'Neill's famous play brings us one of the greatest performances Lionel Barrymore has ever given. Eric Linden as the boy returns triumphantly to pictures. Wallace Beery and Aline MacMahon make a believable aunt and uncle and Helen Flint is exceptional as the siren. The whole cast adds distinction and the musical background is well chosen.

Your Reviewer Says: See this for sure and take the whole family.

✓✓The Littlest Rebel (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Shirley Temple, John Boles, Jack Holt, Karen Morley, Bill Robinson, Guinn Williams, Willy Best, Frank McGlynn, Sr.*

It's About: *The tiny daughter of a Confederate officer who goes to Abraham Lincoln to ask for her father's life.*

Shirley Temple scores again. In the atmosphere of the South during the Civil War, she tugs at your heart strings, sings delightfully and vies with champion Bill Robinson for the dancing honors.

Shirley's father (John Boles) is a famous Confederate Army spy. He eludes capture by Jack Holt, a Union Army captain, until he hurries home to bury his wife (Karen Morley) and then only after he has been aided by the same Union Captain. Both officers are sentenced to be shot, but Miss Temple flies to Washington with Bill Robinson and talks matters over with Abraham Lincoln. After splitting an apple with the President, Shirley leaves the White House with the official pardon for her two "daddies."

Shirley gives what may be called her best performance since "Little Miss Marker." How she can dance! Bill Robinson takes second honors for his sincere acting and, of course, his nimble feet. John Boles and Karen Morley haven't much to do and manage to keep in the background. Jack Holt is sincere but his characterization lacks vitality. Willy Best, a negro slave, gathers many laughs by his slow-wit cracks.

Your Reviewer Says: Fine for the whole family. Temple fans, GO!

✓✓In Person (RKO)

You'll See: *Ginger Rogers, George Brent, Alan Mowbray, Grant Mitchell, Samuel Hinds.*

It's About: *A movie star who, while in disguise to avoid crowds, falls in love with a man she can't impress.*

Orchids to Ginger Rogers. Not that George Brent doesn't deserve plenty of credit, too, but Ginger is proving she can make a very clever and entertaining picture *without* Fred Astaire!

Ginger plays a famous movie star who has a great fear of mobs and fans because she was crushed in a crowd of admirers after a personal appearance. She puts on a disguise and avoids recognition, but she also fails to impress George Brent whom she likes very much. When she learns that he is going to a mountain cabin for a few weeks, she asks him to take her along. Feeling sorry for her (she's that homely with her false teeth and black wig), he

John Boles and Karen Morley do well in "The Littlest Rebel," but the film is all Shirley Temple's—and rightly.

"In Person" proves Ginger Rogers' right to star alone, with plenty of credit going to George Brent, as well.

For sheer charm this month, there's "Ah Wilderness," with special honors to Eric Linden for his fine performance. For great melodrama, "Mary Burns, Fugitive," with Sylvia Sydney supreme. For romance, "I Dream Too Much," which introduces Lily Pons, and she's enchanting. For Shirley Temple fans (this means everybody), "The Littlest Rebel," Shirley being cuter than ever

Ruth Waterbury

decides to give her a break. While there, he learns how beautiful she really is and falls in love with her, but makes her believe he thinks she is out of her head and merely thinks she is the star. Of course, everything ends happily.

Ginger Rogers is swell. She doesn't mind taking a chance with a very unbecoming disguise, she dances (in the Astaire manner on tabletops and chairs) alone, and makes you like the movie star very much. George Brent turns in one of his best performances to date and rates real applause. Alan Mowbray as her leading man and Grant Mitchell as the lawyer are both fine. The music is tuneful.

Your Reviewer Says: It's grand entertainment. You'll enjoy it a lot.

✓✓ Crime and Punishment (Columbia)

You'll See: *Edward Arnold, Peter Lorre, Tala Birell, Marian Marsh, Elisabeth Risdon, Robert Allen.*

It's About: *A genius who defies the law to pin a murder on him but finally breaks down to conscience.*

Masterfully directed, beautifully produced, this picture should make a real

PICTURES in the CUTTING ROOM

Advance Tips on Tomorrow's Talkies

COLUMBIA

No More Yesterdays. Ruth Chatterton's come-back picture. Ruth plays a dual role, a small-town girl and a mother who suffers religious persecution.

• • •

Rolling Along. Successful showman, Harry Richman also coming back takes a trip down South and finds excitement and love when he joins a small show boat company which he later brings back to the city. Rochelle Hudson is the girl. Everyone watching to see if here are two more pictures wherein Columbia can prove stars never date.

M-G-M

The Getaway. Jackie Cooper and his dog, Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr., in a tale of small boy vengeance against a criminal. This looks like a great one for Jackie.

• • •

Whipsaw. Myrna Loy gets mixed up with a gang and Spencer Tracy, detective, is forced to arrest her but love develops. Myrna will probably be seen in this before "Great Ziegfeld" gets out.

• • •

Kind Lady. Aline MacMahon's home is taken over by a bunch of gangsters which furnishes plenty of excitement in the screen version of Hugh Walpole's story by this name.

PARAMOUNT

Klondike Lou. Mae West as a settlement worker in Alaska. Those in the know say this will be a smash West hit. It's cost a fortune already.

• • •

Desire. Marlene Dietrich is a society jewel thief who falls for a rich American, Gary Cooper. This is expected to reveal a new Dietrich and reports are the picture is a honey.

RKO

Mother Lode. Prospector Richard Dix in a story of the old gold rush days of 1860. He rescues Leila Hyams, the damsel in distress.

• • •

Chatterbox. Little Anne Shirley in a Hepburn-esque role as a girl raised in a strict small-town home who takes her dramatics seriously and escapes to New York and a career. Phillip Holmes, an admiring artist, is the love interest.

• • •

20th CENTURY-FOX

It Had to Happen. George Raft, borrowed from Paramount, playing an Italian immigrant shows how a newcomer to this country can succeed in life and love.

UNITED ARTISTS

Shoot the Chutes. Eddie Cantor tries to run an amusement park for an old showman's widow and gets in some of the best comedy Hollywood has seen in month. This looks like another sure winner for the famous comedian.

WARNER BROTHERS

Backfire. Ross Alexander and Lyle Talbot are workers on the Boulder Dam. The picturesque surroundings and lives and the men who built this great project is the picture's theme. Should be worth seeing.

Morbid but masterful, "Crime and Punishment" speaks well for Peter Lorre, Edward Arnold—and Von Sternberg.

Paul Cavanagh is properly villainous and Joel McCrea and Miriam Hopkins are both very charming in "Splendor."

hit with those fans who find entertainment in the morbid realities of life and enjoy watching a man break after commiting a murder. Strong stuff.

Peter Lorre is the brilliant student who finds the world heedless of his talents. Heartbreak and starvation mean nothing to him until his adored sister announces she is to marry an older man. Lorre, realizing that both his mother and sister are suffering through lack of money, murders a hateful pawn-shop mistress and steals her property. Not suspected of the murder, he is drafted by the police inspector (Edward Arnold) to help run down the criminal because of some crime articles he has published prove that he understands the criminal mind. The love story of Lorre and Marian Marsh (a streetwalker) is woven through this major theme and she becomes the reason for his ultimate breakdown and confession.

Peter Lorre, playing with his usual reserve, brings a shudder from the audience with his exceptional performance. Marian Marsh is beautifully photographed and does well. Lorre's mother is given real vitality by the characterization of Elisabeth Risdon and Tala Birell is convincing as the sister. Personally, we give the honor credit to Mr. Edward Arnold. His performance is a work of art.

Your Reviewer Says: If this type of picture thrills you, this is tops.

✓Splendor (Samuel Goldwyn)

You'll See: *Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea, Paul Cavanagh, Helen Westley, Billie Burke, Katherine Alexander, Ruth Weston, David Niven, Ivan Simpson, Arthur Treacher.*

It's About: *A girl who married into a family now bereft of former splendor, and of the sacrifice she makes to bring it back.*

An unusually gripping picture, filled with uncommon drama and performances to match, furnishes an hour of entertainment that will appeal to women particularly.

The *Lorrimores* have always been accustomed to splendor; their great house is now being held together by the undaunted spirit of *Mrs. Lorrimore* and her determination to bring it back to life. A good marriage for *Brighton* (Joel McCrea) can save them, but he marries the girl he loves instead of the one with twenty millions his mother had chosen. In her anxiety to help, the newcomer, *Phylis* (Miriam Hopkins), falls in with their plans to promote the successful branch of the family, *Martin Deering,* (Paul Cavanagh). Although Miriam and Joel almost lose each other, as a result, they find themselves before it is too late.

Miriam Hopkins, as the bride, is charming and beautiful. Joel McCrea as the husband is charming and handsome. Paul Cavanagh is villainous and smoothly handsome. It remains, however, for an oldster, Helen Westley, to carry off the honors and, at the same time, raise the standard of the picture one hundred fold. Her superb characterization of *Mrs. Lorrimore* will be long remembered.

Your Reviewer Says: We recommend you to the SPLENDOR of Helen Westley!

✓✓Your Uncle Dudley (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Edward Everett Horton, Lois Wilson, John McGuire, Rosina Lawrence, Alan Dinehart, Marjorie Gateson.*

It's About: *A nice guy who spends all his time being a civic good fellow and what happens when he needs help.*

Hilarious, well-paced hokum built especially for laughs, this will send you away with a smile. It's a good piece of entertainment for the whole family.

The story has Horton as one of those civic-minded, small-towners who neglects his own business and happiness so that he may be the go-getting, self-appointed promoter of everything from the Rotary Club to the breakfast group —or anything that will help the town. He gets paid off in loving cups, has friends by the score but when Eddie, himself, gets in a jam and needs a loan, the boys all turn their heads. Mixed up with this, is a sweet secretary, her mother and a domineering aunt. Horton finally wakes up to his real position and then the fur starts flying.

Of course, Horton dominates the picture with his usual finished performance and really makes you love him. Lois Wilson, as the secretary, does her best work in a long while. The remainder of the cast works hard to equal the fine comedy of the star and it is to their credit that they stand out as well as they do. The production is geared for hearty laughs.

Your Reviewer Says: Like to laugh? Go, then, by all means.

✓✓Mister Hobo (Gaumont-British)

You'll See: *George Arliss, Gene Gerrard, Frank Cellier, Patric Knowles, Viola Keats, others.*

It's About: *A happy-go-lucky old knight of the road who tries to straighten out the financial affairs of his friends.*

Here's a new George Arliss that you'll love. They say he had more fun making this picture than any other, and it shows on the screen! Instead of historical costumes this time, Mr. Arliss appears in dirty rags and with an unshaven face, as *Spike.* His best friend, *Flit,* is

(*Continued on page* 94)

MELVYN DOUGLAS—GAIL PATRICK

Time out for romance (or is it business, after all?) in the busy careers of two suave jewel thieves in "The Lone Wolf Returns," in which Louis Joseph Vance's famous adventurer comes again to the screen. Columbia has both these rising young players signed on the dotted line for some time to come.

MAE WEST—VICTOR McLAGLEN

Here's the picture you've been waiting for—a romantic tete-a-tete from the new Mae West opus of Alaskan gold-rush days, "Klondike Lou," with Vic as the tall, dark and—well, rugged—object of her affections. The combination's so swell we're all wondering why nobody out in Hollywood ever thought of it before.

ALICE FAYE - WARNER BAXTER

20th Century-Fox plans to make a greater star than ever of Warner in coming months. Following "King of Burlesque," in which Alice is his leading lady, he'll star in "The Prisoner of Shark Island," as Samuel Mudd, the doctor persecuted for attending Booth after the assassination of Lincoln.

GARY GETS WHAT HE WANTS

By JULIE LANG HUNT

Mr. Cooper knows just what he wants from life—better still, he knows how to get it!

And is Gary happy these days? Look at him smile on his way to a visit at the neighborhood theater with Sandra Shaw Cooper!

SEVEN years ago, when Gary Cooper was the talent find of the season as well as Hollywood's most sought after bachelor, in an interview I asked him, "What do you want the next five years to bring you?"

Now in those days Gary didn't talk much, in fact he didn't talk at all unless he was with friends or at work. He had a funny idea that his opinions on life, death, marriage, sex and the Enstein theory were private property. And before his Paramount contract was a month old the gang in the publicity office was reconciled to the labored hours it required to coax, cajole and wheedle a few sparse sentences from him to feed the press.

So I was very sure that Gary's answer to my question would be his usual grunt of derision, with probably a few muttered phrases about wanting a million dollars and all the best starring roles in Hollywood just like any other newcomer on the screen.

But I was wrong. Gary didn't grunt. His reply came quickly, almost eagerly. He said:

"I know exactly what I want from the next five years, or six years or seven. Have you a pencil? All right, let's go.

"By 1932 (it was the pre-depression year of 1927) I want the confidence of knowing I can really act, or enough sense to get out of pictures for good. Five years should be a fair test.

"I want time to go on a big game hunt in some distant place, preferably Africa, or perhaps somewhere in the Malay states.

"If I stay in pictures, I want to be in a position to demand clauses in my contract that will cut down the number of productions I do a year to just three or four. I'm doing ten a year now. That's too many.

"I want good health. I haven't got that now. Perhaps those ten productions have something to do with it.

"I don't want a million dollars, but I do want my earning capacity to be up where I can see independence and security somewhere on the horizon.

"Oh, I almost forgot the most important want of all, the ranch, the one my family owns in Montana. I want to work out some system whereby I can manage it with perhaps six or seven flying visits up there a year. I want to keep it for an escape, a safety valve, if you know what I mean. I want to keep it stocked with cattle and know while I am working down here, that the business of grazing, herding and branding is going on up there just as it did when I was a boy.

"And that is all I want from the next five years. Do you think it's too much?"

Gary's sudden and astonishing loquacity gave me false courage. I threw caution to the winds and violated the sternest of all the Cooper publicity taboos. I quavered:

"What about romance, marriage, children and things like that?"

There came the familiar grunt of derision and then a few muttered words that sounded something like, "Marriage? On my salary?" Then Gary slipped back again into his private well of silence.

But I still remember that in the long soundless, embarrassing minutes that followed, Gary's eyes seemed to be staring steadily at something far beyond the drab stucco walls of his cubicle dressing-room and his lanky frame moved restlessly on an inadequate studio prop chair.

WELL, the interview was written and published, and I promptly forgot about it the moment it hit the stands. But Gary didn't forget.

The other day while I was trying to balance a lunch tray on my knees and at the same time take in all the swank details of the new Cooper star-dressing-room-suite on the Paramount lot, he reminded me about that early interview.

I was peering at Gary's new furniture and deftly stained knotty pine walls and trying to think up intelligent questions about the collection of wild game heads mounted perilously

just above my head, as if interested in our conversation.

"Gazelle, ibex and gnu," he answered my zoological queries. "From the African trip in 1931. You remember I told you I was going to do it way back in the dark ages when you asked me to make a list of all the things I wanted. Just got under the five year limit with the hunting trip, though."

And then the gnu, ibex and gazelles, even the new dressing room, were forgotten in a sudden rush of reminiscing. We skipped back to all those desires so carefully tabulated by Gary in 1927 and discovered that all but one are realities today.

The single exception is the ranch. It has been sold. Gary found dreams a flimsy fabric with which to work, especially dreams that lie more than a thousand miles away.

He shook off my shocked queries concerning his parting with those vast Montana acres with a casual shrug, and the observation that ranching is a full time job and not a hobby, and that he was a fool to think he could be the exception to the rule.

But that shrug didn't fool me. The sale of that ranch, the mountain-guarded land that was the beloved backdrop of his boyhood and youth, has hurt him.

And I wondered if Gary gladly would have traded one or two of the other triumphs from that eight-year-old list of wants for the success of his ranch. I still remembered that he called it "the most important want of all."

Gary's want number one was realized quite suddenly in 1932 when he was cast opposite one of America's top-notch actresses, Helen Hayes, in "A Farewell to Arms." And in spite of his nervous foreboding concerning his ability to hold his own beside the flawless Hayes' technique, he found himself able to face the camera, for the first time, without freezing into the old-time woodenness I remembered.

Then in 1933, the unanimous raves of drama critics following on the heels of his performance in "Design for Living," a picture in which he had to battle for acting honors with such stage veterans as Miriam Hopkins and Fredric March, checked off want number one for good. Gary knew then that he had the makings of a good actor.

In 1932 he took care of want number two by walking or rather sailing off in the middle of an argument with studio executives over a badly needed vacation. Africa was his destination, and he returned six months later twenty-five pounds heavier and glowing with health, cancelling want number four.

At the very moment he set foot in Hollywood want number three was dropped into his lap in the form of a new Paramount contract, inspired, no doubt, by the independence of his African hejira, which raised his salary and whittled down his annual screen appearances more than half.

Want number five was accomplished the moment Gary signed his name to that contract, because it gave him his first chance to save against the future.

We stopped talking abruptly and returned to our forgotten and by then cold lunches, still balanced miraculously on our knees. It was then that I recalled that even Gary's unspoken want, the one he almost voiced when he muttered, "Marriage? On my salary?" also had been woven smoothly into that eight-year-old tapestry of desires.

For Gary's friends still feel that it must have been divine guidance that led him safely through Hollywood's jungle of faulty matings to Veronica Balfe, who, as Sandra Shaw, was then appearing in movies. Since their marriage in December, 1933, she has merged unobtrusively and unselfishly into the tranquil monotones of Gary's placid mode of living.

We spooned up the remains of our Paramount special salads, and a valet appeared from a back room of the knotty pine star suite and silently whisked away the trays.

An assistant director rapped on the door and announced that the director would be ready on the set for Mr. Cooper within fifteen minutes, if, of course, that was convenient for Mr. Cooper.

OUR visit was at an end. I knew it was time to say polite adieus and leave as quickly as possible. I knew that interfering with a star's prompt arrival on the set for work is listed as a major offense in every studio, but suddenly I was quite willing to risk the wrath of the entire Paramount lot.

I had another question to ask. I knew I wouldn't leave until Gary had answered it. I said:

"Gary, what is there left to wish for? Practically everything you wanted from life in 1927 has been accomplished, finished. What lies ahead? What do you want now from the next five years, or ten or twenty?"

And Gary's answer came quickly, almost eagerly. He said:

"Plenty. Have you a pencil? All right, let's go.

"First, I want to learn the secret of remaining useful the rest of my life. This is an easy business in which to find yourself suddenly shelved with no other avenues of mental interest or earning power.

"I want to learn enough about the business and technical side of picture making to back a small company some day for the production of educational subjects. That field has been barely touched, and it will serve as my avenue to usefulness and mental interest.

"Why, I even know the theme for my first venture. It will be a detailed pictorial account of the complicated workings of our government. Too (*Continued on page* 107)

SYLVIA SCARLETT

Fictionized by CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT from the RKO Radio Picture starring KATHARINE HEPBURN

THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO MASQUERADED AS A BOY AND LOST OUT ON LOVE UNTIL—

THE caravan and tents, red and white striped, set up on the sand, looked like a peppermint village. Sylvia Scarlett ran down the beach to see it from a distance, bright in its own lights and with the holiday crowds before it. Maudie was on the stage singing "Who Wants a Kiss?" and Monkley was playing her accompaniment on the little piano. And there was the soft obligato of the sea upon the shore.

"It's too wonderful," Sylvia cried rejoining her father on the caravan steps. The silver bells on her Pierrot costume jingled as she moved. Excitement ran like a thin thread of fire in her voice. "It's just as I dreamed it would be. And hear the sea, Old Man? Isn't it like an orchestra?"

"Less of that, my girl," Henry Scarlett warned her. "Monkley and Maudie will soon get on to the fact you're no lad after all—for all your cropped hair and pants—if you keep on with your soft speeches."

Sylvia kissed him. "But sometimes I can't help it," she protested. "What I'm feeling pops out. When you did tricks with the firm's books and we had to run away from Paris I thought I'd never be really happy again. And now . . ."

Her father looked around nervously. "If Maudie was to hear you I'd die. She thinks me a fine gentleman, quite fit for her likes!"

Sylvia laughed. "And when you picked up with Jimmie Monkley coming across to Dover I was scared, for it's plain enough he's no good. Why, a night never passes but I thank my stars he doesn't know I'm a girl. And when he got us into that fine house where Maudie worked and you and he started to swipe those jewels . . ."

"Well," Henry said, "you fixed things! Although Monkley had it all set for us to make a fine haul we leave empty handed. You stand before a picture of the sea and go quietly daft. And insist we buy a caravan and set out to find a place like was painted in that picture with the sea coming in and all that tosh."

She tweaked his cheek. "But we brought Maudie along with us. And in every tap room in which we've stopped—and there were few enough we missed—you've vowed she was the most precious jewel on earth!"

Henry Scarlett scratched his head. "I understand you none too well," he admitted. "Hard as nails one minute, and soft as mush the next."

WHAT could one expect when a girl must travel as a boy—and lie and steal—to outwit the ever-watchful police searching everywhere for a middle-aged man and his young daughter? For when a girl's mother dies and she must thank God for taking her mother before she learned her husband of twenty years was a thief as well as a fool, it's enough to freeze parts of her cold as ice. Even though other parts remain soft enough to make her cut off her hair and flee with her father that very same night.

Sylvia jumped to her feet. She stilled her tinkling Pierrot bells with her hand. No longer was the murmur of the sea to be heard and the sound of Maudie's singing and Monkley's playing wasn't always clear. Only one sound was heard plainly. It was laughter, hysterical laughter, and it grew louder and louder.

Sylvia rushed around the front of the caravan to the tent that held the stage. She leaped up on the platform where Maudie now was approaching tears. One man was laughing louder than all the rest. And applauding louder than all the rest, too, as if to cover his amusement and somehow spare the singer's feelings. He was a young Viking, lean and strong in his hunting clothes, with skin bronzed by sun and wind and spray.

Sylvia levelled scornful eyes on him. "Ladies and Gentlemen," she began, holding up her hand for Maudie and Jimmie Monkley to be quiet, "and *you—you* in your fine chamois jacket—*you* who makes girls cry! Let me tell you why we're here. Not to amuse you as you seem to believe. But to earn our living. If any of you would stop to think, provided you can think, you'd know it would only be a need of bread that would bring any girl to sing 'Who Wants a Kiss?' to a pack of—of laughing hyenas!"

This convulsed the young man. Whereupon anger clouded Sylvia's thoughts and words.

"If you think yourself so much cleverer than we are," she challenged him, "come up and do a turn yourself. Then maybe we can laugh."

Immediately he stood up and made his way to the platform. Then he began to sing a drinking song with a few lines thrown in for love. His voice was true and clear. And when he had finished and the applause rang out he bowed first to Sylvia.

They left the platform together and he made his apologies. "My trouble is," he said, "that all my life I've laughed in the wrong place and at the wrong time."

"HAVE you?" Sylvia was taken completely off her guard. "That's funny, so have I!"

Monkley ran his hand over the keys for silence. "The next act on the program," he announced, "will be Mr. Sylvester Scarletto singing 'The Winkle On the Boarding 'Ouse Floor.'"

Sylvia hurried back to the platform. "If you don't mind," she said informally, "I think I'll recite a poem instead." Whereupon she clasped her long hands behind her back, smiled at the astonished Monkley and began:

Sylvia and Michael went faster than ever after the accident. Up and down hills and through two startled townships. At the entrance to a third town they were arrested.

"'Son,' said my mother
When I was knee-high,
'You've need of clothes to cover you
And not a rag have I . . .'"

On and on she went through all the verses. There was not a sound from the audience. They sat quietly and their eyes looked as if they were drinking in something for which they'd been thirsty without knowing it for a long, long time.

When Sylvia finished the stranger was waiting for her. "Do you know what you've done?" he demanded. "You—a busker, a sand flea—stood up there and produced a work of art! Who are you? Who taught you?"

Sylvia gave the hand he offered a quick, firm grip. "No one taught me, sir," she said. "Matter of fact, I never recited it before. But I had the feeling I wanted to tonight so you could hear it. Why, I wonder? It's very strange."

He shook his head. "Not so strange, really. Some people know each other for years and never grow close. Others meet and right off there is a bond of understanding."

Sylvia's eyes grew bright with sudden, unaccountable tears. But he pretended not to notice. "We've got to know each other better. After the show tonight come to my studio. Bring your pals. We'll sing and drink. And talk a little, too. Anyone will show you where I live. Just ask for Michael Fane."

THERE was no difficulty persuading the three other Pierrots to go. Sylvia simply mentioned the singing and drinking. And if when they arrived Monkley and Maudie were a little disgruntled that the drink turned out to be wine rather than Scotch they drank the wine nevertheless and joined in the general singing and dancing. As for Henry Scarlett, he was happy to be with the buxom Maudie wherever that chanced to be. For an hour or two he revelled in her smiles and then he fell asleep beside the wine barrel.

Michael Fane discovered Sylvia covering her father with a mackintosh. "You're a funny lad," he told her. "You look exactly as a Pierrot should look and the way no other Pierrot," glancing in turn at Maudie, coarse; Henry, besotted, and Jimmie Monkley, handsome enough in a hard, black way, "that I've ever seen managed to look. There's almost something of a girl in you—meaning no offense, my lad."

"No offense at all," said Sylvia.

Together they went into Michael's studio. Sylvia stood with her slim back to the fireplace and her arms resting on the shelf. She was entranced. On the piano music stood open. Books crowded each other on the shelves. There were fine pictures on the walls. It was a room into which all the good things of life had flowed.

"That anyone," said Sylvia, "should be lucky enough to be in a room like this every day!"

Her strange green eyes roved from one object to another. When she came to a painting of the sea which hung at the far end of the room it seemed her eyes would fall right out of her head.

"What's up, Sylvester?" asked Michael.

"That picture!" she said.

"It's only a study," he explained. "The picture itself is . . ."

"In London," she finished, "in a house in Buckingham Gate."

"My aunt's house," Michael said. "How did you get in there?"

"I went to meet Monkley and my old man. Monkley knew Maudie, who used to work there. The family was away. I got in climbing up the drain-pipe and through a bedroom window. Oh, it was all very grand. And then I saw that picture and . . ."

He interrupted. "But hold on, why up the drain-pipe?"

Sylvia spoke impatiently but over-distinctly, as if explaining something to a child. "Because, silly, cat burglars climb up drain-pipes and I was in training to be a cat burglar. You can't just be one right off, of course. And then I saw that picture hanging in the drawing-room and I decided I couldn't stand it—the kind of life we planned to lead, I mean. So we didn't take the jewels. I convinced my old man and Jimmie it would be much better to be Pierrots. It was a question of two different worlds and I wanted this one," waving her slim arm towards the seascape. "So, Fane, my

(Above) What could one expect when a girl must travel as a boy—and lie and steal—to outwit the ever-watchful police searching everywhere for a middle-aged man and his daughter Sylvia?

Sylvia's brown hand smacked satisfyingly on Lily's cheek. "Adore that, too," she told her. "You ragamuffin," said Michael, seizing her by the arms. "You little brute, daring to strike a woman!"

fine friend, you see how it is. If it hadn't been for you and your picture I never should have wanted the sea and never come here and never . . ."

He clapped a bronzed hand over her mouth. "Hold on! You say you didn't take anything from that house although you meant to when you went there. You say my picture changed your life! Whoa!"

"Well," Sylvia explained, laughing, "I'd say we didn't take anything *much!* Only Maudie. Oh yes, we drank some of your aunt's fine champagne. I like champagne. Very much. I'd never had any before and don't expect I will again. But it made me see what there was in that picture and to believe things I'd never thought about before. Things like the sea down there below the cliffs. And this room. And people like you. I'm glad."

There was the loud honking of an automobile horn.

"That's Lily," Michael said, as if this in itself was explanation enough. And out he tore.

SLOWLY, with some of the brightness gone from her, Sylvia walked to the doorway to watch Michael greet this girl. She had a dark beauty. Her body shaped itself in curves. And her clothes were soft and fine. For the first time, Sylvia's Pierrot costume with its silver bells failed to thrill her.

She walked out to the table in the orchard where they were sitting. Lily was talking, her black eyes flashing.

Sylvia touched Michael's sleeve. "Mr. Fane, I . . ."

Impatiently Michael shooed her away.

"But," drawled Lily, "the little Pierrot boy, he wants to meet me!"

"Sylvester Scarlett," said Michael tersely, "Miss Doubetsky."

Lily offered one of her most brilliant smiles and went right on with her talk. Sylvia thought, "She throws me that smile quite as she'd throw a bone to a dog."

"But I'm glad I came over," Lily was saying, "because always it is nicer here than I remember. More cold, though."

Instantly Michael was on his feet. But Lily pulled him down again.

THE CAST

Sylvia Scarlett	**KATHARINE HEPBURN**
Henry Scarlett	Edmund Gwenn
Jimmy Monkley	Cary Grant
Michael Fane	Brian Aherne
Lily	Natalie Paley
Maudie	Dennie Moore

Directed by GEORGE CUKOR
Screen Play by Gladys Unger, John Collier and Mortimer Ossner from the Novel by
COMPTON MACKENZIE

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"Pierrot will fetch my coat," she said.

While Sylvia was getting Lily's coat from the car, Henry Scarlett awoke. Maudlin, he began to cry for Maudie. And Lily thought it great fun to tease him.

"Oh," wailed Henry, "she's gone off with some feller. She's left me for a young bloke."

Sylvia flung Lily's coat in Lily's general direction and ran to her father, to wrap her slim arms about his shoulders, to rock him against her heart. "Maudie went home," she whispered. "She was tired." Within herself she prayed Maudie would be at the caravan when they got there. If she wasn't, there'd be no sleep for anyone.

"I saw your Maudie," Lily called out to Henry Scarlett, "when I was coming along the road. She was with a man, sure enough. And a fine black mustache he wore, too."

It was at that very moment Maudie came back.

"You baggage," screamed Henry. "You brazen baggage!" He pulled himself to his feet and slipped through Sylvia's arms to lurch at Maudie.

"Les apaches!" Lily was delighted. "Oh, I adore it!"

Sylvia's brown hand smacked satisfyingly on Lily's cheek. "Adore that, too," she told her.

"You ragamuffin," said Michael, seizing her by the arms. "You little brute, daring to strike a woman."

Sylvia struggled and tried to bite his hand. "I'll do it again," she screamed, her eyes filled with green fire.

Michael grasped the scruff of her neck. "Oh no, you won't," he said. He ran her towards the gate and threw her into the road.

"Come on," he commanded the other Pierrots. "Get out—the lot of you!"

Sylvia jumped up and brushed off her clothes. "Hurry up," she called. "Back to the sands where we belong. They're better than this, that's sure.

"As for you," she stuck her face under Michael's, "don't think I believe in that old blasted picture of yours because I don't! I don't! *I don't!*"

Fortunate words for Sylvia. For they gave the excuse she sought to return to Fane's studio within the same hour.

When he came to his bedroom window in answer to the pebbles she threw she called to him, "I came to say I was sorry. And to tell you I lied about your picture. I do believe in it. Terribly!"

"You should be sorry," Michael told her. "Boys don't hit ladies, whatever the ladies may do. Miss Doubetzsky was completely in the wrong. No doubt about that, son. But you must make allowances for her.

(*Continued on page* 83)

Up the GLORY ROAD with TIBBETT

Concluding the inspiring story of one of the most colorful singing careers of today—the story of a bad boy of the West who made good

By WALTER RAMSEY

DESPITE the disastrous results of his first audition for the Metropolitan, Lawrence Tibbett was on the payroll of that famed institution exactly three weeks later. Frankly, a timely bit of inside "pull" had more to do with his good fortune than his glorious voice.

When Larry blew up during his first trial, his irrepressible coach, La Forge, went immediately to Madame Frances Alda. Not only was Madame Alda La Forge's most illustrious pupil, but she was the wife of Metropolitan's famous impresario, Gatti-Casazza. He finally prevailed upon her to use her influence toward a second chance for his protege. To top everything, Grace Tibbett had arrived in New York with the twins, and Grace Tibbett was never one to tolerate failure in any form. Her poise and assurance lent courage to Larry as he sang an aria from *Othello* and Iago's *Credo*. So courageously and beautifully did Tibbett sing, that Gatti-Casazza handed him a contract.

His salary, sixty dollars a week, was little more than the chorus singers received and for the first year he did little more. It seemed as though each time he was due for a real opportunity, something happened to delay or nullify it. For instance, he left the hospital, still a sick man, to sing the role of Escamillo in the third act of *Carmen* opposite Jeritza. A real chance, but the heavy cold had so weakened his voice that the results were far from the best. The following day, he suffered a relapse. Still another time, he was cast in *Boris Godounov* opposite Chaliapin and this time, though he was in full voice, he did most of his singing off-stage. One after another these bad breaks piled up.

His contract with the Metropolitan had been signed in May of 1923, but it wasn't until January of 1925 that the operatic world was electrified by his voice. On this occasion, another singer's misfortune gave Larry his long-awaited opportunity. Vincent Ballester, the Spanish baritone, became ill and Tibbett stepped into the rehearsals for *Falstaff*. The opera had been planned as a tribute to Antonio Scotti and the cast was to include such names as Beniamino Gigli, Frances Alda, Lucrezia Bori and Kathleen Howard.

The company of such illustrious foreign stars made Tibbett nervous and ill at ease. "It was bad enough to be an American singer without European training or reputation," smiled Larry, "without being a novice on top of it!" His rehearsals were so bad that it was not until just before the curtain that it was finally decided to use him as Ford. Probably the only person who was thoroughly convinced that he would go on was Grace Tibbett.

And she was the only person not completely bowled over with surprise at his triumph in the role.

The Metropolitan rang to the rafters with cheers and bravos after his exit. Following precedent, he went to his dressing room and remained there sixteen minutes after the curtain. Then he was called: "Mr. Tibbett, wanted on the stage at once!" Oh, the thrill of it! After several curtain calls with Scotti, the older man placed his hand on Tibbett's shoulder and said, "Go alone, it is you they want!" The audience screamed his name long after his last bow. What had started as a tribute to Scotti had developed into a stampede for the American and as long as Tibbett lives he will never forget Scotti's great gesture as he courageously said, "Go alone."

Later, Grace, Larry and La Forge met for supper at a modest cafe near the opera house. Much later, they went home, but sleep wouldn't come and they stayed up the entire night waiting for the first morning papers. What would the critics say? The first paper arrived. Grace and

Larry, almost in tears of excitement, turned to the music section. Not a word about his performance; not a mention of his name. They were crestfallen. After they had given up all hope, Larry turned to the front page to read the news. What? Why—what—was he seeing aright? There, in banner lines across the front page of the most powerful newspaper, was his name. His name and one other word: TRIUMPH! Tibbett, the American, had arrived.

As his fame grew and his power increased, Lawrence Tibbett was one of the first to do away with the operatic, hand-over-heart method of singing. He wanted to act his roles as well as sing them. He wanted realism. When he was supposed to clasp a lovely singing star to his bosom, he wanted to clasp her, not fan the air in her general direction. Frequently, the results were highly amusing. One pampered and petted diva once ran to Gatti-Casazza following a torrid love scene with Tibbett and shrieked at the top of her lungs (and very strong lungs they were, too) that he had "—wrestled her savagely to the floor, thus making her sing from a sitting position which ruined her delivery." But Tibbett pointed to the word "struggle" in the script and went his way practicing

(*Continued on page* 102)

(Opposite page) Lawrence and the present Mrs. Tibbett on their Connecticut farm, where they live with their young son, Michael Edward, between concerts and pictures. Right, in "Metropolitan."

(Below, left) He's made $10,000 from one recording of "Pagliacci" alone! (Center) After playing with opera stars, he was afraid to make one movie with Lupe Velez—but they got along famously in "The Cuban Love Song." (Below) In "The Rogue Song," his very first talking film.

How to EXERCISE for Beauty

By

Gloria Mack

FIND OUT WHAT THE RIGHT EXERCISE CAN DO FOR YOU!

Write to Gloria Mack. She will send you, from her splendid exercises, the one you need, for the waist, the hips, to help clear the complexion. Whatever your problem is, tell her about it, and let her help you. Or possibly it's blackheads, large pores, or you're having difficulty finding a becoming way to do your hair! Tell Gloria Mack about it, and she will answer you personally, as you know this is a completely confidential service. Gloria Mack, Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

There is no charge at any time, but please remember to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you write.

WHAT kind of exercise? How much, how long, when? What good is exercise anyway?

These are the questions which constantly pop up in my mail from you, and I'm glad they do. They show you are alive to the vital importance of exercise in your beauty schedule. Why, even Garbo, who apparently never conforms to any rules, is famous for her long, brisk walks!

Is your complexion sallow and muddy and your hair dull and lustreless? Are you over or under weight? Are there special lines of your body that you know need to be filled out, or smoothed down? Exercise will help you. You need it to send the blood coursing briskly, to draw deep into your lungs the life-giving oxygen, to stimulate the tissues and rouse the sluggish muscles to their proper functions.

On the other hand, exercise won't perform miracles. It can't, for instance, straighten bow-legs or knock-knees. If you grew up with either of these, your wisest course is to see an orthopedic surgeon. I'm glad to say that such things can be helped, but you must have a doctor show you how.

Nor can exercise add inches to your height. Your growth is controlled by the glands, those mysterious dictators of our bodies, which science is just beginning to learn about. Maladjusted glands are also frequently the cause of excessive under or overweight.

Some of you may have wondered why, when you wrote in saying simply, "I want to gain or lose," I always asked you to tell me more about yourself before I tried to give you any advice. It's because I would be afraid to suggest energetic exercise or strict dieting where there might be a glandular condition present. So, if you are pounds and pounds away from your normal weight, see your doctor first before you do anything else. If you don't know what your approximate normal weight should be, write me and I'll tell you.

Outdoor exercise is, of course, the best kind, and this means all kinds of sports. I wish everyone of you would resolve to walk at least two miles every day without fail, rain or shine. (Incidentally, do you know that to walk with the rain on your face is almost as good as a beauty treatment?) Get into loose, warm clothes (no girdle, give those abdominal muscles a chance), low heeled, comfortable shoes, and *hike,* don't saunter. A week of this, and you'll notice the change in yourself, even if you haven't the beautiful Beverly Hills to lure you on.

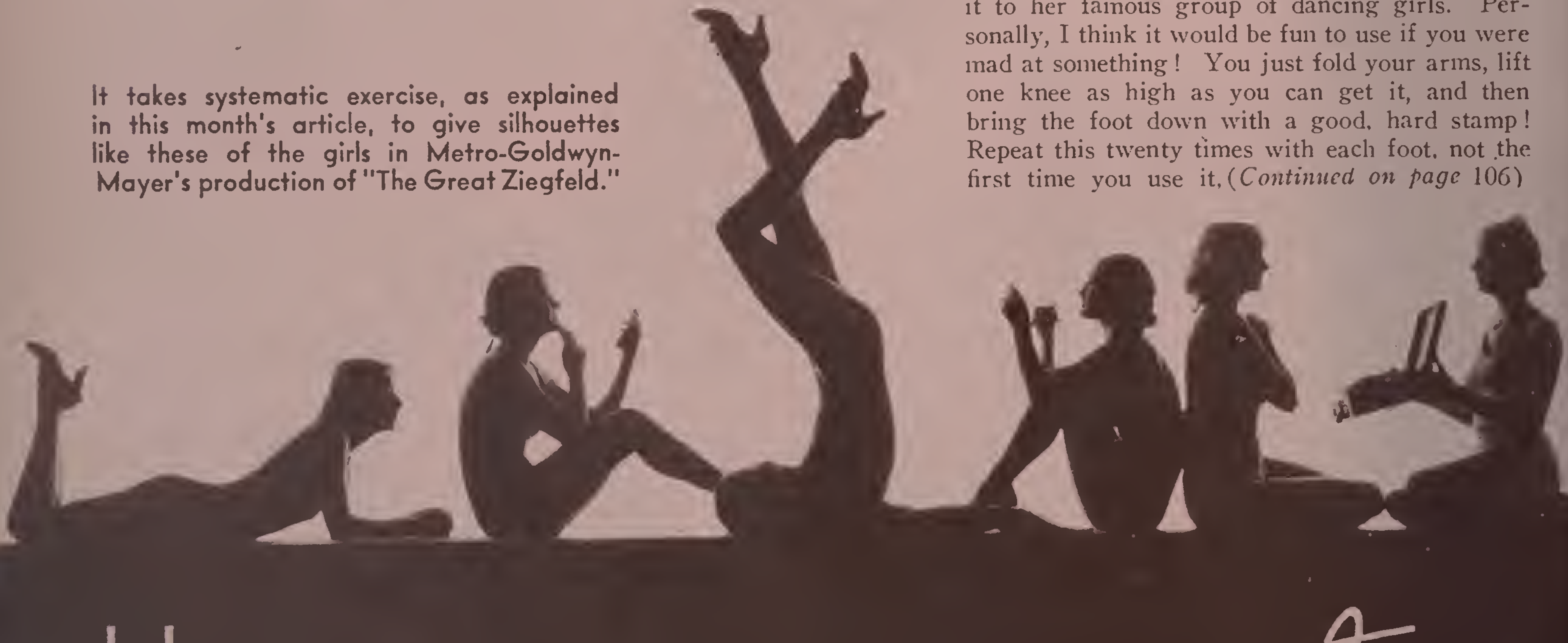
That's another of the splendid things about exercise—it's free to everyone. You may not have a swimming pool of your own, or half a dozen saddle horses to choose from, but you can exercise in your own room, and walking can be done anywhere.

Dancing is another all round exercise. Because of the strenuous rehearsals for her delightful dancing films, Ginger Rogers doesn't have to use any other kind of exercise, and yet see what a pretty figure she has. Joan Crawford is another star who owes much to her dancing.

Yet what about those special things you want to accomplish in molding your figure, which general exercise doesn't seem to touch? Ah, now we're coming to it, our precious daily dozen of bending and stretching, rolling and reaching. How should these be used, to give their fullest benefits? And just which exercises will do the work *you* want done?

I have a whole series of these, tried and trusty ones, each one specialized to do a definite thing. So when you write me, tell me just which ones you would like to have. I've just learned a new one that I do want you to have, for conditioning the thighs and legs. Albertina Rasch gives it to her famous group of dancing girls. Personally, I think it would be fun to use if you were mad at something! You just fold your arms, lift one knee as high as you can get it, and then bring the foot down with a good, hard stamp! Repeat this twenty times with each foot, not the first time you use it,

(*Continued on page 106*)

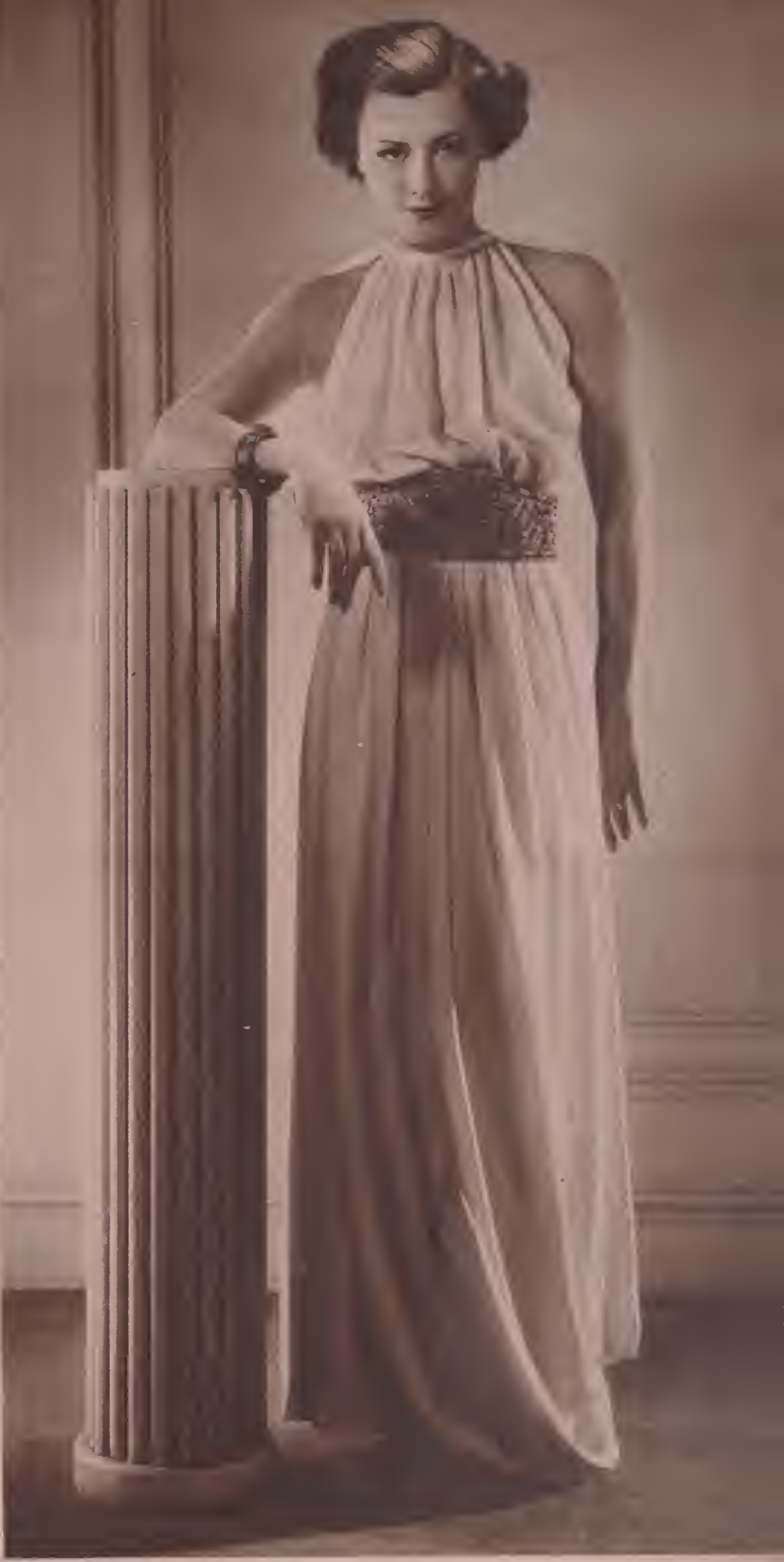


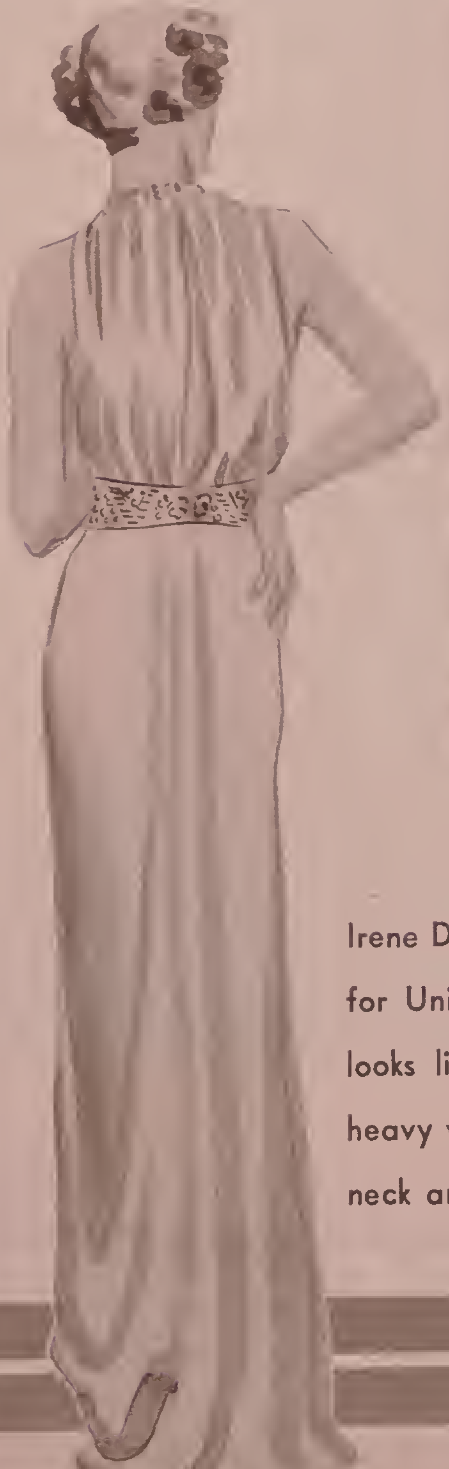
It takes systematic exercise, as explained in this month's article, to give silhouettes like these of the girls in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's production of "The Great Ziegfeld."

Star Fashions

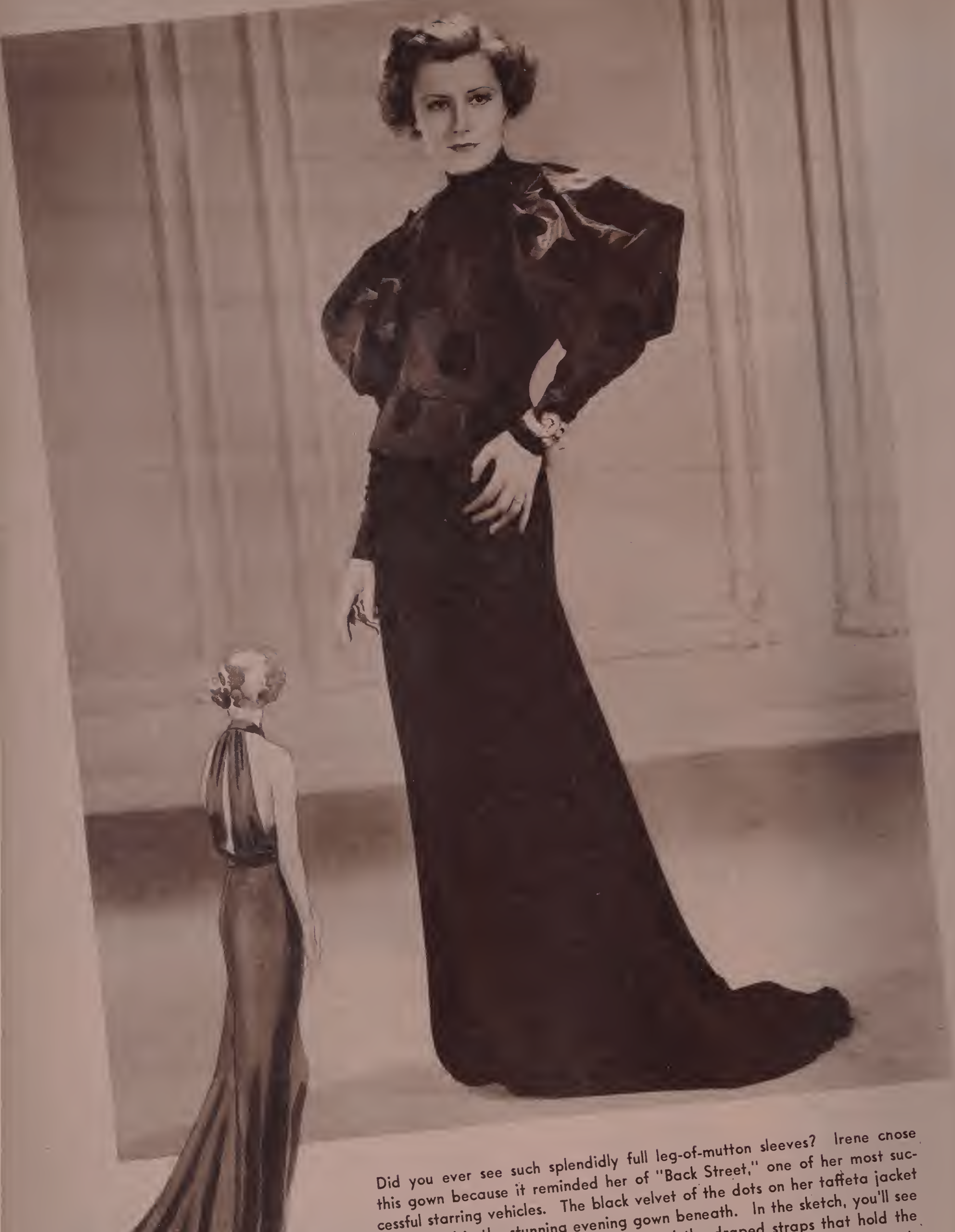
By
GWENN
WALTERS

Complete Costumes from
J. W. ROBINSON CO.
Los Angeles, Cal.

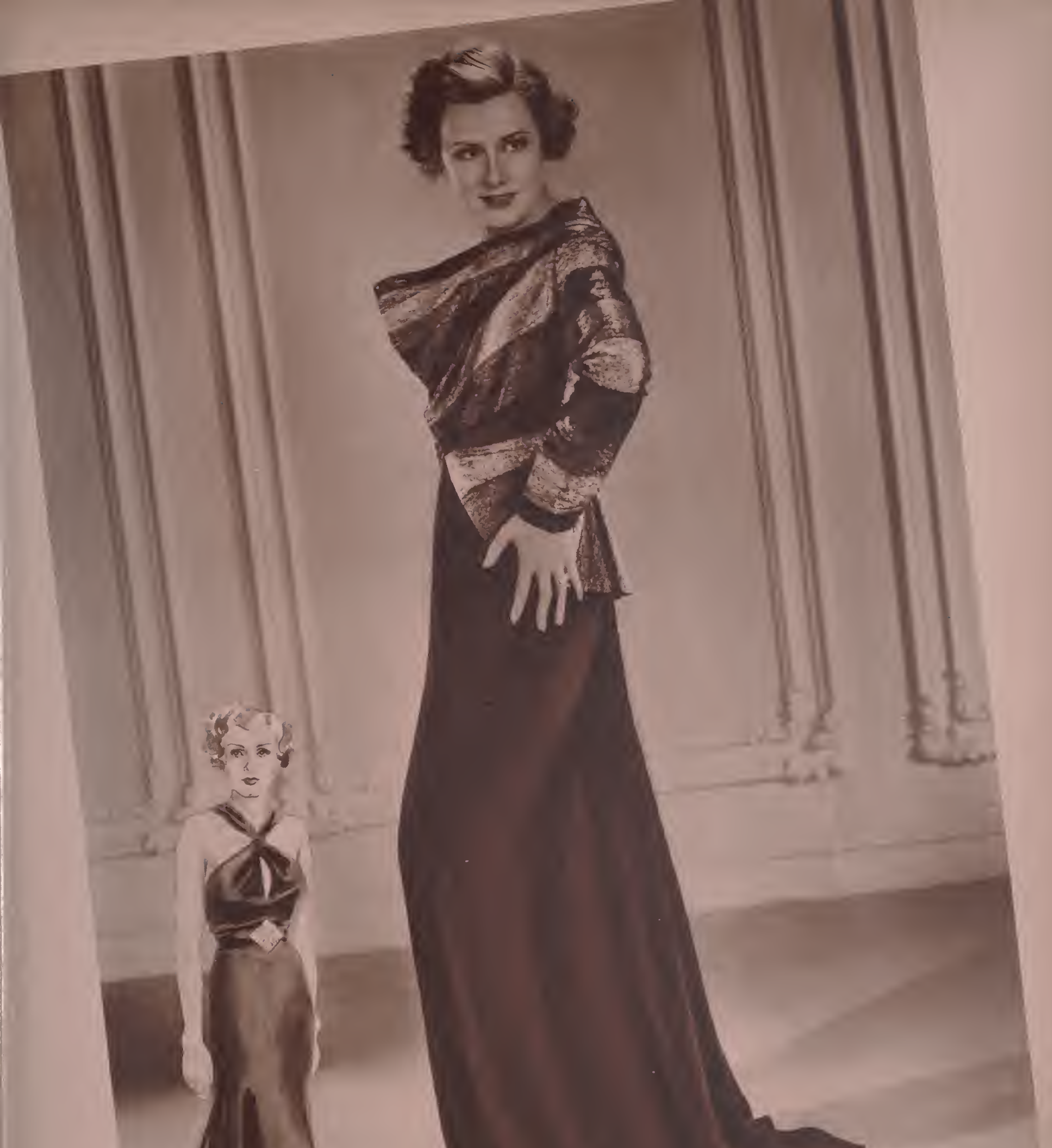




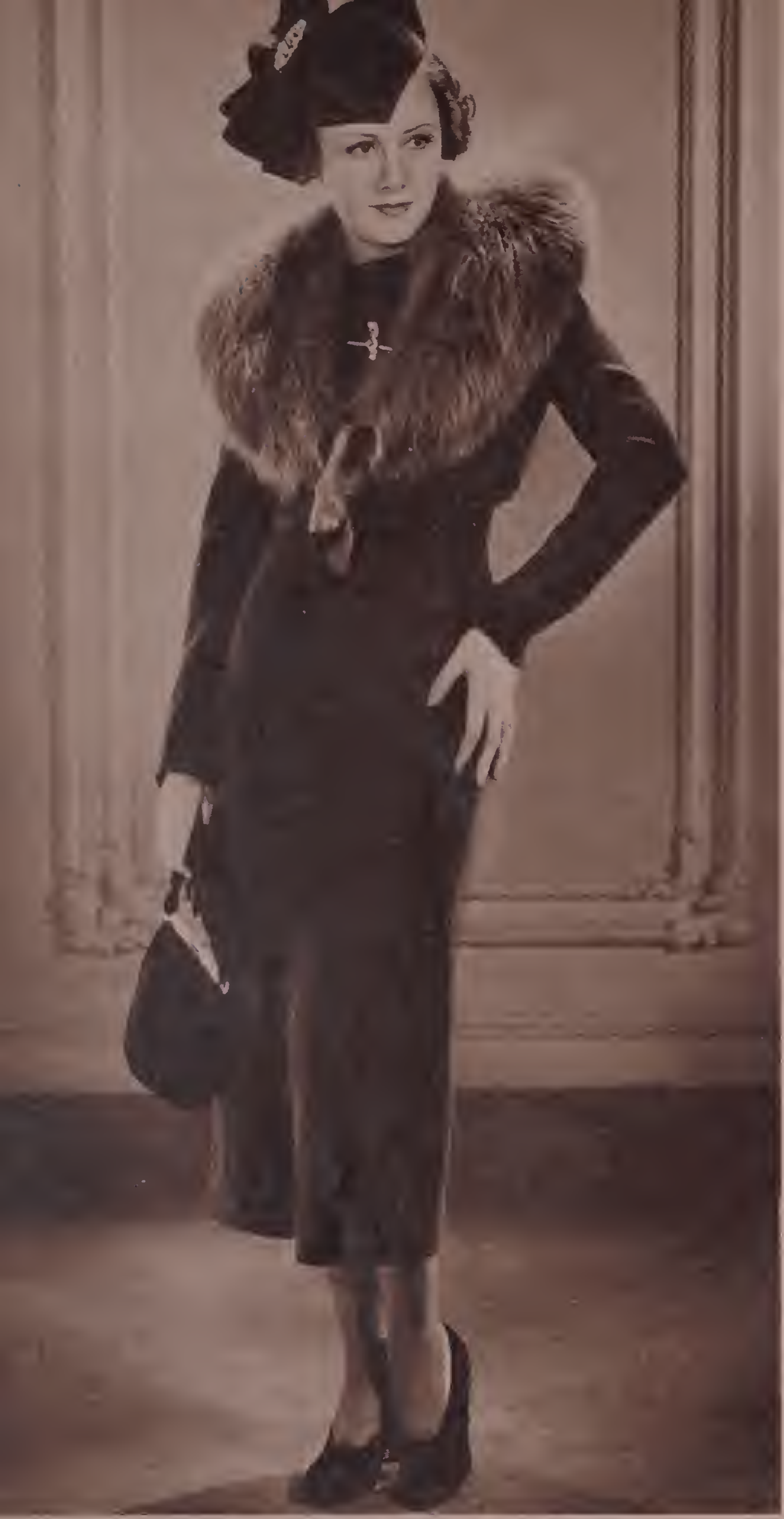
Irene Dunne begged time off from her work in "Magnificent Obsession" for Universal, to give you a glimpse of her personal wardrobe. She looks like a modern goddess in this Grecian evening gown with its heavy white crepe draped gracefully front and back from shirrings at the neck and waist, moulded into place by a belt of jewels and spangles.

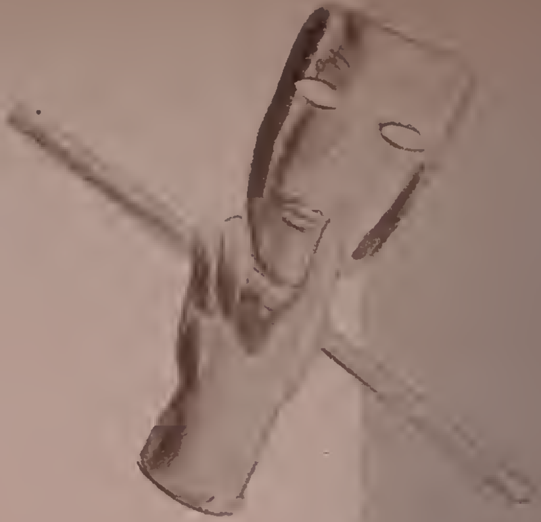


Did you ever see such splendidly full leg-of-mutton sleeves? Irene chose this gown because it reminded her of "Back Street," one of her most successful starring vehicles. The black velvet of the dots on her taffeta jacket is repeated in the stunning evening gown beneath. In the sketch, you'll see the extreme back fullness of the skirt and the draped straps that hold the high halter neckline. Her coronet bracelet is something ne and very smart.

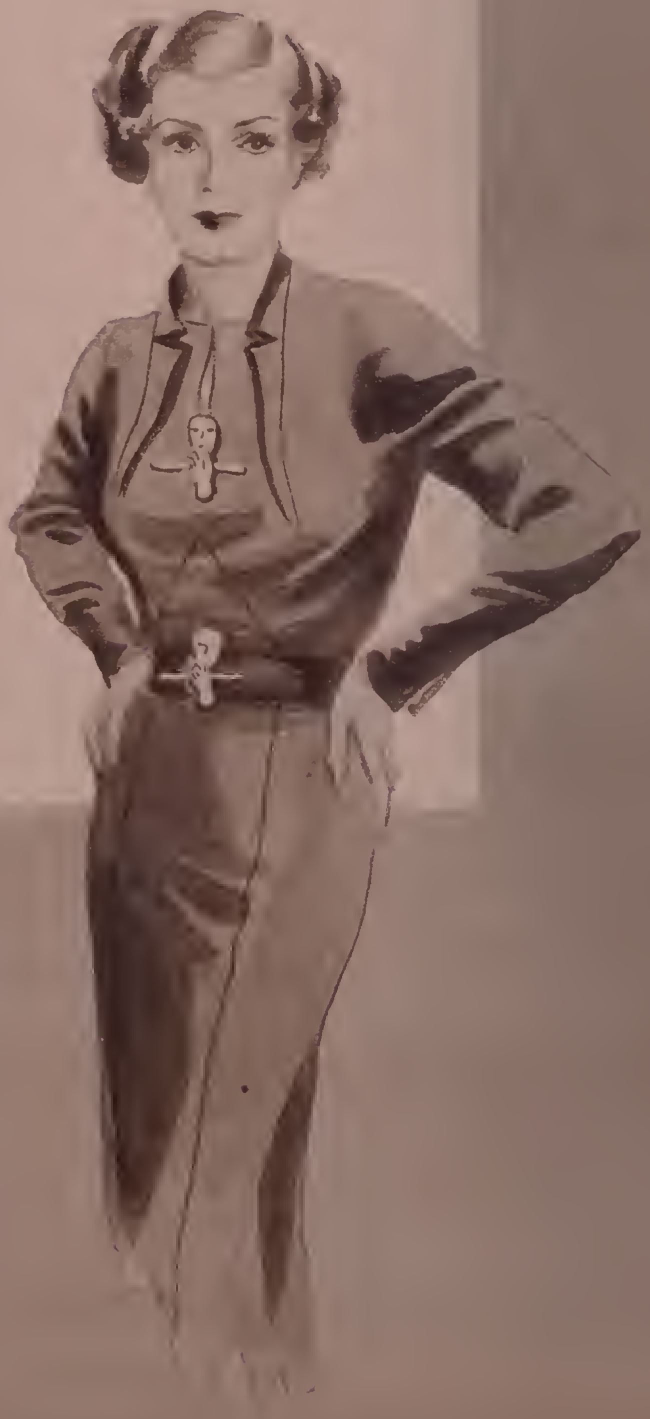


Because this season of the year is crowded with after-dark invitations, Irene selected another gown of the same type as the one on the opposite page. This one is somewhat more elaborate and daring, though no more dramatic. The little jacket is of black, silver and gunmetal Cellophane with a flaring back peplum and a wing-like jabot. The sketch shows you the gown without the jacket, and reveals the very new, and startlingly low, decolletage.



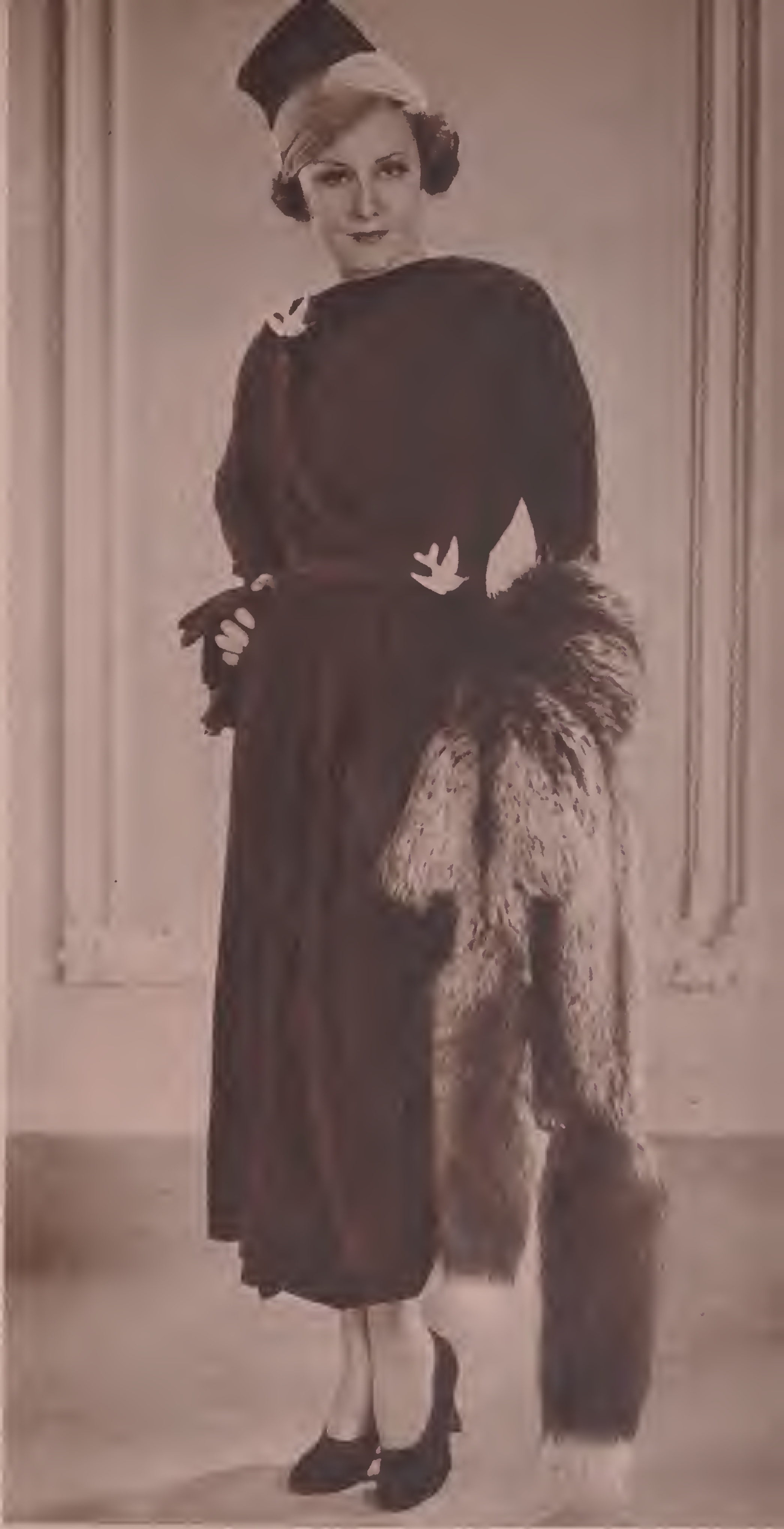


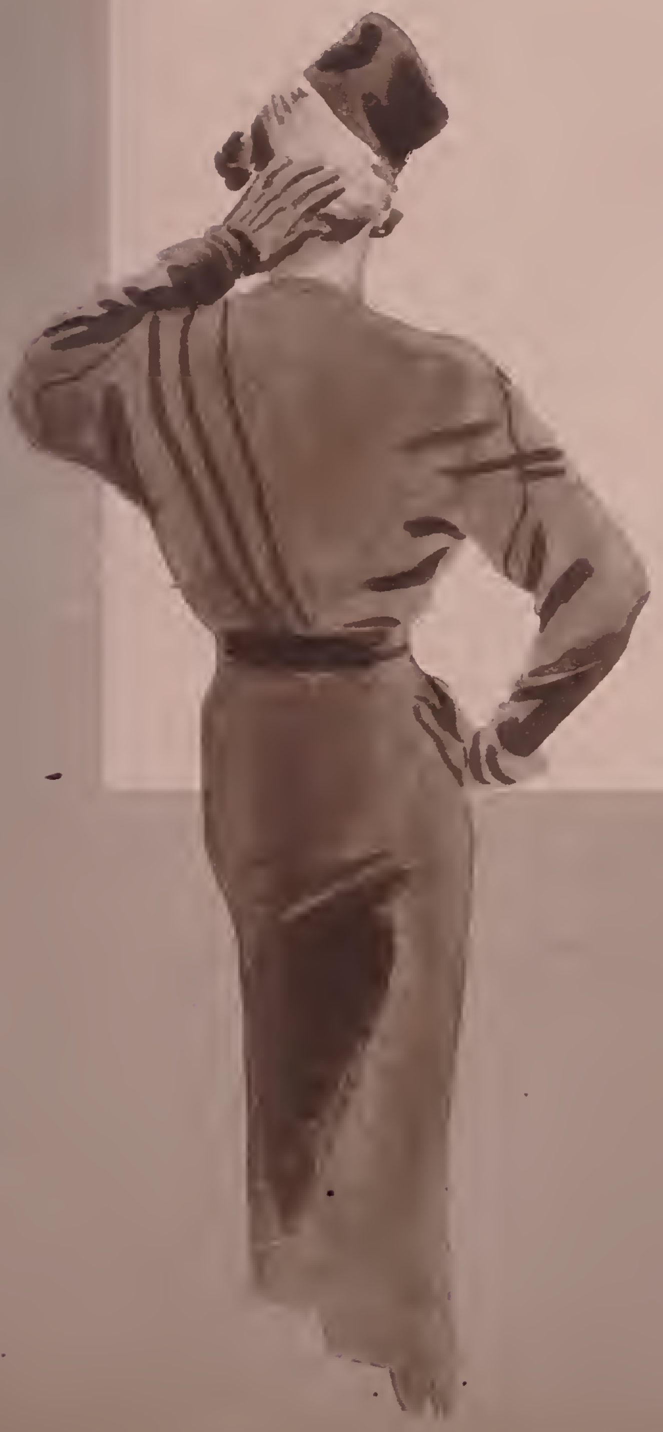
(Above) A mere trifle, the clip on Irene's suit, but so amusing we had to show you a close-up, in case you wanted to look for one like it.



Cinnamon brown, the shade of the moment, is used in Irene's fox-trimmed ensemble of sheer wool. The jacket is sleeveless and, when removed, reveals a stunning one-piece frock. The front panel of the six-gored skirt slips up into the blouse to meet the large protruding tucks which extend to make a tiny back collar. Hat and accessories are of chocolate brown.

Would you like to know how to drape the frock on the right? Or talk over the plans for your early spring wardrobe? Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Gwenn Walters, MOVIE MIRROR, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.





Drapery has invaded daytime styles. It has been used very cleverly in Irene's extremely distinguished afternoon frock of black crepe, which is highlighted by rhinestone birds perched here and there to hold the fabric in place. Finely pleated jersey in a shade of rose taupe forms the band on Irene's amazing Old World turban of black antelope.

The RALPH BELLAMYS KNOW HOW TO STAY MARRIED in Hollywood

"We'll get married in Reno," Ralph told Catherine. "Then we'll never have to visit the place again!"

By JACK SMALLEY

Games and a fireplace, ingredients in the Bellamy happy marriage formula.

THEY all warned Ralph Bellamy—but it did no good. He ran away with Catherine Willard and got married.

Hollywood will get you, his friends said.

Look what happens to marriages in filmland! Why, the whole world knows that it's love, honor, away we go, out here where life is just a mad, merry dance of changing partners.

As a matter of fact, Ralph Bellamy was of the same opinion. He didn't want to get married. Neither did Catherine Willard, who is pretty well acquainted with Hollywood even if she is a stage actress.

"I knew I was slipping," he told me once, "and yet I couldn't help it. I had been through it before, and vowed 'never again.' We were both pretty cagy about marriage.

"Furthermore, Catherine didn't care for me at all when we first became acquainted. I don't blame her for that, although what happened wasn't exactly my fault. I had landed in George Cukor's stock company in Rochester, New York, and felt well pleased, for that was *the* stock company. Then I heard a great deal about their favorite actress, Catherine Willard, who had starred in the company before I came. All were looking forward to her return.

"We were called to a rehearsal one evening. When I walked in, there was Miss Willard. I was sure I had seen her before. No one took the trouble to introduce us, so I went over to her.

"'Miss Willard,' I said, 'I'm Ralph Bellamy. I don't suppose you remember me at all, but I lit a cigarette for you once in a New York office.'

"That didn't make a very favorable impression on her at the time, because I learned later I had never lit her cigarette, nor seen her before, and she thought I was being smart. We went into production with 'Romance' together, and it took.

"I knew darn well I had fallen in love with her, but all that passed between us were profound discussions on life and careers and what not. 'All the things you talk about before you get married,' as Catherine says, 'and never mention again afterwards.'

"Nothing was said about love. The closest I came to it was one night in Rochester when I borrowed an old Ford and took Catherine riding. The engine died and I had to crank it. I smashed a finger doing it—the scar's still there—and lovely sentiments don't flow when your hand is smashed."

Not much of a courtship, was it? But unspoken thoughts have a way of transmitting themselves between persons in love. They were close friends by the time the company disbanded. Ralph went to New York to look for work and flirt with starvation in that lean winter of 1930. Then he landed in "Roadside," and before the play had died a-borning on

Broadway, four picture scouts were waving contracts and poised pens. Bellamy signed one with Joseph Schenck.

He finished "The Magnificent Lie" with Ruth Chatterton one night and found Catherine waiting outside the studio to drive him home. She had arrived with her mother for a vacation.

"Well, the picture's done," said Ralph, getting in behind the wheel. "Now we can drive up to Reno tomorrow and get married."

That was his proposal! After all the romantic lover roles Ralph had played!

"Reno!" laughed Catherine. "Why Reno?"

"So we won't have to go there again," Ralph said emphatically.

Having made up their minds to get married, they didn't want to wait. In Nevada you can get a license and be married in ten minutes. And so they were married, on July 6, 1931, right at divorce headquarters.

Left, an off-the-set shot; right, Ralph as Dr. Steele in "Dangerous Intrigue," the Columbia film about life in mining towns.

In the last three years, marriages in Hollywood have been bursting to pieces, right and left, from the royal couple at Pickfair on to that last bulwark of Beverly, the Conrad Nagels. You'd think that every sentence in Hollywood marriage ceremony is filled with split infinitives and dangling participants.

What was happening to the Bellamy marriage in those three years?

Many Hollywood couples, to mislead the dear public, will hold hands while their lawyers are holding conferences, and few know the real situation until the papers are filed. Even a husband never knows, when answering the doorbell, whether it's the groceries or a summons.

But Catherine and Ralph Bellamy are the least deceptive people in town. I knew that a fair question would get a fair answer, and no shennanigans. So I dropped in to ask them about it.

And this I discovered, and confidently pass it along as gospel, they'll never have to make a return trip to Reno, because they have found a way to lick the Hollywood divorce jinx.

Such a precious discovery, you'd say, ought to be rented out at royalties. But it wouldn't work for everybody. It's simply this: They always obey that impulse.

That sounds as radical as Upton Sinclair at his balmiest, and as brilliant. Because any one who follows his impulses in Filmania is certainly headed for trouble. But Ralph (*Continued on page* 109)

I WANT TO BE

CONTINUING THE AMAZING EXPERIENCES OF LITTLE JUDY PINE,

By DORA MACY

MY whole soul must have been in my voice. At any rate, my tone was so compelling that the door reopened and Dick entered reluctantly. He leaned against the doorway from the hall, his hands in his pockets.

"Dick!" I said his name in a hushed, almost awed whisper, while my eyes marked the strange circles under his eyes, the tired, tight lines at his mouth, the unpressed, dusty look of his clothes.

Bert's hand went cold under my touch.

"I don't know what possessed me to walk out like that." Dick's tone was wobbly and apologetic.

I knew he was struggling for self-control, but I couldn't word any of the many questions I wanted to ask.

"Dick's only just arrived," Rene put in hysterically. "He was telling me . . ."

"Nothing, nothing at all," Dick broke in. "We were just talking of family foibles. I want to congratulate you on your engagement, Brothers. You're a lucky man."

"I think so," Bert said, a bit relieved.

"And I wish you happiness, Judy," Dick managed a smile. "I must run along now. Only wanted to say 'hello'!"

"Not so soon, Dick," I protested. "We've only come. There is so much . . ."

"Probably the doctor is tired," Bert suggested sharply.

Questions whirled in my brain. Why wasn't he at the hospital? How could he be in California in March when he was serving his interneship in Boston?

"Will we see you tomorrow?" I asked, my tone achingly anxious.

"I'll—I'll probably phone," he said vaguely and was gone.

"Well, that's what I call a surprise!" said Rene.

"What's he doing here?" I managed to ask. "Is there anything wrong at the Mitchells?"

"No, but there seems to be something wrong with the Carrs. As I gather it, he and Hazel are washed up."

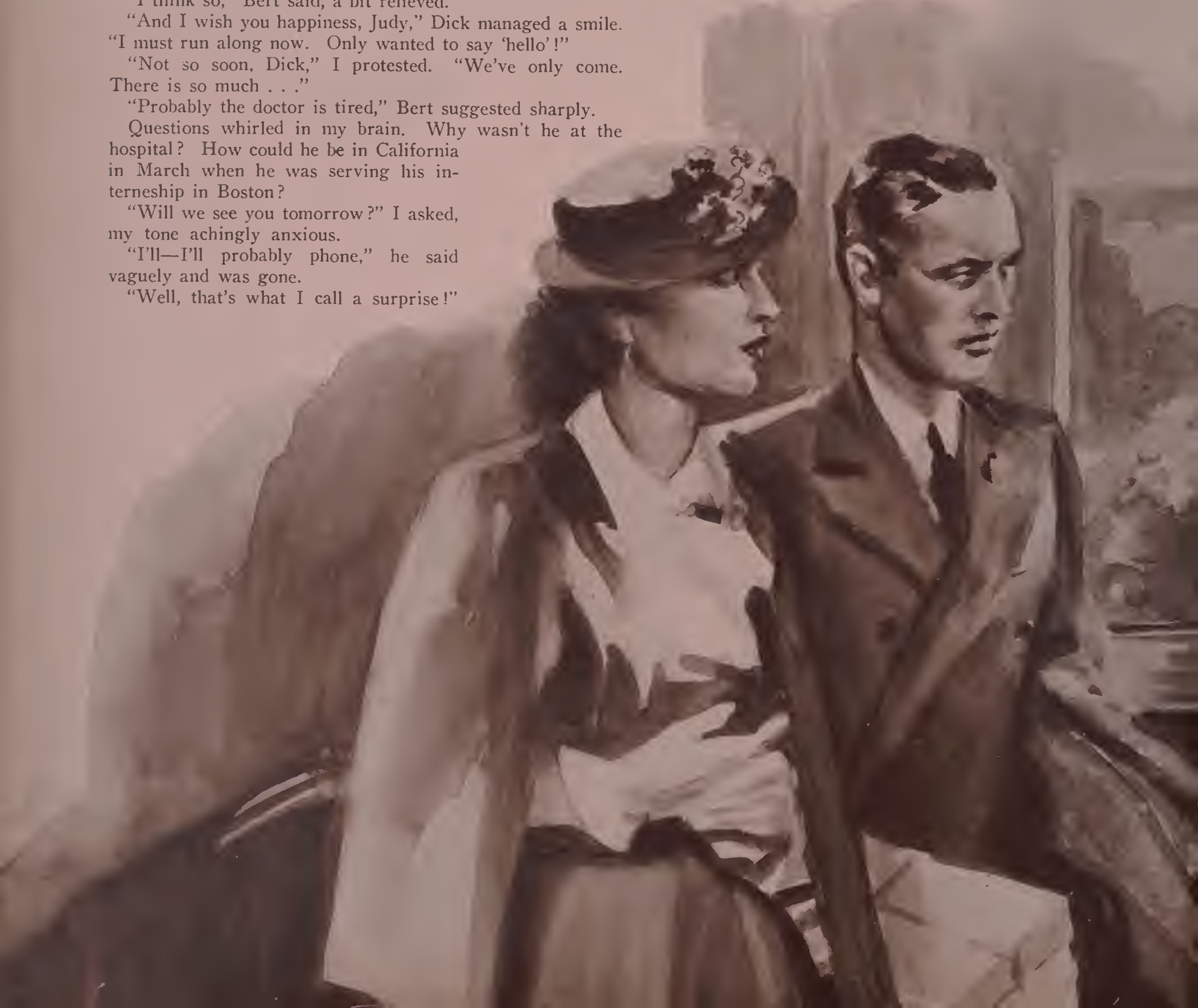
I dropped my cigarette. Bert picked it up.

"You mean they are separating?" he asked.

"So it seems. Science is too slow for Hazel. She's in Reno."

"Divorce!"

Rene and Bert were talking—their words seesawing back and forth—strained, nervous, polite, struggling to break the tension that tightened with each moment. I couldn't talk. I couldn't order my thoughts.



A STAR!

WHO SOUGHT STARDOM IN HOLLYWOOD—AND FOUND ADVENTURE

ILLUSTRATED BY STEPHEN GROUT

"I'm going now, dear," Bert had risen, his hand on my shoulder, as though he were reluctant to release me. "I'll telephone you early, before I go to the studio."

I kissed him goodnight, but it was different. The little promise of joy I had found in his arms earlier in the evening was lost. His eyes were wistful as he left.

"Rene," I demanded, when we were getting ready for bed, "what did Dick say? What did he want? Why did he come here?"

"Why do you suppose he came, Judy? For you."

I sank down on my bed and stared at her helplessly.

"Yeah." Rene slipped under the covers and settled herself against the pillow. "He came all the way out here by bus and is stopping at a bum little hotel downtown. So I guess he's broke. As for his marriage, it's ge-broke, too. Hazel's gone off with another guy. But let's forget her. You're the one I'm interested in—you and Bert. What's this going to mean to you?"

"I don't know."

"Judy, you can't let Bert down like this. You both looked so darn happy coming in the door and now what?"

Now what? All night I thought about it. Through it all, dominating it all, was the memory of Dick's face, the drawn lines at his mouth, the almost agonized hurt of his eyes.

The telephone woke me from the kind of cramped heavy sleep that gives no rest. Sonya's voice was vibrant with excitement.

"Hello, darling, how's the engaged girl?"

"Fine . . . fine," I stammered.

"You sound bewildered, but so am I—Vic and I are going to be married."

"Sonya, I'm so glad," I said earnestly. "When?"

"Today. We just decided this morning at breakfast. We're flying to Yuma. Why can't you and Bert come along, and make it a double wedding?"

"Oh, it's so soon," I demurred.

"Don't be a goose, Judy. You've known Bert nearly two years and after that, a twenty-four hour engagement is enough. Even Emily Post would admit that."

"Have you talked to Bert?" I sparred.

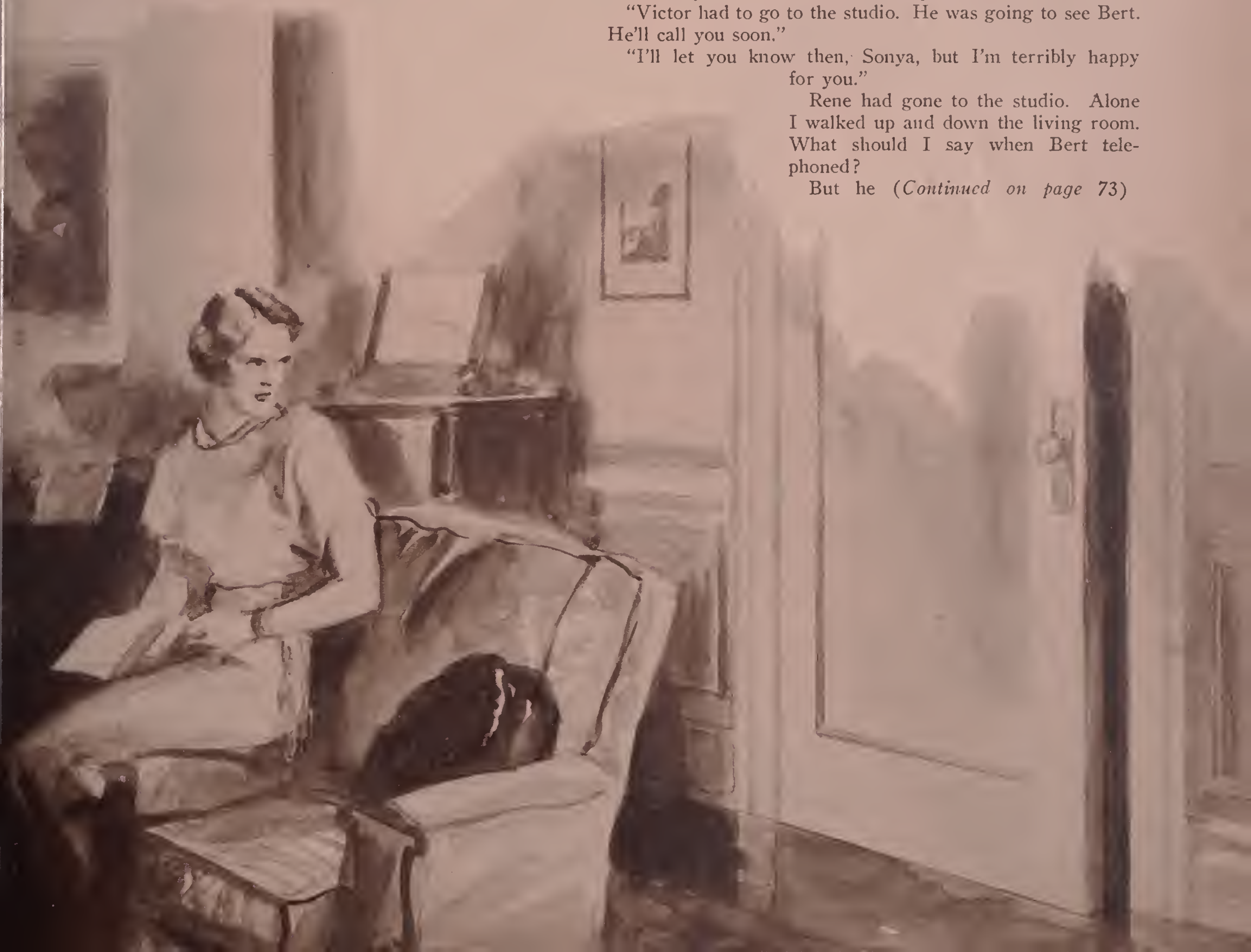
"Victor had to go to the studio. He was going to see Bert. He'll call you soon."

"I'll let you know then, Sonya, but I'm terribly happy for you."

Rene had gone to the studio. Alone I walked up and down the living room. What should I say when Bert telephoned?

But he (*Continued on page* 73)

"I'll—I'll probably phone," he said vaguely and was gone. "Well, that's what I call a surprise!" said Rene. "What's he doing here?" I managed to ask.



By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

FAY WRAY'S

It was a miracle based on simple things like love and faith—and a garden—that changed her into "the most exciting girl in Hollywood"

THIS is a story of Fay Wray's miracle. This, of all the tender and all the dramatic stories that have come out of Hollywood, is my favorite. Because before it is the story of a motion picture star it is the story of a girl. And because it might be your story or mine.

Fay used to be a mousey little thing. She looked vaguely like Gloria Swanson, but this counted for very little for she completely lacked Gloria's color and spirit and personality.

She was in pictures largely because she lived in the neighborhood of the studios and because her family's finances were pretty lean and there was need for the money she could earn working as an extra girl. All of this was before the talkies when it was easier to get ahead. By working hard and attending to business Fay gradually moved up to small parts and then to leading roles in short-length comedies.

The transformation began with her honeymoon in New York seven years ago, when she married John Monk Saunders.

However, the girls in the film colony never took Fay very seriously or considered her in any competitive sense. That is unless they happened to be among those who at some time or other had taken a screen test for a role for which Fay also was tested when, with reason, they would eye her with new respect.

For always Fay has had a way of getting desirable parts. I remember years ago how Janet Gaynor, no less, lost out when Eric von Stroheim, then Hollywood's favorite god, chose Fay instead of Janet for a leading role in "The Wedding March," one of the most important of silent pictures. When Fay's screen tests were run in the projection room there would be whispers between the director and the executives, whispers which invariably indicated that once again mousey little Fay had won.

Fay always had something. But it's only within the last year that she's become a colorful and satisfying personality off the screen as well as on it. It's only recently that she's turned interesting and exciting, a stranger to the quiet little creature she used to be. In doing this she has accomplished her own miracle.

Fay and I were having tea before her fire in the charming English house on Selma Avenue past which she used to skate as a little girl when King and Florence Vidor lived there. She thought it the loveliest house in the whole world.

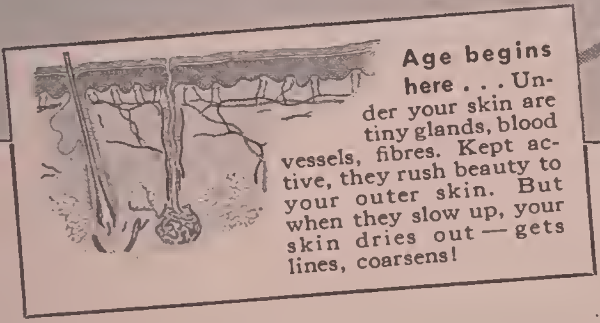
I never was in that house in the Vidors' time but now, with Fay the mistress of it, it is one of the nicest houses I know. Not because a big eucalyptus tree drips languid branches against the eaves; not because it has such an informal, happy looking garden or because laughter is likely to sound from the flagged terrace where Fay, Hollywood's woman champion, plays ping pong. But because—I grow more and more convinced of this—houses take their charm and spirit and color from the people who live in them. And Fay now possesses all these things in boundless measure.

"It's only in the last year that I've really enjoyed myself," Fay told me, apropos of the change which has come to her. "I used to be miserable most of the time. Continually afraid

She and her husband are in England now—you'll see her next in GB's "Alias Bulldog Drummond," with Jack Hulbert.

AGE SIGNS *Start Underneath!*

LINES around eyes and mouth!
COARSE PORES!
DRY SKIN!


Age begins here . . . Under your skin are tiny glands, blood vessels, fibres. Kept active, they rush beauty to your outer skin. But when they slow up, your skin dries out—gets lines, coarsens!

(*above*) "Pond's Cold Cream softens a dry skin," says young Society girl.

Telltale skin faults go . . . when you stimulate your Under Skin

A MAN can size up a woman's age pretty accurately. It's the little things that tell him at a glance—"she's nearing 30". . . "in the 40's". . ."*over.*"

Little lines around your eyes, your mouth! Pores wide-open at close range! Even dry skin says, "she's aging fast."

Telltale signs of age—what causes them? If every face-pore were a window, you could look deep into your *underskin* and see!—Overactive glands loading up your pores, stretching them wide. Underactive glands parching your skin, drying it up. Tiny fibres losing tension—letting ugly lines form outside!

Skin Smooth, Line-free . . . Most skin faults start the same way—under your skin. Even blemishes and blackheads! But you can rouse those failing glands and fibres to a fresh start—see your skin faultless. Pond's deep-skin Cream is made for this very purpose.

The specially processed oils of Pond's Cold Cream go deep—releasing all the dirt, make-up, secretions wedged in your pores. Right away you see your skin clearer, fresher!

Now spread more Pond's Cold Cream over your deeply cleansed skin. Pat it in briskly. See how your color comes up! Instant proof that your underskin is getting active, young again.

As you keep on using Pond's this way, your skin sheds ugly age signs. Tired lines smooth out. Your pores soon become finer, hard to detect. Your skin takes on a soft feel, a smooth look—a fresh young-girl bloom.

Every Night, pat on Pond's Cold Cream. As dirt, make-up float out, wipe it all off. Pat in more cream briskly. Let it vitalize your underskin . . . keep your outer skin faultless.

Every Morning (and before make-up)—refresh your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Note your skin's brighter color, renewed vigor. So smooth powder goes on exquisitely!

Start this treatment with the special tube offered below. Pond's Cold Cream is pure. Germs cannot live in it.

MRS. W. FORBES MORGAN

one of the Capital's beautiful young social leaders, says: "I never have coarse pores or blackheads—Pond's Cold Cream sees to that! It even makes fatigue lines disappear completely!"

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE *and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids*

Your First Step toward a Younger Skin!

POND'S, Dept. B131, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City______________State________

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

Once Helen was just a very young actress who didn't even have an evening dress for her first big date. Today her amazing career and lovely home are the envy of Hollywood.

It's a beautiful story of a May and November romance—the story of little Helen Mack, who found wealth and success and a happy marriage in filmland

AS a rule, Hollywood screams its great loves to the high heavens in dramatic and sensational headlines.

But once in a blue moon there comes to light among the stars and lesser lights a little love story so sincere, so genuine, and so free from the taint of publicity that it shines with a penetrating and lovely light.

Such a story is that of Helen Mack, talented, beautiful and exuberantly young at twenty-two, and the gray-haired stock broker, Charles C. Irwin, who is her husband. Helen and Charles were married almost eleven months ago by a San Francisco judge yet not a word of that marriage, save for the routine announcement, has reached the public prints until this story.

Life is at its rosy best for Helen these days, living as she is in a beautiful home, waited upon by servants, and adored by a husband who makes no attempt to disguise that adoration. It should be, for no girl has more truly earned happiness.

Helen began her professional life on the New York stage when she was seven, little more than a baby. Since then, and until Charles lifted the burden from her willing but slender shoulders, she has worked and worked hard to earn bread and butter, with an occasional spot of jam, for herself and her mother. She didn't have much time for the light-hearted romances that means so much to every girl.

A little story she told me, intended as amusing persiflage, poignantly revealed how empty her life had been in that respect. The incident took place just five years ago when she was playing in "Straight Through the Door" in a San Francisco theater. Marjorie Lytell was cast as her sister and during the run of the play the girls met two Stanford youths, Lewis Sterry and Rufus Spalding. They were sons of socially prominent Los Angeles families who, incidentally, are now neighbors of Helen. An after-theater supper date was arranged.

"We were all agog," Helen related. "But you should have seen our faces when two boxes of orchids arrived. It was the first time either of us had received flowers from a man, and that made it pretty exciting.

"But we were heartsick, too, because we realized orchids meant dressing up and neither of us owned an evening dress. We wore evening dresses in the play, but they were out of the question because the boys were sitting out front that night.

"Well, we scurried around, trying to borrow dresses fine enough for this thrilling occasion and worthy of those gorgeous orchids while we kept running back to look at them every few minutes to be sure they were real.

"The leading lady tried to help us out of our dilemma by lending us two of her most elegant gowns, but heavens, she was twice as big as we were. However, we accepted them and set to work to cut them down to size with pins. We pinned and we pinned, hoping a miracle would take place and we could make them fit—we did so want to be dressed up!

"We finally gave up. We pinned our orchids to our plain dark dresses and went forth to meet our collegiate beaus. And were they dressed up! We went to Taits at the Beach and had such a grand time we forgot all about our plain little dresses."

Amusing? Perhaps. But all I could see was a lovely girl, seventeen, without an evening dress and all that one means to a girl of that age, and being very gallant about it.

Life went on like that for Helen. There was work and more work and while she always knew a boy or two, and occasionally snatched a date, it was no gay and silly life, such as a girl in her teens cherishes, but a gallant fight with hunger and weariness and periods of unemployment as her constant adversaries.

Even when she signed for pictures, the disappointments weren't over by any means. She worked at Fox only in bits and her contract wasn't renewed. RKO signed her, and once more she waited and hoped, and got only tiny scraps of parts in which she couldn't reveal her real ability. And when the contract ran out, despite the fine critical notices she had received over the performances she had given in these thankless roles, it wasn't renewed.

It was along about then, when life didn't look too roseate for her, that she first met Charles Irwin. It was at Palm Springs. He was in a bar having a glass of beer and Helen came in to swipe some pretzels.

BUT let me interrupt the story for a minute while I give you a bit of background on the man himself.

Charles Irwin is considerably older than his actress wife. He was a widower when he met Helen, and the father of a fine thirteen-year-old lad, Charles C., Jr., whom everyone affectionately calls "Jiggs." The boy lives now at home with Helen and Charles and Helen's mother.

Charles, Senior, towers over Helen's tiny five feet two. He has dark brown eyes, a heavy head of gray hair, and a handsome face. He carries himself with distinction and looks every inch the man of the world that he is. He calls Helen "Buttons" and she calls him plain "Charlie," but in a voice that carries more endearment than all the darlings, sweethearts and dearests in the world.

The day I went to get this story, Helen herself answered the bell of the stately white manse, rather Southern, in an exclusive residential district of the city. She looked so adorable and tom-boyish in a white sweat shirt miles too big for her, wrinkled white canvas slacks and tiny canvas sneakers, it seemed impossible she could be the legal "party of the first part" in a love story. She looked, instead, like one of thousands of healthy high school sophomores just in for dinner after a grand romp or a basketball game on the school's athletic field.

We settled comfortably before an open fire in the smallish, cosy library and had tea and brownies, Helen's favorite cookie. Charles joined us.

In one glance I knew that if ever a woman was loved by a man, Helen Mack is loved by Charles Irwin. He shows it in every movement. His thoughts never leave her and his eagerness to serve her in a thousand and one little ways would strike envy in the heart of any woman. When they are together, the numerical difference in their ages fades into nothingness.

"We just never think about the fact that Charlie is older than I am when you count by years," Helen said sweetly and tried to take his big hand in her little one. "It has never been important to us. There has never been any occasion or reason why it should. Charlie is just (*Continued on page* 113)

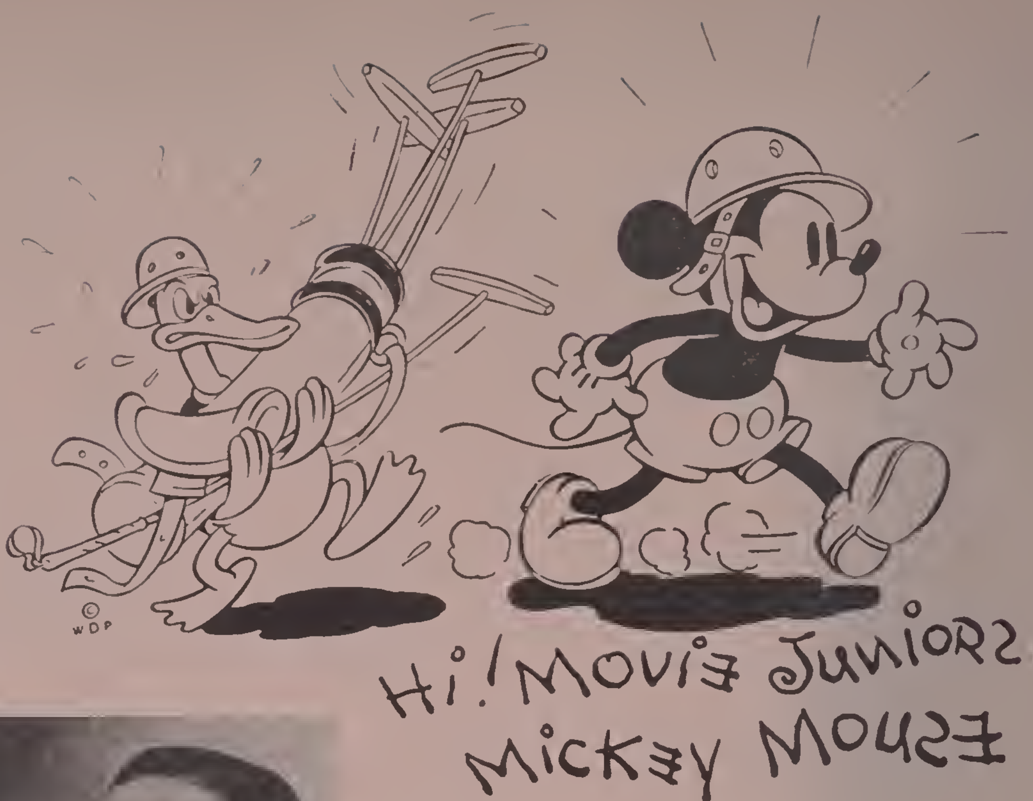
The SWEETEST LOVE STORY in HOLLYWOOD

By KAY PROCTOR

Presenting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Irwin, who might never even have met if Helen hadn't had a yen for pretzels at Palm Springs!

MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR

CONDUCTED BY BETTY TURNER


© W.D.P.
Hi! Movie Juniors!
Mickey Mouse

Mickey Mouse and his boss, Walt Disney, look over their latest film, "Mickey's Polo Team." Mickey stopped in the middle of his work to autograph a still for you.

REVIEWS FOR JUNIORS

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY (M-G-M). Don't miss this fast-action picture about ships, pirates and mutiny with Clark Gable, Charles Laughton and Franchot Tone in the leads.

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA (M-G-M). The funny Marx Brothers doing their stuff in a grand comedy about opera and opera singers. You'll laugh at their crazy antics.

PADDY O'DAY (Fox). Jane Withers in a dandy picture about a little Irish girl who comes to this country to join her mother, but gets mixed up with an odd wealthy family and some Russian immigrants.

AH WILDERNESS (M-G-M). The excellent picture about an ambitious young high-school boy and his family. Mickey Rooney is great as the small brother who shoots plenty of firecrackers on the 4th of July. Wallace Beery, Lionel Barrymore and Eric Linden are the stars.

NEVADA (Paramount). If you like Westerns, you will like this picture in which Buster Crabbe rides, shoots and wins his way to success and happiness despite the desperados surrounding him.

YOU read in the papers how busy the movie stars and studios are these days. It is certainly true! And one of the busiest workers in Hollywood right now is our little friend Mickey Mouse. That famous gentleman has been working so hard and so fast lately that I decided to run out to Walt Disney's studio to check up on Mickey's recent doings.

Down Sunset Boulevard, out Hyperion Avenue, I traveled to a group of white, flat buildings, with a big sign on top of the main building reading "The Home of Mickey Mouse." Mickey's pretty secretary told me that Mickey and Minnie, Donald Duck and Pluto would all be back shortly. They were out entertaining the little crippled boys and girls of a Hollywood children's home. You see, Mickey spends a lot of his time between pictures doing nice things like that for youngsters.

Before long, a loud "Quack—quack—quack—quack" sounded outside the office. Through the window I saw Donald Duck waddling along behind the approaching Mickey, yelling his feathers off about something. Minnie Mouse was beside Mickey, and they came into the office holding hands.

"My, oh my," Mickey squealed with delight, "I'm glad to see you, Betty. Come inside my office and we'll talk."

Donald Duck went quacking off in another direction and Minnie followed Mickey and your MOVIE MIRROR Junior reporter into Mickey's private den.

"I've been doing some building since you were here," began Mickey. He pointed his little hand out the window toward some fine new buildings going up across the street. "Walt Disney, my boss, decided that we needed more room for the artists—so—up go more buildings."

With Mickey making nine pictures a year, now, and with Walt Disney turning out nine "Silly Symphonies" every year, you can see how right Mickey was when he said they needed more room. There may be bigger studios in Hollywood, but there are none busier than Mickey's.

We left Mickey's office and climbed to the third floor of the main building. Micky hurried along in front to show me the way. "Here is the story department," he said, "where they figure out what I'm going to do and say in my pictures. I guess a lot of your Junior readers already know how animated cartoons are made, but as we go through the studio we can talk about it so in case any of them don't know, they will by the time we finish our rounds."

Two members of the story department were busy at their desks as we entered. An entire wall of the room was covered with rough sketches that the two (*Continued on page* 111)

Here's *Made-to-order* Protection!

3 TYPES OF KOTEX

DESIGNED FOR DIFFERENT WOMEN—AND FOR DIFFERENT DAYS!

WONDERSOFT
KOTEX
REGULAR
JUNIOR
SUPER
SAME PRICE AS REGULAR

IN THE BLUE BOX

Regular Kotex

For the ordinary needs of most women, Regular Kotex is ideal. Combines full protection with utmost comfort. The millions who are completely satisfied with Regular will have no reason to change.

IN THE GREEN BOX

Junior Kotex

Somewhat narrower — is this Junior Kotex. Designed at the request of women of slight stature, and younger girls. Thousands will find it suitable for certain days when less protection is needed.

IN THE BROWN BOX

Super Kotex

For more protection on some days it's only natural that you desire a napkin with greater absorbency. The extra layers in Super Kotex give you extra protection, yet it is no longer or wider than Regular.

All 3 types have these exclusive features:

"CAN'T CHAFE"

The new Kotex gives lasting comfort and freedom. The sides are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton —all chafing, all irritation is prevented. But sides only are cushioned — the center surface is left free to absorb.

"CAN'T FAIL"

For security Kotex has a channeled "Equalizer" center that guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk — prevents twisting and roping. The filler is 5 *times* more absorbent than cotton.

"CAN'T SHOW"

The sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown reveals no tell-tale lines when you wear Kotex. The ends are not only rounded but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

Cooking Department

CONDUCTED BY PAULINE NELSON

I WISH you could have been with me the other evening, in the spotless kitchen of the Cafe Lamaze, while Jean Delete was telling me how to fix squab chicken with wild rice. Jean's English is better than my French, but even so, when we got to some of the fine points, neither English nor French was adequate, and he had to get up and show me just how it was done. Hymie Fink, your MOVIE MIRROR photographer, took pictures. Here they are, and with them and the directions I'm giving you, I'm sure you can serve this culinary masterpiece in your own home.

If you lived in Hollywood, you would know all about the Cafe Lamaze and its chef, Jean Delete, who received his training at the Ritz in Paris—and you know what that means! The little cafe, with its comfortable divans, low lights and soft music, is famous here among connoisseurs of fine cuisine. You'll see many of the big motion picture people there, who, as artist to artist, appreciate Jean's efforts.

And now for the squab chicken—and I'm also going to tell you how to make the dessert I had, the peach flambé.

Choose young birds, of about a pound and a half. I'll give you the recipe for one, and you can multiply it for as many birds as you are cooking. Buy them the day before, and keep them in the ice-box at least over night. They will be much tenderer this way.

Place the bird, breast up, on a board, and with a very sharp knife, make a deep cut from the neck down the side close to the back bone, all the way. Now repeat this on the other side, and you will find you can lift out the back bone and the ribs intact. Then flatten out the bird as you see the one in the foreground of the picture of Jean. He has just finished the cut down one side of the bird he is holding in his hand.

With the same very sharp knife, cut into the little wings at the joint, and you can pull the bone right out. Now you have a boneless bird (with the exception of the legs). Rub the inside with salt and pepper and place on it a handful of stuffing (I'll tell you how to make this further on). Gather the boned chicken up around the stuffing, and turn it over, with the ends tucked in under, and the legs held in place with toothpicks. The picture shows you this compactness.

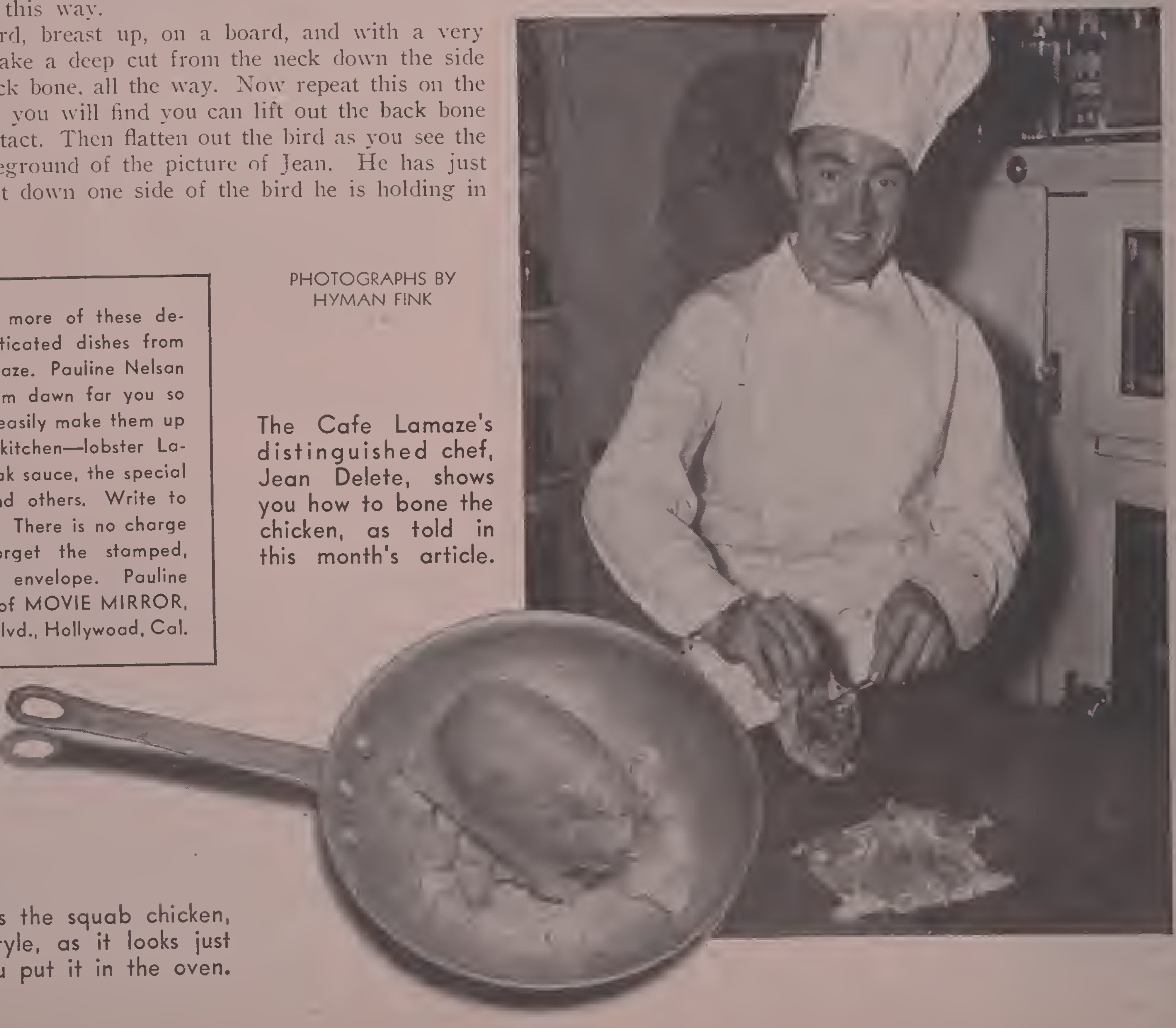
Brush with olive oil a piece of fairly heavy paper. Lay the bird, breast up, on the paper, and fold the ends over in points. Then lift the bird up and fold the pointed ends in *under,* so it makes a neat wrapping which holds the juices in as the cooking goes on. If you'll look at the picture again, you'll see this little paper base.

Cut half a carrot and half an onion into small pieces and place in a small saucepan, with the bird in the middle. Pour over it two tablespoons of olive oil, and cook in a hot oven (400° F.) for about fifteen minutes, basting frequently. Now add two tablespoons of white wine, about the same of chicken broth, and a few white grapes that have been peeled and seeded. Continue cooking without basting till the bird has browned on top. Remove the toothpicks and the paper. Strain the sauce (but put

(*Continued on page* 117)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
HYMAN FINK

You'll want more of these delicious, sophisticated dishes from the Cafe Lamaze. Pauline Nelson has taken them down for you so that you can easily make them up in your own kitchen—lobster Lamaze, the steak sauce, the special vegetables and others. Write to her for them. There is no charge but don't forget the stamped, self-addressed envelope. Pauline Nelson, care of MOVIE MIRROR, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.



The Cafe Lamaze's distinguished chef, Jean Delete, shows you how to bone the chicken, as told in this month's article.

And here's the squab chicken, Lamaze style, as it looks just before you put it in the oven.

No *Wonder* Franchot Tone *calls* BETTE DAVIS "DANGEROUS"

In their first film together!
THE PICTURE
OF THE MONTH

LOOK WHAT SHE SAYS, IN HER LATEST PICTURE, ABOUT LIFE, LOVE, MEN!

"I'm not lady enough to lie! Loving me is like shaking hands with the devil—the worst kind of luck. But you'll find I'm the woman you'll always come back to!"

"I've never had any pity for men like you. You with your fat little soul and smug face! Why I've lived more in a day than you'll ever dare live."

"It's going to be your life or mine! If you're killed, I'll be free . . . If I'm killed, it won't matter any longer... and if we both die—good riddance."

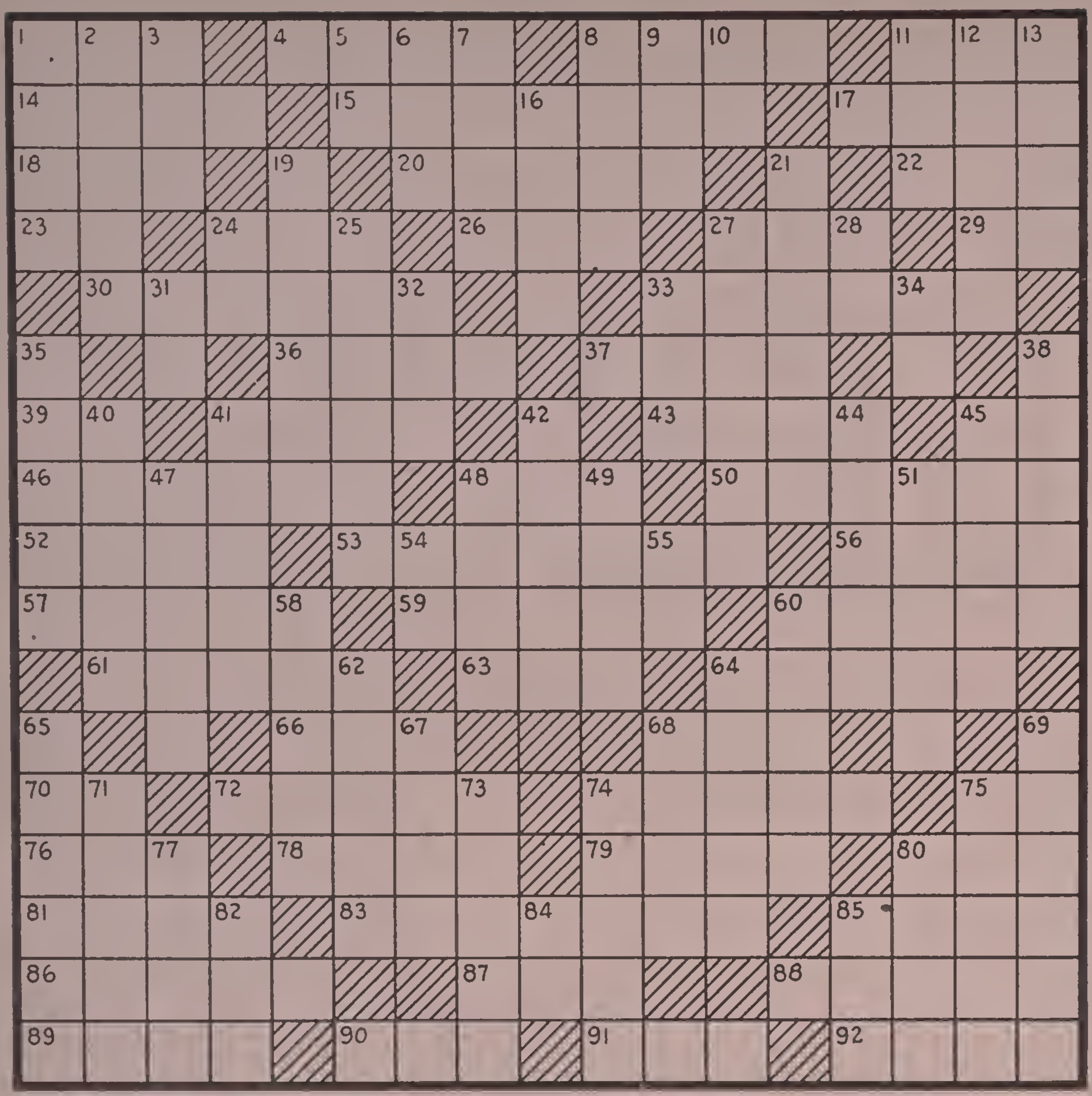
YESSIR, "Dangerous" is the label Franchot tags on the screen's famous blonde temptress. And that's the title Warner Bros. have selected for their first picture together!

If you thought Bette gave men a piece of her mind in "Of Human Bondage", "Bordertown", and "Front Page Woman", wait 'til you hear her cut loose as "the woman men always come back to", in "*Dangerous*".

The way she talks about them—particularly about Mr. Tone—is going to be the talk of movie-fan gatherings. Maybe you'll say she's right when you see what men did to her life. But you'll *certainly* agree that this story of a woman whose love was a jinx to men, is the surprise package of the New Year.

Besides Bette and Franchot, Margaret Lindsay, Alison Skipworth, John Eldredge, and Dick Foran are smartly spotted in a big cast directed by Alfred E. Green. There's no use telling you you *must* see "Dangerous". Because you may not be able to get through the crowds to the box-office when the news of this daring drama gets around town!

Advertisement



MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

MOVIE MIRROR awards $20 for the best original puzzle submitted in November to Benson Allard, 141 East Pacemont Road, Columbus, O. Why not try your luck? You may win the same amount. You must create a new and original puzzle. No trick words, no phoney definitions, please. We cannot return puzzles. No award is paid for solutions of published puzzles. Address Puzzle Editor, Movie Mirror, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

P	A	U	L	▨	W	E	S	T				G	A	R	Y	▨	J	O	A	N
A	N	N	A	▨	R	O	L	E	S		G	A	R	B	O	▨	A	N	N	E
R	Y	A	N	▨	A	N	I	L	▨	B	▨	B	E	A	L	▨	N	A	N	A
K	▨	▨	D	A	Y	▨	M	▨	B	A	D	▨	S	▨	A	C	E	▨	▨	G
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B	▨	D	R	A	K	E	▨	M	A	R	I	E	▨	A	L	L	A	N	▨	L
L	E	S	T	▨	A	▨	▨	▨	S	E	N	▨	▨	▨	A	▨	L	E	N	A
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▨	S	A	R	I	▨	T	O	W	▨	▨	▨	T	A	D	▨	D	O	S	E	▨
J	A	N	▨	T	A	R	Z	A	N	▨	A	R	N	O	L	D	▨	O	L	E
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T	A	L	A	▨	K	E	N	T	▨	M	▨	D	Y	E	R	▨	L	O	N	A
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P	H	I	L	▨	N	A	T	▨	M	A	E	▨	S	A	C	▨	R	E	R	I
L	A	D	▨	W	E	R	A	▨	E		N	▨	A	L	A	N	▨	S	I	N
E	▨	A	L	L	W	Y	N	▨				▨	M	A	R	G	O	T	▨	E

HORIZONTAL

1. Skill
4. He's in "King Solomon of Broadway"
8. Female horse
11. Article
14. The screen's first vamp
15. He was in "O'Shaughnessy's Boy"
17. Appear
18. Man's name
20. Move along the edge of
22. "—— Baba and the Forty Thieves"
23. One of Hollywood's newly-arrived opera stars (init.)
24. College yell
26. A kind of bean
27. First part of a popular slang phrase
29. Remember her in the "Count of Monte Cristo"? (init.)
30. Mrs. Jack Dempsey
33. She made a hit in "The Dark Angel"
36. Pace at which a horse may move
37. —— Maritza
39. He has a minor part in "In Old Kentucky"
41. "Sutter's ——", Universal's new picture
43. Prong of a fork
45. He starred in "I Live My Life" (init.)
46. He played in "The Devil Is a Woman"
48. "Gift of ——"
50. —— Ralston
52. Tree from which medicinal gum is obtained
53. He was the butler in "She Married Her Boss"
56. Anna ——
57. Term in music
59. Lays one part over another
60. She's in "Thanks A Million"
61. "A Midsummer Night's ——"
63. Join in matrimony
64. Scuffle
66. Result
68. One of the earliest horror pictures
70. The town doctor in "Dr. Socrates" (init.)
72. Plant from which strong fiber is obtained
74. "As the —— Turns"
75. She gained fame in "The Thin Man" (init.)
76. Every particle of
78. Place for storing green fodder
79. Famous Latin phrase, "Veni, vidi, ——"
80. Common leguminous vegetable
81. Covering for the foot
83. Best known modern historian
85. He'll appear in "Rich Girl's Folly"
86. He's "The Man Who Knew Too Much"
87. Correlative to neither
88. ——Eilers
89. He starred in "Naughty Marietta"
90. She'll be in "Chiseling Chiselers"
91. Pronoun
92. Ball supports used in golf.

VERTICAL

1. He was D'Artagnan in "The Three Musketeers"
2. He was the crippled aviator in "Hands Across the Table"
3. Attempt
5. Exclamation of pain
6. Past tense of is
7. Largest members of the deer family
8. She starred in "Paris in Spring"
9. Perform
10. Concerning
11. Beverage
12. She's now Mrs. Fred Perry
13. He was a well-known German actor a few years ago
16. M-G-M's trademark
19. They call him "banjo-eyes"
21. Number of knots of thread or yarn (pl.)
24. He appeared with his orchestra in "The Big Broadcast of 1936" (init.)
25. "Riff Raff" is her next
27. He makes Western pictures
28. Bedini in "Top Hat" (init.)
31. She's Titania in "Midsummer Night's Dream" (init.)
32. Tool for carrying brick or mortar
33. Grain
34. Exclamation
35. Slang word meaning "beat it"
38. One of a famous comedy team
40. Firm
41. Wild fowl (pl.)
42. He played in "Mutiny on the Bounty"
44. She sang "It's the Animal in Me" in "The Big Broadcast"
45. "—— of the Nineties"
47. She won acclaim in "One Night of Love"
48. Shine with an intense heat
49. One of a famous radio team which has just split up
51. She starred in "Vanessa, Her Love Story"
54. Her newest is "Music Is Magic" (init.)
55. He played in "She"
58. Fertile spot in a desert
60. —— Gallian
62. "Sweet ——"
64. He was "The Dark Angel"
65. She was reported engaged to Jackie Coogan
67. She was in "Mutiny on the Bounty"
68. Lure
69. Her newest is "Rose of the Rancho"
71. Errol Flynn will star in this sea story
73. "—— Doone"
74. "—— Night at Eight"
75. First name of 33 horizontal
77. Pauline ——
80. Long slender piece of wood
82. Same as 3 vertical
84. She plays in comedies (init.)
85. Having excess weight

I Want To Be a Star!

(*Continued from page* 61)

didn't telephone. At eleven o'clock he rang the door bell.

"Have you talked to Sonya?" he asked, when he had kissed me.

"Yes," I said flatly.

"Shall we go?" he asked.

"I can't, Bert. I love Dick."

"Will he marry you?"

"I don't know. I can't help it—loving him, that is. It's being cruel to you, Bert, that hurts."

"That's all right. I knew last night when we walked in and saw the chap standing in the door."

"You're being so swell," I murmured.

"Oh, it's a dig," he smiled quickly. "I have to admit that. I have you awfully bad, Judy, sort of touched on the subject."

"Bert, you understand this has to be the very end for us. I mean it this time. It's too unfair to you, even if you were willing to go on."

"But I am willing, Judy. Your friendship is very precious. You can't help this love business. It's a kind of disease."

"It is, Bert," I agreed, and before I realized it, I was crying in his arms

"Come on," he said a bit gruffly, "I have got to explain things to Victor and Sonya. We don't want it to spoil their wedding."

"Thanks, Bert. Thanks for everything," I said and kissed him.

I FELT so ashamed and sorry when he left. I wished desperately that I loved him. I was sorry I didn't have to go to the studio. It was awful to sit waiting for a phone call. Every time I used the phone to order gifts for Sonya, to send wires, and finally to talk to her, after Bert had broken the news, my mind was on Dick wondering if he was trying to reach me. Surely he would call me.

By five o'clock I could wait no longer. I called the "bum downtown hotel," only to find he had checked out and left no forwarding address.

I put the receiver back numbly. Had he run away? Or had he merely planned to stop there over night? Would he go to the Mitchells? I couldn't call them. Surely there was someone else he knew.

Once again I was pacing the floor, dragging nervously on a cigarette. Then I remembered a Dr. Phipps. Dick had told me he had a hospital near Pamona.

Three minutes with information, and I was waiting for a call to Dr. Phipps. His voice was crisply pleasant.

"Dr. Phipps, I would like to know if you have had any correspondence with Dr. Richard Carr of Boston?"

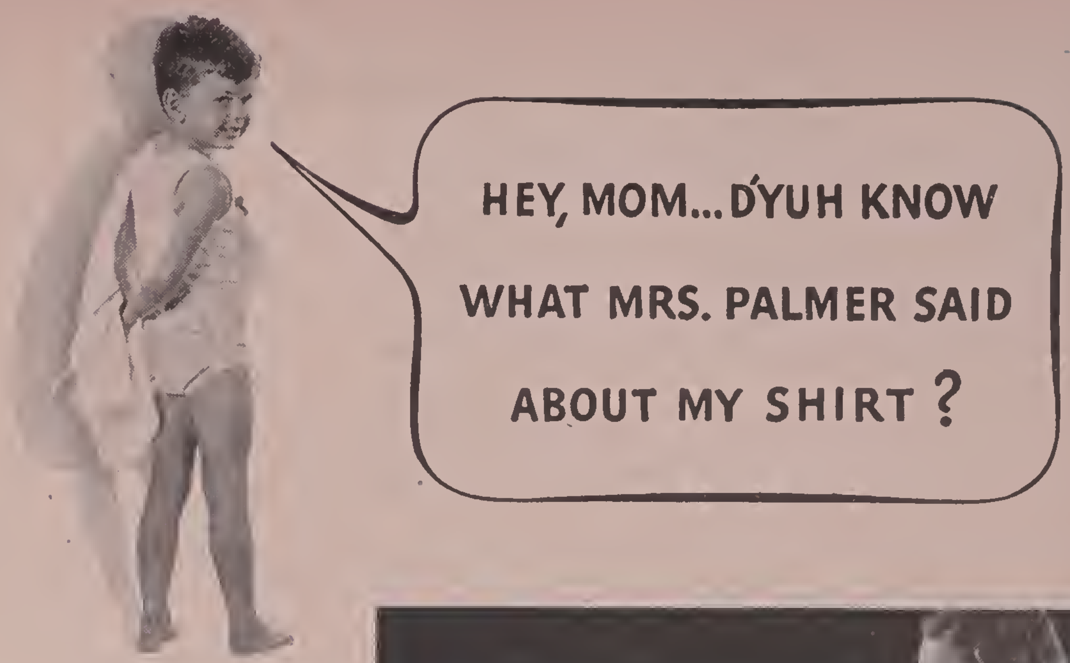
"Why, yes, I have," the doctor admitted. "Who is this?"

I told him quickly.

"As a matter of fact, Miss Pine," Dr. Phipps said slowly, "I had a letter from Dr. Carr a few days ago. He said he was coming West and would be here for an interview today or tomorrow."

"Will you have him telephone me as soon as he arrives?" I asked, giving my number. Dick would certainly know I wanted terribly to hear from him when I had traced him through Dr. Phipps.

My nervous panic passed. I had only to wait now a day or two at the most


HEY, MOM...D'YUH KNOW WHAT MRS. PALMER SAID ABOUT MY SHIRT?

"G'willikins! My shirt can't talk, Mom, but Mrs. Palmer said it tattles like anythin'."

"The trouble is, she said—your soap doesn't really wash clean. Your clothes wouldn't have tattle-tale gray, she said, if you'd only change to Fels-Naptha Soap."

(Few weeks later)

"Whe-e-e, Teddy! Mom's so tickled she's takin' me to the movies 'cause I told her how to get rid of tattle-tale gray."

"Who wouldn't be tickled! My clothes used to look as gray as a rain-cloud and now they're white as snow! It's wonderful the way Fels-Naptha's grand *golden* soap and *lots of naptha* get out every bit of dirt. Fels-Naptha is so gentle I use it for my finest silk things, too. And how nice it is to my hands!"

© 1936, FELS & CO.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"
with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

● "Oo-hoo, Mother! Come right away—Sister's getting all fixed for a big cry. And you know how catching it is! If she cries, I'm going to, too—'cause she's my own twin and I feel so sorry!"

● "See here—this woolly sweater's making her a little bit prickly. How well I know the feeling! Wouldn't a few shakes of our slick, smooth Johnson's Baby Powder be just the thing?"

● "Some for me, too? Oh, how nice! I just love to feel that soft, slippery powder going all tickly down my neck. Let's not have it just at bath-time—let's have it often! Then we'd never cry!"

Johnson's
Baby
Powder
Borated Talcum

● *"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder . . . the best caretaker for babies' tender skins! My silky smoothness wards off chafes and rashes—for I'm made of finest Italian talc. No gritty particles and no orris-root . . . Try Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil, too."*

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK N. J., U. S. A.

and he would be with me.

Only to wait! The hardest thing in the world to do. All weekend, waiting. I faced Monday with a straining hope. I had to report to the studio at noon. At ten-thirty the telephone rang.

"Miss Pine?" Dr. Phipps' voice.

"Yes, doctor, what have you heard?"

"That is what I wanted to ask you. I have had no word from Dr. Carr. I am considering several young men for a vacancy on my training staff and I promised him an interview before making a decision."

A wave of terror washed over me.

"Perhaps he is ill," I suggested. "His mother-in-law lives in Sierra Madre."

"Mrs. Mitchell? Yes, I have talked to her. She hasn't seen nor heard of him."

The conversation ended rather hopelessly with each of us promising to keep the other informed of any news.

ON the Monarch lot everybody was chattering excitedly about the news of Sonya and Victor's marriage. They had returned that morning from Yuma.

I felt guilty that I hadn't been to see Sonya. She was one devoted friend and in the midst of her happiness I hadn't been on hand to share it. I phoned her immediately but she harbored no thought of neglect. And then I thought of Victor and though I dreaded to intrude on his happiness I had always turned to Victor in trouble and I headed for him now. The big director rose as I entered.

"You look terribly upset, Judy."

"Victor, as usual, I need help. Your cousin, Dick Carr, has disappeared."

"If he's the reason that you didn't marry Bert, Judy, I only regret that he didn't disappear sooner. But that's not my business. How did he disappear?"

He listened attentively to all I told and then rang for his secretary.

"Give Miss Pine a letter of introduction to Pete Harris at the Pacific Detective Agency. If this bird doesn't turn up in a week, Judy, go down and talk to them. No sense in calling detectives until you're sure my odd cousin isn't sulking in an attic somewhere."

It was nearly eight when I got home, tired and weary. The telephone rang before I crossed the living room.

"I thought I might coax you out dancing," Bert's voice was genial.

"I can't, Bert, for several reasons."

"Principally, that you think we should make no more public appearances."

"That's only in fairness to you," I said.

"But you can't just leave me high and dry socially. I have to have a girl."

Bert, you must have a mile-long list you can call on."

"I? You flatter me. And besides, I'm a shade particular, you know. I like them rather natural and spontaneous."

"Rene fills that description perfectly."

"Judy, are you serious about not going with me?"

"Absolutely, Bert. It's final."

"I'm sorry." His voice was crisp. Then he managed a flippant tone again. "But I've still got to go round, you understand. Do you suppose Rene would go along tonight?"

"You can ask her," I said, calling Rene to the phone.

Her eyes were strangely questioning as

she accepted his invitation and hung up.

"What's the idea, Judy? Sort of keeping him in the family?"

"Don't you think that's a good idea?"

"Yeah," she said laconically, "but I don't like to borrow boy friends. Sometimes it isn't easy to give them back."

"He's yours for keeps, Rene," I said, "if he's mine to give."

"And if I can hold him!" she said in a small hushed voice.

When she had left for the party, I wired Dick's family in Carteret, and his club at Boston for a forwarding address. They seemed such little things to do; and then only waiting in between.

It was eight the next morning before the answers arrived. The club's reply was simple:

FORWARD ADDRESS CARE OF DR. PHIPPS POMONA CALIFORNIA.

Dr. Carr's reply was longer but no more helpful.

RICHARD RESIGNED EXCELLENT APPOINTMENT IN EAST FOR POSSIBLE CONNECTION PHIPPS POMONA CALIFORNIA LEFT HERE TEN DAYS AGO NO WORD SINCE.

I tried to follow Victor's advice and worried through the week. I was late on the set two mornings, and spilled a make-up box. I scarcely heard the call-down I got the second morning I was late.

On Saturday I went to the Pacific Detective Agency.

They took the case, asked me a lot of questions, charged me twenty-five dollars and told me to go home and wait.

For once my friends irritated and bored me. They were all so happy and it made me nervous for I was in a growing horror of suspense set by my own imagination. My work made me nervous and I hated the studio and everybody connected with it. Even a letter from Jack couldn't arouse my interest. He was on his way back. They had been held up in an ice jam. Delayed three weeks.

"Has this been a junket and have I learned things!" he wrote. But I couldn't catch the thrill of his exuberance.

Two days after I engaged the detectives, I had a wire from Dick's mother. Would I communicate with the missing persons' bureau of Los Angeles for her? I was only too glad. I had wanted to do so.

I lived the next three weeks in sort of a vacuum. I couldn't sleep. I lost weight. I spent every spare moment checking up on every clue.

BY now I had everybody duly worried, and Victor and Bert were interested in the search. A dozen times I sat outside in the car while one of them would visit the morgue—checking up for me.

Dr. Phipps helped all he could, but as there was no reason for suspicion of foul play, the police cooperation was mild. People "disappeared" every day, they told me—another case of someone who wanted to be swallowed up, forgotten.

It was late April, more than a month after Dick's disappearance, when old Dr. Carr arrived. He was leaner and grayer than I remembered him, when he came to the bungalow to see me.

"Mrs. Carr and I appreciated your great interest in Dick, Judy," he said,

*A Clapp-fed Baby—
and how she grew*

PEGGY JANE NICHOLS, WESTFIELD, N. J.

Here's Peggy Jane at 4 months. She's a recent graduate from an all-liquid diet to cereal. On her five-month birthday she'll be promoted to Clapp's strained vegetables. And that's a real promotion—for Clapp's foods have substance. They're finely strained, smooth, yet not too liquid—just the texture doctors approve for babies.

Peggy Jane's 8 months old now and going strong. At six months, Clapp's strained fruits and soups were added to her menu. Now she has the run of the whole Clapp list—the world's largest baby menu. She enjoys her varied diet of scientifically approved foods—and thrives on it.

Quite a person at 11 months is Peggy Jane. Those vitamins and minerals which Clapp's pressure-cooking so carefully retains have gotten in their good work. She weighs 21 lbs. 12 oz.—9½ pounds more than in her first picture. She's been creeping for three months. And she can pull herself up onto her own two feet.

Mothers—Read this Astonishing Story! A careful study of a group of Clapp-fed babies, in one community, is now going on under scientific supervision. During this test, covering each baby's first year, a check-up and photographic record has been made at frequent intervals. *Not one baby has failed to show uninterrupted favorable progress.*

FREE booklet containing photographic case history of *every baby* who has completed the test, together with valuable information on vegetable feeding, will be sent you on request. Simply send your name and address to Harold H. Clapp, Department M.-236, Rochester, N. Y.

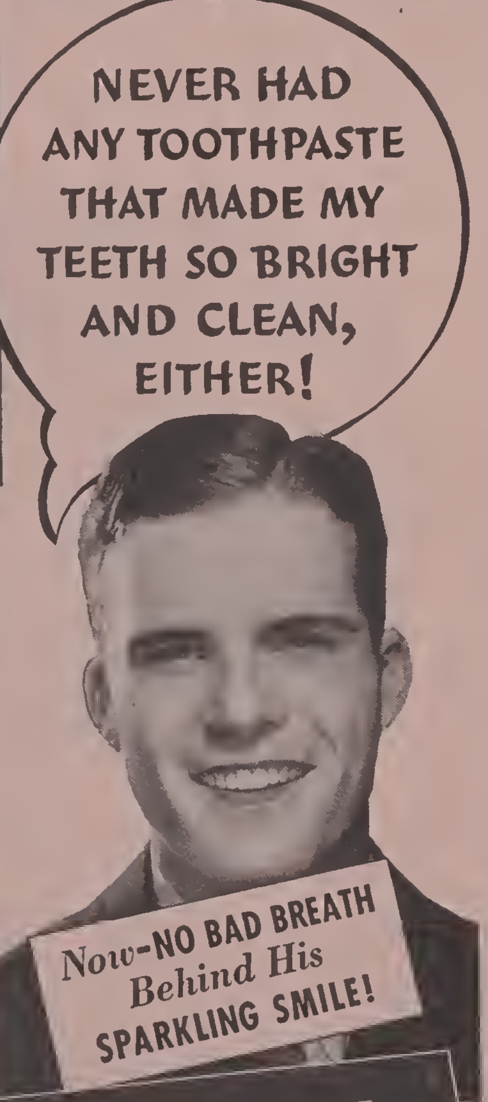
Accepted by American Medical Association and Good Housekeeping Institute

Clapp's
SPINACH

CLAPP'S ORIGINAL BABY SOUPS AND VEGETABLES

ALL RIGHT! WHAT DID I DO WRONG TONIGHT?
SINCE YOU ASK ME...HERE IT IS! YOU SIMPLY MUST SEE THE DENTIST—ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
THE DENTIST! WHAT IN THUNDER!
HE TOOK HELEN'S HINT
BILL, YOUR WIFE IS RIGHT. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE OF MOST BAD BREATH—AND MAKES TEETH SPARKLE, TOO.
RIGHT, DOCTOR! COLGATE'S FOR ME!
COLGATE'S SURE IS OKAY! MY MOUTH NEVER FELT SO CLEAN AND FRESH!

AT THE NEXT PARTY
DEAR, YOU'RE MUCH TOO POPULAR...I'VE HARDLY SEEN YOU ALL EVENING!
DON'T BLAME ME, HONEY... BLAME COLGATE'S!


NEVER HAD ANY TOOTHPASTE THAT MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN, EITHER!
Now—NO BAD BREATH Behind His SPARKLING SMILE!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MAKE *sure* you don't have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes *all* the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.

20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Institute

sitting rather stiffly in our living room. "His present action—and I'm sure it's his choice of action and not an accident as you and his mother seem to believe—is unfortunate. He had an excellent place at the hospital. Of course, he didn't have much money. The help I could give him was limited. But he did have great opportunities."

"Perhaps his responsibilities . . ." I ventured, thinking of Hazel's cold gray eyes.

"His marriage, in a way, was unfortunate," he conceded. "He married the right type of girl, but he married too soon.

"I'll keep in touch with you," he promised, when he rose to go. "I'll be at the Mitchells. They have been friends of our family for years and I'm glad to say the friendship has survived the disagreement of our children. And if you hear anything . . ."

"I'll telephone immediately," I said.

I felt lower than ever when he left. Four more days passed. Rene and Bert were going to a Hollywood opening. He had sent her such a huge corsage of orchids she insisted I must go, too, and help wear them. But I refused.

I WAS prowling restlessly through the empty rooms when the door bell rang. A tall figure slunk in the shadow of the hedge. Shabby, down-at-the-heel figure. Panhandling. I opened the door.

"I haven't any money," I said. "Do you want something to eat?"

"Well, Judy, I found you!"

"Mike Sweet!"

"I have been two days in this town tracking you down," he said. "I didn't come for food, but I'd like some."

Mike followed me to the kitchen.

"What have you been doing?" I asked.

"On the bum as usual," he said lightly. "I fell off a truck in San Diego two months ago and broke a leg. I just got out of the hospital. I got a hop up to see you."

"What for, Mike?" I asked, pouring the coffee. "Yours is not a friendship I care to renew."

"I don't blame you," he said, "and I'm not going to bother you or Rene or Jack or any of you. But I had to see you because I think I can do you a good turn. Did you lose a boy friend?"

"What do you mean?"

"There's a guy in the City Hospital in San Diego. He was recovering from malarial fever he'd picked up on shipboard. This fellow shipped out of San Pedro on one of those tuna boats for Mexico. They dropped him off at San Diego. The nurse teased him the other day, when he was on the sun porch near me, about the Pines. She said he talked about Judy Pine all the time he was out of his head. Now, that's not a common name."

"It is Dick," I murmured. "Oh, Mike, where is he now?"

Five minutes later I was frantically telephoning the Mitchells and Dr. Carr.

"I've found Dick," I announced excitedly and gave them all the news. Then I made my plans.

Has Judy found Dick—and lost Bert? Is she making a mistake? You'll find the utterly startling answer in the climax to this true-to-life story of Hollywood, in the March MOVIE MIRROR, *out January 24th.*

A New Slant on Jean Harlow

(*Continued from page* 33)

good advice isn't such a bad idea after all!

"And here is my gingerbread man, a happy keepsake of my ninth birthday. Everything I desired in the world I received upon that glorious occasion. When I saw the gingerbread man among the wealth of other presents, I resolved not to eat him but to put him away as a reminder of my birthday. He is not such a handsome fellow now and his left leg isn't what it used to be, but I still have him."

Jean closed the drawer with a reminiscent smile and knelt down to open the doors that revealed the cabinet shelves. A shaft of sunlight caught her amazing blonde hair and she appeared for a moment like a lovely pagan priestess, guardian of a strange shrine.

A glimpse of the shelves showed a mad confusion of miscellaneous objects—boxes, books, piles of photographs and papers. We picked up a small sheaf of newspaper clippings and idly thumbed through them. All were reviews of Jean's screen performances. And all were bad notices of her work.

SHE explained, "I do not keep the good ones. It is constructive criticisms that help and I always re-read that batch before starting a new picture. Some I know by heart.

"Here is a pile of photographs you might like to see. They belong to Mother, not to me. I have kept them in my cabinet ever since I once used them to startle a stuffy visitor into being a good fellow.

"He was from out of town and called one evening with a letter of introduction from friends back East. We had a bad hour or two while he sat in obvious disapproval of being in the same room with an actress. Conversation was completely dead before I decided to shock him. It was a last resort.

"'Would you like to see some nude pictures of me?' I asked innocently. And jumping to my feet, I ran out before he could answer. But not before I caught sight of Mother's face. She usually knows what I am up to, yet I believe she was the more shocked of the two.

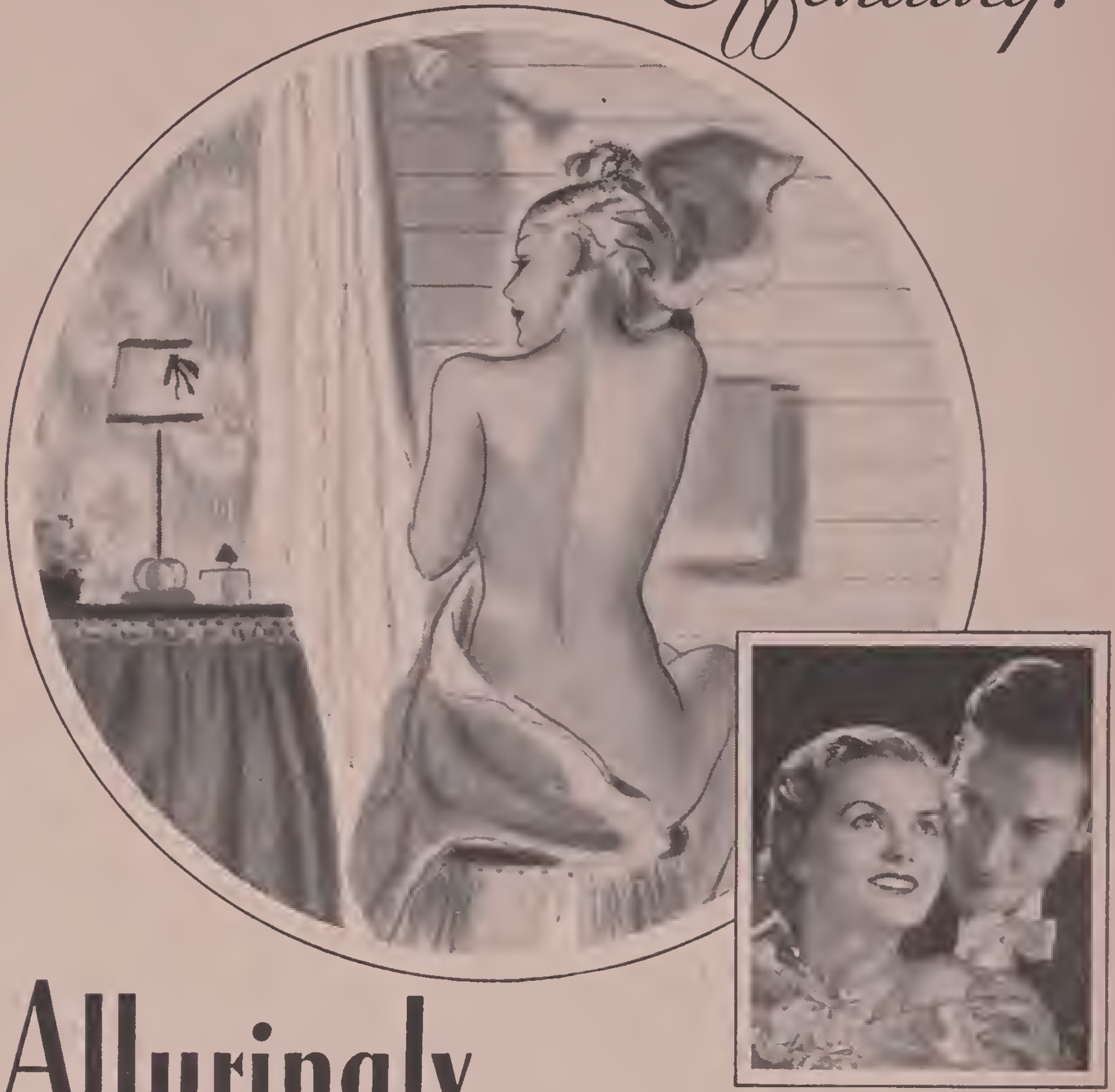
"I returned with these baby photographs—the whole series that is taken of every child—sitting in a tiny bath while reaching for the soap, lying on the tummy on a fur rug and all the rest. When our visitor saw the sort of 'nudes' I planned to display, he relaxed and loosened up and we had a jolly time the rest of the evening.

"This horseshoe is in memory of the first real friend I ever had. Her name was Babe and I owned her when I was nearly ten. Those were the days when I was going to grow up to marry Buck Jones and live on a ranch.

"Babe threw the shoe the last time I rode her. I must have had a premonition I would never see her again, for I picked up the shoe. The next day I started for California and Mother and Father separated.

"These dried red roses are from my bouquet in the graduation ceremonies at

Now.. *a Lovelier way* to avoid *Offending!*



Alluringly *Fragrantly Dainty*

. . . after your luxurious bath with this lovely scented soap!

YOU are more than just safe from fear of offending, when you bathe with this lovely scented soap . . . You are always alluringly, *fragrantly* dainty!

For Cashmere Bouquet's rich, luxurious lather cleanses your skin so thoroughly . . . Keeps you so *immaculate*—so completely free from any danger of *unpleasant body odor*.

And its delicate, flower-like perfume lingers about you long after your bath—guards your daintiness *in such a lovely way!*

You will want to use this pure creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its generous lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it gets right down into pores and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics . . . Keeps your skin so fine-textured, smooth!

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same superb soap for which generations of women have gladly paid 25¢. The same size cake, hard-milled and long-lasting . . . Scented with the same delicate blend of 17 rare and costly perfumes.

Surely you will want to order at least three cakes of Cashmere Bouquet Soap today. At the beauty counters of all drug and department stores; also at 10c stores.

NOW ONLY 10¢ *the former 25¢ size*

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Institute

Cashmere Bouquet
Toilet Soap
COLGATE

BATHE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

"I know Helen is thin, but she's so active we can't put an ounce on her"

IS YOUR CHILD GROWING FAST—
but not gaining enough?

Here's how thousands of thin, underweight children are adding a pound a week—or more

IS YOUR active youngster putting on inches *but not putting on pounds?* During the fast-growing years, children need and *must have* certain important food essentials—without which their physical development is usually retarded.

That's why more and more mothers are turning to Cocomalt—the scientific food-drink that supplies six important food essentials that help children to gain in weight and strength—aids them in building strong bones and sound teeth. Cocomalt is rich in calcium, phosphorus and Vitamin D for building strong bones and sound teeth. It contains Iron for red blood and strength—and proteins for the building up of solid flesh and muscle. It is rich in carbohydrates which supply food energy needed for the activities of children.

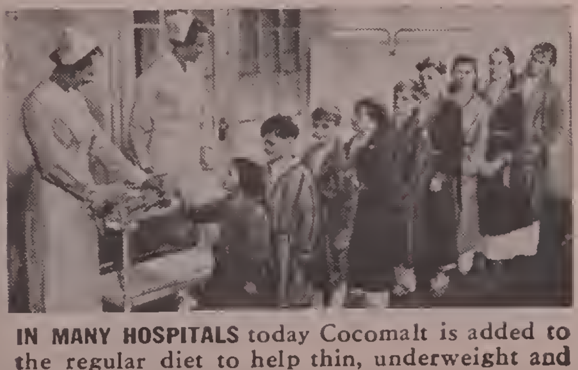
Mothers write words of praise

Cocomalt *is* helping thousands of thin, underweight youngsters gain weight *in a very short time.* If your child is thin because his diet is deficient in one or more of the food essentials mentioned, don't fail to give him Cocomalt as directed every day—at every meal. See if his body doesn't fill out, his weight go up week by week.

Cocomalt comes in powder form only and is designed to be mixed with milk. Delicious HOT or COLD. At grocery, drug and department stores in 1/2-lb., 1-lb. and 5-lb. air-tight cans.

"**MY LITTLE BOY** was outgrowing his clothes but hardly gaining an ounce. A nurse told me about Cocomalt. At the end of the first month he had gained 5 pounds."
Mrs. M. Dalton, 530 E. 29th St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

"**FOR THE LAST 4 MONTHS** I have been giving my little girl Cocomalt. Once she was thin. But today, she is five pounds heavier, and the picture of health."
Mrs. J. Hogan, 17 Addison St. Larchmont, N. Y.



IN MANY HOSPITALS today Cocomalt is added to the regular diet to help thin, underweight and undernourished children gain faster.

Cocomalt

Cocomalt is the registered trade-mark of the R. B. Davis Co., Hoboken, N. J.

grammar school. They are a memento of Mother's thoughtfulness, not only to me but to another little girl whose parents had forgotten to send her anything. Mother promptly split my bouquet of roses and attached a card saying 'Love from Mother and Dad' to the half she gave the other girl. The youngster was overjoyed and I don't believe she ever knew.

"I have other flowers preserved, too. The calla lily was from my first love. He was thirty-two and I was fourteen. He sent Mother orchids and I was bitterly disappointed when I received only a lily. Yet that isn't what broke up my great love. My love died when he looked at his watch one evening and said to Mother, 'Isn't it time for Baby to go to bed?' Baby, indeed!

"Then here are the ticket stubs that I kept although I can't even remember the name of the show. I was in a daze, for that matinee was the first date I ever had with a boy. He was Chuck McGrew and later that same year, at the age of sixteen, we eloped and were married.

"From here on, practically everything I own is from Hollywood. It all began with this nut." And opening a small box Jean displayed what remains of a salted almond.

MOTHER was giving a luncheon and I was commissioned to pick up one of the guests in my car. She was a married girl who had once done some work in pictures and was about to resume her career. She asked me if I minded stopping by the Fox studio on the way to the house so that she could see about a call.

"When we reached Fox, she inquired if I would care to come in with her. Like thousands of other people who live in Los Angeles, I had never been inside a studio and I was pleased to accept. In the casting office, one of the men offered me a bit and couldn't understand my refusal.

"We told about the incident at the luncheon table for a laugh. This started an argument as to how easy it was to get into the movies—none of us was a professional—and ended with a bet of two hundred and fifty dollars that I couldn't crash the gates. Asked what I would wager against the money, I picked up an almond and said something about it being a nutty bet so I would bet a nut.

"Mother didn't like the idea even as a lark, but she went with me when I went to Central Casting to register as an extra. They were perfectly charming to us. I gave Mother's maiden name of Jean Harlow instead of my own of Mrs. McGrew. Almost immediately I received a call to work and I tried to collect my bet. But it was decided that I had to work at least one day before I got the check. So I reported to Paramount the following morning for a picture called 'Moran of the Marines,' starring Richard Dix with Ruth Elder, the aviatrix. I was lucky to be taken out of the extra ranks to play a small, oh what a small, part. If the audience had winked, I wouldn't have been seen at all. It was my first picture and I did it to win a bet.

"I wasn't really serious about acting until Hal Roach put me under a five-year contract. I made eight comedies before Grandfather found out. Under the threat of disinheritance, I went to Hal Roach and told him all about it. He proved himself a courteous gentleman by tearing up the contract. I still keep the torn pieces.

"I did nothing more on the screen until Grandfather was won over. Then I had to begin again as an extra. My first big break came when I had the chance to do a test for the lead in 'Hell's Angels.' The script of that test is among my keepsakes.

"You know, I didn't believe I had won the part when the phone call came. I told Mother it was a low trick of a practical joker and failed to go to the studio. They had to send for me.

"After 'Hell's Angels,' I had a contract with Howard Hughes that wasn't working out well. I made up my mind to get out of pictures and had already bought my railroad ticket when the news came that M-G-M had bought my contract and were casting me in 'Redheaded Woman.' I was so excited I forgot to cancel my ticket and here it is.

"That just about brings the story of my mementoes up to date. There are a few other things of minor importance. Oh yes, and the cabinet itself. Mother used to keep my baby things in it, so when mine overflowed a single drawer, I appropriated the cabinet. Mother named it my 'bottom bureau drawer.'"

It is said that men are known by the company they keep and women by the things they keep. Surely there are many things among her souvenirs to reveal the true character of Jean Harlow.

"My Trousseau Wasn't Wasted" Says Wendy Barrie

(*Continued from page* 29)

together a trousseau and followed on the next boat.

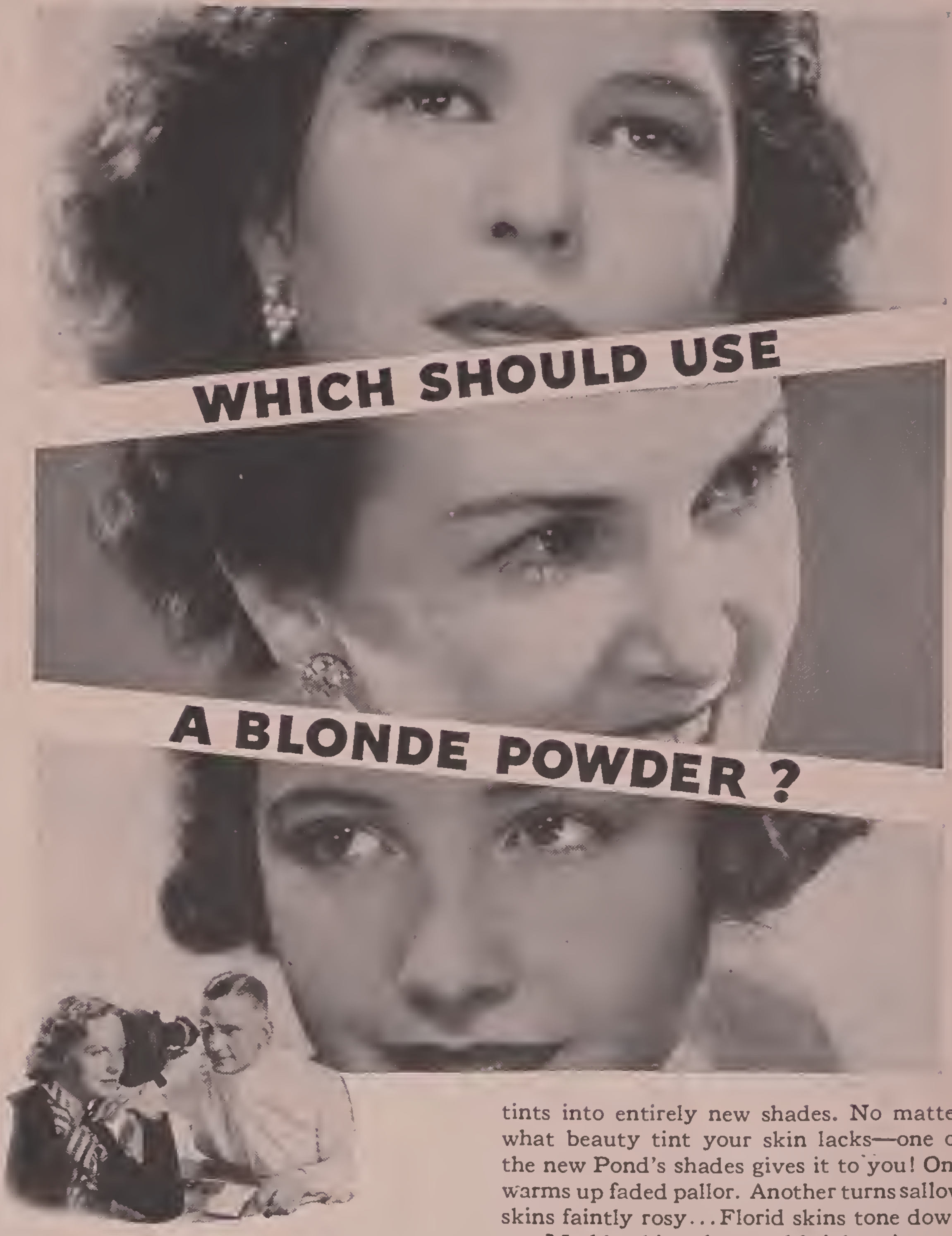
"One thing I did insist upon. I had to have a trousseau! It was just the time of the fall fashion openings. I tore over to Paris and bought right and left. I got ermine down to my toes, my dear, and not one single little separate ermine paid for. They wouldn't hear to my paying cash for anything—wasn't I marrying an American millionaire? They told me they would send bills later." Wendy laughed ruefully. "And they did! Hundreds of them. That's where most of the money I've made here has gone. *Noblesse* simply *obliged* me to settle for that trousseau. And I've been wearing it ever since.

"YOU see," she went on slowly, hugging one peach satin knee, "I'd gone around with that boy for *years*. I went to Barbara Hutton's wedding-before-the-last with him. We'd ridden and swum together. We had it all planned out. I was going to be a home girl, and manage servants and give dinners and have a baby as soon as I could. We weren't going to let his money spoil our lives."

Her godfather, Sir James M. Barrie should have seen this Wendy (it's no stage name—she was christened quaintly so in Hong Kong twenty-three years ago), wistful, wide-eyed, as she looked back on her Never-Never Land.

"A girl thinks she knows a man because she loves him," she continued. "I didn't know him at all. I'd made him the way I

3 Brunettes—



Over 200 girls' skins color-analyzed!

LOOK AT THEM! All 3 true brunettes—yet no two have skins alike. They don't dare use the same shade of powder!

Dark-haired Helen Kirk-Jones, in the center, has that very white skin which a brunette powder simply kills. It takes a blonde's favorite shade—Pond's Rose Cream—to give it the radiance *she* needs.

Mary Blagden, at the top, knows that her creamy skin clears up and sparkles best with Pond's Brunette. While brown-haired Sally Hanford has a darker skin which lights up glowingly with Pond's *Rose* Brunette.

It just goes to show—never be too quick to use "dark" powder, simply because you have dark hair. You may be the Helen Kirk-Jones type! Let your skin decide . . .

TO FIND OUT what makes certain skins luminous—others deadly dull!—Pond's analyzed over 200 girls' skins. They discovered that hidden skin tints make the difference.

The loveliest creamy skin owed its glow to a hint of sparkling *green*. While dazzling fair skins had a brilliant *blue* to thank!

Now Pond's has blended these amazing tints into entirely new shades. No matter what beauty tint your skin lacks—one of the new Pond's shades gives it to you! One warms up faded pallor. Another turns sallow skins faintly rosy . . . Florid skins tone down . . . Muddy skins clear and brighten!

Try them free with the coupon below. See how—

ROSE CREAM gives radiance to fair-skinned blondes and brunettes

NATURAL makes blonde skin transparent

BRUNETTE clears and brightens creamy skins

ROSE BRUNETTE warms up dull skins

LIGHT CREAM gives pearly tone

Texture? Not airy-light. Not heavy, either. Pond's Powder is fine—spreads evenly and clings. It comes in glass jars—to "hold" its perfume, to show the shade clearly. Jars at reduced prices, 35¢ and 70¢. Boxes, 10¢ and 20¢, increased in size.

FREE **5 Lively New Shades Mail coupon today**

(This offer expires April 1, 1936)

POND'S, Dept. B132, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name________________

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GOOD-BYE CHAPPING - HELLO DIAMOND!
THIS COLD WEATHER HAS CHAPPED MY HANDS SO I'M ASHAMED TO HAVE JACK SEE THEM
KEEP YOUR GLOVES ON, WOMAN, AND MEET ME IN FIVE MINUTES IN THE DRESSING-ROOM
[SO NELL RUNS OUT TO THE NEAREST STORE]
WHAT'S THE HURRY, LADY? WHERE'S THE FIRE?
HERE — USE SOME HINDS. IT WORKS IN TWO SHAKES AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE YOUR RINGS OFF. IT ISN'T A BIT STICKY
WHY — MY HANDS ARE SOFT ALREADY
THAT'S BECAUSE OF HINDS CREAMY EMOLLIENTS — THE KIND OF SKIN SOFTENERS YOU GET IN EXPENSIVE DRY-SKIN AND WRINKLE CREAMS
HOW DO YOU THINK AN ENGAGEMENT RING WOULD LOOK ON THAT LITTLE HAND, NELL?
WONDERFUL NOW!
FREE — HANDY DISPENSER CAP WITH EACH 50¢ SIZE FITS ON THE BOTTLE - NOT ON THE WALL
HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM
NON-STICKY Quick-Acting
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Non-Sticky • Quick-Acting
HINDS HONEY and ALMOND CREAM

wanted him to be in my own mind—remember he *was* pretty grand in some ways! When finally I'd allowed my mother's maid who'd come with me to drag me away from that dock that day I landed and I'd phoned his house and they'd told me he'd gone to Canada on a hunting trip, *even then I didn't get it!* Can you imagine anybody so obtuse? But I'd never been jilted before! The only other time I was engaged—to the son of a Belgium millionaire who, you may remember, fell out of an aeroplane over the English Channel—*I* was the one who broke it off, because *my* family objected to our youth. I tried to talk with his mother, I sent her a box of roses with a note and they came back without a word. I'd never even seen her! Then the reporters came. They asked the most dreadful things."

They cajoled her very love letters away from her, her pictures of the spoiled young heir to chain-store millions. They hounded her with questions in our remorseless American way. Utterly crushed, she suffered a nervous breakdown.

"At last mother phoned, 'Darling, come home at once,' but I simply shouted into the transmitter, 'No. Not until I've done something!'

I HAD five hundred dollars left of my money. Suddenly I felt almost happy, having thought of a real plan. All I had to do was come three thousand miles further to Hollywood where I didn't know a soul and try to get myself a movie contract. I had read somewhere once that success was the greatest revenge. All right, then, I'd be successful! I came out to Hollywood alone. I took a room at a good hotel. I dressed in my very prettiest and in a week I'd got a test and a contract. So you see my trousseau wasn't wasted at all."

Wendy today is like a character out of a very modern book, all quick movement, breathless sentences, sudden laughter. Noel Coward might have written her, with her long young legs and her emerald green eyes and wild uncurled bob which she drags back absently as she talks. She goes in for bridge and tennis, swimming and all the gay things that made Wendy Barrie a part of the carefree young social crowd of Europe only a year ago, riding a surf board, flying, driving a racing car like a slim demon.

Restlessness rides her. "Yesterday I decided I'd go home for a vacation—I can be in London in six days! Or I'll run over to China and surprise my Daddy. He hasn't seen me since I was sixteen and ran away because he wanted me to marry some fusty old admiral!"

Slightly breathless I rose to go. Wendy insisted on taking me the few blocks down Whitley Heights in her own car. As I stepped out I heard her cry delightedly, "Oh, here are my friends! Hi there!"

The two dusty urchins in overalls carrying the evening papers returned her greeting with enthusiasm, "Hello, Wendy! Where you goin'? Say, give us a ride."

Her car disappeared around the corner on two wheels, a towheaded boy on each running board, all three talking at once.

What Eddie Cantor Owes His Grandmother

(*Continued from page* 31)

"One day Anna held my hand.

"'Leggo,' I said desperately, 'the boys are waiting.'

"'E-e-e-ddeee,' she whispered.

"'Leggo.'

"She dragged me to her lap and kissed me.

"I groaned.

"Now, Russians are serious people. She mangled me. I couldn't even breathe.

"But Grandma Esther always came into my life at crucial moments and on this occasion she arrived in time and shouted:

"'Anna, put that child back in his cradle!'

"Anna dropped me, but at that word 'cradle' I arose to my dignity.

"'I'm a MAN!' I shouted.

"'Get out of my house,' Grandma shouted to Anna.

"'If she goes, I go,' I said, dramatically.

"'My hero,' yelled Anna.

"Then Grandma began to laugh, louder and louder.

"'What's so funny?' I demanded.

"'Why don't she get a feller her own size?' demanded my laughing Grandma.

"I was all set to go with Anna. I was starting out the door with her, but Grandma, realizing the ridiculousness of the situation, shouted:

"'Anna, if little Eddie gets tired be sure to carry him. And remember, Eddie, be back for supper. I got meat balls!'

"Grandma knew that not even love could interfere with my love for meat balls."

IT was not many weeks later that Eddie met Ida Tobias, and got a job in a broker's office. At the end of the week he was so eager to receive his $5 that he danced on the desk of his boss, J. C. Weir, who, coming in while Eddie was dancing, fired him without paying off. On the following Monday he went to work as a stock clerk at the National Cloak and Suit Company, but three days later was canned when the president of the company, taking some stockholders around the factory to prove that every one was on the job, found Cantor making faces in front of a mirror while garbed in a lady's fur coat.

"I didn't seem to fit anywhere," Cantor confessed. "I made people laugh and because of that all my next eight or ten bosses said the same thing: 'Get that pop-eyed guy outta here.' In the meantime, Ida wouldn't even see me; her poppa said I was a bummer and Ida was looking for some honest, respectable guy with whom to walk arm in arm through life. I heard rumors that Ida was keeping company with a guy who wore white collars and a hard black hat. It was time to act swiftly. I did.

"I waited on a corner until I saw her new beloved.

"Maybe he's running still—I hope so.

"But still Ida wouldn't see me.

"It was about this time that my attempts at comedy, my efforts to inject humor into the cheap melodrama of life, took on definite form. I went in for amateur nights. I stole my material from

Skin So Bad That People Talked!

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Bernice G Ruttingh
NOTARY PUBLIC

1.

"All my friends had begun to talk about my complexion—it was so bad."

HER SKIN'S A FRIGHT!

2.

"Hearing over the radio how Yeast Foam Tablets had helped others, I decided to try them."

THEY DO WONDERS FOR A BAD SKIN

3.

"Now my complexion is grand. My friends are amazed at the change."

WHAT A LOVELY SKIN

THE BEST PROOF of what Yeast Foam Tablets may do for you is what they have actually done for others. That's why we have based this advertisement on a true experience—one of hundreds reported by grateful users of this convenient, easy-to-eat yeast.

If you would like to have a clearer, smoother skin, begin now to eat these tablets regularly. Their rich stores of precious corrective elements will quickly help to rid your system of the poisons which so often cause bad skin. And you should *feel* better as well as *look* better.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. Refuse all substitutes.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS
YEAST

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.
R.G. 2-36

Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________________State__________

the headliners. Eventually I was accepted as a professional and was signed by a burlesque company at $15 a week. Not so long after we went on the road I was stranded at Shenandoah, Pa., and was rescued by Grandma once more. Upon my return to New York I managed to see Ida and she admitted that in her opinion her father was right. I tried to tell her that I got $15 a week on the road, but she demanded to see the money.

THE next day I went to work in Carey Walsh's saloon at Coney Island. It was a hot spot, but when bottles were thrown the guests aimed only at each other, never at the entertainers! I got three dollars a night for singing. Soon I learned the waiters were making much more money than I and I forsook art for business, compromised, combined both, and became a singing waiter. Jimmie Durante was the pianist in that spot. On off nights I worked as a shilliber for the Japanese ball-rolling games and the shooting gallery. I became a crack shot, so good, in fact, that in later years I made a big bet with Florenz Ziegfeld as to who could hit the most targets. After Ziggy trimmed me I learned to my sorrow that he used to work in the Buffalo Bill circus as a marksman! But, as the weeks passed, I saved $500, and had Ida all but won until her old man learned I was determined to become an actor!

"So, instead of getting married, I signed up as an entertainer with four partners—Marcus Loew and Adolph Zukor, two former furriers, and Joseph and Nicholas Schenck, two former drug clerks. They owned a chain of fourth-rate vaudeville houses.

"I was to be paid $20 a week if I clicked on my opening performance at the Lyric in Hoboken, but only if I clicked. I did. That was the beginning. The next time I met Zukor he was signing a contract for me to do a Paramount picture for which I was to be paid $15,000 a week. But, to go back. After that first real engagement I met the Bedini Brothers, jugglers, and the head brother offered me $30 a week to assist the act as the head brother's valet. I grabbed it. Some months later, in Atlantic City, Gus Edwards, who was on the road with a troupe of child prodigies, saw me do my stuff with the Bedinis, and came back stage and explained that he was a friend of the brothers but in the event I ever quarreled with them, he was in a position to offer me a job. Soon thereafter I developed a temperament, and went to work for Edwards at a salary of $75 a week. I was made!

"Because I was a few years older than Georgie Jessel, Lila Lee, Georgie Price, Eddie Buzzell and others in the troupe I always took charge of the railroad tickets," Eddie relates. "The boys always put on short pants for the train rides and I gave the conductors half fare tickets for them. Once the conductor came back fuming.

"'What's the matter, conductor?' I asked.

"'What's the idea?' the conductor growled. 'Half fare for that gang! Say, they're all in the smoking car each with a big black cigar in his face and by their language they're older than I am.'

"'Boys will be boys,' I told him, and I got away with it."

IN May, 1914 Eddie married Ida, after convincing Papa Tobias he had sufficient money with which to open a shirt store. But he didn't open the store. As a matter of fact, Eddie had $2500, but he spent $700 of it on a honeymoon. Grandma was content at last. She approved of Ida, the only girl she had ever approved.

"We traveled second class," Eddie said, "but it didn't make any difference because I had a first class wife."

Eddie went on and on, up and up, until he became the first stage comedian in the history of the boards who possessed $1,000,000. He had it, until the crash. Then—bang—it was gone. Grandma was gone, too, but her influence was still there. Eddie, the same old Eddie, set out to gather another million shekels and today he has them—and all because an old lady, when he was very young, taught him never to give up, and that love and laughter were the most important—and negotiable—things in the world.

SEE CHAPPED SKIN *Melt* INTO SMOOTHEST TEXTURE

IN FROM A RIDE
SKIN'S ROUGH... FLAKY
OUT FOR A DANCE
SMOOTH ALREADY ...THANKS TO POND'S VANISHING CREAM!
HOME AGAIN
MORE OF THAT BLESSED CREAM... FOR EXTRA SOFTENING

Mrs. Rodman Wanamaker II

of Philadelphia, says: "Pond's Vanishing Cream makes every little chapped place on my skin smooth out. Powder goes on beautifully!"

IMAGINE YOURSELF—one minute with a dry, chapped skin that catches powder . . . The next minute, skin so smooth you can't feel a single rough place! That's how fast a keratolytic cream softens your skin.

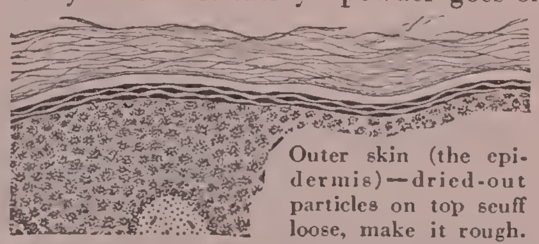
That chapped skin is just on top. It's a layer of dried-out particles, always scuffing loose—"aching" to come off entirely. But they keep on clinging, getting harsher, until you take steps to—*MELT THEM OFF!*

A leading dermatologist tells how to do this. He says:

"Surface skin is constantly drying out. Exposure hastens this condition. When a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) is applied, the dried-out cells melt away, revealing the smooth skin beneath. Vanishing Cream also preserves the skin's natural moisture and prevents further chapping."

That's why Pond's Vanishing Cream is so grand for rough, chapped skin—so perfect a powder base! In an instant, it brings out your own young skin—exquisitely smooth, completely "unchapped."

For a smooth make-up—Never powder or rouge without first smoothing away roughnesses with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Now your skin is satiny—powder goes on evenly without flaking. And even bitter-cold winds can't cause new chappings!



Outer skin (the epidermis)—dried-out particles on top scuff loose, make it rough.

Overnight for lasting softness—Every night after cleansing, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for extra softness. It won't shine—won't smear the pillowcase. In the morning, your skin surprises you. So baby-soft!

8-Piece Package Pond's, Dept. B135, Clinton, Conn. Please rush me special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream together with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City____________________State________

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Sylvia Scarlett

(*Continued from page* 49)

In many ways she is a strange girl. She's a Russian, an exile. And she's come to live for one sensation after another. But come in."

Sylvia climbed up over the sill, as Michael said, "in the best cat burglar style." She flopped into a low chair and stuck her long pantalooned legs out into the room. "Funny," she said, "the way the crossness kept running out of your words just now. At the end there was no anger left in what you said at all."

Michael scarcely heard her. He was occupied turning her head this way and that, so it caught different angles of light. "I know what it is about you," he sounded triumphant, "that gives me that strange feeling when I look at you. It's something in you that wants to be painted. Will you sit for me, Sylvester?"

"Until my bones crack," Sylvia promised.

"Teatime tomorrow. That's a date. Bring a costume of some sort."

He went to his bed and began to straighten the covers. "Bed down here with me if you like," he offered.

Sylvia shook her head and her cheeks went crimson. "I'll—I'll run along," she said, throwing one leg over the window-sill. "See you tomorrow!"

SHE was up early the following morning and out on the beach. She watched every girl who might be going in for a swim. "Bring a costume of some sort," Michael Fane had told her. And she could think of no better costume than a pretty summer frock in which she might look something of the same soft way Lily looked so that Michael, in turn, might look at her in something of the same soft way he looked at Lily.

All day she waited prowling around the rocks like a stray dog. It was after three o'clock before luck was with her. Then a party went into one of the natural caves to change into bathing things. One girl was about her size. Her dress was of muslin made with a tight bodice and a long full skirt. It tied in a green sash and it was spriggled with pale pink flowers. Her hat was a big, floppy hat. "Just the kind," thought Sylvia entranced, "that throws shadows over your eyes."

When they had gone into the sea she slipped around the rocks and into the cave. Quickly she made the change, leaving some coins in payment.

Michael Fane was in the tub when she arrived. "Be a good fellow," he called to her, "and bring in my trousers, will you? I left them there over a chair."

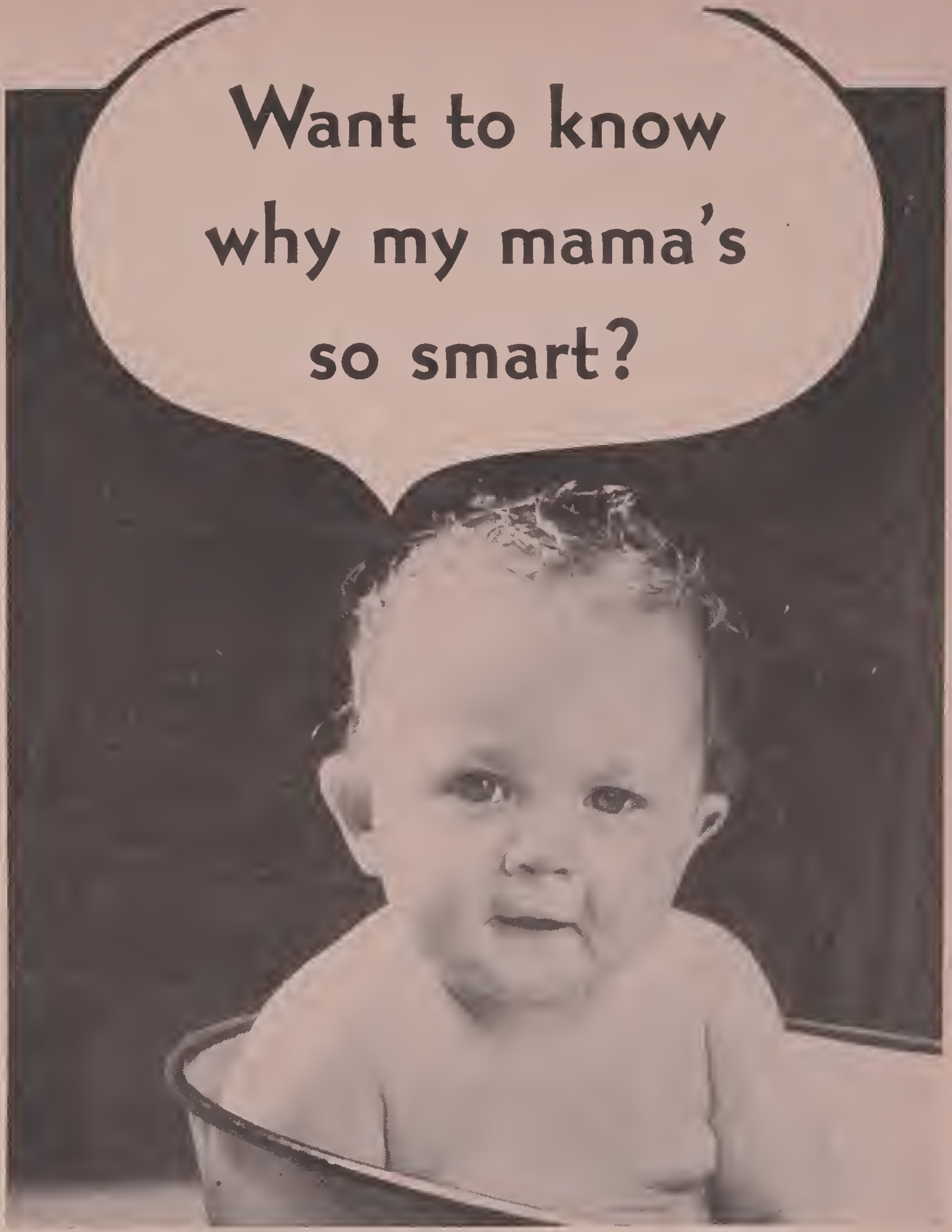
Sylvia stared right at the trousers and called back, "Sorry, I don't see them!" And then she walked to the window and stood with her back to the room, looking out.

A minute later there was a long whistle from the doorway.

"Look here," Michael said, "is that really you or have I gone crazy? Are you a boy in a girl's costume, or were you a girl in a boy's costume last night?"

"Whatever I was," Sylvia told him, "I'm a girl in a girl's costume now. Is that all right? Does that reassure you?"

Michael bent over and kissed her as if


Want to know why my mama's so smart?

A tip from a young man 8 months old

THIS cute little rascal thinks he's got a very smart mama. *And he has.*

She's smart—because whenever he needs a laxative she gives him one he *loves* to take —Fletcher's Castoria! And does it taste *good!*

Mothers! You'll be glad to know that Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children—*even to the taste.* You won't have to force it between their protesting lips. *And that's important!* For the revulsion and gagging a child goes through when taking a laxative he hates can shock his nervous system—and upset his tiny stomach.

Remember, Fletcher's Castoria is *safe!* There isn't a harmful ingredient in it. It contains no drugs, no narcotics. It is *not* a harsh purgative—won't cause griping pains.

Fletcher's Castoria is a child's laxative pure and simple.

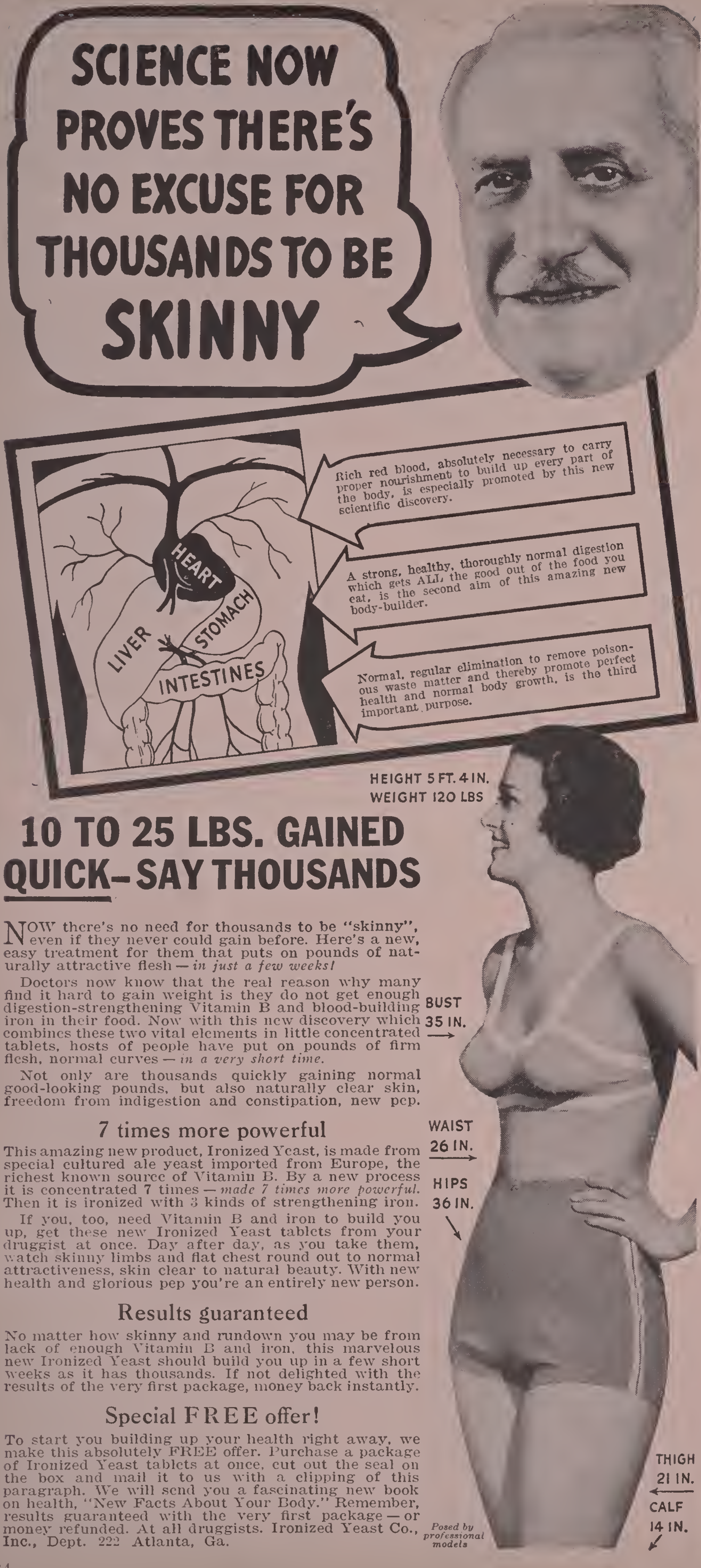
It works gently, blandly—yet *thoroughly.*

Depend upon Fletcher's Castoria for your children—from babyhood to 11 years.

Get the thrifty Family Size bottle from your druggist. The signature *Chas. H. Fletcher* appears on every carton.

Chas H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
The Children's
Laxative

from babyhood to 11 years



SCIENCE NOW PROVES THERE'S NO EXCUSE FOR THOUSANDS TO BE SKINNY
Rich red blood, absolutely necessary to carry proper nourishment to build up every part of the body, is especially promoted by this new scientific discovery.
A strong, healthy, thoroughly normal digestion which gets ALL the good out of the food you eat, is the second aim of this amazing new body-builder.
Normal, regular elimination to remove poisonous waste matter and thereby promote perfect health and normal body growth, is the third important purpose.
HEART
LIVER
STOMACH
INTESTINES
HEIGHT 5 FT. 4 IN.
WEIGHT 120 LBS
BUST 35 IN.
WAIST 26 IN.
HIPS 36 IN.
THIGH 21 IN.
CALF 14 IN.
Posed by professional models

10 TO 25 LBS. GAINED QUICK—SAY THOUSANDS

NOW there's no need for thousands to be "skinny", even if they never could gain before. Here's a new, easy treatment for them that puts on pounds of naturally attractive flesh—*in just a few weeks!*

Doctors now know that the real reason why many find it hard to gain weight is they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-building iron in their food. Now with this new discovery which combines these two vital elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of people have put on pounds of firm flesh, normal curves—*in a very short time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining normal good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

7 times more powerful

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special cultured ale yeast imported from Europe, the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process it is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.* Then it is ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

If you, too, need Vitamin B and iron to build you up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch skinny limbs and flat chest round out to normal attractiveness, skin clear to natural beauty. With new health and glorious pep you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 222 Atlanta, Ga.

to prove to himself beyond any doubt how things were. "Not any too much," he said.

She sat on the sofa and he put a tiny cushion behind her slim back and brought a footstool for her feet.

She tried, desperately hard, to sit up straight and ladylike and keep her feet on the stool, but it necessitated keeping her knees bent and for months now she had been privileged to sprawl. Soon the footstool went sliding across the room and her legs stretched out to their full length.

"You mustn't stick out your legs that way," Michael protested.

"You don't have to look at them!" She was defensive.

"Look here," he told her, "no one as lovely as you needs to act as you're acting. You're a bewitching looking creature. You're downright lovely."

She jumped up with the unexpectedness Michael by now had come to expect from her. "All right, I'm delightful. I'm ravishing. I'm charming. I didn't realize it before. So we'll start all over again. Now that I have my cue."

SHE pretended she had just arrived. She went to a long mirror and ran her hand over her bob. She smiled at him where he sat smiling at her. "Nice bob, rather, isn't it? It's the latest thing, the new out-of-the-rain-bob, straight from Paris."

He strode over to her side. "If we're starting over again and it's going to be different, I'll have to kiss you again. And not on your forehead this time, either. But right on your enchanting mouth."

She drew away. "No," he corrected her, "not like that, not as if you truly meant it. Just a little bit—to make things more interesting."

"I don't want to learn all those tricks," she protested. There were tears in her eyes which she brushed away furiously.

He linked his arm through hers. "Men have tricks, too, Pierrette," he told her softly. "And they use them. So, in self-defense, so as not to be hurt too much, I'd use tricks, too, if I were you."

"Are you using tricks when you appear to like me and be happy because I am here?"

He shook his head. A little sadly, she thought. "No, I'm using no tricks when I seem happy because you are here. But don't be flattered because it's that way with me. Any man would be happy to have you around. And if I should try to keep you here before you'd had a chance to look about I'd be doing you a great wrong, playing you an awful trick."

Outside a motor horn sounded.

"That's Lily," Michael said. And out he ran.

Jumping out of the car Lily took Michael's arms and wrapped them around her. "Be nice to me," she told him, "because I've come to tell you I forgive you for all the vile things you said to me last night just because I had a little fun with a silly old man."

Her eyes searched his. "What's she like?" she asked suddenly. "The one you have in there?"

Michael pulled Lily through the studio door. "What's she like? Come see for yourself?"

Sylvia was turning, admiring herself

shyly, before a full length mirror.

"Sylvester," said Michael, "really is Sylvia!"

Lily demanded explanations. And all the time Michael and Sylvia offered them, interrupting each other and laughing, Lily studied them. Then she reminded Michael he really wasn't properly dressed to receive ladies in the afternoon.

"Don't judge her by our standards, by an artist's studio standards," Michael flung at Lily and going to finish his dressing he banged the door.

Lily turned to Sylvia at once. "You look very happy, my dear," she said. "Come, tell me all about it. To me, you know, Michael is—just a very dear friend."

Sylvia beamed. "I thought . . . last night, that is, last night I thought you and he. . . ."

"And that," Lily chided her, "that really is why you slapped me, isn't it—you were jealous?"

Sylvia nodded "But I didn't know it then," she said.

"Ah," Lily went on, "he loves you very dearly, that Michael, I'm sure."

"How," Sylvia asked softly, "how can you be sure? I'm not—sure!"

"But he must have told you," Lily challenged her. "He must have kissed you!"

SYLVIA'S deep flush and happy confusion were all the confirmation Lily needed. When Michael came back she stood up to go. "Too bad you dressed up because of me," she told him, "for I shan't be staying to tea. Forgive me, always I'm too late. In that you have the story of my whole life."

Michael put his arms about her indulgently and gently. "Quit talking in riddles," he said. Sylvia looked desperately ill as she stood watching.

Lily shook her head. "I never learn. I play with things too long and then they hurt me. You've begged me to love you and I haven't cared until now. And now. . . ."

"Now, what?" he demanded gruffly.

"Now," Lily said, "it's you and her. You've stolen her from that bad, handsome Pierrot man."

He tightened his hold and would not let her pull away. "Sylvia is a dear but she's a mere child. I want you to stay with me, Lily."

Sylvia walked towards the door. "I'm the one who won't stay for tea," she said. "See, out there," pointing to Monkley coming along the road, "someone's waiting for me." With a twisted smile for Lily. "That bad, handsome Pierrot man he didn't steal me away from."

Michael was indignant. "You don't mean to say you and that fellow are . . ."

"Like you and her," Sylvia told him.

At first sight of Sylvester turned into Sylvia, Monkley looked as if he had seen a ghost. But, always quick to see his own advantage, in another moment he had her by the arm and was making advances.

"No need to look as you do because certain folks don't rightly appreciate you," he whispered. "Others do. Me, for instance. Your father and Maudie and me and you, a proper enough little foursome we'll be making from now on."

Sylvia suffered his arm until they turned the bend in the road. Then she

Be sure the laxative YOU take is *mild* enough for even a little child

HARSH cathartics are frowned upon. The laxative you take should be mild, gentle. It shouldn't cause strain and pain. Shouldn't leave you feeling weak afterwards.

The way to be absolutely sure is by taking the laxative that is gentle and mild enough even for little children. Such a laxative is Ex-Lax. Ex-Lax is given to more children than any other laxative. Yet with all its mildness and gentleness, Ex-Lax is effective enough for any adult. And you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

Take Ex-Lax yourself. Advise your husband to take it too. Give it to your children. It is the ideal laxative for every member of the family. 10c and 25c boxes on sale at any drug store. Get the genuine; spelled E-X—L-A-X.

GUARD AGAINST COLDS!...Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds—get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular*—with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolated laxative.

MAIL THIS COUPON **FREE!**
EX-LAX, Inc., P.O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Please send free sample of Ex-Lax. F26
Name..........
Address..........
....
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

Beautiful Eyes
with
Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS
MASCARA...EYE SHADOW...EYEBROW PENCIL...EYELASH TONIC CREAM...EYEBROW BRUSH

HOW YOU, TOO, CAN ENJOY THE THRILL OF PLAYING

DO YOU envy others who enjoy playing, who are always the center of attraction, invited everywhere? Then this message is intended for you.

For here is a remarkable method to learn to play your favorite instrument that is actually fun, that teaches you right in the privacy of your own home—and without a private teacher! Moreover, you save more than half the usual cost.

This amazing way is based on an entirely new principle. It's actually as easy as A·B·C, and exciting as a novel. You learn by playing real pieces from the very beginning—right from real notes.

Yet this remarkable method is *thorough* and *complete*. No tricky "by ear" lessons that fail to teach you properly. When you learn the U. S. School way you learn just as the best musicians do.

Fascinating as a Game

These delightful lessons are as fascinating as a game. Even a child can learn to play this U. S. School way. For everything is right before you *all the time*—music, text and pictures. First you are *told* what to do, then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it. In an amazingly short time you should be playing your favorite pieces with proficiency.

Do you want to be popular—always in demand? Are you tired of always sitting on the side lines? Then get in on these good times you are missing! Learn to play your favorite instrument quickly and easily this modern way.

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE
Piano Violin
Guitar Saxophone
Organ Ukulele
Tenor Banjo
Hawaiian Guitar
Piano Accordion
Or Any Other Instrument

I WISH I COULD PLAY LIKE YOU
WHY SIX MONTHS AGO I COULDN'T PLAY A NOTE

Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

See for yourself how easily and quickly you can learn to play. Send today for our Free booklet, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home." With it comes a Free Demonstration Lesson which shows how simple this expert home instruction really is.

You owe it to yourself to get this valuable booklet and Demonstration Lesson at once. No obligation whatever on your part. Be sure to mail the coupon TODAY. U. S. School of Music, 3062 Brunswick Building, New York City, N. Y.

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Send me your amazing free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane; also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

Name..
Address..
Instrument............................Have you Instrument?........

pulled away. "I only like you," she told him with that straight honesty of hers, "when you don't touch me."

Some hours later, however, she was glad to have his hand on her elbow and to feel his presence beside her. Together they stumbled in the dark over the moors, hunting for her father. He had been drinking heavily all day and when they reached the caravan his concern over Maudie, who had run into the village to buy bloaters for tea, had been pathetic. He'd talked about rats, too, and insisted he saw them scutting over the sands when there wasn't a sign of one about.

"We're moving along," Sylvia announced at tea. "Father, you'll be happier if we go to some other place, won't you? Stop worrying about Maudie being with that man with the mustache every time she leaves the caravan? And I'll be glad to push off," she went on wearily. "What about you, Maudie? And you, Jimmie?"

Jimmie was willing. But Maudie didn't like the idea. That night when they all were sleeping she ran away. Whether or not she went to join the other fellow no one knew. But Henry Scarlett awakening and finding her gone, set out after her.

IN vain Jimmie pleaded with Sylvia not to attempt a search until dawn. He might be sure Henry was all right, that drunks always come home safely, but Sylvia knew how uncertain her father's footsteps had become of late.

All night long in a driving rain she and Jimmie walked the moors. Dawn was pink in the sky when they came back to the caravan. The door hung open.

"He hasn't come back," Sylvia said sadly. "He hasn't come back yet. Poor Old Man."

It was Monkley who found him several hours later. Lying at the bottom of the cliff near which the caravan was parked. They need not have looked so far.

Sylvia didn't cry. Not even when they buried him the following day.

"Why should I cry?" she asked Jimmie who seemed to expect it of her. In her black raincoat, with a black sou'wester hat pulled down and a black scarf wrapped about her throat to hide the gaiety of the dress she was obliged to wear, she looked very white and very young. "Life without Maudie would have hurt him more than life with her did and that was bad enough."

Monkley laid a clumsy hand on her shoulder. "A little warm-heartedness between us would do no harm," he suggested, "and it might keep us from being lonely."

Sylvia's eyes softened. She wondered if Monkley, when he talked about being lonely, meant the same feeling that had been inside of her ever since she had walked out of Michael Fane's studio and left him and Lily there together. If he did, she pitied him.

She was sitting on the caravan steps while Monkley gathered up their paraphernalia preparatory to their departure when she heard the scream. It was soft enough, but Michael was a name Sylvia would have heard even if she were asleep and it was whispered. The cry came again, "Michael! Michael! Michael!" Clearly it was Lily who was calling.

Sylvia went flying down the cliff, tore off her skirt and shoes, screamed for

Monkley, and threw herself into the waves. By the time Monkley reached the beach she had Lily out of the water. Together they worked over her. When a little color flowed back into her cheeks Monkley carried her up to the caravan. They gave her brandy. Sylvia was tender and wrapped blankets about her when she complained she was still cold.

"Why did you do it?" she demanded when Monkley went outside.

"Because of him—Michael," Lily answered.

"But," Sylvia's voice was a little fierce, "*he loves you!*"

"In a way," Lily admitted, "but not a way that's good enough, really. All the time we quarrel. Today we quarrel because I don't tell him that your father, I hear he is dead. And he is afraid you will think him cruel that he doesn't come to see you." She shrugged her shoulders. "I forget what it is we quarrel about yesterday. Tomorrow it will be something else. So it goes."

There was a long silence.

"It is me," Lily said. "I am no good. I will destroy him. That's why I went out on the rocks and. . . ."

"You must love him very much," Sylvia told her, "to be so brave."

LILY'S laughter was bitter "Yes, for they say when drowning one's past life passes before one. To risk that I *was* brave."

Sylvia arranged her pillows and tucked the blankets closer about her.

"Go to sleep," she said, "and when you wake up he'll be here to take you home."

She went for Fane herself. "Your friend's at our caravan," she told him. "You must be very kind to her. You must put things right between you. She meant to die and threw herself in the water."

Fane grabbed her hands. "Is she safe now, perfectly safe?"

But Sylvia went on with her story in her own way. "She meant to die," she repeated, "because she thought she was bad for you."

"Who saved her?" Fane wanted to know.

"I pulled her out, but it's only you can save her, really save her, I mean!"

Pell mell they drove over the country roads to the cliff. But when they got there the caravan was gone.

"She's turned worse," Fane said, "and Monkley's driven her to the doctor's." He jumped out to see by the wheel marks which way they had gone. Sylvia slid into the driver's seat and took the wheel. "Come on," she called. "Hurry, do! He's bolted with her, that's what!"

"Left you stranded, too," roared Michael. "The swine!"

They careened along the coast road, whizzed around hairpin turns. It all came to have less and less reality to Michael and he thought fantastically that Sylvia must be the reincarnation of one of the Furies, to drive so recklessly yet so safely.

It was growing dark before they saw the caravan ahead on the road. "If only," said Michael, "he won't see us for a while."

Sylvia laughed. "It's my guess he saw us first. He has eyes in the back of his head, like a fly."

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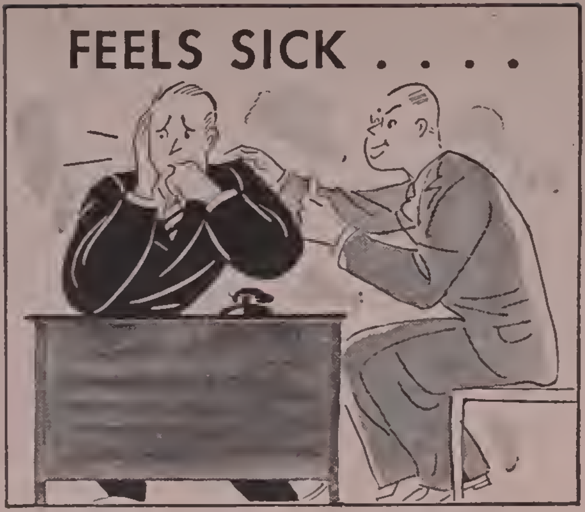

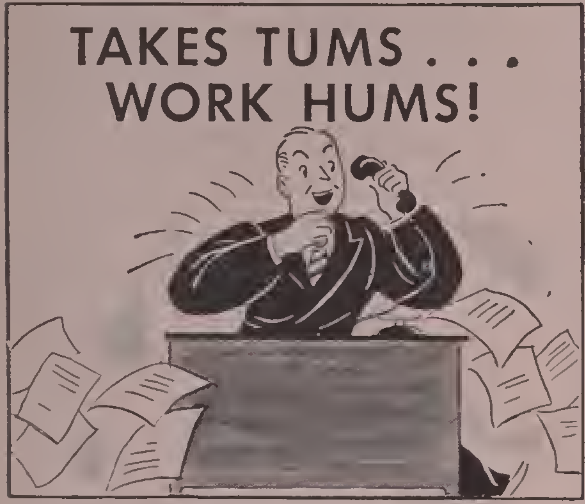

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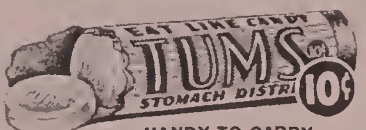

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Right at home you can make gorgeous roses, delicate sweet peas, flaming poppies—any kind of flower you wish. Make them for decoration, for favors, for gifts, to sell. Dennison has a new plan by which you learn with surprising ease to create them of colorful crepe paper. -10¢

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Please send me the new book "How to Make Crepe Paper Flowers." I enclose 10 cents.

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Every Move I Made was Torment

"I THOUGHT I'd go mad with the suffering I had to bear in secret!"

That's the situation of the person who suffers from Piles!

Almost always in pain yet dreading to seek relief, because the affliction is such a delicate one. Yet no ailment is more needful of treatment than Piles. For Piles can not only ruin your health and looks, but they can develop into something very serious.

Real relief for the distress due to Piles is to be had in Pazo Ointment! Pazo almost instantly stops the pain and itching and checks any bleeding.

Pazo is effective because it is threefold in effect. First, *soothing*, which tends to relieve soreness and inflammation. Second, *lubricating*, which eases drawn parts and makes passage easy. Third, *astringent*, which tends to reduce swollen parts.

REAL COMFORT!

Try Pazo and see how efficacious it is! Pazo comes in Collapsible Tube with Detachable Pile Pipe which permits application high up in the rectum where it reaches and thoroughly covers affected parts. Pazo also now comes in suppository form. Pazo Suppositories are Pazo Ointment, simply in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory as well as most economical.

All drug stores sell Pazo-in-Tubes and Pazo Suppositories. Get either today and see the relief it affords you.

Monkley had seen them. At the crown of the hill he stopped. He got out and unfastened the trailer. The road along the cliff was narrow. It would be difficult to avoid that trailer as it raced down hill. When Michael saw it coming he held his breath. On the wheel Sylvia's hands grew strained and white. She waited until it was almost on top of them to see which way it would swerve, then she swerved, too. Into the hill she headed the car and at the last minute pulled on the brake. She saved their lives and saved the car from any serious damage, but it was an hour before they got it out of the ditch that bordered the road.

Sylvia and Michael went faster than ever after the accident. Up and down hills and through two startled townships. At the entrance to a third town they were arrested for speeding. They landed in the local jail. In the same cell.

"If you hadn't driven like such a little fool," Michael began.

"You're the nervous type, are you?" Sylvia asked. "Well, if I was after a girl I shouldn't care."

"You happened," said Michael, "to be after something quite different—a man. You don't believe for one minute I thought you were tearing along that way to save Lily!"

"I hadn't given any thought to what you might be thinking!" Sylvia's chin was high but her heart wasn't.

A policeman brought their supper.

LATER Michael found a bit of chalk in his pocket. He began to draw on the wall.

"You've the loveliest moulding to your brows. And the line of your throat is exquisite."

Later when the light went he wouldn't let her tell the policeman she was a girl and go to another cell. He made her lie down while he arranged the blankets over her, then sat on the floor at her side. His eyes were dark and tender.

In the morning Michael paid the fine. And on the way to the boat train—since both Michael and Sylvia knew how Monkley and Lily felt about Paris—he insisted upon stopping in a fine big shop and buying Sylvia a proper outfit, a proper girl's outfit.

No wonder when they finally were settled in their compartment that he fell off to sleep. He hadn't closed his eyes all night, and the day before and that morning had been hectic.

A couple came down the corridor. "Come on, Beautiful," a man said. "I'm 'ungry as an 'unter." It was Monkley's voice. Sylvia seized a newspaper and held it up before the door window.

"First dinner being served!" shouted a steward.

"Dinner," said Michael stirring. "That's what we need."

Sylvia's heart took a sickening tail-spin. If they went into the diner they'd find Lily and Monkley. And life—the only part of it that counted for her—would end.

"I couldn't eat," she said, honestly enough.

"You look frightfully tired, though," Michael told her. "Tea would help. I'll fetch you some."

He went striding down the corridor. At the dining-car door he stopped. "This way, sir," said the head-waiter. Michael didn't even hear him. He stood, like a man in a daze, staring at Monkley and Lily. Then he turned on his heel and went back to Sylvia.

"It was too crowded." He pulled down the shade in the door. "With less light you might be able to sleep."

Sylvia shook her head and hoped she was right in what she was thinking.

"You know," he said suddenly, "I disapprove of you and that Monkley."

"Monkley! Monkley! Monkley!" Sylvia fairly screamed. "Hang Monkley!"

"But . . . but why?"

"Why? Because I love you, that's why."

"But . . ." Michael began again. "I never knew. I never guessed."

"Never guessed," she asked "that I adore you, that you've made the whole world different for me? It's five days I've known you now and it seems my whole life. In a way it is."

Now it was Lily's voice that reached them from the corridor. "No," she was screaming in one of her blackest rages, "I won't go to Monte Carlo! That place I hate. I go to Paris! I go to Paris or I go back to him."

"Shut your trap," Monkley told her, "you're staying with me."

Above a sign "To be used only in case of emergency" hung a communication cord. Michael pulled it. The train lurched to a stop.

"Come on," he whispered to Sylvia. "We're going places. Marvellous places. Oh, my darling!"

They jumped down from the train and ran swiftly for the woods.

And here's Fred Astaire all dressed up as a gob for the RKO film, "Follow the Fleet."

'HOUSECLEAN' YOUR SKIN

LOOSEN THOSE STUBBORN BLACKHEADS

A Penetrating Face Cream Is What You Need!

By Lady Esther

When it comes to your skin, be a good housekeeper! Don't be satisfied merely with surface cleansing. Get "into the corners."

You may not realize it, but many complexion woes are due to nothing else than imbedded dirt. This dirt may not be noticeable at first because it is buried quite deep in your skin. But it causes tiny bumps and rough patches which you can feel with your fingers.

Make the finger-tip test described to the right, and if you feel anything like tiny bumps or dry patches, you can be sure your pores are clogged and your skin dirty. This hidden, stubborn dirt, as it keeps on accumulating in the pores, causes, not only gray-looking skin, but enlarged pores, blackheads, dry patches and other unsightly blemishes.

Meets the Need!

Lady Esther Face Cream adequately meets the situation because it is a *penetrating* face cream. Gently and soothingly, it penetrates your pores and there it "goes to work" on the waxy matter. It loosens it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable.

When you have cleansed your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, it *shows* it, both in the clearness and radiance of your skin and in the tingling sensation of freshness.

Lubricates Also!

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses your skin, it *also* lubricates it—resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and smooth.

Lady Esther Face Cream is on sale at all drug and department stores, but for a free demonstration, mail me your name and address. I will at once send you a 7-day tube postpaid and free. See for yourself how this cream works.

See how deeply it gets into the pores, how thoroughly it cleanses your skin. Your cloth will reveal dirt that you never suspected lurked in your skin.

See also how soft and smooth and supple Lady Esther Face Cream leaves your skin. The results will literally amaze you. You will understand then why eight million women say that all their skins need is this one face cream.

Prove to Yourself!

With the free 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream, I will also send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder so you can see which is your most flattering shade and how Lady Esther Face Cream and Face Powder work together to give you perfect skin smoothness. Write me today.

Feel Those Little Bumps?

Pass your fingers over your whole face. Do you feel little bumps in your skin? Do you feel dry patches here and there? Little bumps or dry or scaly patches in your skin are a sign your pores are clogged and your skin needs "housecleaning."

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard.*) (20) FREE

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Do you know the quickest treatment for achieving such a skin? The answer is Italian Balm—the famous *Original* Skin Softener that is guaranteed (or your money back) to banish chapping, roughness, redness and dryness of skin *more quickly* and at *less expense*, than anything you have ever used.

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Nickel plated, 100% guaranteed Italian Balm HOME DISPENSER—attaches easily to bathroom, kitchen or laundry wall (wood or tile). Dispenses *one drop* when you press the plunger. Try your druggist first—ask for the Dispenser Package. If he can't supply you—then get one FREE by sending ONE 60c Italian Balm carton (and 10c to cover packing and postage), or TWO 60c cartons and NO MONEY—with your name and address—to CAMPANA, Batavia, Illinois.

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"America's Most Economical Skin Protector"

Speak for Yourself

Willie Best is quite willing to let Bill Robinson and Shirley Temple do all the work in "The Littlest Rebel!"

MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted: $20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," MOVIE MIRROR, 122 E. 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

$20 PRIZE LETTER

United We Stand?

Painters do it! Truck drivers do it! Dish washers do it! Why shouldn't we movie fans organize ourselves into a union? It is our money that pays for Hollywood and its goings-on, our quarters and fifty-centses that make the movie stars' salaries possible.

We could soon end this miscasting of our favorites, stifling their talents and ruining our faith by poor stories. Today, when we spend our money to see a favorite, just because she *is* a favorite, we have no way of knowing whether the picture will be a good one or a bad one. After our money is spent, it's too late to do anything. The box office counts the cash, rubs its hands and promptly decides because we all came it must be good, so let's make another picture just like it. And what can we do?

Let's organize a few million of us into a MOVIE GOERS UNION. Then we'll tell some of the Megaphonies who direct, just what kind of pictures we want for a change—and make them deliver.

Joseph J. Millard,
Minneapolis, Minn.

$10 PRIZE LETTER

In Memoriam

As Will Rogers always said, "All I know is what I read in the papers." Everyone is talking of a memorial for Will. By all means, let's have a *national* memorial for him. No man was ever more beloved by all. More power to the ones who are boosting the idea.

But, before I am in favor of this movement, I want to know—"What kind

EYE DEAS
by Jane Heath

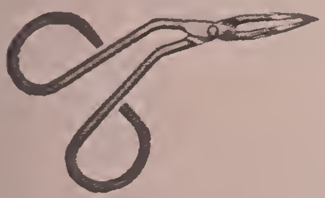
Is THERE some one for whose benefit you'd like to look especially lovely, evenings, in your lamplit living-room? Then this simple experiment may give you a brand-new idea on how to do it:

Just arrange your lamplight—make up your face as usual (omitting all eye make-up to start with). Then take your KURLASH and curl the lashes of one eye. Touch them with LASHTINT. And shade the same eyelid with a little SHADETTE. Now—inspect your face closely in a hand mirror, as the light falls across it. One side will seem softer, clearer, more subtly colored. Because the eye you have beautified looks larger, brighter, with longer, darker lashes. That's eye beauty! You'll never neglect it—or KURLASH—the little gadget that curls lashes without heat, cosmetics, or practice. ($1 at good stores.)

KURLENE FOR EYELASHES by Kurlash
Lashtint by KURLASH

LASHTINT, the liquid mascara, may be applied while the lashes are being curled. Touch the little glass rod to them as they are held in the rubber bows of KURLASH. LASHTINT will darken the tips delicately and it doesn't crack, stiffen, wash or weep off—in black, brown, or blue, $1.

Another clever trick is to rub KURLENE on the lashes before you curl them, so they'll be silken and full of dancing rainbows. KURLENE is a scientific formula for eyelash luxuriance. 50c and $1.



• *Have you tried* TWISSORS—*the new tweezers with scissor handles—marvelously efficient*—25c.

Write JANE HEATH *for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. MG-2.*

Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

of memorial?" If they intend to erect another useless pile of marble in the center of a ten-acre field, they can count me out. I've my own ideas, and a pile of finely chiseled rocks is the least of them. The question is "What kind of memorial would Will himself choose?" He was above all other things human, humble, never high hat, and consequently everyone's friend. I believe his idea of a memorial would be something beneficial, as in the form of an endowed orphanage. Or even land turned into either public parks or children's hospitals. Anything that would do good for humanity.

Mrs. H. G. Stauffer,
Wooster, O.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Last Hope

Your candid invitation to "speak for myself" prompts me to give vent to the ever-growing tide of despair surging in my soul. I dislike moustached men, but as soon as I select my favorite flicker star he promptly disappoints me by growing a moustache, Doug Fairbanks, the younger, clicked with me until he sported a lip adornment. Sadly, I discarded him for he-man Clark Gable. Alas! Mr. Gable soon began to grow a small hedge on his upper lip. He was followed in rapid succession by Fredric March, Bing Crosby, Chevalier, John Boles and more of my favorites. Enough is enough! Sadder but wiser, I am contemplating selecting "Spanky" MacFarland as my favorite male player and letting it go at that. Heaven help the movies and this perplexed fan if he disappoints me, too!

M. J. Sherry,
Jersey City, N. J.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Prison Realism

In future pictures of prison life and those with a portion dealing with the same, I feel that the parts played by actors should show in reality just what a prisoner really has to contend with. In some that I have seen, it showed the convict leaving prison after a five-year jolt, looking like a dental advertisement (I mean facially, of course). Well, jute mills and other jobs that convicts work at do anything but improve one's looks. Another picture showed the cons smoking tailor-made cigarettes; well, that just isn't being done this season or any other—they roll their own, unless they smuggle them in.

Where youngsters once fashioned themselves from books they read, or human characters they contacted, they now use the motion pictures they see as an example of what they would like to be or intend being. Show them the real thing; maybe it might help to lessen the flood of youths that are at present congesting our penal institutions.

Loy Chasteen,
San Joaquin County Jail,
Stockton, Calif.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Ghost Story

The other day I went to see "Anna Karenina," and throughout the performance three ghosts kept appearing to me. They were ghosts of three who played in the silent version—Garbo, a child, and John Gilbert. John Gilbert, who was March, Boles and Gable all in one. Never

for POOR COMPLEXION

NOXZEMA Skin Cream

Nurses tell of amazing benefits with "Wonder Cream"

IF YOUR skin is marred by Large Pores—Blackheads—Pimples or any other Skin Irritation from external causes, here's good news! Thousands of women are successfully turning to famous Noxzema Medicated Skin Cream as an aid to healing and refining the skin—over 12,000,000 jars now used yearly.

Noxzema was first prescribed by doctors for relief of burns, eczema and similar skin troubles. Nurses discovered how wonderful it is for Chapped Hands and Poor Complexions.

HOW TO USE—Make this simple test. Apply Noxzema at night after removing make-up. Wash off in the morning with warm water. Then apply cold water or ice. Follow this with a light application of Noxzema as a protective foundation for powder.

Do this for ten days and note the difference—see how much softer and finer your skin is—how much clearer. Noxzema is astringent, helps reduce large pores to exquisite fineness. Its gentle medication soothes most skin irritations and aids Nature in more quickly healing many disfiguring skin flaws.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER—Get a jar of Noxzema at any drug or department store. If your dealer can't supply you, send 15c for a generous 25c jar to the Noxzema Chemical Company, Department 102, Baltimore, Md.

Wonderful for CHAPPED HANDS

There is nothing like Noxzema for red, rough, badly irritated Chapped Hands. Noxzema is not a lotion or a perfumed cream—it's a *medicated cream* that brings quicker relief, that softens and whitens hands overnight. Test it yourself. Apply Noxzema *on one hand tonight.* Note the difference between the hands in the morning.

BEWARE

of wax like this in Face Cream!

For a penetrating, deep-working skin cream, change to Luxor Special Formula, the *wax-free* cream. Coupon brings 4-piece make-up kit!

IF you suffer from dry or scaly skin, coarse, ugly pores, blackheads or whiteheads, or other common skin faults, chances are your present way of skin cleansing hits only the high spots.

Change to Luxor Special Formula Cream, the *wax-free* cream. It penetrates deeply, gets right into embedded dirt, because it contains no wax to keep it from working in—or clogging pores.

You can see this for yourself because of Special Formula's amazing visible action. Photos at the right show why you *know* a marvelous penetrating skin-cleansing has taken place, because *you see it happen.*

All cosmetic counters supply Luxor at $1.10 and 55c. Use it, and if you don't agree that your skin is more wonderfully clean, clear and transparent than ever before, your money will be returned.

You smooth it on

It disappears

Then reappears

with deep-pore dirt

Luxor

SPECIAL FORMULA CREAM

Coupon brings 4-piece make-up kit!

LUXOR, LTD., 1335 W. 31st St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me your 4-piece make-up kit including generous amount of Luxor Special Formula Cream, Luxor Moisture-Proof Powder, Luxor Rouge and Luxor Hand Cream. Here is 10c to help cover mailing. (Offer not good in Canada).
Check, POWDER: Rose Rachel ☐ Rachel ☐ Flesh ☐
ROUGE: Radiant ☐ Medium ☐ Sunglow ☐
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Name ....

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K-1

was a more fascinating figure projected on the screen. What a smile he had!

Too bad he "died" before his time. When the talkies came he failed—not because of a poor voice, but because he and we were self-conscious. Enraptured, we had watched him make love, but when we heard him say right out in a crowded theater, "My darling, I love you," it sounded silly. We blushed. We giggled; and our giggles slew John Gilbert. Now, our ears are attuned to love-making. Our idols drool away by the hour and it's all sweet music.

Mrs. A. Huber,
Monroe, Mich.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Growing Pains

I notice in your December issue that Ada Morris is finding difficulty in adjusting to the new color films. Do you remember, Ada, how we all disliked the first sound pictures? We didn't like the mechanical noises. And sometimes when the sound and movement did not synchronize perfectly, the lips of the actor would be forming a couple of words ahead of the sound. All that has been perfected now.

I did not say much when sound pictures came out, but I secretly wished they would let well enough alone. But I'm glad now they didn't; I agree with everything you said about color pictures, Ada, but I know now that these little irritations are just "growing pains" and I, for one, want to put in an encouraging word for color and a hope for its speedy perfection.

Bess Snyder,
Dayton, O.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Turnabout

The public is so darned, everlastingly demanding. They expect stars to sign autographs and do it with a loving smile, just any old time. Yet, look here! Does the public confront these stars graciously, courteously? No! If an Autograph Hunter sees a star dining, dancing, or even riding along in his car, the A. H. will burst unceremoniously down upon him, interrupt his dinner, his dance, or jump on the fender of this actor's car. If the star refuses to have his privacy so infringed upon—HOLY SMOKE! All the A. H.'s in the states immediately put him on the black list, and the poor actor is known henceforth as a Heel.

Now, I ask you—would we private citizens have our digestive systems upset by strangers? Would we allow ourselves to be hounded, any time, anywhere, by frantic, hurried persons endeavoring to receive our signature? I should say not! We would call a police officer. Maybe we did help to make them what they are. But we didn't do the work, did we?

Evelynne Heaton,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Honorable Mention

Now that we are gathered around this huge table, let's get down to business: How many of you would like to see Eleanor Powell and Fred Astaire co-starred?—Miss Mary Gesell, Des Moines, Ia.

Team Ginger Rogers and Dick Powell in a play with sweetness and romance, giving Ginger a young lover's part—Doris Constance Bemiss, Hudson, S. D.

PARK & TILFORD'S
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(FAY-ON)
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10c IN TEN CENT TUCKAWAY SIZES AS ILLUSTRATED AT ALL 5 & 10c STORES

Stop that COLD in Its Tracks!

A cold is nothing to "monkey with." It can take hold quickly and develop seriously. Take no chances inviting serious complications.

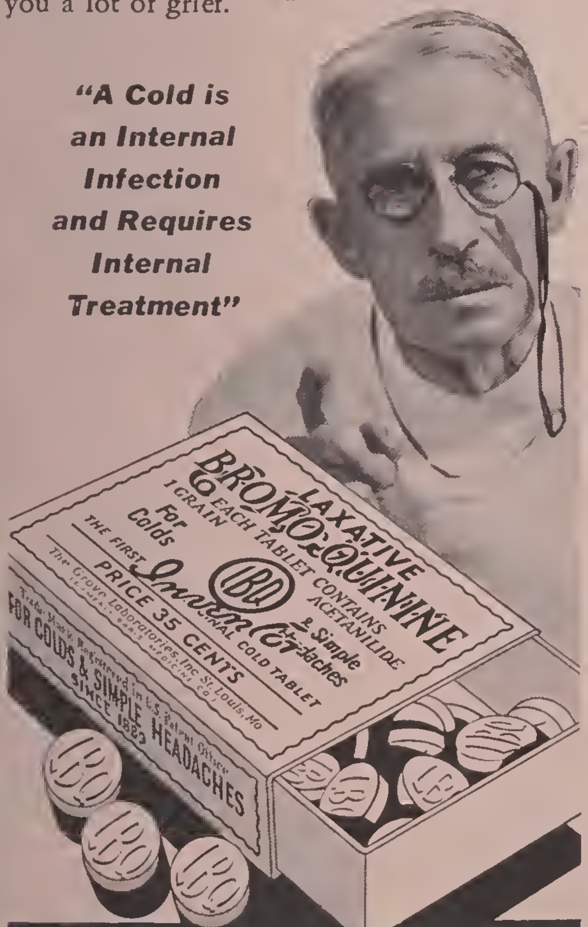
Treat a cold for what it is—an *internal infection!* Take an internal treatment and one that is expressly for colds and nothing else!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what you want for a cold! It is expressly a cold tablet. It is internal in effect. It does four important things.

Four Important Things

First of all, it opens the bowels. Second, it checks the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. Let it be your first thought in case of a cold. Ask for it firmly and accept no substitute. The few pennies' investment may save you a lot of grief.


"A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment"
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For Colds
1 GRAIN IN EACH TABLET CONTAINS ACETANILIDE
& Simple Headaches
THE FIRST INTERNAL COLD TABLET
PRICE 35 CENTS
FOR COLDS & SIMPLE HEADACHES
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GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Could you kindly explain to me why it seems necessary in most movie mystery films for the scenario writers to depict the characters of policemen as thick-headed nincompoops?—Philip Cohn, New York, N. Y.

There is something so fascinating about the American Negro's manner of living, his trials and tribulations, that one wonders why Hollywood is so reluctant to broach the subject—Dorothy G. Schutte, Erie, Pa.

Frances Dee and Francis Lederer have always appealed to me, but as a team they are absolutely sensational and would certainly get my vote for the Academy Award—Robert Lyness, Paterson, N. J.

Virginia Bruce is very beautiful on the screen, but what she needs is some PEP—M. Barr, Tucson, Ariz.

Why can't we have Hal LeRoy as a dancing juvenile in some of these productions? Fred Astaire would be miscast in a juvenile role, so give the young man a break!—Zerelda E. Morton, Indianapolis, Ind.

"Mutiny on the Bounty" leaves me with an uneasy feeling of having missed a great deal: if Hollywood is capable of such great heights, why has it waited so long?—L. O. Hall, Tulsa, Okla.

If more pictures starring horses were put on the screen, I would not feel that so much of my leisure time spent in the theater was wasted—Irene Hiebeler, Pearl River, N. Y.

NOSEY NELLIE SAYS

Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable announced their engagement officially this month and Betty has a baguette diamond ring, though no date has been set as yet for the wedding.

Loretta Young's first picture after her long illness will be "Lightning Strikes Twice" for 20th Century—Fox.

Mary Pickford threw the switch this year that lighted five hundred Christmas trees along Hollywood Boulevard, and Eddie Lowe led the huge Santa Claus parade down the street—all very pretty and Hollywoodish.

Rumor has it that the Alice Faye-Rudy Vallee romance is afire again.

The blue-ribbon, thoroughbred dogs of Dolores Del Rio, Stuart Erwin and Roy Del Ruth were among those which didn't win at the local kennel show.

Very hot romance: Rochelle Hudson and Harry Richman.

The Ginger Rogers—Fred Astaire team is really to be broken up, with Harriet Hoctor taking Ginger's place in the next Astaire film.

That Joan Blondell-Dick Powell romance seems to be getting very important.

Doctors announce that George O'Brien won't lose the sight of one eye, as was feared at first after a serious accident which occured during a squash game.

The Dietrich-John Gilbert romance is still going strong.

Good news! John Beal is well again and is expected to return to Hollywood as soon as his New York play engagement is completed.

"I PICKED THE GIRL WITH THE MOST *Kissable Lips*"

SAID TULLIO CARMINATI

Read how famous film star picked the loveliest lips in Hollywood test...

TULLIO CARMINATI, the sophisticated Hollywood screen star, picks the most kissable lips in unusual test!

● Three girls were with us when we asked Tullio Carminati what kind of lips men prefer. One girl wore no lipstick. The second wore the ordinary lipstick. The third wore Tangee. Instantly he picked the girl wearing Tangee. "Her lips are kissable, because they look natural," he said.

Most men agree with him. They like lips that are soft and natural. And that's the secret of Tangee's growing popularity. You avoid that painted look with Tangee, because *Tangee isn't paint.* It intensifies your own natural color... makes your lips lovely and alluring. If you prefer more color for evening wear, use Tangee Theatrical. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 39c and $1.10. Or, for a quick trial, send 10c for the special 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES**... *when you buy. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation... there's only one Tangee.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
New FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee color principle

TANGEE
TANGEE ROUGE
TANGEE
TANGEE CREME ROUGE

★ **4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET**
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417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.
Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel
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Address ________
City ________ State ________

. . . let Gerber's worry about the strained foods for your baby . . .

You can safely leave all that to us. Your baby's other needs, and your family's and your own, are too important to permit you to waste hours and hours in the kitchen—pushing spinach through a sieve!

Besides—and we say it with all modesty—we think we can do it better! Many baby-feeding specialists agree with us, too. That is because *we* are specialists. We use methods and equipment, and exercise a precision of scientific control, that the most complete home kitchen could not even approach.

Saving Vitamins and Minerals

Most important of all, Gerber processes prevent losses of nutritive value that so often occur in home cooking. We are able to retain more of vitamin C, because we cook with air excluded; and we save valuable minerals that may be poured off with the cooking water.

Another point—all our vegetables are "fancy," grown from special seed, picked at the peak of goodness, and packed in all their garden freshness. Then, we use a new process, "Shaker Cooking," which insures thorough cooking *in less time*, so your baby may have fresher-looking, fresher-tasting vegetables to tempt his budding appetite. (Gerber's are intentionally left unseasoned, so your physician may prescribe every detail of baby's diet.)

Let Gerber's 9 Strained Vegetables and Cereal solve your feeding problem and relieve you of work and worry. Read the names below—perhaps you have been using only two or three kinds. Your dealer will gladly supply all nine.

Gerber's
A B C
SPINACH

Gerber's

Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods

Strained Vegetable Soup . Tomatoes . Green Beans . Beets . Carrots . Prunes . Peas . Spinach 4½-oz. cans. *Strained* Cereal . 4½ and 10¼-oz. cans.

Every Mother Should Have This Book!

A treasure-house of valuable suggestions on baby's feeding, clothing, bathing, training, etc., with well-planned tables for filling in priceless records of baby's progress and history. 32 pages 5½ x 8½ in. By Harriet Davis, R. N. Send 3 Gerber labels or 10c, coin or stamps, for your copy.

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Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page* 40)

splendidly portrayed by Gene Gerrard.

Spike and *Flit* are just a couple of tramps—but with the usual hearts of gold, so that when they discover their new-found friend (Viola Keats) is in trouble financially, they start right in to help her. *Spike's* misadventures trying to manage a bank, run an iron works, and make a new man of *Flit* make a gay and whimsical evening's entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: See this by all means, unless you crave lots of action in your pictures.

✓✓ Mary Burns, Fugitive (Paramount)

You'll See: *Sylvia Sidney, Melvyn Douglas, Pert Kelton, Alan Baxter, Wallace Ford,, Brian Donlevy, Frank Sully.*

It's About: *A convicted girl prisoner allowed to escape in order to help G-men capture her public enemy sweetheart.*

This is not an epic, to be sure, but one of the very grandest slices of entertainment you're going to see for some time.

All about an innocent girl in love with a man who turns out to be a gangster. After his escape, she is sentenced to fifteen years as an accomplice. The G-Men allow her to escape, hoping that the gangster's love will bring them together and make his capture certain. The girl gets a job in a hospital and falls in love with a patient who is snow-blind and he falls for her voice even though he can't see her. The G-Men use this new love story to bring about the gangster's capture.

This picture is full of exceptional performances: Sylvia Sidney as *Mary Burns* is appealingly human; Melvyn Douglas as the hospital patient gives his best performance to date; Alan (newcomer) Baxter is fine as the gangster and Wallace Ford should gain a flock of new fans for his work as the G-Man. Super-special notice: Brian Donlevy, as *Spike*, confirms his flash of brilliance in "Barbary Coast" and we predict that he's the new sensation of the screen. Real applause should be given the direction by William K. Howard.

Your Reviewer Says: Highly recommended for its entertainment value.

✓✓ A Tale of Two Cities (M-G-M)

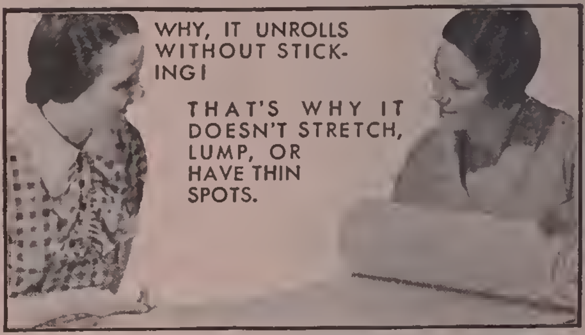
You'll See: *Ronald Colman, Elizabeth Allen, Reginald Owen, Blanche Yurka, Edna May Oliver, Basil Rathbone, Henry B. Walthall, Donald Woods, Claude Gillingwater, Isabel Jewel.*

It's About: *The human and dramatic side of the French Revolution and all the suspense, blood, romance and pain of the awful results.*

Greater than "David Copperfield," more vivid and gruesome than "Mutiny on the Bounty," this picture will go down in film history as one of the finest ever produced. The famous story by Charles Dickens is actually more stirring in picture form.

Telling the famous story of the French Revolution, with all its attendant horrors and blood-shed, without once losing the human side of the drama, this picture becomes a triumph for Director Conway,

WHY MILLIONS USE THIS IMPROVED *Quilt Batting*


WHY, IT UNROLLS WITHOUT STICKING!
THAT'S WHY IT DOESN'T STRETCH, LUMP, OR HAVE THIN SPOTS.

MOUNTAIN MIST MAKES CLOSE STITCHING GO SO FAST AND EASY.
—THAT'S WHY MOST PRIZE WINNERS USE IT.

I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH BEAUTIFULLY FULL AND EVEN PADDING.
YES, MOUNTAIN MIST PUFFS UP LIKE NEW AFTER WASHING.

FREE **HEIRLOOM QUILT PATTERN.** Get Mountain Mist at any department store and learn as millions have what a difference this improved batt makes. You get one of our latest complete working patterns regularly selling for 35c—it's printed inside the wrapper. There are also color block sketches of 19 other 35c patterns with a coupon which entitles you to order one for 20c.

The STEARNS & FOSTER CO., Lockland, Cincinnati, O.

MOUNTAIN MIST REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. *Quilt* **COTTON**

What made their hair grow?

Here is the Answer

"New hair came after I began using Kotalko, and kept on growing," writes Mr. H. A. Wild. "In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since."

Mary H. Little also has luxuriant hair now after using Kotalko. Yet for years her head, as she describes it, "was as bare and as bald as the back of my hand."

Many other men and women attest that hair has stopped falling excessively, dandruff has been decreased, new luxuriant hair growth has been developed where roots were alive, after using Kotalko to stimulate scalp.

Are your hair roots alive but dormant? If so, why not use Kotalko? Encourage new growth of hair to live on sustenance available in your scalp. **Kotalko is sold at drug stores everywhere.**

FREE BOX for men's, women's and children's hair. To prove the efficacy of Kotalko, Use coupon.

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Please send me Proof Box of KOTALKO.

Name..............................
Full Address..............................
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star Ronald Colman and newcomer Blanche Yurka. The story of Sidney Carton's love for Lucie Manette, the great sacrifice he makes to show his love, are played against the awe-inspiring background of that fateful year in French history when the people rose up against the aristocracy and became the pioneers of a new social justice. You'll see one of the greatest stories ever written, revived in even greater than original brilliance.

Ronald Colman's performance is well nigh flawless, his deft combination of mood and emotion is perfect. Elizabeth Allen is headed straight for stardom with her performance of *Lucie*. Stage actress Blanche Yurka will make you cheer as she revels in the bloodshed she has helped to bring about. Great performances abound throughout the picture. Those who deserve particular praise are: Reginald Owen, Edna May Oliver, Basil Rathbone, Henry B. Walthall, Donald Woods and Isabel Jewel.

Your Reviewer Says: If you miss this picture you will never forgive yourself! It is truly one of the finest films ever produced. See it!

✓ One Way Ticket (Columbia)

You'll See: *Lloyd Nolan, Peggy Conklin, Walter Connolly, Edith Fellows, Gloria Shea, Nana Bryant, Thurston Hall.*

It's About: *Romance between convict and daughter of a prison guard and what happens when he escapes to be with her.*

If you are willing to overlook one or two improbable turns in the story, we can assure you an hour of fast action and real romance behind prison walls.

When Lloyd Nolan, in order to square accounts for his father, robs a bank of the exact amount his father had lost in a previous crash, he goes to prison. Once there, his spirit and independence attract the daughter of the guard captain who sets out to make the boy interested in her. When the girl (Peggy Conklin) leaves for college, Nolan is secreted in her trunk and upon his discovery the real fun starts. The girl does everything in her power to save him and you'll be surprised at the method she uses to keep him from shooting it out with the police.

There are really some excellent performances despite the fact that you won't be drawn into the theater by any of the names. Lloyd Nolan does a good, capable job and you'll remember Peggy Conklin long after the show is over. Of course, Walter Connolly is excellent as the captain of the guards, kindly and positive at once. Gloria Shea, the warden's daughter, does well and the remainder of the cast, especially the convicts, keep the standard high.

Your Reviewer Says: If you like action and romance combined, try this one.

✓ So Red the Rose (Paramount)

You'll See: *Margaret Sullavan, Walter Connolly, Randolph Scott, Janet Beecher, Elizabeth Patterson, Dickie Moore.*

It's About: *What happens to a large family in the South during the civil war, and to the lover who refuses to fight.*

A perfect rendition of Stark Young's best seller combines with gorgeous photography and delicately drawn performances to make this a picture to remember.

The story, known to most of you, concerns a fine family of the South during the Civil War. While the action takes place during the war period, the story is based entirely upon the family and the war itself is merely an unseen backdrop. Pointing the Southern reaction, the picture shows the effects of the fighting upon the Bedfords; mint julep-drinking father, kindly mother, romantic daughter, patriotic son and a cousin whose education in the North makes it impossible for him to join the Southern army. The life on the plantation is idyllic until the Northern army burns the mansion to the ground and the negro slaves, drunk with their new-found freedom, desert.

Margaret Sullavan is perfect as the planter's daughter. Walter Connolly gives his best performance as the wealthy Southern plantation owner and Janet Beecher, as his wife is appealingly human. We were surprised at the exceptional work of Randolph Scott; a chance at drama is all Randy needed. Dickie Moore as the youngest son and Clarence Muse as the negro slave are fine. But despite all these grand performances, there is yet a surprise: Robert Cummings. In a tiny role, this boy stands out and rates applause. You should see more of Mr. Cummings in forthcoming pictures.

Your Reviewer Says: A beautiful picture. Better for South than North.

The Melody Linger On (United Artists)

You'll See: *Josephine Hutchinson, George Houston, John Halliday, Mona Barrie, Helen Westley, Walter Kingsford, David Scott.*

It's About: *The now-successful mother*

NEW EASY WAY TO

Perfect Chocolate Pie!

EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE PIE

2 squares unsweetened chocolate

1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk

½ cup water

Baked pie shell (8-inch)

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, stirring over boiling water five minutes until mixture thickens. Add water, stir until thoroughly blended. Pour into baked pie shell. Garnish with whipped cream if desired. Chill.

● Use any other recipe, and it'll take you 30 minutes' cooking and stirring and watching to get this creamy-smooth filling! Don't fail to clip this magic recipe! ● But *remember*—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

FREE! New Cook Book of Wonders!

New! New! NEW! Just off the press! "Magic Recipes" is a thrilling new successor to "Amazing Short-cuts." Gives you brand-new recipes—unbelievably quick and easy—for pies, cookies, candies, frostings! Sure-fire custards! Easy-to-make refrigerator cakes! Quicker ways to delicious salad dressings, sauces, beverages, ice creams (freezer and automatic). Address: The Borden Sales Co., Inc. Dept. MWG-26. 350 Madison Ave. New York, N. Y.

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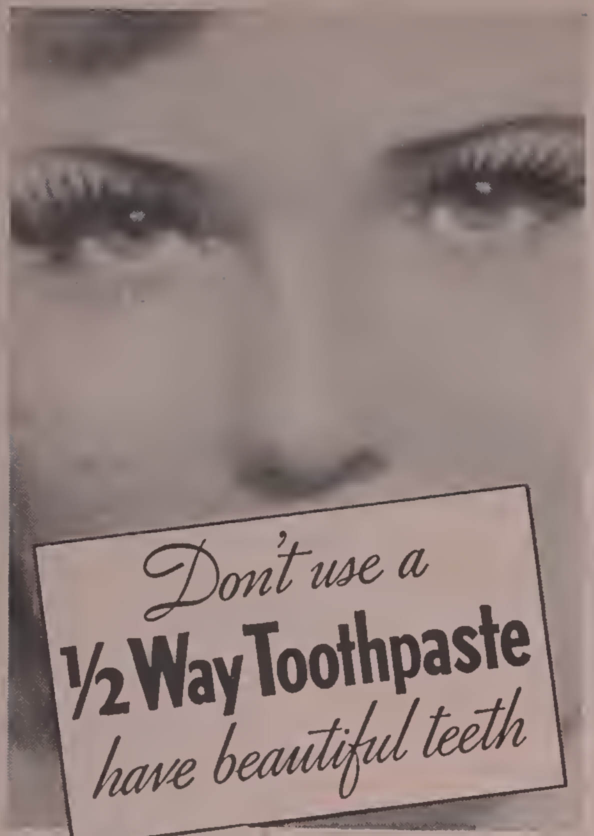


DOES BOTH JOBS

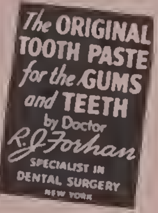
CLEANS TEETH

Spongy, bleeding gums reveal the dangers of half way care of your teeth. Don't wait for this to happen. Begin now to use Forhan's, the tooth paste that does both jobs—*whitens teeth* and *safeguards gums* at the same time.

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's is different from all other tooth pastes. It brings you the famous formula of Dr. Forhan—now used in concentrated form by dentists everywhere to combat gum troubles. It gives you *two-fold* protection, yet costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes. Why take chances with half way dental care? Begin using Forhan's today.

Forhan's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REMOVE HAIR without razor, liquid paste or powder 25c

Baby Touch Hair Remover Is the new, amazing way to remove hair from arms, legs and face—quickly and safely. Used like a powder puff. Odorless, painless, better than a razor. Baby Touch leaves the skin soft, white and restores youth and beauty to the skin. Should last a month. Satisfaction guaranteed. At drug and department stores or send 25c for one or $1.00 for five in plain wrapper.

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... STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE ...

Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.** Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. At all drug stores—or write for free sample bottle. D. D. D. Corp., Dept. 102, Batavia, Illinois. Send now.

who returns to the orphanage only to find that her son has been adopted.

When a picture contains too much material and the direction allows the unimportant portions to fill reels of films while the more interesting and necessary passages take but moments, the result is a bit boring. Expert editing may make this a much better picture before you see it, however.

All about a love affair between two young singers and the child that results. The girl, unable to support the baby, leaves it in an orphanage. Later, when she is successful, she tries to regain her child only to discover that he has been adopted by a wealthy family and is now headed for a diplomatic career. The mother struggles to convince the family that the boy should become a singer like his father; her fight made more difficult by the wealthy wife who believes she is interested in her husband and tries to turn the boy against his own mother with this weapon.

The cast tries valiantly against the story. Josephine Hutchinson plays her role beautifully and one can feel the added power she might have shown had the story been better presented. George Houston has appeal but lacks acting ability. John Halliday gives his usual sauve performance and newcomer David Scott stands out in his brief role.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll probably catch it on a double bill.

✓✓ I Dream Too Much (RKO)

You'll See: *Lily Pons, Henry Fonda, Eric Blore, Osgood Perkins, Lucien Littlefield, Lucille Ball, Misha Auer, Paul Porcasi.*
It's About: *A girl who becomes an opera star despite her desire to be a wife and mother and how she recalls her husband from defeat.*

Introducing Lily Pons, not only a great opera star but one of the very best comediennes to come to the screen in many months. The world will love her voice, women will rave about her clothes and men will rave about her diminutive charm. A new star is born.

A story of an opera star that is slightly different. In this one, the lady would much rather stay home, be a good wife and raise babies, but her voice is too good. When she overshadows her husband's opera composing, he walks out. Later, when she hits upon the idea of changing his opera into a musical comedy, he becomes successful enough to return to her.

In spite of little faults one might find with story and dialogue, the spacing of the songs and the lack of real punch lines to complete many of the scenes, this picture is entertaining. Miss Pons shows a surprising gift for displaying comedy, which, with her divine voice, will endear her to all. Henry Fonda, as the composer-husband, gives a good account of himself and you really understand his attitude towards the over-powering success of his wife. Eric Blore is almost as funny as the trained seal he uses; and Osgood Perkins gives an excellent characterization as Lily's manager. The music, while not spaced or presented perfectly, is beautifully sung.

Your Reviewer Says: You should see Lily Pons' first picture. It's good.

IF YOU ARE SKINNY WEAK, PALE RUNDOWN!

Get Strength-Building IODINE into Blood and Glands!

Thousands of weak, nervous, skinny folks have found this new way to add 5 lbs. in 1 week or no cost

If you are weak, skinny and rundown—if you go around always tired, nervous, irritable, easily upset, the chances are your blood is thin, pale and watery and lacks the nourishment needed to build up your strength, endurance and the solid pounds of new flesh you need to feel right. Science has at last got right down to the real trouble with these conditions and explains a new, quick way to correct them.

Food and medicines can't help you much. The average person usually eats enough of the right kind of food to sustain the body. The real trouble is assimilation, the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, pep and energy. Tiny hidden glands control this body building process—glands which require a regular ration of NATURAL IODINE (not the ordinary toxic chemical iodine, but the iodine that is found in tiny quantities in spinach, lettuce, etc.). The simplest and quickest way to get this precious needed substance is Kelpamalt, the astonishing new mineral concentrate from the sea. Kelpamalt is 1300 times richer in iodine than oysters, hitherto considered the best source. With Kelpamalt's iodine, you quickly normalize your weight and strength building glands, promote assimilation, enrich the blood and build up a source of enduring strength. Kelpamalt, too, contains twelve other precious, vitally needed body minerals without which good digestion is impossible.

Try Kelpamalt for a single week. Notice how much better you feel, how well you sleep, how your appetite improves, color comes back into your cheeks. And if it doesn't add 5 lbs. of good solid flesh the first week, the trial is free. 100 jumbo size Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Kelpamalt today. Kelpamalt costs but little at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

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Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral Contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 654, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

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Golden Glint will bring out the youthful golden tints of your hair, too. Try it tonight—you'll be delighted!

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RINSE (Two "tiny-tint" rinses)

Two popular packages 25¢ each

SHAMPOO (One shampoo and one "tiny-tint" rinse)

"Brightens every shade of hair"

TAP DANCING BY MAIL

Beg. or Adv. Tap $1. Sample Tap lesson for Beg. with Standard Time-step & break 25c. Beg. Waltz & Foxtrot $1. HAL LEROY studied here. Send for list "W".

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WITHIN 1 MINUTE

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved within one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for almost fifty years. It is strongly recommended by doctors and nurses instead of the unsanitary teething ring.

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

Miss Pacific Fleet (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Hugh Herbert, Allen Jenkins, Warren Hull, Eddie Acuff, Minna Gombell.*

It's About: *Two chorus girls who enter a contest to determine the most popular gal with the sailors and how they win.*

Light, easy going and not too entertaining, this little effort misses fire too often to get much more than mild approval.

When Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell quit the chorus to do some traveling, they enter a contest to find the gal most liked by the Navy in order to get the necessary money. Boxing contests are put on in order to gain them votes. In between, there is comedy by Hugh Herbert, Allen Jenkins and Minna Gombell.

Every member of the cast tries hard, but it just doesn't make any difference. Hugh Herbert is best of the lot. Miss Blondell and Glenda Farrell don't seem to have their hearts in their work and even Allen Jenkins misses the mark often.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't worry about it, you'll find it on a double bill.

✓✓ Dangerous (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Bette Davis, Franchot Tone, Margaret Lindsay, Alison Skipworth, John Eldredge, Dick Foran, Walter Walker, Richard Carle.*

It's About: *A man, happily in love, who helps a second woman piece her life together and becomes enmeshed himself.*

An artistic, well-written, brilliantly-acted story of such dramatic sincerity and honesty that women all over the country will rush to see it.

Concerning a former stage favorite who has fallen to the gutter (Bette Davis) but who manages to loose such uncanny power on a man that he pauses in his own plans for marriage to rehabilitate her. Bringing the woman into his own home, the basis is laid for a fine, dramatic situation between the enchantress and the girl he really loves. The man (Franchot Tone) is caught between his true love and a sort of fascinating duty he feels he must perform.

Bette Davis is splendid and Franchot Tone gives one of his best performances. The girl he is to marry, Margaret Lindsay, is very believable and well-drawn. The remainder of the cast is good.

Your Reviewer Says: Strong stuff, exceptionally well done. Recommended.

✓✓ The Story of Louis Pasteur (Warner Bros.)

You'll See: *Paul Muni, Josephine Hutchinson, Anita Louise, Donald Woods, many others.*

It's About: *A great doctor's discovery of germs.*

Every once in a while Warner Brothers, those busy boys of the fire-eating films, turn out a quiet masterpiece. "Pasteur" is such a picture. There is nothing spectacular in it, but the extraordinary life of Louis Pasteur, the French scientist who first discovered the why and wherefore of germs and how they affected the lives of all living things, has been made into a drama both thrilling and touching.

Don't be afraid of it or think that it will be dull and highbrow. An essentially educational story has been so filled with

A *new* and daintier technique for

Feminine Antisepsis

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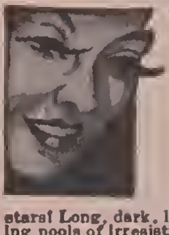

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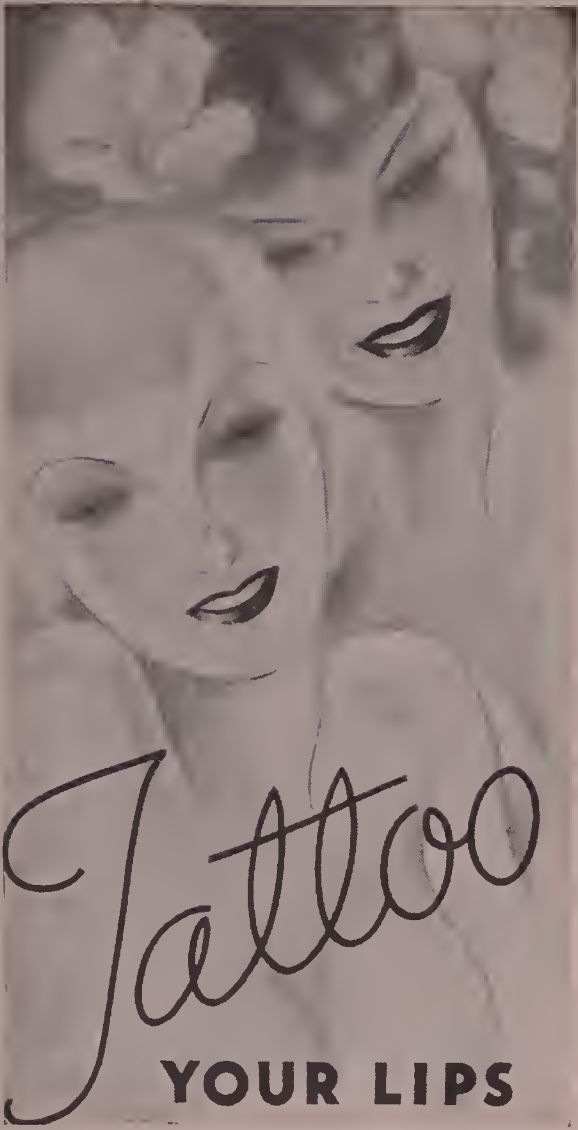

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the tiny things of the human emotions, with true heart-pull that you will be touched with the simple humanity of this story of a genius. Much of the artistry is due to Paul Muni's extraordinary performance as Pasteur, though the whole cast and the scholarly direction are excellent.

Your Reviewer Says: A "must" picture for more serious movie-goers.

Millions In the Air (Paramount)

You'll See: *John Howard, Wendy Barrie, Willie Howard, Benny Baker, Robert Cummings, Eleanore Whitney, Dave Chasen, Catherine Doucet.*

It's About: *Love and laughs about an amateur hour.*

Geared for laughs, this better-than-average musical should please you.

The daughter of a soap magnate, anxious to prove her singing ability, teams with a handsome young ice-cream peddler for duets on her father's amateur hour. Of course there are other contestants: Willie Howard, as an Italian singer; Benny Baker and Dave Chasen as a comedy team; Robert (newcomer) Cummings and Eleanore Whitney as amateur singer and dancer.

Willie Howard is definitely the cream of this crop and when he wiggles his ears in time with the music, you won't hear the music. Baker and Chasen, two excellent comedians acting like two very bad comedians, gather plenty of laughs. John Howard and Wendy Barrie carry the major romance while Robert Cummings and Eleanore Whitney (and she can tap!) play a minor romance. Catherine Doucet helps entertain and the music is okay.

Your Reviewer Says: Tuneful and funny.

Case of the Missing Man (Columbia)

You'll See: *Roger Pryor, Joan Perry, Thurston Hall, Arthur Hohl, George McKay, Tommy Dugan, James Burke, Arthur Rankin.*

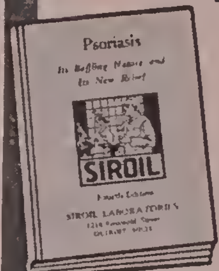
It's About: *The "street photographer" racket and what results when he accidentally shoots a crime being committed!*

Not a super-special but some fairly fast action and an inside glimpse of a new racket will keep you interested.

Roger Pryor, although a highly-paid newspaper man, agrees to try the new "street photographer" racket to satisfy his sweetheart. By accident, he shoots a picture of a criminal leaving the scene of a crime and the gang beats him up pretty badly when they destroy his camera to keep the evidence from the police.

Mr. Pryor makes his characterization believable but Joan Perry has little to do. The heavy entertaining is done by a couple of swell funny men: George McKay and Tommy Dugan and we warn you to be ready to do a bit of laughing. The crooks are well cast and the atmosphere is quite exciting, if too complicated.

Your Reviewer Says: A little picture but pleasing. (*Continued on page* 118)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Hollywood's Billion Dollar Gamble

(Continued from page 27)

What, in dollars and cents, has Hollywood's greatest gamble actually cost? Let's take a look behind the scenes and learn the incredible—and dangerous—value to Hollywood of certain human lives.

It was Samuel Goldwyn who gave me the first indication of the terrific gamble involved from the moment the camera starts grinding on a big production. He said:

"Naturally, every film is insured as fully as possible to cover actual production expense and loss by fire. Accident policies are sometimes still carried but it is impossible to estimate, let alone to insure against, the unforseen delays caused by illness and accident, delays that may occur any moment during production.

"Insurance on players during the actual making of a picture comes very, very high," continued Mr. Goldwyn. "For that reason, it is impractical for producers to insure every member of the cast. If a producer should insure his cast against every hazard, the cost would amount to more than the hoped-for profit. Thus only the actual stars in a film are insured.

"Sometimes even *this* protection is denied either because the star is not insurable or because the premium is so high as to preclude such a policy. Occasionally, a star's value is inestimable. Take Will Rogers——"

It is no secret that the late Will Rogers represented the staggering figure of $15,000,000 to the recent merger of 20th Century and Fox Studios. Rogers pictures earned an average of five millions yearly and he was contracted for three years. Yet there was no insurance company who would gamble on a single player to a $15,000,000 extent. In fact, the studio could obtain but $1,000,000 protection. And when he died, the insurance sum payable to the studios wasn't even equal to the profit on one picture. And numerous stories already purchased for Will and representing a cash outlay totaling hundreds of thousands of dollars are still on the studio shelves because no one can take his place.

And it isn't only the risk taken with the stars of a production. Every supporting player becomes an equal risk the moment the camera grinds the first scene. The further the company gets into the picture, the greater the risk.

Genial, likable Sam Hardy was not the star of "Shoot the Chutes," Goldwyn's latest Eddie Cantor picture, but his tragic passing two weeks after the start of production on the elaborate revue necessitated the remaking of the first third of the picture at an estimated loss of nearly a third of a million dollars.

Jack LaRue is also a featured player in Cantor's picture. A few days after Sam Hardy's sudden death a scene was made in which LaRue was standing beside an automobile. The scene called for another actor inside the car to slam the door and make a quick getaway, but when the door slammed Jack's hand was caught in the door-jamb. What terrible pain Jack must have suffered while the heavy door was

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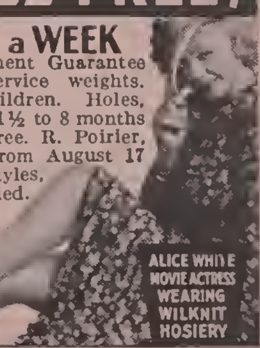
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being removed at the hinges—it could not be opened otherwise! Long minutes after the accident, LaRue was carried on a stretcher to an ambulance.

Of course the company was sincerely sympathetic, but what did this cost them in money? One day of actual shooting lost, at $10,000. And extra sets had to be erected ahead of schedule so that they could "shoot around" Jack while he was away for five days after the accident. While the three broken bones were still mending, Jack demanded that they provide him with a rubber glove and make up the glove to look like his hand and this extraordinary courage in the face of pain saved added loss.

Another worry for the producers following the accident was the fact that a running gag was being used throughout the film, in that LaRue was supposed to crack his knuckles ever so often. As difficult as it must have been, Jack carried out that gag one week after the accident, using his other hand!

Gordon Westcott was not actually in production of a picture at the time of his disastrous fall from a polo pony, resulting in a brain concussion that claimed his life, but the incalculable amount spent in building him up into potential star material must be reckoned as part of Hollywood's billion dollar gamble.

YOU'LL remember how half-morbid, semi-hysterical crowds kept the pictures starring Rudolph Valentino on the screen for months after his passing. The unreleased pictures of Wallace Reid were called in following his death. The prolonged illness of Marie Dressler prohibited her from making the pictures that would have remained unreleased at her death.

Who could possibly have forseen that a little accident like a head-to-head collision between Janet Gaynor and Henry Fonda in the final scene of "The Farmer Takes a Wife" would result in Janet's being unable to star in a very important picture, "Way Down East," a picture important not alone to Janet but to the newly-merged 20th Century-Fox studios as well. What was looked upon, at first, as a minor mishap has now taken on the aspects of a major accident that becomes a real handicap to a million-dollar investment. With due justice to pretty little Rochelle Hudson, it is doubtful if the returns on "Way Down East," the picture in which Rochelle pinch hits for Janet, will be what they might have been had Janet played the starring role.

As we write these words, Adolphe Menjou lies in a Hollywood hospital fighting for his life, the victim of a serious stomach ailment. Only *five scenes* remain for him to make in Harold Lloyd's "The Milky Way," yet, should he be unable to make these five scenes, practically the entire picture would have to be remade—at the staggering cost of over $500,000! Menjou is not the star, but his role is so important to the story that he has appeared in almost every scene.

Last year, Menjou was taken ill in the middle of production on "Broadway Gondoliers." Ten weeks he lay in the hospital while the entire company waited. No one in Hollywood, least of all the stars, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, and War-

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ner's studio, had anything but sympathy for the stricken Menjou. Yet he was gone for ten weeks—ten weeks at a production-delay cost of $10,000 a day.

Of all the studios, perhaps 20th Century-Fox has been the hardest hit by illness, accident and death in its stellar ranks. First, the overwhelming personal and property loss of Will Rogers followed by the injury to Janet Gaynor and now the long illness and indefinite return of another potential box-office sensation: Loretta Young.

It is ironical that this illness should occur when her company had the most ambitious plans in store for her. Several important and costly stories and plays have been purchased exclusively for Loretta. Stardom would have been the result. Her illness is heartbreaking for Loretta and a monetary loss to her company. As one important executive explained:

"There is but one *first* choice for every role we cast. If for any reason that person cannot play the role, the production's actual value is weakened accordingly. That is the amazing feature of fortunes tied up in personalities. If one of the construction machines in an automobile factory breaks down or wears out, the solution is simple and not too expensive. Another machine, performing exactly the same function may be bought to replace it. But the producers who gamble in personality, charm and glamor are not so fortunate. The greater and more valuable the star, the more difficult it is to replace him or her. No one has yet taken Marie Dressler's place. No one will ever take Will Rogers'.

DEATH of a prominent star cannot be figured merely as a loss to a particular picture because the star has a potential (though intangible) value to many future pictures. Each successful year of a star's life makes that star more valuable. After several years, a star represents many millions to his company in unearned profits.

"Prolonged illnesses are an almost equal risk to the investment made in building the star's name and paying him a large salary. The picture audiences are notoriously fickle.

"I think the time will come when a clause will be included in every stellar contract that will make unnecessary risks and dangerous sports a matter of optional contract cancellation. In this way, studios can partially protect their own investment while protecting the lives of their stars and prolonging their careers at the same time!"

The executive gestured toward the enormous front gates of the studio, visible through his office window.

"Through those gates each evening," he said, "go one-half of all the assets of this great company. The buildings and equipment? *Not worth a penny without stars.*"

And still: Wallace Beery flies his own plane... Leslie Howard and Spencer Tracy play polo... Gary Cooper plans another jaunt into African jungles after dangerous game... Bob Montgomery buys a car that will travel over one hundred miles an hour! Hollywood's billion dollar gamble goes on!

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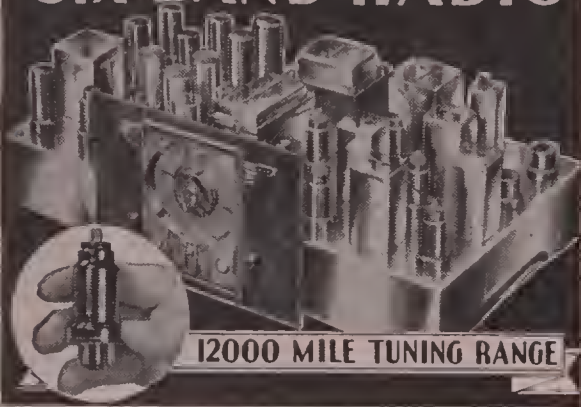

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Up the Glory Road with Tibbett

(*Continued from page* 51)

his own doctrine. He was willing to sing from the floor, hang from the rafters or swing from the lamps if the role called for it. He was the first great singer who ever turned his back on an audience, the first to sing an aria lying down.

His rebellious ideas and practices made him sensational newspaper copy for the next three or four years while his triumphs mounted. Though he was no high-salaried darling of the opera, his finances were straightening out and he was able to repay a few smaller loans. His royalties from a record of *Pagliacci* alone netted him $10,000 in one year. Concerts, between opera seasons, were equally lucrative, even though his contract read that all revenues from concert, records and motion pictures were to be shared on a percentage basis with the Metropolitan.

Even more amazing than his singing, though, was the reaction of women who heard him sing. To our knowledge, Larry Tibbett was the first opera star to bring sex appeal to the Metropolitan. His fan mail was terrific, passionate. When he appeared in concert, women stampeded the stage entrance after each performance.

A great many men in public life have claimed that such frantic adoration bored them. But Tibbett has never made such a claim. The boy who had once yearned to be attractive and popular with the pretty co-eds in a California high school had at last come into the realm of worship and adulation beyond his wildest dreams, and he loved it, gloried in it. Sob sisters questioned Grace Tibbett as to her "wifely feelings" when women mobbed her attractive husband. In one interview she was quoted, "Women have always loved Larry—I suppose they always will."

It was inevitable that Hollywood, the most sex-conscious town in the world, should seek him out. But when he accepted an M-G-M offer to make "The Rogue Song" for the newly discovered talkies, his friends in the operatic world threw up their hands. They told him, "You will ruin yourself. Your prestige will vanish overnight. Poor Larry, why do you sell yourself for a pot of gold?"

THE artist's answer was short and characteristic, "For just that, the pot of gold!" He wanted money. He needed it. He still owed many hundreds to generous benefactors. He explained to me, "I did not dare tell them that I had a great deal of respect for motion pictures. Why must we limit our art to the Metropolitan, the Museum and the Guild? Why are we so blinded by high-sounding titles and so contemptuous of anything popular? Personally, I have been severely bored with the antics of an occasional high-salaried sacred cow of the arts; I have been thrilled, on the other hand, by the perfect enunciation of Rudy Vallee singing 'Vagabond Lover' and impressed by the fine sincerity of feeling with which Al Jolson sings 'Sonny Boy.'"

Tibbett found Hollywood in a nervous state of mind when he arrived to make his first picture with beautiful Catherine Dale Owen and those two funny men, Laurel and Hardy, in "The Rogue Song." The movies were newly wed to the microphone and everything was jittery. No one was quite sure what to do or how to do it. Sound recording was a highly precarious procedure and the very first thing Tibbett did when he sang was *blow out all the fuses in the equipment.* The strength of his magnificent voice was too much for the frail device. This was but the first outward indication of the fact that Hollywood was frankly gambling on an opera star; but when the picture broke all box-office records the opening week, Larry Tibbett was as sensationally entrenched in the hearts of the feminine movie fans as he had been with the stage and concert audiences. They called him the greatest lover since John Gilbert. Professionally, his career was at high crest; privately, his marriage career was not faring so well.

Rumors of discord between the Tibbetts were heard on every hand. Gossip columns offered inside hints on their impending break. There was the whisper that Larry's fame had gone to his head, another that Grace Tibbett's pre-success ambition and driving force had developed, once success was reached, into nagging. From every side came new and startling reasons.

TO this day, Lawrence Tibbett has little to say regarding his separation and subsequent divorce from Grace Tibbett. "We had been incompatible for some time," is his only explanation. "We were working at cross purposes and we both knew it. There was nothing sudden about our break. When we realized there was no longer any hope for happiness in our marriage, Grace went to Reno and filed suit for divorce. She kept the two boys and we have remained friends."

In quick succession, following "The Rogue Song," Larry made "New Moon," with Grace Moore, and "The Prodigal." Then came "The Cuban Love Song" with that bit of dynamite, Lupe Velez.

When he learned that he was to be supported by the hot-tamale, Velez, Tibbett was so scared he almost turned the part down. He had faced the most temperamental ladies of the opera—Jeritza, Alda, Ponselle had been "wrestled to the floor" by Larry in his zest for realism. But the idea of Lupe terrified him.

The first day of shooting, Larry hid behind chairs and cameras to keep out of her way. He almost dropped in his tracks when the outraged Lupe came looking for him, demanding at the top of her shrill voice, "Hey! What's a matter with you? You think Lupe bite you, or kick?" Larry, sheepishly but gallantly rose to the occasion with "I had *hoped* so!" Then he laughed and after that they got along famously. "Lupe is a splendid little actress and a really good singer," Tibbett says enthusiastically. "Her greatest handicap is the fact that she believes everything that is written about her and spends half her life living up to her firebrand reputation! She's a great kid, at heart, and we cooked up more mischief between us during that picture than staid and dignified M-G-M had witnessed before or since!"

Lupe constantly urged Larry to try various ridiculous

(*Continued on page* 104)

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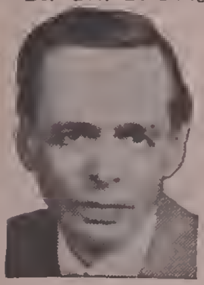
Doctors Praise Cystex



Dr. G. B. Knight

Dr. Geo. B. Knight, of Camden, New Jersey, recently wrote: "When Kidneys don't function properly and fail to properly throw off the waste matter strained from the blood, aches develop in the muscles and joints, the appetite suffers, sleep is disturbed, and the patient is generally run-down and suffers with lowered vitality. Cystex is an excellent prescription to help overcome this condition. It starts its beneficial action almost immediately, yet contains no harmful or injurious ingredients. I consider Cystex a prescription which men and women in all walks of life should find beneficial in the treatment of functional Kidney disorders." And Dr. T. J. Rastelli, famous Doctor, Surgeon, and Scientist, of London, says: "Cystex is one of the finest remedies I have ever known in my medical practice. Any doctor will recommend it for its definite benefits in the treatment of many functional Kidney and Bladder disorders. It is safe and harmless."

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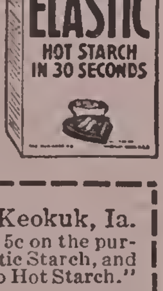

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(*Continued from page* 102)

stunts and ideas that were merely fun to them, but rather explosive for the studio. Though Tibbett refuses to admit it, it is common talk that it was Lupe who prodded him into demanding John Gilbert's super-special bungalow dressing room, "just to see if he *could* get it." Larry "demanded," expecting to be met with a severe rebuke and a definite "No!" When worried officials finally handed him the keys, he was ten times more surprised than—well, John Gilbert, for instance.

On another occasion, Tibbett accepted an invitation to the swank home of an ultra-ultra movie queen. The lady was, by her own admission, a patron of the arts and her friends were supposedly the *creme de la creme* of the colony, but as the evening wore on, Larry discovered they were not much fun. Velez-coached for contriving mischief on the least provocation, he decided to play a trick on them. He offered to sing several Russian songs. The gathering was charmed. Tibbett sang, without accompaniment, at the top of his famous lungs, adding an "itsky" to the end of every word he uttered. At the completion of the recital, a "Russian Princess" rushed up to him with tears in her eyes. She kissed his hand, saying "Oh, you don't know how you have touched my heart with the songs of my country. It has been so long since I heard them—you have touched me deeply." Tibbett thanked her and added, "I'm sorry that my Russian pronunciation is not all it might be." The "Princess" held her hand aloft in command: "Don't say such theengs! I understood aavray word."

Tibbett still doesn't know a single word of Russian!

IT was with real regret that he was forced to end his Hollywood exploits and return to New York to fulfill Metropolitan and concert contracts. Hollywood hated to see him go, too. Tibbett was Hollywood's first opera celebrity to behave like a regular fellow and a good scout. He had made many staunch friends.

Returning to the Metropolitan, he created sensations in two American operas, *Peter Ibbetson* and *Emperor Jones*. Women continued to storm the stage entrances after every performance and New Yorkers constantly besieged him for dinners and teas. But for the first time in many years, life seemed a little dull and meaningless to Larry Tibbett. He missed the camaraderie of California. He missed the rowdy and happy companionship with his two sons. With the closing of the opera season, he boarded a train for San Francisco for the first vacation he had taken in many years. But even in San Francisco, his restlessness continued. Before he had been there a week, he had agreed to give a performance of *St. Francis of Assisi.*

It was a signal for the resumption of all the lionizing that had marked his New York visit. Everywhere he turned there were invitations, but until he accepted an invitation to meet Herbert Hoover at the home of the owner of a San Francisco newspaper, one reception was pretty much like another to Larry. Inevitably he sang; inevitably he chatted with hordes of women who surrounded him with teacups in their hands and "art" on their lips. However, it was not the ex-President of the United States who changed his destiny that warm afternoon in early fall.

Larry had sung three songs and he had reached the conclusion (along with a wilted collar) that he would sing no more when suddenly a tall, slender woman with extraordinary eyes introduced herself and asked if he would sing her favorite, *Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes.* No one could have been more surprised than Tibbett, himself, to find himself not only singing the song for the lovely lady but wanting to sing it for her, and *to* her!

For the second time in his life, love had struck Lawrence Tibbett like a bolt from the blue.

The lovely brunette was Mrs. Jennie Marston Burgard, a New York girl living in San Francisco. Her father was a retired banker and she had just returned from a world tour when she met Larry. It was a case of love at first sight. Exactly one year after Grace Tibbett's suit for divorce in Reno, Larry and Mrs. Burgard were married.

"She has brought into my life the things men dream of and so few see materialized. She is a beautiful woman with a fine sense of humor, a rare combination of traits. She loves art in any form, particularly music, with true appreciation. When she has enough of opera life for a few months, she suggests that we take a trip through the Harlem night clubs and regain our lost perspective. We do everything together!"

IN other words, Lawrence Tibbett is ideally happy, deeply in love and doesn't care who knows it. A year ago in August, their happiness was crowned by the birth of a son.

As this is written, "Metropolitan," his first starring picture for the newly organized 20th Century-Fox studios, has just been released. Tibbett's magnificent voice and personality are setting new records at the box office. The studio has already taken up his option on his services for three more films to follow his present concert tour.

"As I look back over the events of my life, I can make but one conclusion: I am the luckiest man alive!" Larry continued. "No, I don't underestimate the great gift of my voice. It would be sheer ingratitude not to glory in it. But the world is filled with unhappy artists, many of whom have great talent which has not spelled contentment. That is why I count myself so lucky. My life has been filled with adventure, with adversity enough to make success even sweeter and with struggles always rewarded. I am happy in my work. My work? Just think!

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How to Exercise for Beauty

(*Continued from page 52*)

of course, but after you have worked up to that number.

And here are three routines that are good for you all over—promote deep breathing, limber up the back (where the big trunk nerves are, the cramping of which may cause lack of energy at the least), and help to regulate elimination, that important factor in complexion beauty.

THE LUNG WORK OUT

Do this in bare or stockinged feet, no heels. Raise the arms in front, palms down, to overhead slowly, at the same time rising on your toes and breathing in through the nose. Now, still slowly, in regular rhythm, with palms up, bring arms down sideways, sink back on the heels, and exhale through the mouth. Never rush this, do it with a sweep of sure regularity, at least five times at a time, and frequently in between your other exercises.

TWO FLOOR ROUTINES

1. Lie on your back on the floor, arms extended on the floor above your head. Now raise up from the waist, over, and touch your toes with your fingers. ("Ouch," I can hear you saying. I know, but keep at it, once the first day, twice the second, till you can do it ten times without stopping.)

2. Extend arms on floor out from shoulders. Kick first one leg, then the other, as high as you can, toe pointed. Then kick both legs together and try to touch the floor back of your head. This will keep you fit!

AND speaking of keeping fit, here's Mary Carlisle's own invention for that. As you have certainly noticed, if you've seen Mary's recent pictures, she has improved her figure in a striking way, with diet, massage and exercise. Mary intends to keep her figure this way, and this is what she does every single night, and I mean *every* night. She takes half a box of common kitchen matches, and with a wide, handsome gesture, she scatters them over the floor. Then she stoops down, picks up one, stands up and puts it in the box, stoops over for another, stands up again, and repeats this till every one is back in the box. Sounds crazy, doesn't it, but while you're doing it, you're using almost every muscle in the body. Try it!

Notice I said she does this *every* night. Doing your exercises for two days, forgetting them a day, and then going back to them only intermittently, is just no use. The effects of exercise are cumulative. Skip even one day, and you have to work for several regular days to gain what you lost that one day without them. So—regularity, *regularity* and REGULARITY. Persist in this, and don't be impatient.

But how long before results will show? That is entirely an individual matter. I can't even guess for you, but it's a certainty that results must show eventually. The change will be apparent in the way you feel, and then in the way your clothes fit.

Now for some hints in taking your exercises. If you were having a course at one of the famous Hollywood conditioning clubs, you would be told these things, so remember and apply them:

ALWAYS begin your exercising mildly, a few times for each set the first day, once oftener the next day, and so on, till you have worked up to where all of them take you from twenty minutes to half an hour to finish. Between each set, relax and breathe. Never continue until you are panting and exhausted.

You'll get more benefit from less effort, if you do your exercises in the morning before breakfast, even though they seem to be harder to manage then. If exercising stimulates, instead of relaxing you, then by all means do them in the morning, for waiting till bedtime for them can induce a mild insomnia. Business girls, office workers, often find that exercising the last thing at night relaxes them perfectly and gives unusually sound, beneficial sleep.

Never strain. Remember that your clothes and your mental attitude are essential in exercising. If you wear high heels you will undoubtedly wear a frown, too. But if you wear proper low heels your exercises will become easier. That smile is important. Let your exercising be a joy to you. While you do it, keep thinking of the health and vitality you are building up for yourself!

Instead of counting one, two, three, four, say instead: "Health-Joy-Fun-Good-Looks!" Perhaps that sounds childish to you, but it isn't entirely silly. Our subconscious has a funny trick of believing what we tell it, you know.

Begin right now to incorporate some kind of exercise into your daily life. Know the tingling consciousness of brimming energy that regular exercise, intelligently taken, can give you. Begin to see the improvement in your appearance that is bound to come. It's such a simple, but such a royal road to beauty—exercise!

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Gary Gets What He Wants

(*Continued from page* 45)

many people think of Washington, D. C., as a group of dome-topped buildings. Too many people really don't know what or for whom they are voting. I really think a series of short reels devoted to the mechanics of our federal, state and city governments could wipe out a lot of the disastrous disinterest that now exists among American citizens.

"And it doesn't matter whether this venture makes money or not. I mean to do it just the same.

"The next want, and a very, very important one, is to retain my capacity for enjoying simple things. If you think that's easy just look around us. Hollywood is an easy place in which to lose your taste for homespun things. If, all the rest of my life, I can keep my zest for such things as a good dinner, a deep night's sleep, a swift drive along the ocean at night, a fast game of tennis, an absorbing book, I will be content.

"The next want," Gary continued, "is a chance to arrange my screen work so that I am not too busy living to enjoy life. I want time to raise dogs, make things grow on our two acres. I want time to draw, to really live in those six small comfortable rooms of our cottage."

And then because I saw him edging closer to the door, I ripped into the sternest of the Cooper publicity taboos. I asked:

"Isn't there something else, Gary? Children? Family?"

"Yes, of course, I want children. Two or three, a couple of girls and a boy or visa versa, I'm not particular.

"And that is all I want from the next five, ten or twenty years, in fact, it's all I want from life.

"Do you think it's too much?"

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Sem-Pray Creme Youthifies Beautifies

Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 22)

IF you like the Marx Brothers, blame it on a mule. We have just heard the story of how the boys happened to start using that insane brand of comedy that throws you in the aisles.

It happened during the first year they were on the road. They were serious artists, each of the boys contributing something as fine as Harpo's present day harp tingling. They were showing their wares down in Texas under a canvas tent when the mule walked in. Of course the riot started immediately, both in the audience and on the stage. The boys started to burlesque their artistic talents in order to keep the audience from hysterics. The audience got hysterical anyway. At first, the boys didn't know what to make of it—then they figured it out! they were *funny!* It's been a round of insanity ever since.

* * *

SINCE that fateful day when Luise Rainer refused to take a milk-bath for a scene in "The Great Ziegfeld," her mail has been heavy. Every company in the country that makes any product for the bath has been writing for Luise's endorsement. Bath salts are in the lead at the moment with TWELVE requests.

* * *

OPEN LETTER TO LUPE VELEZ

YES, we know you are on your way back from South America, but your agent has signed a contract for you to go to Paris right away so we thought you might like to hear this now. You've heard of our new foreign sensation, Simone? Well, she wants to know if you mind if Johnny gives her a few swimming lessons? We might tell you that she learned English by reading fairy stories, so you can see that she always takes the simplest route. Think hard. Good luck!

* * *

YOU'VE seen those cute little water-wagons that the boys are continually rushing onto the field for the football players? The day of the water bucket has certainly passed for all except one team in Los Angeles. Loyola University had a swell team but because of lack of ready cash, the boys were still being refreshed on the field *via* the old-fashioned bucket.

Then Mae West noticed that the boys didn't have all the modern conveniences and she appeared on the field the day of their biggest inter-sectional game and presented them with a stream-lined water wagon. As the boys gathered 'round, Mae quipped, "Drink hearty, boys, the house is setting 'em up!"

* * *

IN a recent batch of mail from the Paramount publicity department, we were rather stunned to realize how closely related the following paragraph seems to an old nursery rhyme:

"'Won't you come into my dressing room for tea,' said Marlene Dietrich to Gary Cooper."

ON a recent questionnaire given to waitresses at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby, it was discovered that twenty-five of the gals were willing to answer. Thirteen of them were writing poetry, three wrote plays and twenty-three still thought Clark Gable the best actor.

P. S. Only one little gal had any desire to be an actress!

* * *

WHEN you see Fred Astaire next, be sure to listen for a hit tune called, "I'm Building Up To An Awful Let-Down!" Mrs. Astaire's little boy Freddy wrote the dittie all by himself and the studio liked it so well they are giving it a feature spot in the picture. This news just about completes the picture for Fred: he can act, sing, play the piano, dance, and turn out hit music! Oh yes, he has also just had a book published on the subject of dancing. If he could only cook!

* * *

SOMETIME ago, Preston Foster gave MOVIE MIRROR an exclusive story in which he told for the first time of his companionate divorce idea, explaining that he and Mrs. Foster always separate while he is working on a picture. That statement was made just as he started work on "The Last Days Of Pompeii."

Now, the companionate divorce is out!

Since Foster's hit in that picture, he has been working so steadily that Mrs. Foster finally revolted. "It's getting to be too much of a good thing! Now that Preston is working from one picture to another without so much as a day between, I haven't seen him at all. I was worried about next Fourth of July. We always like to spend the Fourth together."

* * *

ALL OVER THE LOTS

THAT operation on Dick Arlen's eye was a complete success and he will now be able to stand those strong studio lights without so much pain.

It is to laugh: the director who will tell the actors how for "Show Boat" is named James Whale!

Since La Harlow became a brownette, the number of blondes around Hollywood has sunk to a new low. Every gal in the platinum class has either changed or is planning to. Maybe you blonde readers ought to become more colorful—it looks as if the new trend is going to be hot!

Recently, there has been quite a lot of fuss between M-G-M and Warner Brothers as to just who was going to produce "Pickwick Papers." Then, on the same day, each studio decided not to make the classic. Each called the other and offered to sell their rights. Each said "No." Which ends that.

Francis Lederer laughed when we hinted here a few issues ago that he couldn't possibly marry Mary Anita Loos because he already had a wife. Now we can laugh. Mr. Lederer has just filed his papers in Europe and as soon as they are stamped he will take that step.

The Ralph Bellamys Know How to Stay Married in Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 59)

and Catherine entered into the discussion with enthusiasm, and before it ended I was convinced. Let's see if you are, too.

"To begin with, too many people out here get married when they shouldn't. They have no intention of staying hitched," Ralph asserted. "You can check those marriages off as passing affairs, anyway. Such unions would fall apart anywhere, and Hollywood has little to do with it.

"But there are several formidable menaces out here, real heavies in the drama. The tug of war between separate careers, for one thing. That's a tough problem.

"I'm as strong for Catherine's going on with her stage work as she is. But if she gets a job in New York, you won't find me in Hollywood. I'll be right there along with her. That's one reason why I'm free lancing. I can work where I please and go where I please. The divorce jinx gets in his work when the couple is separated by three thousand miles, but he won't get that chance with us. I have offers to make pictures in the East, and will do so if Catherine goes into a play.

"At present no suitable vehicle has been offered Catherine, although we have read several and her agent is looking for one. The ideal arrangement would be to do a play together.

"We can forget about the problem of careers. Each of us is willing to make sacrifices to help the other, and it's my turn—so even if I didn't do a picture I'd hit the trail East with her.

NOW take the dame problem as they call it. This town is over-run with beautiful women and susceptible males, and the country at large considers that these two elements lead to but one conclusion. But all kids think it would be swell to own a candy store, until they work in one. After a tummy-ache or two they're cured.

"Honestly, it's the same thing with Hollywood. You go onto a set and see dozens of beautiful girls, each one as pretty as the next one. You see them at parties, on the streets, everywhere, thick as lollypops on a candy counter."

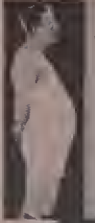
Catherine spoke up demurely, "And you never look at them?"

Ralph ran strong fingers through his shock of curly brown hair.

"Heck, any man will look twice at a pretty girl," he said seriously. "I'd be the first to admit that. But the very abundance of them grows tiresome. Finally, you come to the conclusion that beauty is all very well to look at, but the more intangible factors of intelligence, charm and companionableness become the important qualities, not mere beauty."

"Thank you," Catherine murmured.

Catherine's beauty rather detracts from Ralph's eloquent argument, I must concede. She has the fresh skin and blooming cheeks you see in English girls. Still, Ralph was doing rather well in logically disposing of this jinx. I remember walking onto the set during the filming of



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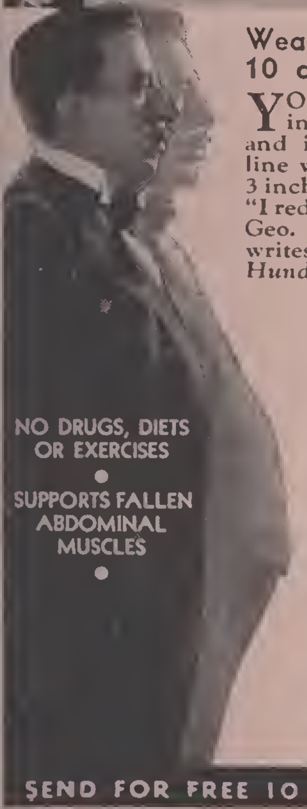
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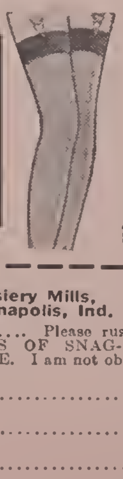

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"Cleopatra" to find it literally littered with beauties in filmy veils. It's a fact, you quickly become accustomed to them. One might think that the grips, juicers and cameramen would be in a continual dither on such a set, but they regard these lovely creatures as so many props for a picture.

"So much for the abstract philosophies of the thing," Ralph went on. "Now I'll get down to cases. I think the practical problem with most marriages is simply this—you feel tied. You become bored and wish you were single again, because you don't follow your impulses.

"Just lately it has occurred to us both that we are never bored. And why? Because we are impulsive."

"Your getting married was a bit impulsive," I agreed.

"Yet not quite so impulsive as buying our farm," Catherine declared.

WELL, I wouldn't give it up," Ralph said.

"Nor I! But it certainly was a spur-of-the-moment affair. You see, Ralph and I were out night-clubbing with Wilbur Daniel Steele and his wife and several others. The Steeles suggested that we run up to their farm in Connecticut and off we went.

"Next morning we woke up and looked out over that lovely sweep of country, with its grassy meadows, trees and brooks. We decided that was the place for us."

"And Wilbur told us there was a nice farm up the road," Ralph continued the story, "so that afternoon we looked it over, wrote another check and came home with a farm in our pockets. We didn't see the place again for a year!"

"So far as that goes, our trip to Europe wasn't what you'd call a long-considered project," Catherine said thoughtfully.

Ralph chuckled over the recollection.

"We were dining out in New York when Catherine remarked, 'Wouldn't it be nice to be in London?' And four days later there we were! On a bus-top craning our necks at the Tower of London. Catherine had a sudden hankering to see England again, she has played several seasons in London, and that was enough for us."

That is the simple explanation of how Catherine and Ralph have laid the divorce jinx. They obey impulses, and because they are the right sort of people those impulses do them good.

Ralph is always doing the unexpected, and yet there is nothing harum-scarum about him at all. For a young man of thirty he has sound judgment, and that good-looking head is firmly fastened to his broad shoulders. His impulses are the sort that keep a wife interested, not worried.

Although they have no children, Ralph would make a fine father. His own daughter, by that youthful marriage of his which ended unhappily, is now five, and is Ralph proud of her! She is in a private kindergarten in Detroit, and her mother sends snapshots of her regularly, and all the school reports. This school takes, at intervals, shorthand notes on what the children say during their story-telling hour, and Ralph receives these, and enjoys every word in them.

Both Ralph and Catherine like nice homes. Besides the farm in Connecticut, which they have decorated and improved, they have their Beverly Hills home and a place at Palm Springs. Now Ralph wants to buy a ranch, somewhere between Santa Fe and Albuquerque.

The qualities indicated by these likings are rather sound insurance against divorce.

AND when a motion picture actor and his theatrical wife spend their honeymoon in an auto camp, you can put them down as regular folk. That's what they did, motoring by easy stages back to Hollywood. And it was lots of fun, with everybody friendly and neighborly, as you have to be in auto camps.

Just the same, Ralph's formula for burying the divorce bogey is a good one. Instead of throttling impulses, they act on them. It wouldn't work if they were not compatible in the first place, of course. Ralph might get an impulse to go one way, and Catherine another, but the point is their impulses take them both in the same direction.

That's why it's extremely doubtful that they ever head back toward Reno. They don't have to. They've been to Reno.

Mary Taylor and John Howard will share honors with Walter Connolly in "Soak the Rich," the Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur film for Paramount.

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Movie Mirror, Jr.

(*Continued from page 68*)

artists had drawn. They were working out the details on another idea of Mr. Disney's.

"After the story department staff have a number of conferences about a new story," explained Mickey, "Walt Disney comes in to see that everything has been carried out the way he wants it. If everything is okay, then these rough sketches of the story action are sent down to the chief animators who start to make pencil drawings. These fellows work on the 'key' drawings and then the other animators fill in on the poses.

"That may sound a little hard to understand," laughed Mickey, "but it really is simple. For example, if Walt wants a picture of me holding my arm up over my head and another showing me lowering my arm until it is down at my side, the chief animator draws two pictures of me—one with my arm up, another with my arm down. Then, the 'fill-in' artists draw the other pictures of me with my arm coming down in different angles of the swing from top to my side.

"Finally," Mickey went on, as we approached a room filled with large cameras, "these pencil drawings are all finished and brought in here to be photographed on movie film. Mr. Disney then looks at the results. He may take out some scenes of the picture, have others put in, or make whatever changes he thinks necessary. When he is satisfied with the pencil drawings, they are traced on transparent celluloid sheets in India ink. Then they are sent to the girls in the color department to be painted in the proper colors.

WHILE the animators are busy drawing Minnie, Donald Duck, myself and the other characters, other artists are working on the background drawings. These are painted in water colors. Then when the celluloid ink drawings are completed and painted, the photographers take each single celluloid sheet and place it on top of the colored background drawing and make a picture of it. Since about fifteen thousand different celluloid character drawings and between forty and fifty background drawings are necessary for every picture, you can see how much work and time it takes to make one of my cartoon features."

By this time we had reached the door of the large sound stage where the speeches and sound effects are made. Mickey opened the sound-proof door and we entered a room with walls heavily padded with cloth, just like the rooms of a broadcasting studio. The sound is recorded separately on a track of film and then this film and the one with the drawings on it are put together for the final picture.

Mickey and I were both very quiet as we entered, but what a lot of noise met our ears. Donald Duck was trying to pick a fight with Maxie Hare, you could hear his quacking for blocks. Madam Cluck, the hen, was singing away for dear life; Pluto, the dog, was practicing a new howl that sounded terrible; Minnie Mouse was banging out a loud number on the piano. About the only quiet person there was the tortoise who was dozing away in a cor-

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ner, paying no attention to the racket.

"Let's get out of here," Mickey yelled above the noise. "You know, of course, that ever since Walt originated me he has been talking for me in all my pictures."

We left the sound stage and visited the studio library, several more rooms containing animators and background artists, the coloring room where the girl artists paint all day long, the projection room where the pictures are run off for Mr. Disney and his staff and finally a building where Mickey's cartoons for newspapers and magazines are made.

"It keeps a lot of fellows busy handling my things," laughed Mickey. "Walt even has men in Chicago and New York watching out for all the products with my name and picture on them."

Back in Mickey's office once more, I heard about some of the Disney pictures you will be seeing soon. There will be the Mickey Mouse cartoon about grand opera; Madam Cluck will sing in that one. Another will be about a toy factory, in which a sailor doll goes to the city dumping grounds and collects all the broken dolls and toys to mend for the poor children in an orphanage; another cartoon will be about a little boy and girl moth playing around a flame; and "Mickey's Polo Team" will soon be released.

"Tell those MOVIE MIRROR Juniors to write to me," Mickey said when I left. "I'd like to know which picture I've made pleased them the most."

I promised Mickey that I would pass his request along to you. So, that is going to be our contest letter this month. And listen to the grand prizes to be given for the best letters.

MICKEY MOUSE CONTEST

Which Mickey Mouse cortoon did you like best, and why? Answering that question in a letter to MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR is all you have to do to try for one of the prizes given by Walt Disney and Mickey Mouse.

The first prize, for the best letter received, will be a special Mickey Mouse doll autographed by Mickey Mouse and his famous papa, Walt Disney. For the next five best letters a Mickey Mouse book will be awarded. Letters will be judged on the basis of clarity and neatness.

Get busy, boys and girls, and send your letters to MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California, before February 5th, 1936.

The Strange Case of Constance Bennett

(*Continued from page 37*)

tempered young ladies were no longer the potent spellbinders they had been.

So much for her peculiar and different screen problems.

Now, what of that front page personality whose private didoes and excitements admittedly tripled her value to the box-office in every picture in which she appeared?

Today, the conservatively tailored young woman who goes about her private life privately, who has settled down to the routine of managing her beautiful new home in Bel Air, playing devoted mother to her son, Peter, and keeping out of the limelight as much as possible, is no longer front page copy.

Personally, I am a little weary of the "new" Dolly Dimples or Cutie Close-ups that are concocted for us with the release of every new picture by the Hollywood color writers. But even at the risk that you have heard this one before, it must be stated that there is a new private-life Constance Bennett in the Hollywood of today who bears little relation to the yesterday's Queen of High Jinks.

GONE are the banner lines and just plain misrepresentations concerning the private life of the star who was supposed to spend $250,000 yearly on clothes, who made late and conspicuous entrances into theaters, starting very public wars between the press and her loyal fans.

Now she is being seen less and less in public. Known as an inveterate first nighter she did not even appear at the latest and gaudiest of Hollywood's premieres. Her box at the tennis matches was high over the heads of the photographers and gossip writers in the back of the grandstand.

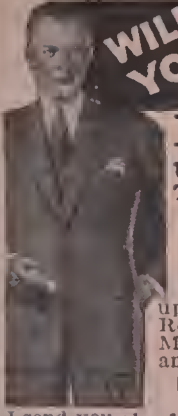
Reporters prematurely hinting at impending separation between Connie and the amiable Marquis de la Falaise have been left high and dry with their divorce forecasts seemingly settled into complete understanding between the principals involved.

The high-handed star, who once swore that she would not make a personal appearance for thousands of dollars, recently submitted to mauling and scrambling autograph seekers for an hour and a half in a local department store, in the name of charity.

But perhaps the greatest change is in Connie's dealings with the press. She has become graciously and willingly cooperative about pictures and interview appointments. There is a story going the rounds of Connie's latest interview that is highly indicative of her changed attitude concerning publicity and publicizers:

Recently, Connie was interviewed by a young man who obviously didn't like her. Though she tried and tried to make polite conversation, he responded with complete silence and an unveiled "show me" threat on his features. Two years ago, the regal Miss Bennett would have given him a piece of her very fine mind. Now, she saw the interview through to its bitter finish, and then gave way to a fit of laughing that almost convulsed her. "He's priceless," she told an amazed press agent.

I hope I am not giving the impression that Connie has settled down to a dullish routine in the background of Hollywood life with a sweet smile of resignation on her face. For such is not the case. Soft treading servants move as reverently as ever across deep carpets into her presence in the enormous house with its smart brown awnings. Madame still gives her



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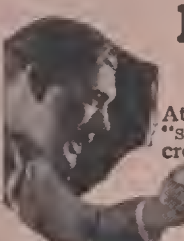

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orders in dulcet French. In her residence-office there are evidences of the morning hours Connie spends reading scripts, scripts and more scripts submitted by the two studios holding her contracts. Her days are filled with frequent jaunts to executive and story conferences.

She has rejected dozens of stories, novels and original scripts, the latest being the role of a dazzling young sophisticate opposite George Raft in his new picture. For let this fact be clear: no one realizes the difficulty of the peculiar problems she faces better or more seriously than Constance Bennett. To a close friend she is quoted as explaining her own problem:

"I am through portraying empty headed, glamorous clothes horses on the screen. That doesn't mean that I am looking around for an 'Elsie Dinsmore' characterization, either. I am definitely typed to pictures of the smart world. But why must they always be presented so superficially? Park Avenue's problems can be just as real and human as Main Street's." And if you don't believe that is true, consider the terrific human interest pull of a recent court fight staged by a fashionable young woman for the custody of her million-dollar child. Next to the Lindbergh kidnapping case, this drama of the fashionable world evoked more sob and color stories than any news break of recent years.

Somewhere in the pile of manuscripts that cover her desk there may be such a story to present a warm and real, not a frozen, sophisticated Constance Bennett; and then will begin for her a new career as an actress and not as a front page legend.

The gilded glamor queen of screen and private life is a character of the past, along with $30,000 weekly salaries.

What now, Connie?

The Sweetest Love Story in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 67*)

Charlie and I'm just me. Together, we're just exactly right."

Charles kissed her quite openly and quite gravely.

"You put it very beautifully, Buttons," he said.

It was then that she told me about their amusing first meeting.

"June Clyde introduced us and Charlie asked me to have a drink," Helen laughed. "I don't drink. I don't have any moral scruples about it. I just don't like the taste of liquor. Well, it seemed sort of silly to explain I just came in for the pretzels so I grabbed at a random excuse for saying no thank you, and said, 'I don't drink because it makes my face break out!' Charlie must have thought I was daffy."

"I did not," Charles denied. "I simply thought, 'There is the girl I want to marry.'"

Charles admitted then and there it was love at first sight and that from then on he pursued Helen with matrimony in mind.

Helen admitted that from that day forward she dated no one else.

The months rolled by with Charles paying assiduous court, and Helen devoting

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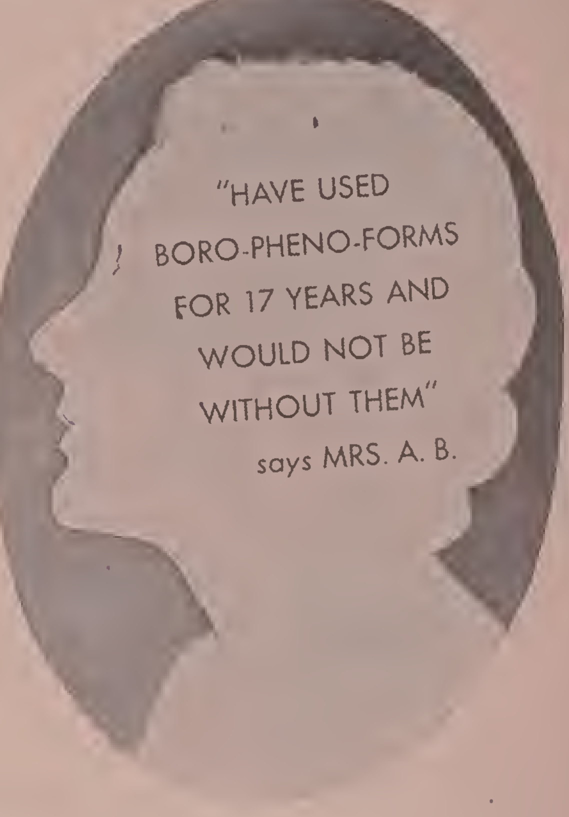

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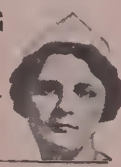

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her non-working time to him exclusively. They took trips, properly chaperoned by her mother. They basked in the desert sunshine, they danced until the small hours of the morning, they faced each other across bridge tables and tennis courts.

Still the wedding bells were silent.

"I had a funny little idea I wanted to wait until I was twenty-five," Helen said. "And I wanted to be sure beyond the shadow of a doubt, that Charlie was the man I wanted to marry. Marriage, to me, isn't something to be tried and discarded if you don't like it, like tossing away a hat that no longer pleases you."

But all this time Helen found herself scribbling MRS. Charles Carson Irwin, MRS. Charles Carson Irwin, over and over, on any scrap of paper at hand.

After many long months, Helen finally said the "Yes" for which Charles had been pleading patiently, hopefully. It was the only possible answer, Helen said. Not in a blinding flash or anything so fictional, but just through steady, daily association did she know Charles was her man.

In the day-dreams every girl has of herself as a bride, Helen had never pictured the conventional white satin and flowing veil. Helen Mack, bride, would be garbed in a simple afternoon frock and a big floppy hat.

"I SHOPPED and found the hat," Helen began. "It was a beautiful hat, the hat of hats. Then I bought a dress to go with it.

"The wedding was set for two o'clock in the afternoon. The floppy hat had been delivered but the dress had failed to arrive. I said I'd wait for the dress. Mother fumed and Charlie fussed. They suggested I wear another dress, do anything, but for heaven's sake, stop holding up the wedding.

"I said it was my wedding and I'd wear what I wanted. I wasn't just being stubborn. That hat meant the fulfillment of my day-dreams. I didn't have a dress that I could properly wear with the hat so I had to wait.

"So there we sat, Mother and Charlie, and the few close friends we had invited, waiting for the store to deliver my wedding dress. It finally arrived, but we were married at four instead of two."

Back they came to Hollywood after a glorious honeymoon. Irwin returned to his financial affairs and Helen to her movie work and to the new and exciting job of being chatelaine of a magnificent home with servants to be managed and social affairs to preside over.

"It was all pretty new to me," Helen confessed. "But I think I've done pretty well. At least, Charlie is satisfied."

Yes, Charles is satisfied and then some.

But if Charles is proud of Helen, you should hear her on her favorite subject: Charles. How kind he is, how sweet he is, how understanding he is, and last but not least, how smart he is.

She fetched a heavy tome from the books which line the walls of the room.

"Look at that," she said, "I can't make head or tail of it and I'll bet you can't, either, but to Charlie it's simple as a. b. c."

IT was an extremely technical legal report of a bankruptcy proceeding in which Charles is a committee member. He was co-author of the book.

They have grand fun doing things together, these two. Not just play things like tennis, dances, parties and the like, but serious things too. Books. Planning for the future. Discussions of her career and his business problems.

"We've been accused of turning hermit," she laughed. "But honestly it's more fun here together than going out to parties."

We started a tour of this home. We came to Jiggs' room, all nautical with helms, bunks and trick gadgets to delight a boy's heart. Helen herself designed it and it was the first room in the new home to be done over at her direction, a tangible token of the affection she feels for this step-son as tall as herself and only nine years younger.

She laughed. "I know what you're thinking and you're wrong. Jiggs and I get along beautifully, and believe it or not, he minds me when I speak to him. You should see my mother act."

There's to be an addition to the Irwin family some time in March and Helen is oh! so happy at the prospect.

"It never works out, putting it off," as Helen said. "First thing you know you've put it off too long. What if it does mean giving up a little picture work and time? What's that, compared to children of your own?"

Under the glass top of her dressing table Helen has pasted cut-out pictures of Charles in informal poses. Smiling up at you—and at Helen when she powders that cute little nose—are full lengths, half lengths and heads of her No. 1 Man. In her boudoir are more photographs of Charles.

As for pictures of Helen, Charles has them in every conceivable place so that his eyes may fall on her likeness whether she is by his side or not.

It's true that Helen is a little girl who pastes pictures under her dressing top and who thinks Mrs. Charles Carson Irwin is a fine sounding name. But she is more than that. She is a woman who loves and in turn is beloved.

Fay Wray's Little Miracle

(*Continued from page* 63)

They passed each other one day on the stairs in the Paramount studios. Fay was acting at Paramount. John was writing there. Fay turned around that day, confident that John was looking up at her. He was. And he asked to drive her home.

"Fortunately," Fay said, telling me about it, her young eyes shining, "fortunately, I had no car. I wonder sometimes how it would have been if I had had. I get chills of fright just thinking about what might have happened if I had possessed a car. Although I imagine I'd have left it on the lot and driven home with John, anyhow. I wanted to so terribly."

On that first drive home neither Fay nor John talked much. There was little need for words. Against a twilight sky the palm trees turned dark. Lights began to appear in the houses built into the mountain side.

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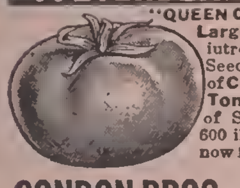

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They were together, side by side.

Not for a second that evening did Fay doubt that this was the way it always would be. She was sure that John knew this, too. It wasn't only the thrilling possessiveness which slipped into his attitude. It was something more than that, an imtangible thing she couldn't see, that she cold only feel. It was an intangible thing but it inclined her body towards him. And made him clear his throat strangely, as men do to shake off emotion, every time he looked at her.

That was more than seven years ago, in September. By November they were engaged. And the following spring they were married. John followed Fay to Maryland where she was working on location. They were wed in a little brick church covered with ivy. Gary Cooper, who also was in the picture, was best man. The book the minister gave them had "Kind Husband—True Wife" stamped in gold on its white cover, the words wreathed with wild roses and forget-me-nots. It's conspicuous today, this book, on one of the shelves which line the big pine panelled study, known as "John's room," in the Selma Avenue house.

UNDOUBTEDLY John Monk Saunders helped Fay in the working of her miracle. Because those we love dearly always leave their mark upon our development. "And because," as Fay was quick to point out, "John familiarized me with my subconscious mind. I'd always been vaguely aware that I had such a thing, of course. But John showed me how our minds are like icebergs, with only one tenth, the conscious part, perceptible. He showed me, too, how the fears and hopes and dreams buried so deep within us that we aren't even aware of their existence, make us self-conscious and shape our behavior.

"John brought me along a great way. To the place, for example where my mouth no longer trembled simply because I was about to speak to someone strange."

"What," I asked Fay "completed your self-consciousness cure?"

"Working in a garden," she said. "And it's working in a garden that I recommend to all people so awed and impressed by others that they place themselves at a disadvantage.

"Working in a garden," she explained, "gives you perspective. It must, giving as it does at least a slight glimpse of Nature's gigantic system through such trifles as flowers. And gradually, inevitably, you see yourself and everyone else in something approaching their true relationship to the universe. As tiny human beings among millions of other human beings and trillions of other living things, every one of which has its own place and in its own way is important.

"After you learn this, you still want to appear to the best possible advantage. You still want people to like you. And to have friends enjoy themselves at your house. But you know if this doesn't happen no horrible calamity will result. You're better equipped for life because you take things in an easier stride."

Below the windows of "John's room," where we finished our talk that afternoon, we could see Fay's salad garden where she grows chickory and lettuce and endive, tomatoes and radishes and cucumbers.

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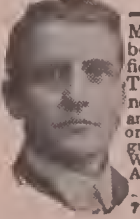

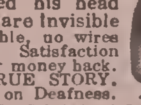

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"I'll never forget, not if I live to be an old lady," Fay told me, "the first night that garden down there supplied our salad. It was so important somehow when John said, 'These are the best radishes I've ever tasted!'"

Fay used to be quiet and mousey and inadequate. But today I find her the most exciting and interesting girl in Hollywood. That's a big statement to make. But I make it. And I don't forget Joan Crawford of the pagan mouth presiding over her drawing-room where even the carpet is as soft and white as snow. Or Gloria Swanson, brown from the desert sun, that triumphant happiness blazing in her eyes because she is in love again. Or Greta Garbo, a recluse, romantic and mysterious.

Fay is interesting and exciting in a way different from these girls. A quieter way. Long after you've left her, for instance, you remember her gray green eyes. If you become unhappy or confused you're likely to grow a little lonely for her new calm and lovely understanding. You think often about her. Probably for the reason that her story isn't so much the story of a movie star as it as the story of a girl. Of any girl. A story that might easily be your own.

New Faces Are Filmdom's Fortune

(*Continued from page 35*)

William Powell will be featured with her; and Bill's next picture is already being planned with Rosalind Russell in support.

When Claudette Colbert was cast in "The Gilded Lily" with Fred MacMurray, an unknown leading man, she was not a little bit worried over the lack of lustre in her support. A prominent male star had turned down the leading role because it did not present sufficient opportunity. As a result, Fred MacMurray, completely unknown to screen audiences, was thrown timidly into the breach and today he is unable to handle the demands that are being made for his services.

But perhaps the most amazing example is Robert Taylor. Bob started his studio life with a weekly salary of $35.00—the smallest salaried contract ever signed—and clicked so sensationally in a programmer, "Society Doctor," that he has risen to featured prominence in three appearances and is already being hailed as a Gable rival. Taylor now finds himself in one hit picture after another while stars on the same lot, earning much higher salaries and of supposedly greater drawing power, are allowed to twiddle their thumbs in idleness and watch Bob go by.

IT would be hardly fair to the business sagacity of the wise men of Hollywood to attribute such substantially launched careers to luck. It is never a foolish financial move to develop promising new talent and tractable new temperaments. And it is infinitely less expensive than coaxing unreasonable, million dollar stars to deign to saddle a production with their over-grown salaries!

Naturally, not all of the surprising box-office revolutionists of the past year and a half have been recruited from the ranks of stock company players. There are no more potent draw names on the screen right now than Fred Astaire and Eleanor Powell who have started a completely new cycle with their unbelievably nimble feet. Eleanor came from years of Broadway success and after one mediocre appearance on the screen in "George White's Scandals" she rose to an overnight sensation with her terrific hit in "Broadway Melody of 1936." Fred Astaire's case is no less amusing. Lost in the background of Joan Crawford's close-ups in "Dancing Lady," it remained for an entirely different studio to raise him to stardom.

Or, take the fine singing cycle. Grace Moore, a rank failure in her first Hollywood trials, returned to sweep the entire country with as complete a triumph as Hollywood has ever witnessed. Now comes opera's Nino Martini who knocks over the mass audiences in his first appearance on the screen and bids fair to run Grace Moore a real race for honors. Nelson Eddy's spectacular rise to stardom in "Naughty Marietta" is screen history.

AND the radio cycle, started by Bing Crosby, has hit a fast pace with such names as Fred Allen and Jack Benny who have made the fans plenty conscious of their presence by a single appearance.

A few months ago, Hollywood suffered the loss of Marie Dressler. Immediately, the search was on for someone to take her place. Two or three actresses, already established on the screen, were rushed into similar roles; but it remained for Madame Schumann-Heink, playing a role so small that none of the higher salaried names would have accepted it, to come through in such grand style in "Here's To Romance" that she has been signed to a fat contract by M-G-M.

While Henry Fonda is catapulted from one fine role to the next, a similar type, Frank Lawton, sits on the Hollywood sidelines waiting. Bob Montgomery returned from his European vacation and waited four months for a role, while Robert Taylor and Edward Norris forged ahead on the same lot. Brian Donlevy, the menacing-lover type, struts with sure steps toward sensational stardom while Eddie Lowe and Gilbert Roland sit home. Marlene Dietrich is allowed to earn $250,000 for a picture the studio never called upon her to make and Gloria Swanson is dropped from the contract rolls at M-G-M while Olivia DeHavilland is playing a sensation-producing role in "Captain Blood." Otto Kruger leaves for the New York stage and Wallace Beery takes to radio while Fred Stone is planning several films in advance. Janet Gaynor is off the screen for six months as Merle Oberon and Rochelle Hudson leap to starring positions.

Thus the bloodless revolution goes its merry way! Where it will stop no one knows. How safe the contracts of many established stars, no one will hazard a guess. Hollywood trades new faces for old, fresh personality for time-worn tricks. It has almost reached the point where a star is afraid to take a vacation, become ill or ask for a raise. There always seems to be a new face just around the corner—waiting!

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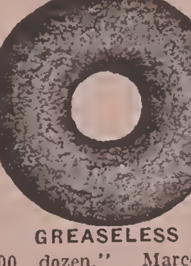

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RINGER DO-NUT CO. 108 Main St. N. E. Minneapolis, Minn.

Movie Mirror's Cooking Page

(*Continued from page 70*)

back the grapes) and pour over the bird, serving hot immediately.

The stuffing may be made the day before and is prepared like this: Chop into small pieces a few stalks of celery and half an onion. Fry these fairly brown in fresh butter. Add two tablespoons of uncooked wild rice and continue cooking till the rice has pretty well absorbed the butter. Pour over it a cup of broth or consomme. Put it in the oven (325° F.) for sixteen minutes. Let it get cold and keep in a cool place till you are ready to use it.

I had this squab chicken for dinner, after watching Jean prepare it, and it was so melt-in-the-mouthish, that I was determined to have the recipe for you. It was served with potatoes au gratin and asparagus Hollandaise, but any vegetable good with chicken can be used.

Guiseppe Canga, the *maitre d'hotel*, made our peach flambe at the table, and you'll find it fun to do yours that way, with a chafing dish.

Put ice-cream in little bowls that are set in slightly larger bowls of chopped ice. In a saucepan over the flame, put in a brandied peach apiece for each serving. Over it pour 1½ tablespoons Grande Marnier, and the same of Cointreau. Let this heat with the peaches, and then add three tablespoons of brandy. Tip the saucepan gently, so the brandy catches fire from the flame, and let it all blaze until the flames die out. Pour the peaches and the sauce over the ice-cream. Serve, and make your everlasting reputation as a hostess of discrimination!

I'VE given this just exactly as it is made at the Cafe Lamaze, but you can, if you prefer, use plain canned peaches. If you do, add one teaspoon sugar for each peach. Instead of the Grande Marnier and the Cointreau, you can use three tablespoons of Curacoa, as this liqueur is sometimes easier to procure than the other two.

You can use big black cherries in the same way, stoning them first of course. But whether peaches or cherries, be sure you let all the alcohol burn out of the sauce before serving it, as the flavor is much more delicate if you do.

I wish I had room to tell you how to make Lobster Lamaze, which was the appetizer; and how Jean makes a sauce for steak, which begins with thick cream, and how—but I'm glad to say I took them all down for you, and will send them to you, with enthusiasm!

You'll want more of these delicious, sophisticated dishes from the Cafe Lamaze. Pauline Nelson has taken them down for you so that you can easily make them up in your own kitchen—lobster Lamaze, the steak sauce, the special vegetables and others. Write to her for them. There is no charge but don't forget the stamped, self-addressed envelope, Pauline Nelson, care of MOVIE MIRROR, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

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PLAT-NUM LABORATORIES
80 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

Nail Polish

Movies of the Month

(Continued from page 98)

The Perfect Gentleman (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Frank Morgan, Cicely Courtneidge, Heather Angel, Herbert Mundin, Una O'Connor, Richard Waring, Doris Lloyd.*

It's About: *A scapegoat father who almost ruins his son's career and marriage by joining a stage show.*

Introducing English actress Cicely Courtneidge to the Hollywood screen with a small blare of trumpets and a lot of very hilarious goings-on. Some slap-stick, some drama. Nicely done.

Story concerns a "perfect gentleman" who does little but drink, talk and get into debt and scrapes. Broke, he arrives home just in time to spoil his son's chance for a church of his own, and for marriage, the son having relied upon the salary he was to have received as vicar. Realizing his mistake, papa returns to London and teams with a second-rate actress who is about to make her debut in class theaters. This, too, seems to slow down the boy's career, but in the end, everything, including the wedding, comes off in style.

Frank Morgan, playing his usual batty type, is funny only in spots. He might change his tricks once in a while. Cicely Courtneidge is good in her slap-stick moments but the dramatic stuff evades her. When Cicely and Frank get going good, it's dog eat dog, and *they'll* eat the scenery. Heather Angel as the bride is beautiful and sincere. Herbert Mundin and Una O'Connor give fine performances. Richard Waring, playing *John*, is awfully old-fashioned.

Your Reviewer Says: See it for laughs. Don't expect too much.

Frisco Waterfront (Republic)

You'll See: *Ben Lyon, Helen Twelvetrees, Rod La Rocque, Russell Hopton, James Burke, Henry Kolker, Barbara Pepper.*

It's About: *A woman who finds that hate will sometimes drive a man to success where love has failed.*

A better-than-average programmer that brings Rod La Rocque back to American films.

It's about a woman who loves two men. One returns from war disillusioned, without ambition. The other has made marked success, meantime, as a newspaper publisher. To fire the war veteran to the heights she knows he can attain, the woman marries the editor and forces him, in the bargain, to use his newspapers to make his former enemy succeed through hate. Together, they make him a candidate for governor. At the polls, a runaway truck crashes into both men and kills the new governor. The newspaper man learns of his wife's true love as he goes under the ether.

Ben Lyon, as the veteran politician, gives a good account of himself. Helen Twelvetrees will surprise you with the honest sincerity of her characterization. We were particularly glad to see Rod La Roque once more. His voice is more than pleasing and we should be seeing him regularly. The cast and direction are good.

Your Reviewer Says: You should find this entertaining.

IN MEMORY OF WILL

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Above, Eddie Cantor with Gladys Swarthout, who sang for the dedication program at 20th Century-Fox Studios.

Below, Fred Stone and Irvin S. Cobb, Will Rogers' two dearest friends, with Shirley Temple, who unveiled the bronze tablet for the Will Rogers memorial stage.

Left, Billie Burke, widow of Flo Ziegfeld, who produced so many Rogers shows, with Will's son, Will Rogers, Jr.

Right, Janet Gaynor, queen of the box office when Will was king, and Freddie Bartholomew (note the bronze memorial plaque on table).

Above, Eugene W. Biscailuz, sheriff of Los Angeles Co., and Harold Lloyd. (Don't miss the complete story in this month's issue in "Hidden Hollywood.")

Below, California's Governor Frank W. Merriam, who spoke; Darryl Zanuck of 20th Century-Fox, and Louis B. Mayer, the first speaker on dedication program.

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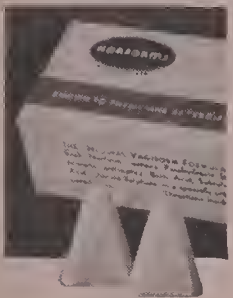

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Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

The HIDDEN HOLLYWOOD

The human side of filmland—its disappointments, delights and surprises—brought to you each month

By Ruth Waterbury

THERE is heartbreak in Hollywood over the official separation of the Clark Gables. The whispers have been flying for months, but the whole town hoped that these two grand people would never definitely part. Everyone is so fond of both of them.

In one of the most difficult spots in the world, Rea Gable has presided with dignity and humor. She seemed the perfect wife for a famous man and no one out here is more charming.

The separation will inevitably be blamed on "Hollywood" but that is unjust. It is merely life that is the heavy. People change, and loves die, and all the protestations and tears will not alter that.

THERE is another Mrs. Gable in Hollywood, Josephine Dillon Gable, the wife who preceded Rea.

She, too, is superior, intelligent, and generous-hearted. She is a great dramatic coach and is constantly discovering talented youngsters and coaching them without charge until they click.

I know of no better praise for Clark Gable than that two such fine women have loved him, even though disastrously.

WORKING in a bit in the "Our Gang Follies" is Antonio Moreno, who used to be one of the richest men in the film colony. Playing a small come back role in Mae West's "Klondike Lou" is Conway Tearle, who formerly wouldn't step before a camera for less than $2,500 a week.

I'll wager when they read that over at 20th Century-Fox they have raised Shirley Temple's salary to $4,000 a week they hope that Shirley's banker-dad has discovered nice safe investments to put that money in.

PERSONAL nomination for favorite picture of the month and reason why: Lily Pons' debut picture, "I Dream Too Much." There's not a dream in the whole thing. Miss Pons is very up-and-coming. Henry Fonda is most energetic throughout. But my reason for liking the production is very simple. I like it because the romance between the stars is so persistently pleasant. There are no phoney quarrels to keep the plot going. Also it's about an opera singer and not once is the Metropolitan Opera mentioned. In fact, the girl doesn't care a hoot for her voice or a career.

Such charm and originality shouldn't be missed. Besides the Pons voice is really glorious. As for Henry Fonda, I wish Santa Claus had brought something like that to my house.

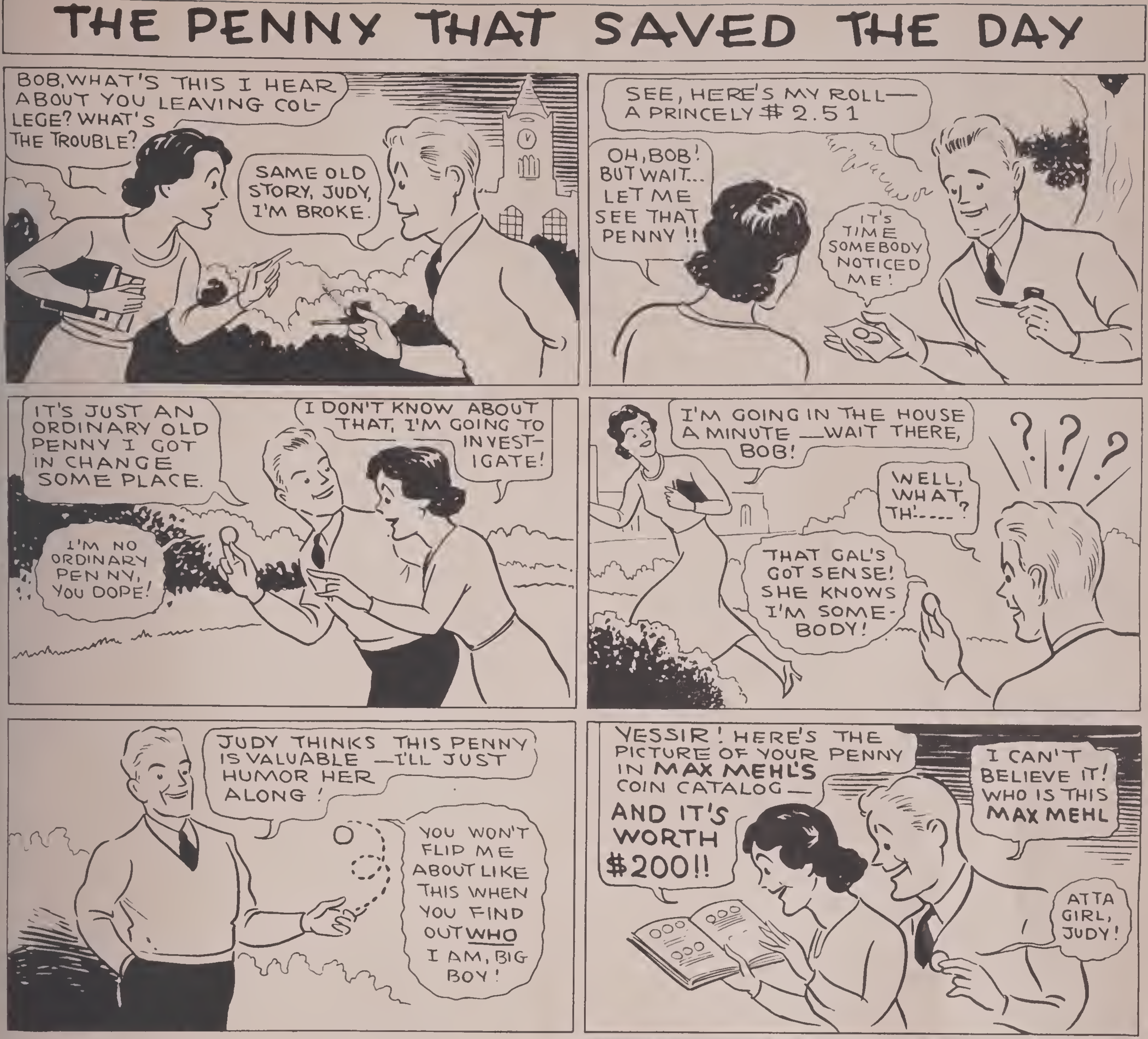
THEY did a beautiful job when they dedicated the Will Rogers Memorial Stage out at 20th Century-Fox.

There were six hundred guests and at the speakers' table two state governors, several senators, Joe Schenck, Louis B. Mayer and Daryl Zanuck representing the movie business. Gladys Swarthout and John Boles to sing, and Will's friends. Rupert Hughes was toastmaster, there were simple, sincere speeches but these things stood out to me; the deep emotion in Fred Stone's voice when he talked of the man who was gone; the tears in Billie Burke's eyes as she sat holding young Will Rogers, Jr's, hand, through what must have been a severe test of composure for the lad; that boy's fine dignity; and finally Shirley Temple.

Shirley, naturally, did not quite understand what it was all about. Her little face was solemn. When Irvin Cobb lifted her up to pull the curtain that would reveal the memorial plaque, Shirley was even more bewildered. Then they told her to talk into the microphone.

The little girl thought a minute, gulped and then said, gravely. "Well, I loved Mr. Rogers, too."

I feel sure that Will Rogers would have liked that, and I know he would have liked having Shirley be the first star to use the stage that bears his name. So Shirley's going to do just that when she makes "Captain January."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I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT, I'M GOING TO INVESTIGATE!
I'M NO ORDINARY PENNY, YOU DOPE!
I'M GOING IN THE HOUSE A MINUTE —WAIT THERE, BOB!
? ? ?
WELL, WHAT TH'----?
THAT GAL'S GOT SENSE! SHE KNOWS I'M SOMEBODY!
JUDY THINKS THIS PENNY IS VALUABLE —I'LL JUST HUMOR HER ALONG!
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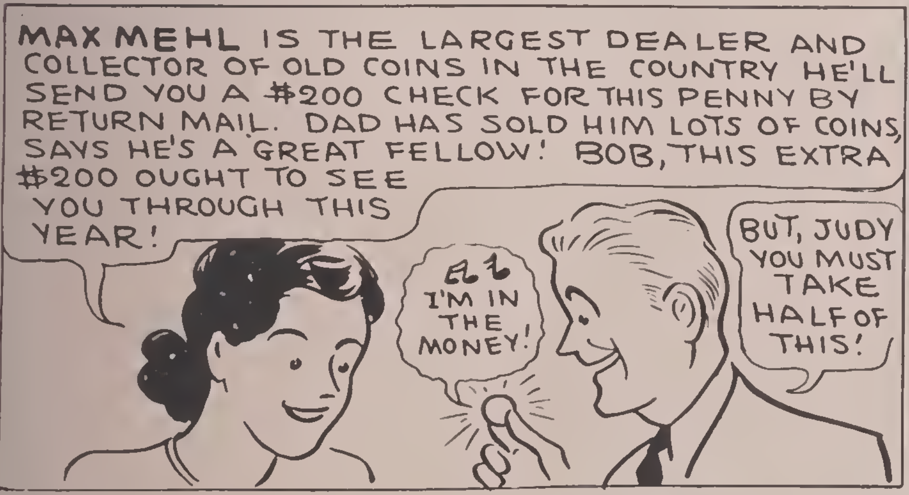
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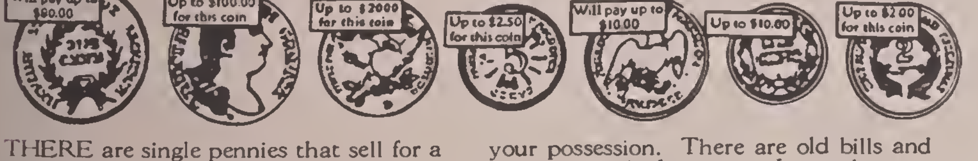
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NORMA SHEARER

Unwritten Chapter in IRENE DUNNE'S Life

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People who follow this system may expect fewer colds and fewer sore throats. That has been proved by scientific tests in which Listerine was used. The results of these tests are corroborated by the experience of Listerine users as attested by enthusiastic letters to this company.

Remember, your cold is accompanied by germs, which invade the body through the mouth and throat. Promptly killed or even held in check, they may do no damage. Allowed to multiply, these bacteria are almost certain to get the upper hand. A mean cold or a nasty sore throat often follows.

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See for yourself

Why not get in the habit of using Listerine twice a day this winter? You may find, as many others have, that it makes you less susceptible to winter ailments. Many report that as a result of using Listerine they have no colds whatsoever. Others say they catch cold seldom, and that their colds are so mild as to cause no inconvenience. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

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A flash of white teeth set in firm gums—that's a lovely sight to see.

But a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums—and that magic moment is smashed into bits.

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" IS SERIOUS

Your dentist *wants* to save you from the embarrassment, the inconvenience, as well as the consequences, of unhealthy gums. And that is why he warns you not to trifle with "pink tooth brush."

Unhealthy, ailing gums are common because coarse, fibrous foods have disappeared from our menus. And the soft, modern foods that have replaced them do not give teeth and gums enough work to do. Naturally, they grow flabby, tender and sensitive . . . and "pink tooth brush" is a signal that they need help.

Start today to massage your gums with Ipana—your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums. Brush your teeth regularly—as you always do. But make gum massage with Ipana an equally regular practice. Put a little extra Ipana on brush or fingertip. Rub it into your gums. Massage them well. Back comes new circulation through the gum tissues. New firmness develops. There's a new and livelier feel to the gums. A healthier, brighter look to the teeth.

Remember that modern dentistry encourages this double duty. So make it an unfailing part of your daily routine. Keep pyorrhea, Vincent's disease and gingivitis far in the background. Keep your gums as healthy as you keep your teeth. You'll make your smile a swift, lovely flash of beauty. And you'll cheer the day you changed to Ipana plus massage.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS NEW YORK
IPANA plus massage is your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

MOVIE MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN, Eastern Editor
WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Editor

VOL. 8. NO. 4
MARCH
1936

Edited from Hollywood

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IN THE APRIL ISSUE

(OUT FEBRUARY 26)

The Luckiest Girl in Hollywood!

Rosalind Russell was born with a silver spoon in her mouth, but it wasn't money that brought her luck—it was knowing how to meet life more than halfway and learning how to take the best and the worst it had to give—with courage and humor.

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YOU BELONG TO ME! I BELONG TO YOU!

Again they thrill you with Glorious Melody!

The singing stars of "Naughty Marietta" now lift their golden voices to excite all the world with the immortal melodies of the most vibrant and stirring musical of our time — "Rose Marie" . . . The romantic drama of a pampered pet of the opera and a rugged "Mountie" torn between love and duty, whose hearts met where mountains touched the sky... How you'll thrill with delight as they fill the air with *your* love songs — "Rose Marie, I Love You", and "Indian Love Call"! It's the first big musical hit of 1936—another triumph for the M-G-M studios!

Thrill to Jeanette MacDonald as she sings "The Waltz Song" from Romeo and Juliet, and with Nelson Eddy, the immortal duet "Indian Love Call"

'SONG OF THE MOUNTIES!' 300 rugged male voices led by Nelson Eddy in the most stirring song of our time!

Jeanette MACDONALD
NELSON EDDY
IN
Rose Marie

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
with
REGINALD OWEN • ALLAN JONES
Directed by W. S. Van Dyke • Produced by Hunt Stromberg

THE DRAMA OF A MAN who changed the map of the world!

... diamond miners bid for wives in matrimonial auction

At seventeen an invalid with one year to live... In South Africa he conquered death... Wrested wealth from the diamond fields...Made himself Diamond King of the world...Conquered savage Zulus and Matabeles... Brought civilization to the jungle... And a great new romance to adventure and buried treasure.

WALTER HUSTON in "RHODES, the EMPIRE BUILDER"

Coming soon to your favorite theatre

A GB PRODUCTION

Speak for Yourself

"The Great Ziegfeld" (Bill Powell) and Billie Burke (Myrna Loy) discuss the roles with Billie Burke Ziegfeld.

$20 PRIZE LETTER

Through the Years

When I was a little boy, I became acquainted with Thomas A. Edison, and often played with his children, Charles, Madeleine and Theodore. Young Charles took me through his father's laboratory. Here I saw my first movies—a peep-show box called a kinetoscope. When I turned a crank, a white horse ran out of a burning barn. Later I visited the revolving studio at the laboratory. In this "sunflower," Sandow the Strong Man and other celebrities acted for the movies. At the old Eden Musee waxworks, New York City, I witnessed my first large screen movies, called the cinematograph. The lights flickered and fluttered, but I was enchanted.

When I listened to my first talkies, the actors lisped and their voices were harsh and tinny. A door would close with a noise like a cannon going off. Women's voices sounded monotonous and all alike, whether the women were pint-sizes or Amazons; and if they laughed or sobbed, they might as well have been insane factory whistles. I saw one of the first—perhaps the first successful—full-length color photoplay, a Japanese "Madame Butterfly" sort of thing; and when, last winter, I saw "Becky Sharp" in colors, I was as thrilled as though I were a schoolboy at my first "flickers." Movie stories have their faults, but I love the movies through the years.

Vincent V. M. Beede,
Orangeburg, N. Y.

MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted: $20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

$10 PRIZE LETTER

Family Argument

I don't suppose a mere man has any right to comment on ladies' clothes. However, I'd like to enter a meek protest against Joan Crawford's. I enjoy Miss Crawford's pictures because of the general excellence of the cast, direction and story, but it's hard to keep one's mind on the story when she makes her entrance in one of these "creations." I never saw anyone dressed like that and I hope I never will. My wife tells me the clothes are designed to draw all the attention to Joan because she's the star, but it seems to me she's pretty enough to get the attention without going to all that trouble. It takes away some of my pleasure in the picture, because I can't help wondering when she'll put someone's eye out on her collar or trip up on one of these bunches of scrim hanging off her dress.

G. S. Manners,
Norfolk, Virginia.

P. S. I feel it only fair to tell you that my hus- (*Continued on page* 6)

"DESIRE"

● **MARLENE DIETRICH,** more alluring than ever, **GARY COOPER,** more casually exciting than ever, in their first picture together since *Morocco* . . . a yarn about a beautiful lady with a very bad habit of stealing very expensive jewels and a young American motor car engineer who steals the lady's heart.

Just an old European custom . . . but we'd like to be John Halliday, the gentleman who's doing the hand kissing.

Marlene seems to be going in for jewels in a big way . . . also note the pom-pom hat. It'll set a style.

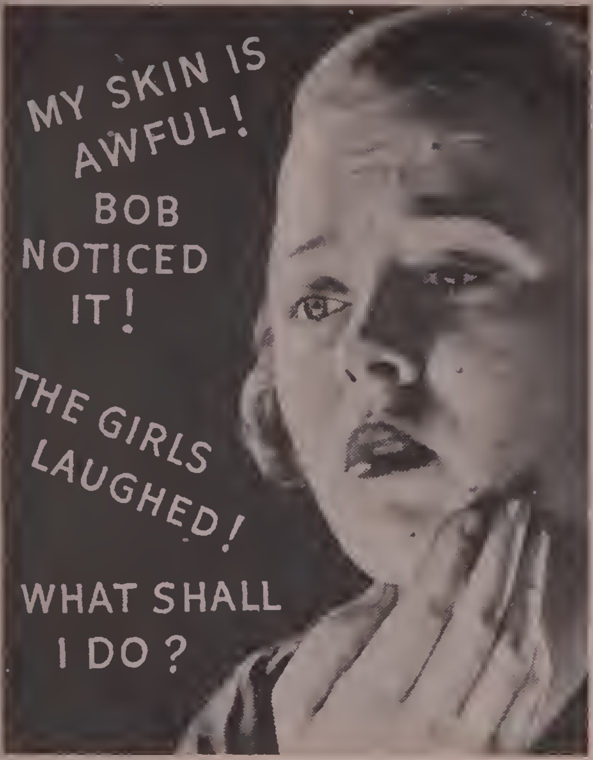
This ought to be in color, for those star like spots in the crisp black taffeta jacket are a really ravishing shade of pink.

. . . A Paramount Picture Directed by Frank Borzage from a comedy by Hans Szekely and R. A. Stemmle.

This shot is from the picture. Gary apparently has said something pretty tough, for that's a real handkerchief and those are real tears.

Marlene shows she's still loyal to the beret, this time, a novel black antelope affair, designed by Travis Banton Paramount's Fashion Expert.

Frank Borzage talks over a scene from "Desire" with Marlene and Gary.


MY SKIN IS AWFUL!
BOB NOTICED IT!
THE GIRLS LAUGHED!
WHAT SHALL I DO?

HER PIMPLY* SKIN SCARED MEN AWAY

until she learned about a famous "Wonder Cream"

FINE FEATURES—beautiful clothes—an appealing personality—*and still a poor complexion destroys a woman's charm.*

That's why thousands of women today are successfully turning to a famous medicated skin cream as an aid to healing and refining the skin. First prescribed by doctors for the relief of burns, eczema and similar skin troubles, now over 12,000,000 jars of Noxzema Medicated Skin Cream are used yearly.

How to use

If your skin is marred by Large Pores or Blackheads—by Pimples* or any other Skin Irritation from external causes, then by all means make this simple test and see if your skin doesn't show a big improvement in ten days.

Apply Noxzema at night after removing make-up. Wash off in the morning with warm water. Then apply cold water or ice. Follow this with a light application of Noxzema as a protective foundation for powder.

Do this for ten days, note the difference—feel how much softer, finer your skin is—how much clearer. Noxzema is astringent, helps reduce pores to exquisite fineness. Its gentle medication soothes most skin irritations and helps Nature heal these disfiguring skin flaws.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER—Get a jar of Noxzema at any drug or department store. If your dealer can't supply you, send 15¢ for a generous 25¢ jar to the Noxzema Chemical Company, Dept. 103, Baltimore, Md.

Wonderful for CHAPPED HANDS

There is nothing like Noxzema for red, rough, badly irritated Chapped Hands. Noxzema is not a lotion or a perfumed cream—it's a *medicated cream* that brings quicker relief, that softens and whitens hands overnight. Test it yourself. Apply Noxzema *on one hand tonight*. Note the difference between the hands in the morning.

Noxzema

(Continued from page 4)

band considers a blue polka dot dress the acme of chic. I adore Miss Crawford's clothes, the more bizarre the better. All women do.

Mrs. G. S. Manners.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Attention: Mr. Joe E. Brown

How selfish we movie fans are—particularly about Joe E. Brown! When we wait in line for seats at the showing of a Joe Brown picture it's like waiting at a health shrine. We leave the theater with an "all's right with the world" feeling. When we get home we patiently endure the siren-like yells of the kiddies imitating their idol. When Joe is on a radio program, we forget about gas bills, sales tax and Ethiopia!

YET—I seldom, if ever, read a single comment or compliment about Joe in the magazine fan departments. That's why I am taking this occasion to offer my tribute here and now to Joe E. Brown, the screen's most beloved clown—and greatest asset!

Mrs. E. Franzeen,
Ursa, Ill.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

What, Not a Movie Fan?

I am not a movie fan though I spent a good deal of my time on aisle seats in my extreme youth, and who knows? Maybe I'll be tempted again when life has used me and flung me aside, gray haired and bent. At present I'm too busy living life to have much appetite for it in cans. For tragedy, I have the thought of last night's dishes in the sink. For romance, a tired husband's tired kiss. For breathless adventure, a trip through a second-hand store, and for comedy relief, the baby's wabbly antics. Withal, in spite of my indifference and preoccupation, I will move mountains to see a picture with Myrna Loy in the cast. I am not the least bit interested in what kind of cold cream Miss Loy wears, or what she eats for breakfast, or whom she was out with last night—it is her screen self that I go to see. By some amazing freak of casting, personality or maybe even acting she appears to me the kind of woman most men would wish their wives to be—a beautiful woman, a good sport and a kind forgiver!

Alice Fuller,
San Diego, Cal.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

You Pays Your Money—

It is rare indeed for me to take a crack at the movie magnates, producers, players et al, but yesterday I spent good money to see "A Night at the Opera," wherein (according to the profuse advertising) I was guaranteed that the ushers would have to disentangle me from various and sundry knots caused from diaphragm convulsions provoked by the said picture.

In my estimation, George Kauffman and Morrie Ryskind did not add any laurels to their pen trails. M-G-M, so it is advertised, put one million bucks into the production—they got gypped. It is neither opera nor comedy. I always expect to laugh a lot when I see the Mad Marxmen, but this one let me down. You can't make a picture funny by advertising it as such—there must first be a picture.

Raymond Goforth,
Lancaster, Tex.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

—and You Takes Your Choice!

Entertainment! I think I begin to understand that word which was rather colorless before. It means an atmosphere of laughter and music and the full, light-hearted emotion that only these can give. Comedy that is utterly insane but with a subtle perfection that adds to the joy of hilarity, that special delight given only by works of art. Music that sometimes stirs the blood with tickling excitement and sometimes melts the heart. Outburst of hilarity, trickles of delight, and in the end fifteen minutes of riot catapulting into a closing scene of classic beauty—two young fair-faced lovers singing out their full hearts in the pure, aching tones of Verdi's *'Miserere.'*

I have just seen the perfect comedy and the perfect musical—"A Night at the Opera"!

Helen De Vinney,
Hamburg, N. Y.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

A Farewell to Blondes

Platinum, red-headed, platinum again, and now—brown—plain, everyday brown. A thousand bouquets to Jean Harlow for changing her hair! Never has anything gone out of style quite so completely as blonde hair. I am a blonde myself, and no longer do I have the satisfying feeling that I am outstanding or different. I would gladly give my yellow hair any day for a good, thick head of brown.

The change in Harlow has done wonders for her. It has removed the cheap, Saturday-night special look that enveloped her in "China Seas," and put in its place the charming sweetness and unaffected beauty of an adorable actress, a new Jean! One that will undoubtedly bring back many lost admirers.

Joy Balyeat,
Alexandria, La.

HONORABLE MENTION

Please, won't some kind-hearted person lend Gene Raymond a change of clothing or does he wear soup and fish in every picture for good luck?—Rose Perry, New Bedford, Mass.

Three cheers for the Powells—Eleanor, Bill and Dick.—Peggy Chyko, Canterbury, Conn.

I'm sure everyone would like to see a Ginger Rogers-Eleanor Powell-Fred Astaire picture.—June York, Detroit, Mich.

Miriam Hopkins' effervescence and piquant charm are lost in her recent heavier characterizations—like serving champagne in a pottery mug!—Bernice Hemmingsen, New York, N. Y.

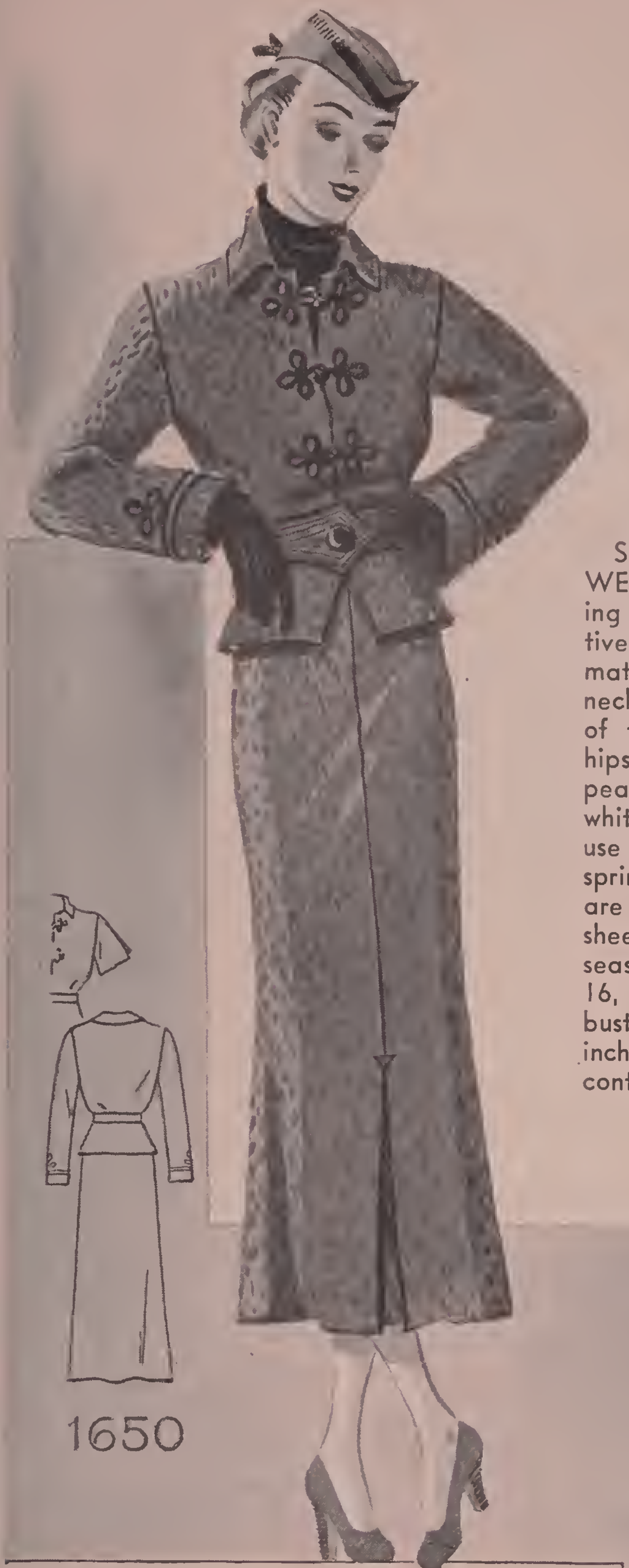
"Transatlantic Tunnel" is an evening of real enjoyment and I'd gladly walk a mile for another as good.—Fred Warner, Minneapolis, Minn.

Why don't the producers give us more pictures like "Annie Oakley," glorifying chapters in our own American history?—Marie Vater, Norman, Okla.

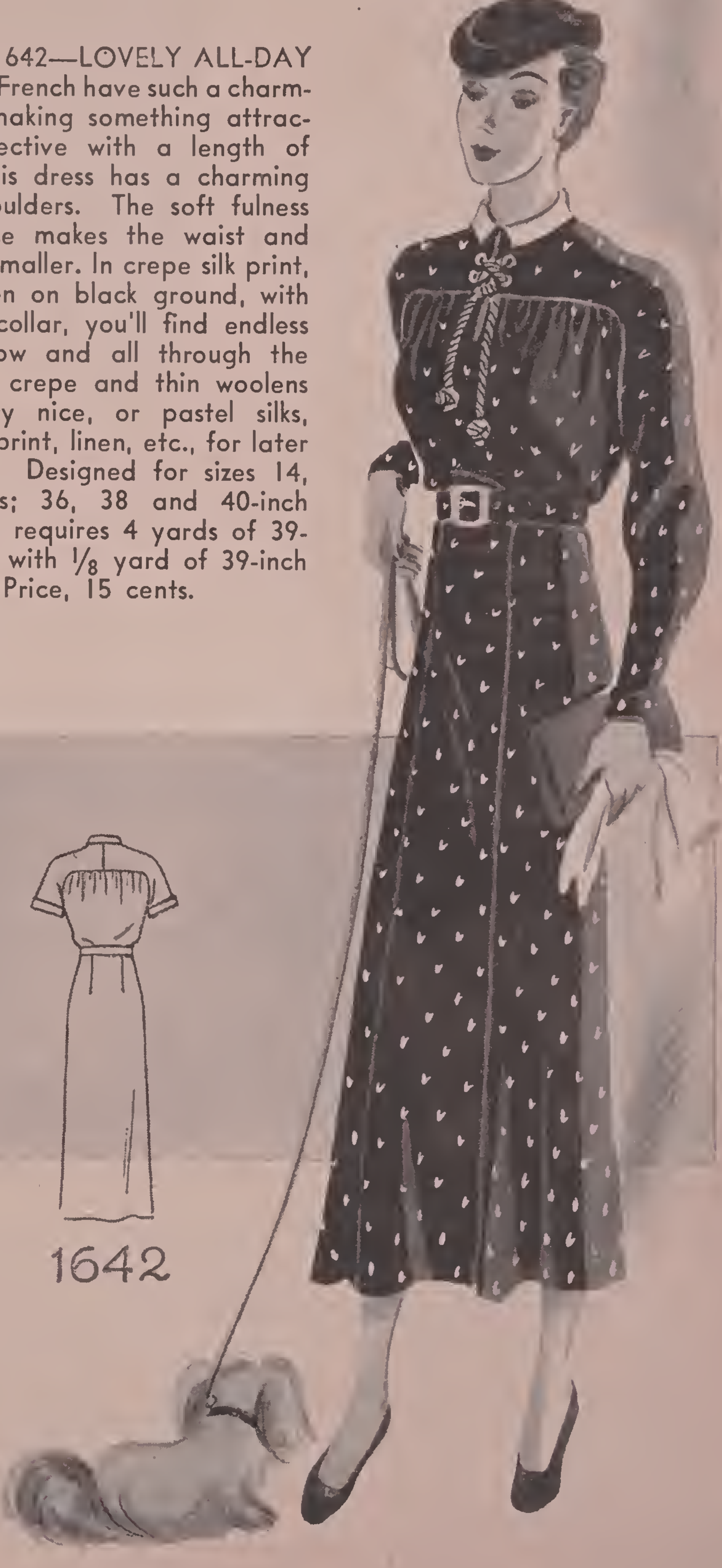
MOVIE MIRROR'S PATTERN DEPARTMENT

All Patterns 15c Each (In Stamps or Coin, Coin Preferred)

Style No. 1650—CHIC TAILLEUR WITH MILITARY AIR FOR TOWN WEAR. If you are inclined to be broad, this shaped peplum will help you achieve slenderness. Then, there is a jaunty neckline, very effective with its scarf. The original, in pervenche blue crepe silk, had navy braid frogs and coral-red crepe scarf. Carried out in crepe silk print or checked or plain thin woolen, it's also attractive. You can make it for a very nominal sum and with just the minimum of effort. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards of 39-inch material with 1 yard of braid; use 18-inch square for scarf. Price, 15 cents. Use the coupon.


1650

Style No. 1642—LOVELY ALL-DAY WEAR. The French have such a charming way of making something attractive and effective with a length of material. This dress has a charming neck and shoulders. The soft fulness of the bodice makes the waist and hips appear smaller. In crepe silk print, peacock green on black ground, with white crepe collar, you'll find endless use for it now and all through the spring. Plain crepe and thin woolens are also very nice, or pastel silks, sheer cotton print, linen, etc., for later season wear. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. Size 16 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material with ⅛ yard of 39-inch contrasting. Price, 15 cents.


1642

Movie Mirror Pattern Department
1926 Broadway, New York City

Please find enclosed....................Send me

Nos.:	Sizes:
....	....
....	....
....	....

Name..

Address..

Now! *two forms of Winx Mascara which gives you*

LONG, LOVELY LASHES

so fascinating to men!

by LOUISE ROSS

FROM Paris comes the secret of this super-mascara called Winx. Instantly, it gives your lashes a natural accent. It makes skimpy, pale lashes look luxurious, sparkling, alive!

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try either Cake or Creamy Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with lashes darkened by Winx—will have new mystery, new charm.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes—note the instant improvement.

Winx is presented in two convenient forms—the ever-popular Cake (in a box) and the new Creamy (in a tube). Each includes my perfected formula. They differ only in form. Each form has its enthusiasts—hence I offer both. They are for sale at all 10c counters.★

CAKE 10c

WINX
CREAMY MASCARA

CREAMY

WINX

for Lovely Eyes

★If you are not near a 10c store, you may order direct from Ross Company, 243 West 17th Street, New York City, by sending 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Creamy ☐ Cake ☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Blue.

Name

Street

City State

M.G.-3-36

MOVIE MIRROR JR.

CONDUCTED BY BETTY TURNER

Jackie Cooper and Corky became good friends in Jackie's first M-G-M picture; they were together again in "O'Shaughnessy's Boy."

REVIEWS FOR JUNIORS

THE LITTLEST REBEL (20-Century-Fox). Shirley Temple is grand in this thrilling Civil War story.

BAR 20 RIDES AGAIN (Paramount). The third "Hop-Along Cassidy" film. A dandy western.

YOUR UNCLE DUDLEY (20th Century-Fox). Edward Everett Horton in a good comedy.

MILLIONS IN THE AIR (Paramount). A grand musical picture about an amateur radio hour.

THE SAGEBRUSH TROUBADOR (Republic). Gene Autry saves the day in an exciting western film, packed with action.

IF you think it is impossible for a highly paid young movie start to be just a regular boy, then you don't know Jackie Cooper. Jackie is, in fact, so much like one of the boys in your own block that you simply can't believe he is a famous screen celebrity when you talk to him.

I know you would all be interested in listening to Jackie tell some of the grand experiences he has had. He told me a lot of things about himself that I'm going to pass along to you.

Jackie has had plenty of opportunity in his thirteen years to go temperamental and high-hat. He has been in movies since he was six years old. He has earned tons of money and has had the biggest stars for his friends. But money, work, and his famous friends cannot change Jackie. He stays regular. That's why he has so many real pals around the studios.

Eating lunch with Jackie the other day in the studio cafeteria, I noticed he was unusually happy about something. He had just succeeded in persuading his mother and father that they should not go back to their fashionable Beverly Hills home for the winter. That meant that Jackie could go on living in the plain but cozy beach house at Ocean Park, where he had spent the summer. Jackie loves it down there. It certainly is far from a fashionable district. Perhaps that is one of the things Jackie likes best about it. The kids in the neighborhood are real friends, Jackie says. Their dads may be machinists, carpenters and laborers, but the

(*Continued on page* 93)

WHY SHOULDN'T I TAKE IT EASY ON WASHDAY WHEN THERE'S A MODERN SOAP THAT SOAKS CLOTHES WHITER AND BRIGHTER WITHOUT SCRUBBING OR BOILING? NOT ONLY THAT, BUT—

Rinso actually makes my clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. That's because Rinso's active suds *safely* lure out dirt and get clothes whiter and brighter without harsh washboard scrubbing. Even stubborn dirt on cuffs and edges yields to a little gentle rubbing between the fingers.

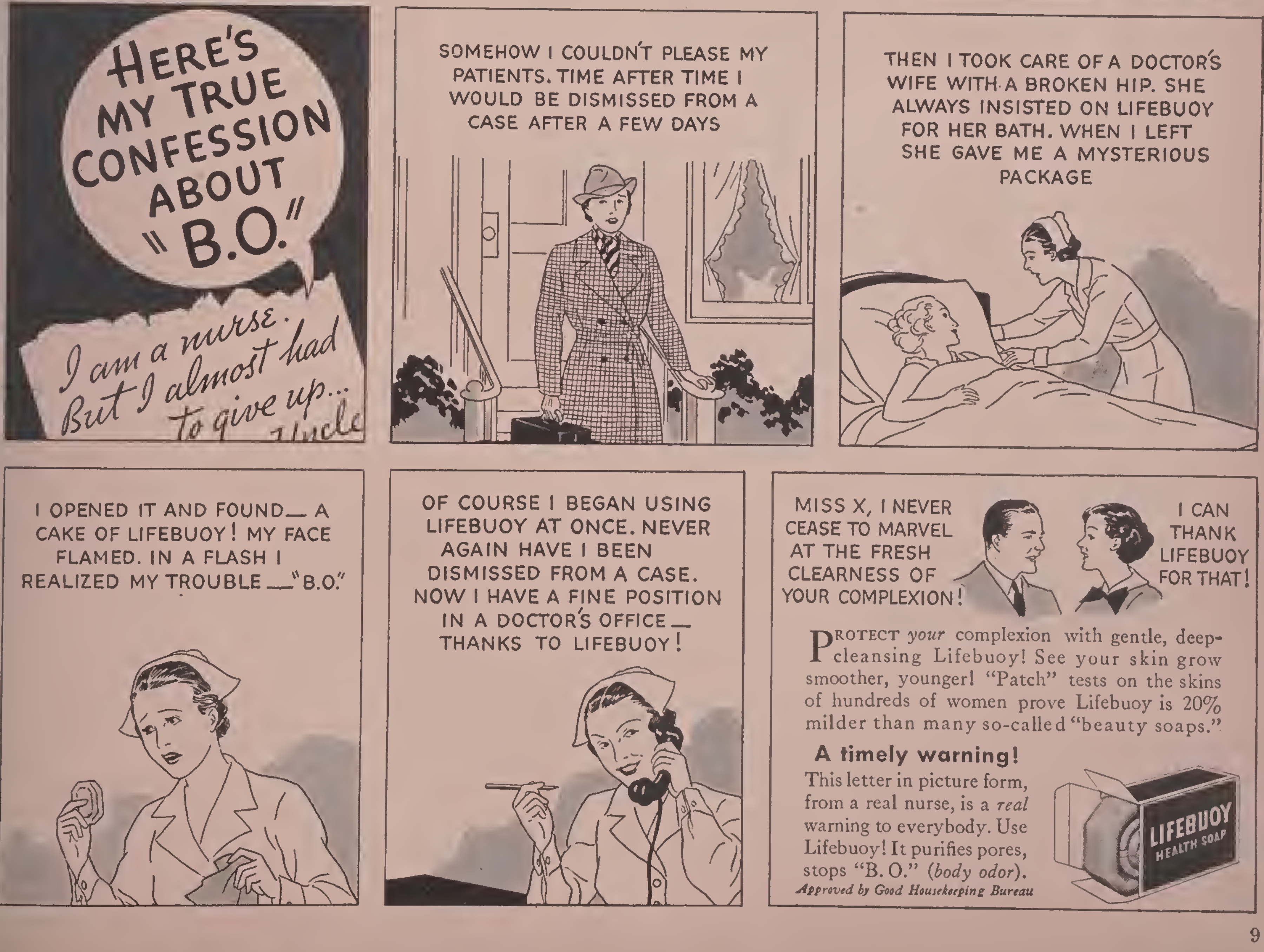
Rinso gives thick, sturdy, lasting suds—*even in hardest water.* No chips, bar soaps or powders ever needed. Wonderful suds for dishwashing and all cleaning. They get rid of grease like magic. Dishes don't have a greasy film left on them. And Rinso is kind to your hands—it doesn't make them red, rough looking. Try Rinso—and see!

Grand for washers, too

Rinso is recommended by the makers of 33 famous washers for safety and for whiter, brighter washes. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Buy the BIG economical household package.

THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

Rinso
THE GRANULATED SOAP


HERE'S MY TRUE CONFESSION ABOUT "B.O."
I am a nurse. But I almost had to give up... Uncle
SOMEHOW I COULDN'T PLEASE MY PATIENTS. TIME AFTER TIME I WOULD BE DISMISSED FROM A CASE AFTER A FEW DAYS
THEN I TOOK CARE OF A DOCTOR'S WIFE WITH A BROKEN HIP. SHE ALWAYS INSISTED ON LIFEBUOY FOR HER BATH. WHEN I LEFT SHE GAVE ME A MYSTERIOUS PACKAGE
I OPENED IT AND FOUND— A CAKE OF LIFEBUOY! MY FACE FLAMED. IN A FLASH I REALIZED MY TROUBLE —"B.O."
OF COURSE I BEGAN USING LIFEBUOY AT ONCE. NEVER AGAIN HAVE I BEEN DISMISSED FROM A CASE. NOW I HAVE A FINE POSITION IN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE — THANKS TO LIFEBUOY!
MISS X, I NEVER CEASE TO MARVEL AT THE FRESH CLEARNESS OF YOUR COMPLEXION!
I CAN THANK LIFEBUOY FOR THAT!
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

PROTECT *your* complexion with gentle, deep-cleansing Lifebuoy! See your skin grow smoother, younger! "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women prove Lifebuoy is 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

A timely warning!

This letter in picture form, from a real nurse, is a *real* warning to everybody. Use Lifebuoy! It purifies pores, stops "B. O." (*body odor*).

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

"SHE HAD THE KIND OF LIPS MEN LIKE TO KISS"

SAID

GARY COOPER

Popular male star gives his reasons for choosing the Tangee Girl

GARY COOPER, star of "Desire", a Paramount Picture, picks the most kissable lips in lipstick test.

● We presented three lovely girls to Gary Cooper. One wore *the ordinary lipstick* . . . one, no lipstick . . . the third, Tangee.

"Her lips look kissable," he said, choosing the Tangee girl, "because they look natural."

And other men agree. They don't like to kiss lipstick either, and that's why Tangee is so much in vogue today. Tangee makes your lips glow with natural color, but it avoids "that painted look," because *Tangee isn't paint.* If you prefer more color for evening, use Tangee Theatrical. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 39c and $1.10. Or, for a quick trial, send 10c for the special 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES** . . . *when you buy. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation . . . there's only one Tangee.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

New FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee color principle

★ **4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET**

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MA36
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10c (stamps or coin). 15c in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

*Name*____________________
Please Print

*Address*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

Cooking Department

CONDUCTED BY PAULINE NELSON

●

The healthy, happy babies of Arline Judge (Mrs. Wesley Ruggles), Helen Twelvetrees (Mrs. Jack Woody) and Jobyna Ralston (Mrs. Richard Arlen) are splendid examples of what careful feeding does for Hollywood children!

Let Pauline Nelson send you her suggestions on nice tid-bits for the baby, *and for the names of those excellent vegetable preparations.* There were so many requests for Pauline Nelson's low-calorie reducing menus, that we printed a new batch. You can have these too, if you'll mention them when you write. No charge, of course, but remember to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Pauline Nelson, c/o Movie Mirror Cooking Department, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

CALIFORNIA for climate, movies, and I do think our babies should be mentioned next. Such handsome heathy, happy youngsters. You see them everywhere in Hollywood, playing around their homes, and sitting more or less sedately in their go-carts while mother goes to market, or downtown to shop.

Now that I stop to think about it, I don't think I've seen a sad, sickly baby since I've been here. Their little bodies, in the extremely abbreviated sunsuits which they can wear here, are sturdy and tanned, their faces smiling and friendly as they wave gleefully to passers-by.

Yet I don't think this fine crop of modern babies is confined to Hollywood, by any means. I think it's the result of young mothers all over the country taking advantage of our wonderful modern safe-guards for babies' health. I think these youngsters of ours are going to grow up, for one thing, with saner, healthier food habits, and that we are going to be a better, finer nation because of it.

You can give your baby no greater endowment for his future, than to train his food habits from the very beginning. Even as early as three months, you can begin feeding vegetable juices in addition to the milk, fruit juices and probably cod-liver oil with an occasional egg-yoke. If plain vegetable juices don't seem to interest him, cook his cereal in them, and accustom him gradually to this new taste.

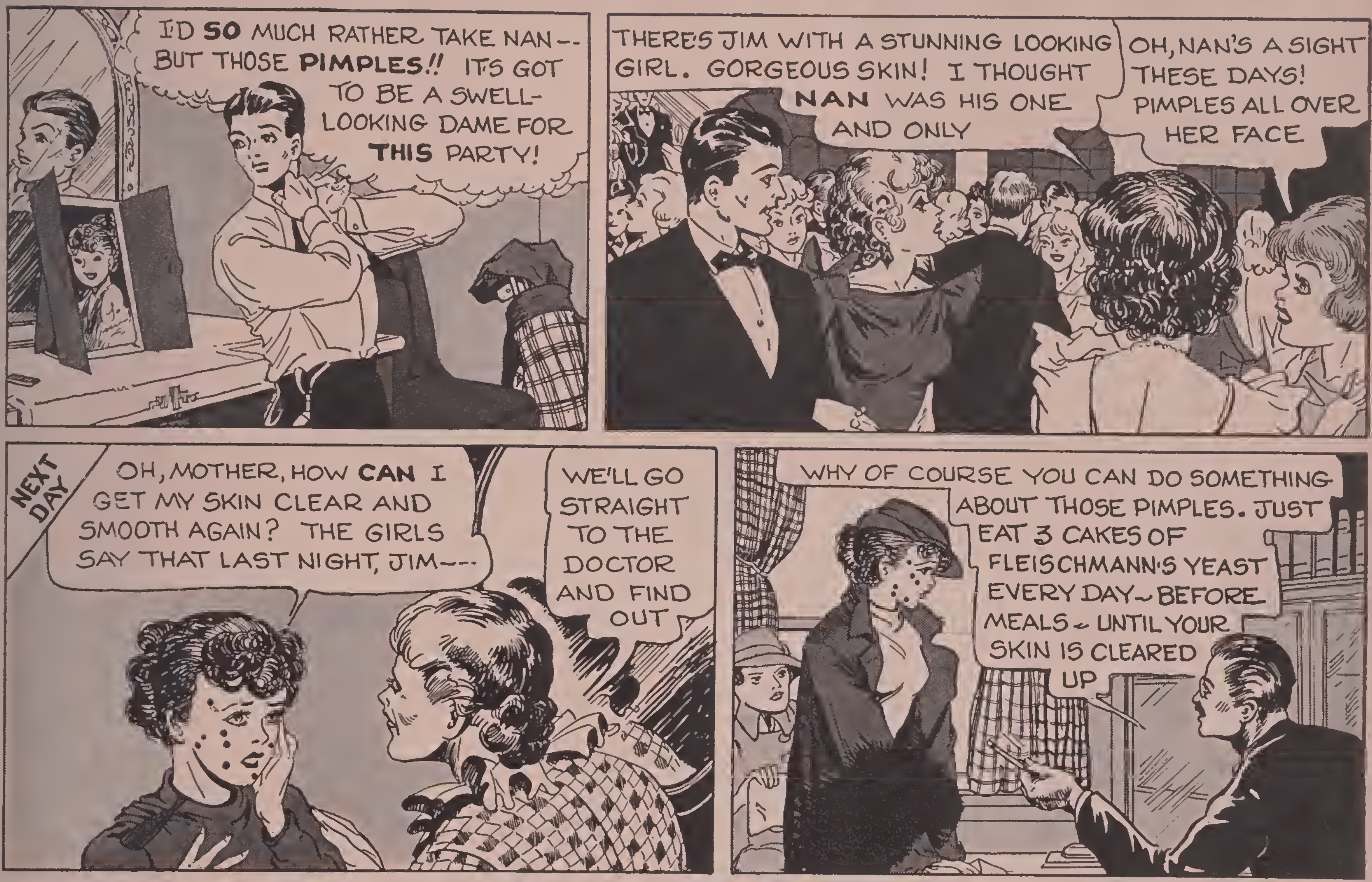
One very important thing is never to force a new food on a child. If he doesn't like it the first time, don't insist on his eating it. Wait till the next day, and try him again with a very small quantity. He'll soon get used to the new, strange taste.

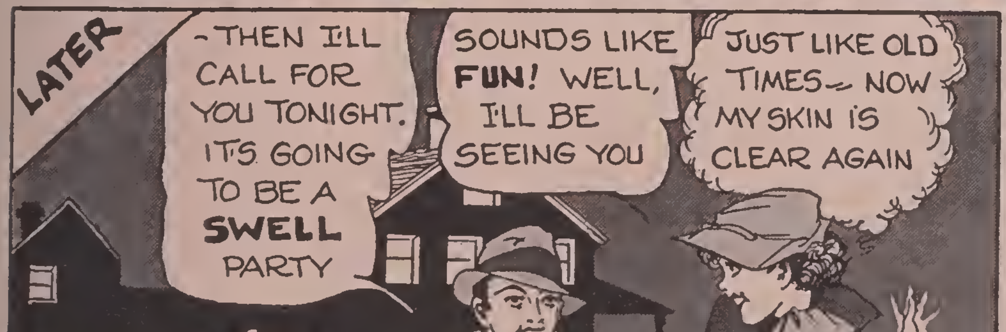
Vegetables are vital to a baby's diet, and not only should he have them when he is very young, but this is the time to train his taste for them. How many sickly, rheumatic, nervous grown-ups do you know who don't like vegetables and who have paid for this lack of balance in their diet, with being chronically under par? The trouble started way back in their childhood, when they were not taught to appreciate the fine flavors of properly cooked vegetables. I mean properly cooked for a baby which is a different thing from vegetables served for grown-ups.

After all, solid food is a brand new experience for a baby, and it should be made easy and pleasant for him. If it is, you will have no trouble at all in seeing that he gets what his rapidly growing little body needs to keep fine and (*Continued on page* 104)

I'M SURE JIM LIKES ME–
yet he never takes me out anymore

BOYS CAN'T BE PROUD OF A GIRL WITH PIMPLY SKIN—


I'D SO MUCH RATHER TAKE NAN-- BUT THOSE PIMPLES!! IT'S GOT TO BE A SWELL-LOOKING DAME FOR THIS PARTY!
THERE'S JIM WITH A STUNNING LOOKING GIRL. GORGEOUS SKIN! I THOUGHT NAN WAS HIS ONE AND ONLY
OH, NAN'S A SIGHT THESE DAYS! PIMPLES ALL OVER HER FACE
NEXT DAY
OH, MOTHER, HOW CAN I GET MY SKIN CLEAR AND SMOOTH AGAIN? THE GIRLS SAY THAT LAST NIGHT, JIM---
WE'LL GO STRAIGHT TO THE DOCTOR AND FIND OUT
WHY OF COURSE YOU CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE PIMPLES. JUST EAT 3 CAKES OF FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST EVERY DAY– BEFORE MEALS– UNTIL YOUR SKIN IS CLEARED UP


LATER
-THEN I'LL CALL FOR YOU TONIGHT. IT'S GOING TO BE A SWELL PARTY
SOUNDS LIKE FUN! WELL, I'LL BE SEEING YOU
JUST LIKE OLD TIMES– NOW MY SKIN IS CLEAR AGAIN

Don't let Adolescent Pimples keep YOUR boy friend away

PIMPLES are all too common in the years that follow the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to the age of 25, or even longer. Important glands develop and final growth takes place during this time. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, causing pimples.

Clear up these adolescent pimples—with Fleischmann's Yeast. This fresh yeast clears the skin irritants out of your blood. Pimples go. Your skin is fresh and smooth again . . .

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin clears. Start today!

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

HAY RIDE

PHOTOGRAPHED
By HYMAN FINK

It was a grand old party, given by Paramount's young favorite, Grace Bradley. Among the famous guests was Harold Lloyd, who is being welcomed gaily by Grace, at the left. Right, it looks as though the proverbial last straw got in Ginger Rogers' eye, but husband Lew Ayres doesn't seem worried.

The happy quartet above consists of Jackie Coogan, whose arm is around Betty Grable, the girl friend, Gail Patrick, and John Engstead. The high spot of the evening was "Major Grace Bradley's Amateur Hour," with real amateurs chosen from other such amusing programs.

Extreme left, the smiling visitor is none other than the always cheerful Glenda Farrell who comes to her pal's party with the boy friend, Addison Randall. Left, Grace isn't trying to push the Arlens, Dick and Jobyna, out of the door. She is simply that glad to see them at her party.

INSIDE · · STUFF

By PETER ABBOTT

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS By HYMAN FINK

Our prize shot: the Gene Markeys (Joan Bennett) leaving the Cafe Lamaze.

HOT NEWS: The marriage of **Claudette Colbert** and **Dr. Joel Pressman** at Yuma, Arizona, is the high-spot of Cupid's activities this month.

The tragic death of **John Gilbert** from heart failure shocked all Hollywood. One of the latest pictures of him is printed at the top of page 52, in this issue.

It's rumored now that **Joan Blondell** and **Dick Powell** will be married just as soon as Joan's divorce is final.

Clark Gable is actually going to croon in "Wife Versus Secretary." He did it recently on the set and everybody, including himself, was surprised at the success of his singing debut!

You'll be hearing about a romance between **Jean Parker** and **Bob Taylor**. Don't you believe it—there's not a word of truth in it.

Ramon Novarro is going to stay in London despite the failure of his first play. Now he's written one himself which he's going to produce. It's called "The Failure of Success."

In connection with **Thelma Todd's** tragic death, Hollywood commented on **Pat De Cicco's** immediate departure from town and the fact that he did not send flowers to the funeral.

The stork is expected at the **Norman Fosters' (Sally Blane)** along about midsummer.

There's a big romance going on between newcomer **Brian Donlevy** and **Lucille Ball.**

Not to be outdone by her former boy friend's announcement of his engagement **(Jackie Coogan** and **Betty Grable), Toby Wing** announced her engagement to **John T. Helms.**

Her doctor tells her she's getting too thin, so **Joan Crawford** is putting on weight for a change.

Nelson Eddy has gone on a four months' concert tour, very unhappy because Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wouldn't lend him to Universal for the role opposite **Irene Dunne** in "Show Boat." **Allan Jones**, tenor of "A Night at the Opera" got the job.

They've been saying that **Harriet Hoctor** will be appearing with **Fred Astaire** in his next picture. And now the story is that **Adele**, his sister, may come over to dance with him in a picture. Fred, you know, calls her the greatest girl dancer in the world.

Lillian Lamont, Fred MacMurray's fiancee, is recovering from her recent throat operation. Incidentally, she's so pretty everybody wonders why she's not on the screen.

Gary Cooper and **Sandra Shaw Cooper,** who just celebrated their second wedding anniversary, leave soon for three months alone together in Bermuda. Paramount is eagerly waiting for him to sign his new contract.

Ginger Rogers is a blonde now and is going to stay that way!

Victor Jory and his wife have recovered from their recent auto accident.

* * *

IT'S ALREADY SPRING, FOR THESE

SINCE Gertrude Michael got that cast taken off her leg and the long days in the hospital are just a nightmare, her heavy romance with director Mamoulian is "yes" again.

Handsome Brian Donlevy is like this with Lucille Ball these last few evenings.

And despite the fact that there are some who say, "Chaplin and Goddard, married a year," the romance lingers.

News, gags, and gossip about all your favorites at work and at play

Paulette Goddard, Charlie Chaplin and H. G. Wells at the Academy dinner for the author at the Roosevelt.

How to combat
CONSPICUOUS
SHINY NOSE
LARGE PORES, FLOURY BLOTCHES

6,000,000 women find
Luxor Face Powder shine-proof!

● Conspicuous nose! Ugly large pores! Unsightly skin shine! Of course you don't want them. Then use the face powder 6,000,000 women find combats skin-moisture—Luxor, the *moisture-proof* powder.

Every face gives off skin moisture. Most of all, around the nose where glands are highly active and skin-moisture waits in each pore opening to mix with face powder. Thus causing shine, clogged pores, floury blotches.

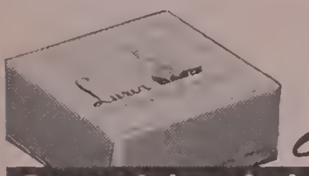
So change at once to Luxor. It won't even mix with water in a glass, as you can easily prove for yourself. Therefore, it won't mix with similar moisture on your skin, as a trial will quickly demonstrate.

Luxor comes in many smart new shades, blended by scientists in our laboratories to flatter blondes, brunettes and in-betweens with gorgeous, natural effect. It bears the Seal of Good Housekeeping Institute because Luxor does all we claim and is wonderfully pure.

Insist on Luxor by name and get

FREE! 2 drams of $3 *perfume*

A sophisticated, smart French scent, La Richesse. Sells regularly at department stores for $3 an ounce. An enchanting gift to win new friends for Luxor. Powder and perfume together for the price of Luxor powder alone.



55c
Luxor

Coupon brings 4-piece make-up kit!

Luxor Hand Cream Softens Like Magic

A marvelous cream guaranteed *non-sticky!* Amazing new skin-softener for hands. Keeps them soft, white, smooth. At all cosmetic counters.

LUXOR, LTD., 1335 W. 31st Street
Chicago, Illinois K-2

Please send me your 4-piece make-up kit including generous amount of Luxor Moisture-Proof Powder, Luxor Rouge, Luxor Special Formula Cream and Luxor Hand Cream. Here is 10c to help cover mailing. (Offer not good in Canada). Check,

POWDER: Rose Rachel ☐ Rachel ☐ Flesh ☐
ROUGE: Radiant ☐ Medium ☐ Sunglow ☐ Pastel ☐ Vivid ☐ Roseblush ☐

Name ....
Address ....
City ....

Edith Fellows, Mickey Rooney, May Robson, Freddie Bartholomew and Judy Garland posed for Hymie at the mammoth Will Rogers Memorial Fund benefit.

INSIDE STUFF (Continued)

LEE FONG CHIN was running a butcher shop in San Francisco's Chinatown until recently. Now he's an actor. It all happened because Paul Muni, on a hunt for characters to fill out the background of his forthcoming "The Good Earth," strolled into that particular butcher shop to hunt.

Through an interpreter in Hollywood Lee Fong Chin said, "I want to say that I am fulfilling a life-long ambition."

Lee Fong Chin is over a hundred years old.

* * *

BABY TALK

EVER since the technical troupe of "Country Doctor" left for Canada to film the Dionne Quintuplets a host of stories have been coming back.

First, the "Quints" must realize that now, for the first time, they are really working, and that everyone of them is on her own. During a scene, the five actresses were playing with toys. Suddenly, one of the girls turned and hit her sister over the head with a fire engine; nonplussed not a whit, the object of her deflections turned quickly and hit *her* over the head with a rubber doll. Then she was heard to mutter, "There will be no scene stealing in *this* little epic,"—or "da's" to that effect.

Then, Jean Hersholt fell and hurt his leg. Was he glad that he was portraying a *living* character on the screen! As soon as the news of Hersholt's injury became known, the real Dr. Dafoe came rushing over to attend Jean.

* * *

WE were out on the set of "Captain January" the day Shirley Temple went "boating" with Guy Kibbee in the home-made ocean. Everyone was surprised to find Shirley, who had just returned from a jaunt to Honolulu, getting her first case of sea-sickness The gang stood around without a titter until Shirley was ready to resume her sailing.

Later on, we caught Kibbee rubbing his face and smiling, "Two more days and I can shave off these whiskers! Gad, they are a nuisance and how they tickle! When I get them off, I go right over to Selznick to play with Freddie Bartholomew in 'Little Lord Fauntleroy'."

* * *

CARL BRISSON is planning a unique Scandinavian cafe for Hollywood. It will have a list of all those tasty dishes from the north countries and is to be called the Viking.

* * *

PALM SPRINGS CHATTER

BIG stuff down on the desert these week-ends. What with the now famous Racquet Club owned by Charlie Farrell and Ralph Bellamy becoming the hottest spot within a hundred miles, the boys have opened their new Bamboo Hut where stars can play and sip before and after their exercise.

The Dunes, that famous Monte Carlo of Palm Springs, opened with a bang the other evening and Harry Richman (stealing an evening away from Rochelle Hudson) was the guest star. Since there isn't another building within miles, the gorgeous palace of chance rises out of the desert like a beautiful mirage.

Bebe Daniels and Pauline Gallagher gave one of the smartest fashion shows of the year while we were there and all of the proceeds were turned over to charity. Those two gals have done so well with their smart little gown shop near Hollywood that they have now gone into the manufacturing end of the dress business.

We watched Paul Lukas play tennis with Joe Penner for a while, then over to watch Chico Marx do a bit of fancy bowling, stopped in to buy smoked glasses to avoid the glare of George E. Stone's hot-cha sweaters and then watched Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg play a spot of clever bridge with Chico Marx as the kibitzer.

* * *

REMEMBER "Ben Hur?" Perhaps, then, you recall the most beautiful woman in the cast, Kathleen Key. She hasn't done much since those days, just get awfully heavy. Now, after a heart-breaking diet, she gets a role in Mae West's "Klondike Lou" and has to wear pads to make her look fatter!

* * *

QUESTIONS OF THE MONTH

WHAT slightly-blonde actress and her slightly-gray boy-friend will take another of their mystery vacations right soon?

Can you name the gorgeous Hollywood gal whose date book for boy-friends looks like the cast-sheet of "Anthony Adverse," despite her rumored secret marriage to another guy entirely?

The only non-professional member of which actress' family is marrying a millionaire socialite this month—being the only gal in the group without a movie reputation and yet making the best marriage of the whole flock?

What once-called "hanger-on" boy friend of a blonde star has become even more important in Hollywood than the star since she gave him the gate?

Which famous blond actor-singer had the grand idea of incorporating

Jean Harlow and her mother at the opening of Max Factor's swanky new salon in Hollywood.

"Let Camay open your eyes to *Your Own Loveliness*"

From the very first time I tried it, I knew it was the beauty aid I needed. Camay can really open your eyes to your own loveliness.

Sincerely,

Nellita Courtney
(Mrs. Stanhope Courtney)

Boise, Idaho
September 3, 1935

THE "picture" of what every little girl hopes to look like when she grows up—describes Mrs. Courtney perfectly. Blue eyes, golden hair and a *complexion* as smooth and as fresh as a flower—a complexion Mrs. Courtney generously credits "to Camay!"

There's never any doubt about "Camay's beauty aid." You can *feel* those energetic little bubbles clean your skin in a way you know must be good for it. You can *see* the effect of its luxurious, creamy lather. You can fairly *watch* your skin grow smoother, clearer, and more attractive. Begin with Camay—today! Buy at least a half-dozen cakes from your dealer. The price is very low.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
CAMAY
CAMAY

CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

Eye make-up
DONE IN GOOD TASTE

MAYBELLINE eye beauty aids have been the choice of fastidious women the world over for more than 18 years. From chic Paris to smart Newport, these pure and harmless cosmetics may be found on the dressing tables of the most exquisitely groomed women. The name MAYBELLINE is synonymous with highest quality and absolute purity. To insist on MAYBELLINE is to be definitely assured of eye beauty at its best. All MAYBELLINE eye beauty aids are obtainable at leading ten cent stores.

Maybelline Mascara is prepared in Black Brown Blue

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

All Maybelline preparations have this approval.

Maybelline

MASCARA . . EYE SHADOW . . EYEBROW PENCIL
EYELASH TONIC CREAM . . EYEBROW BRUSH

Herbert Marshall, as usual, is at his most charming best with Marion Talley.

INSIDE STUFF (Continued)

himself to get away from too much tax only to have the G. Men inform him recently that his "company" days were over?

* * *

THINGS is bad fo' travelin'."

That statement, made by a colored maid, caused Adrienne Ames to cancel her passage on a certain airplane. She had recently brought the servant from her old home in the South and, at first, had been but mildly amused at the psychic power of one she had thought to be merely a good cook. Of course, Adrienne had noticed that most of the hunches the maid mentioned seemed to be the advance truth; but thus far they were concerned with such trivia that it mattered not at all.

The airplane came down in flames about a mile from the airport. Now Adrienne is more than mildly surprised and the cook is very surprised with her brand new raise in salary.

* * *

JEAN HARLOW'S weekly fan mail has jumped five hundred letters since she changed to a "brownette." For years, now, Jean has been a sort of corresponding beauty expert for thousands of girls who wanted to follow her into the uncharted wastes of platinum blondia. The switch to the new shade seems to have caused a minor upheaval with those same young ladies because they are now writing Jean for the secret of the new shade.

* * *

IT happened a long time ago in Hollywood:

"One day Charlie Chaplin called me up," reminisced Groucho Marx. "He had been offered $100 a week to go with Keystone. 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Isn't that enough?' Chaplin was getting about $25 a week then. 'It's too much. I can't be worth that much,' he replied.

"Five years later, I visited his home for dinner. An English butler served. The plates were gold!

"It's an amazing world. When I first met Chaplin, we often shot craps

(*Continued on page 18*)

Who's afraid of the mike? Not Una Merkel, Spencer Tracy or Jean Harlow, as they join Dick Powell at one of his recent Hollywood Hotel broadcasts.

"Change for Five"...

LAUNDERED WITH "LYSOL"

EMELIE
ANNETTE
MARIE
CECILE
YVONNE

Photograph, World Copyright, NEA Service Inc.

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS BABIES On May 28th, 1934, in the wilds of northern Ontario, far from modern hospital facilities—these now famous quintuplets were born. In all medical history only 33 cases of quintuple birth had been recorded. In *no* other case had the babies survived more than a few hours. Yet today these five little Dionnes are as healthy as any normal youngsters of their age. "Lysol" helps protect them from Infection.

GETTING to be big girls now—those famous Dionne babies! Almost 2 years old! But not an instant's relaxation is permitted in the scientific care with which they are surrounded.

The very first registered nurse to reach the Dionne home on that exciting morning in 1934 when the quintuplets were born, had "Lysol" in her kit, as part of her regular equipment, and made that simple cottage *hospital-clean* with it.

Today "Lysol" is still an essential aid in the care of EMELIE, ANNETTE, MARIE, CECILE, and YVONNE. Since the day of their birth, "Lysol" has been the *only* disinfectant used to help guard the quintuplets against the dangers of Infection.

You ought to give *your* baby the same scrupulous care the little Dionnes get. Use "Lysol" to keep *your* baby's surroundings hospital-clean, to help fight Infection in *your* home.

"Lysol" is a reliable disinfectant. For nearly 50 years it has enjoyed the confidence of the medical profession all over the world, and is regularly used in leading hospitals. In the home "Lysol" should be used, according to directions on each bottle, in your cleaning water, on brooms, mops, cloths.

Danger spots such as stair rails, door knobs, bathrooms, garbage pails, should be washed with "Lysol". Walls, floors and furniture—especially in the children's room—should be cleaned with a "Lysol" solution. And launder handkerchiefs, towels, bed-linen, underclothes, with "Lysol" in the water.

This wise precaution is so easy, costs so little, makes cleaning so much *cleaner*—and may save you the heartaches of vain regrets. Disinfect as you clean, with "Lysol".

NEW!... LYSOL HYGIENIC SOAP

...for hands, complexion, bath. A fine, firm, white soap, with the added deodorant property of "Lysol". Protects longer against body odors, without leaving strong after-odor. Washes away germs and perspiration odors. Get a cake at your favorite drug counter.

Lysol
Lysol

Lysol
Disinfectant

GUIDANCE FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS

LEHN & FINK, INC., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. MM3
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

*Name*____________________________

*Street*____________________________

*City*________________ *State*________

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TO YOUR
Fingertips...
PLAT-NUM
CREME
Nail Polish
Holly Red

Here's to the romance of woman's hand
From engagement circlet to wedding band
Gracefully moving through the play
Of work and love—in a woman's way.

TO assure one's self of tapering, satin-smooth nails, use PLAT-NUM . . . the superior polish. It applies smoothly, sets evenly and has a lasting lustre. It does not crack, chip, peel or discolor. You may select from 12 shades, any one of which will blend with gown, complexion, lipstick or rouge. Try PLAT-NUM today. It's 10c and comes in a generous, oversize bottle. On sale at all 5 and 10 cent stores.

this booklet FREE

This interesting, informative stiff cover bound booklet will be sent to you upon receipt of 4c in stamps to cover postage.

PLAT-NUM LABORATORIES
80 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

PLAT-NUM
Nail Polish

INSIDE STUFF (Continued)

Carl Brisson, Arline Judge (the hostess), Clark Gable, Edward G. Robinson, Virginia Pine and Jack Oakie at Arline's party in the grand Ruggles playroom.

together. The stakes were a penny and the fellow who won fifty cents was considered a financier. The loser of such a sum, tightened his belt for breakfast. It's a little frightening the way those years have passed!"

* * *

IS Joan Crawford's brother, Hal Le Sueur, headed for stardom? Hal has been cast for an important role in a forthcoming "Crime Doesn't Pay" short entitled "Thrill For Thelma." Robert Taylor and Edward Norris both started in these crime featurettes for M-G-M and look where they have landed.

* * *

MURDER BUILD-UP

IT doesn't sound so cruel when you read it, but it comes awfully close to a reason for murder when you know the inside. Mack Gray, George Raft's bodyguard, has been in the hospital for a slight operation. While he was recuperating, this little note appeared in the newspaper:

"Mack Gray, hoping to help a friend pass the time, orders breakfast, lunch and dinner in the hospital room of Mack Gordon who is resting on the floor above him."

Mack Gordon is in the hospital in order to lose ONE HUNDRED POUNDS!

* * *

EVERY once in a while, something happens in Hollywood that makes us awfully proud to live here and be a part of the motion picture business.

Yesterday was one of those days.

Early in the afternoon, over at Paramount, a steady stream of visitors began arriving to congratulate William Hazel at his little bench in the cabinet-making department. Mae West, Gary Cooper, Marlene Dietrich, Gladys Swarthout and many, many more took time off to pay their respects. The man was so happy at this surprising attention that the tears were rolling down his face towards the last.

It was Mr. Hazel's eighty-seventh birthday. He has been making cabinets at Paramount for over twenty years.

* * *

SPEAKING of Mae West, she wore the most democratic combination of clothes on the lot yesterday of any we've seen for moons. Yellow slacks, yellow blouse and ermine coat. That should please both the laborers and capitalists!

* * *

GEORGE BANCROFT just returned from a six-months' tour of the world and brought back such a collection of odds and ends that he couldn't find a trucking company to haul them to his home. Such harmless little items as a few baby leopards were to be found among the head-hunter trophies! When George got the stuff all out to his house he sighed, "Well at last that's over! I'm so sick of the ocean I hope I never see it again!"

Today Bancroft signed for the starring role in "Hell-Ship Morgan" and most of the picture takes place on the briney!

THEY'RE sure having a lot of fun out at Warner Brothers these days, what with whipping that little short story "Anthony Adverse" into shape. A mere 500,000 words of novel and ninety-eight speaking parts to worry about. Listen to just a few of the different nationalities and other diversifications in that one picture:

Fredric March plays the title role of "Anthony Adverse." Olivia de Havilland is an Italian girl. Claude Rains is a Spanish nobleman. Edmund Gwenn is a Scotch merchant. Donald Woods is a son of a German banker. Henry O'Neill is an Italian priest and Pedro de Cordoba is a French monk. Gale Sondergaard is a Greek housekeeper. Alma Lloyd plays the daughter of the British Consul. George E. Stone is a Sicilian servant and Joseph Grehand fills out a partial list of the important players as an American ship-master.

It was a gay party at Mrs. Ruggles'; here she is with Clark Gable.

* * *

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON has just completed his second million dollar trust fund, the smart fellow, and will soon start a third—if you keep on liking him as well as you have!

* * *

ROCHELLE HUDSON must be either very flattered—or flabbergasted—by now! Of course, you had heard that she is now the big moment in the life of Harry Richman? Well, listen to this little statement that Harry gave out this week about his "Ideal Woman:"

"She must have the personality of Mae West," began Harry, "Clara Bow's eyes, Marlene Dietrich's legs, Mrs. Roosevelt's high character, Mary Pickford's beauty and Claudette Colbert's lips."

(Continued on page 110)

Reduce . . .
your WAIST THREE INCHES
AND HIPS IN TEN DAYS
with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE or it won't cost you one cent!
. . . . Read how Miss Jean Healy reduced her hips 9 INCHES!
"Why Jean! What a gorgeous figure, how did you get so thin?"
"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE folder".
"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial . . .
"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER".
"I really felt better, my back no longer ached, and I had a new feeling of energy".
"The massage-like action did it . . . the fat seemed to have melted away".
"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds".
"Jean, that's wonderful, I'll send for my girdle today!"

You Can TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE For 10 DAYS at our expense!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY, and SAFELY

■ The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

KEEPS YOUR BODY COOL AND FRESH

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

■ The Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere knead away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce, in order to regain your youthful slimness. Beware of reducing agents that take the weight off the *entire* body . . . for a scrawny neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

SEND FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce *you*. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at our expense!

Don't wait any longer . . . act today!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 283, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name..

Address..

City.......................... State..........

☐ Check here if you also want FREE FOLDER describing a Special REDUCING BELT for MEN

Beauty for the TALL GIRL

By GLORIA MACK

If you are tall, "Carry yourself like a queen"—or like Kay Francis, Warner star! She's well above average height and uses that fact to make herself still more beautiful.

THE world expects a tall girl to be better-looking than anyone else!

Maybe you remember a few months ago, I wrote of the mistaken ideas girls sometimes have about their appearance, and what could, and should be done to correct these wrong ideas.

Your response to that article made me very happy, because when I answered your letter it gave me an opportunity to do away with little dark doubts that could become great big miseries in the lives of so many girls.

And the correspondence growing out of that article brought me very close to my readers. Some of your letters I shall never forget. I wish I could quote from them, but as you know, I never use my personal mail from you in that way. There was the brave, beautiful letter from the girl who was lame; the so intelligent (and sassy) one from the girl who *still* didn't like her nose in spite of what I had written about noses. The few, sad ones from girls who really did have something to be unhappy about (and I hope, or how I hope, that it was given to me to write them something that could help a little). Then there were the hundreds whom I *knew* I could help with skin, hair, exercise, make-up, things like that.

But what amazed me, what bowled me over, was the avalanche of mail from girls who were "too" tall, or "too" short! Where, oh where, did my girls get the idea so firmly set in their minds that beauty is measured by inches? As I read letter after letter I began to see. Other people, with unconscious cruelty, had made these girls believe that to be taller or smaller than the average was to be different in an unattractive way.

Now, I've got so much to say about this "difference" that I can't say it all in one article, so I'm taking the "too tall" girl first. I'll talk to you little girls later on. Incidentally, I'm a "little" girl myself, so I'll be speaking straight from the heart.

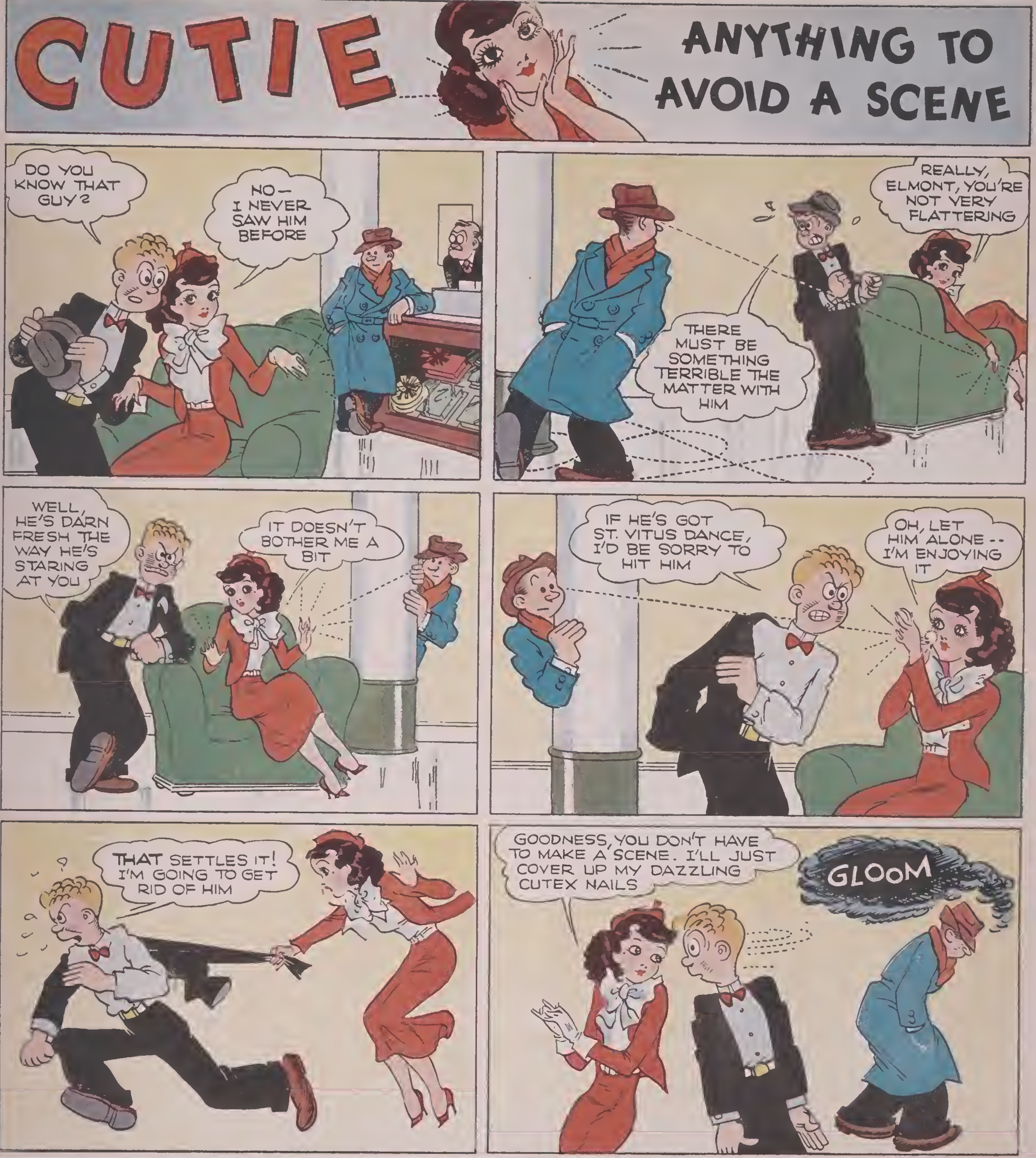
Let's come right out and admit that to be above the average height is to be different. But did you ever stop to consider that beauty is *based* on differences? Gloria Swanson's nose, Garbo's walk, Joan Crawford's mouth, Claudette Colbert's cheekbones. I could go on indefinitely with examples of how differences, deviations from the average, have made for beauty. Here in the capital of beauty there isn't one star with absolutely

(*Continued on page* 105)

SEND YOUR PROBLEMS TO GLORIA MACK

Whether you're tall, short, or in between, you want a well-proportioned figure, healthy hair, a becoming coiffure. You want to know how to handle blackheads and other troubles, and to learn how to use cosmetics as skillfully as the stars do. Let Gloria Mack help you with your beauty problem. You have her assurance that it will be a private, personal consultation. There is no charge at all, just enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you write.

GLORIA MACK, c/o Movie Mirror,
7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.


CUTIE
ANYTHING TO AVOID A SCENE
DO YOU KNOW THAT GUY?
NO— I NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE
REALLY, ELMONT, YOU'RE NOT VERY FLATTERING
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING TERRIBLE THE MATTER WITH HIM
WELL, HE'S DARN FRESH THE WAY HE'S STARING AT YOU
IT DOESN'T BOTHER ME A BIT
IF HE'S GOT ST. VITUS DANCE, I'D BE SORRY TO HIT HIM
OH, LET HIM ALONE -- I'M ENJOYING IT
THAT SETTLES IT! I'M GOING TO GET RID OF HIM
GOODNESS, YOU DON'T HAVE TO MAKE A SCENE. I'LL JUST COVER UP MY DAZZLING CUTEX NAILS
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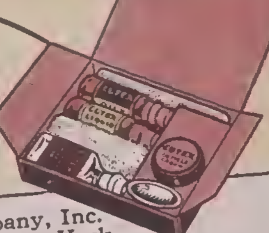

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The Movie Diary of THE QUINTUPLETS

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The fascinating day-by-day account of the visitors who made stars of the five Dionne darlings

By HARRY PERRETT

FRIDAY, November 29: Company assembled at Southern Pacific station, Los Angeles, at 7:45 P. M. Noses counted. Jean Hersholt leads in number of traveling bags with three. Darryl Zanuck, 20th Century-Fox production chief, goes into a last minute huddle with Henry King, gives him parting instructions, bids all good luck and a good journey and requests that Dorothy Peterson give the Dionne quintuplets his love. Berths are made up soon after the 8:15 "All aboard!" and the penny ante game doesn't even get started. All to bed early and wondering whether there was any sense in including the heavy woolens in the luggage. They probably will have one of those Indian summers in Callander, Ontario.

Saturday, November 30: Plenty of Arizona desert country. Most of it looks like hard scratching for farmers and ranchers but everybody impressed by the Maxfield Parrish sunset. All out for a stretch and a quick station walk at Tucson and Phoenix. Much discussion and guessing about how long before unit will be finished with Canada location and heading homeward. Penny ante game well organized and Dan Clark, cameraman, playing role of instructor and teaching impracticability of attempting to fill inside straights. El Paso in the evening and all out for papers and post cards.

Sunday, December 1: Sonya Levien, scenarist of "The Country Doctor," and Director King up and about early as usual although they worked till 2 A. M. polishing action and dialogue of script. Some members of outfit stop leaping out at every water tank and sending a post card or two but unmarried Romeos continue practice. Everyone well acquainted by now and discussion of Dionne quintuplets causes proud fathers to haul snapshots of offspring from card cases and hand about. Check shows Henry King has four children; Sonya Levien, two; Jean Hersholt, one; Dan Clark, two; Sound Engineer Bernard Freericks, two; and on down the line. Penny ante game languishing with Clark switching to chess and giving the erudite Dane, Hersholt, a good trimming. No one has yet missed a call to knives and forks. Dorothy Peterson and Hersholt now appearing in overcoats for constitutionals on station platforms and consequent autograph signing. Kansas City at 8 P. M. and speedy 30-minute sight seeing trips in taxis. Hersholt and King view new block square municipal auditorium and the $2,500,000 war dead memorial. Sonya Levien buys a pair of goloshes in a station shop.

Monday, December 2: Sun shining, but it's getting colder and everybody making a mental check about whether enough woollen socks and mittens were included in bags. Arrive Blue Island Junction, Chicago, at 8:30 A. M. with forty-five minute wait before 20th Century-Fox special cars are switched to the Canadian train. All out for a nice invigorating walk and almost immediately a rush for the little station's waiting room where there's a red hot stove. Thermometer registers twelve above zero, and that's plenty for the Southern Californians. Fur caps, parkas begin to bloom. Pulling out for dash across Illinois, Indiana and Michigan and into Canada via Port Huron. Snow appears shortly after leaving Blue Island and is seen in increasingly large quantities with each mile passed. Much excitement over white blanket. Almost no people seen on streets, few automobiles. Where is everybody? Probably indoors where any sane person would be. Newsmen and photographers grab photos of Hersholt and Miss Peterson and Miss Levien and King at every station now—all want to know how, when, where, what about quints. So far on trip, King has been mistaken for leading man seventeen times by newshawks. Everybody on trip has now read from one to four books except Jean Hersholt whose library is insured for $65,000. He has stuck to daily papers, chess, his pipe and everything so far printed about the quints and Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, physician to the quints since their birth. Shortly after nightfall the crossing to the Canadian side. Everyone has loaded up with American cigarettes and cigars. Customs officers inspect baggage but no smuggled Chinese are found. Three American press representatives join the party at Port Huron. These quints and "The Country Doctor" are news! Toronto at 8:30 P. M. and a swarm of reporters and photographers. Three of them stay on train for the night ride to North Bay, assigned to cover location and dramatic screen debut of Marie, Cecile, Annette, Yvonne and Emilie Dionne.

Tuesday, December 3: Everyone awakened at 7 A. M. by shunting of studio pullmans and baggage cars to siding. Folks peering out windows to see everything covered by snow and plenty more falling. It is still dark and lanterns give only light. North Bay, sans streetcars, seems strangely quiet, particularly after four nights and three days of the roaring steel highway. Snow continues falling as dawn comes and Location Manager Ray Moore, who arrived yesterday, herds his charges into automobiles which take them to the Empire Hotel. It's five above zero. Breakfast "ashore" tastes swell in this weather. Everybody makes a dive for bathtubs, wool underwear, wool socks, wool gloves, fur overcoats and fur caps. Director King and Cameraman Clark take off for Callander, ten miles east, to pay respects to Dr. Dafoe in his modestly comfortable home of combined brick and wood construction. There a free discussion of plans and problems earns the approval of the little country doctor, principal figure in the now world famous "modern miracle with a medical flavor," whom the British government has placed in sole charge of rearing the quints. Arrangements are made to start filming the next morning. In the afternoon, Dan Clark visits the Dafoe hospital, home of the quints, about two miles beyond the doctor's home, to show Dr. Dafoe the special lamps he had had constructed at the 20th Century-Fox studio to provide illumination for photographing the babies. They are incandescent lamps covered by blue filters. Clark had tested the lamps in Hollywood on year-and-a-half-old children and had proven them to be absolutely non-injurious. Dr. Dafoe makes a careful test of the lights himself and expresses his enthusiastic satisfaction. A quiet evening is spent by the travel weary Hollywood people in anticipation of the morrow's events.

Wednesday, December 4: *The big day.* Clark, Freericks and others of the technical department arrive at the Dionne hospital at 9:30 A. M. and while the famous babies sleep in their beds on the sleeping porch on the opposite side of the house the portable equipment is installed in the playroom. At 10:30 King, Hersholt and Miss Peterson arrive and are greeted by Dr. Dafoe in his little office. The principal decoration of this office is the five framed birth certificates of the quints. The few persons to be allowed in the nursery during filming have noses and throats sprayed, and all but Hersholt and Miss Peterson don sterilized surgeons' gowns and masks. Hersholt's blue business suit and Miss Peterson's nurse's uniform also have been sterilized. Marie awakens at 10:55 and fifteen minutes later all the other Mlles. Dionne have awakened and have been dressed for this great occasion. One reporter sent out the following: "The Dionne quintuplets took an amazed Hollywood motion picture making unit by storm this morning when they appeared 39 minutes before the camera in their opening scenes of their first dramatic screen production, 20th Century-Fox's 'The Country Doctor.' Yvonne clung with her tiny hands to the edge of her crib and jumped up and down in rhythm to Dorothy Peterson's soft singing of 'Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water.' Cecile pulled Jean Hersholt's fountain pen from his pocket and sought to remove his steel rimmed spectacles. Marie took the comb from the hands of Dorothy Peterson, who plays the role of a nurse, and tried to comb her hair. Annette leaned over and kissed Emilie." The tiny girls were dressed first in diapers and long white shirts and later in pink and blue dresses. Miss Peterson dressed Cecile expertly while Hersholt fumbled his efforts to put a dress on Yvonne, but King liked the scene anyway. Since the babies only hear French in their nursery they chirped small words and half words in a semblance of that language but entirely to the satisfaction of the sound men. As silently as they had arrived, the picture people returned to their hotel in North Bay, to sight seeing trips, shopping tours, letter writing. The only mishap of the day caused the spoiling of the first take of the opening scene. Looking down at the laughing, gurgling babies, scrambling up to pull at the buttons of his coat and at his spectacles, Hersholt was so moved he completely forgot his lines, something, he said, which hadn't happened in seven years.

Thursday, December 5: The (*Continued on page* 90)

Two members of "The Country Doctor" company visit Dr. Dafoe in his study between scenes. Jean Hersholt plays the doctor, Dorothy Peterson, the nurse.

Acme

The Truth About ALICE FAYE'S TRAGEDY

The real story behind the sad death of her father and what it meant to the little blonde singer

By RICHARD ENGLISH

ON a recent wintry day Alice Faye, red-eyed, stepped from the Chief in Chicago. The day was razor-edged, blue-tinged with cold. She was en route to her home, that poorer section of New York called the Bronx. Going home to bury her father. Reporters met her train. Then it happened. "We've heard that your father died in the general ward of a public hospital," they said. "How about it?"

She denied it for the untruth that it was. But Monday editions are notoriously scarce of news. And many newspapers, coast to coast, carried screaming banner lines, "Alice Faye Denies Father Died In Poverty!" Alice, stunned by her unexpected grief, could only heartbrokenly deny it.

Unfortunately, Alice is the shyest, most difficult girl to interview that reporters have ever encountered. She has good reason to be. Erroneously, her name was linked with that of Rudy Vallee at the time of his estrangement from Fay Webb Vallee. Disproved later, it was little consolation to know that her screen career had been placed in jeopardy at its very inception. This added blow at the death of the grizzled man she loved, the ex-patrolman from the Bronx, only tightened her young, expressive lips.

Because she is Irish, because she is young and proud, Alice Faye makes no explanation. She knows that none is needed. Unhappily, the reverse is true also. Often when the limelight casts a pitiless glare on some innocent act or circumstance, that very innocence is more difficult to explain to the sensation seeking press than if it were true.

And because Alice is my friend I think that the whole truth should be printed here. I know all the circumstances. I am one of the few people in Hollywood that ever met her father. I have known Alice for three years. I met her the first day she was in Hollywood, young, frightened at her opportunity to play the lead opposite Rudy Vallee in "George White's Scandals." For the past two years I have been Rudy Vallee's western representative.

Let me go on record here that Alice Faye's friendship of long standing with Rudy has been that and nothing more. Because she was until recently under personal contract to him, I first met her on a professional basis. Once safely placed on the road to stardom Alice has been strictly on her own.

The past Thanksgiving day should have been the happiest one in her life. She has known far more lean ones than happy ones. Only the day before, 20th Century-Fox had renewed her contract at a substantial salary increase. She had been at a crossroads in her career. She knew, Hollywood knew, that her past several pictures had been little better than mediocre. She needed better stories, a producer's confidence. Darryl Zanuck gave her both.

I had talked to her the night before. She was leaving the following Saturday for New York for a vacation with her parents and friends there. She said then, "Mother and Charley left early this week, Dick, because my father was taken ill Sunday." She had been informed it was a light case of influenza, nothing more.

"Anything I can do?" I asked.

"No thanks," she said. "The Judge went down to see him and arranged for his care."

The Judge is Judge Hyman Bushel, counsel for Rudy Vallee and long and firm friend of the Fayes. Now retired from the bench, he is a famed theatrical attorney. His own physician accompanied Bushel and suggested Alice's father be taken from his apartment to a hospital. That was done. Sunday night the Judge called (*Continued on page 68*)

"HOW'S THAT FONDA DOING?"

By SHEILA WORTH

ON a Saturday, say, everything was normal on the 20th Century-Fox lot. As normal as a movie lot can be. Shirley Temple and Warner Baxter and the gang were cutting didoes before movie cameras and one day was just about the same as the day before.

But that was Saturday.

On Monday, Henry Fonda went to work and nothing was ever the same again. Sometimes I think, in certain quarters, it never will be again.

In one week A. H. (after Henry) people like supervisors and directors were doing things they'd have slapped you in the goofy house for even suggesting. Like practicing tight-rope walking on wires stretched across a set or flipping coins for turns at the snow machine. For, like Tom Sawyer and his fence painting, Henry has a way of making everything about him seem a natural and desirable thing to do. In short, Henry Fonda brought to jaded, tired-out Hollywood something it had lost years before and had almost forgotten.

The spirit of play. Real, natural play.

After a certain writer had interviewed Fonda for the first time and caught that spark of something that is as much a part of Fonda as your nose is of you, she is said never to have stopped one minute, but headed her car straight out to Universal studios and sought out Margaret Sullavan.

"Why? Tell me why?" she demanded.

"You mean—" Margaret began.

"Why you divorced Henry Fonda, Margaret? I must know why. I've just had one hour with that lad and I can't understand anyone ever letting go of that—well, whatever it is that boy radiates. So I ask you why."

Margaret looked at her friends for a long minute and then turned and gazed out over the decaying sets of long, long ago that litter the Universal lot.

"I divorced him because he played," she said finally. "He made a game of failure, of hunger, of disappointment, even success. When we were broke and weary, Henry just made a game of it. I—well, it was too real to me, so I let him go."

Will Rogers once told a friend on the Fox lot that if a fellow didn't have any particular religion of his own, there was no better religion he could have than just the spirit of play.

So it was, when the friend toted Fonda over to meet Will one day, in the Fox commissary, Will listened to the natural, contagious something in the boy's conversation, and with those laugh wrinkles growing deeper and deeper round the corners of his eyes, Will turned to the friend and said:

"Yes, sir, there's no better religion than the spirit of play. I always said it."

This sudden observation in the midst of things left Henry completely in the dark. And even after "The Farmer Takes a Wife" and "Way Down East" were completed and Henry had taken himself to Lily Pons and RKO for "I Dream Too Much," leaving 20th Century-Fox behind, Will would call over to the friend, "Hey, how's that Fonda doin'?" And chuckle at the memory of something Hank had said or done.

Don't misunderstand when I talk about play. Hollywood plays at play like nobody's business. They ride horses to get thin and play tennis because it's smart. But it's not that kind of play I mean. It's Henry's natural, easy approach to life that's different.

For instance, it's the inevitable but unwritten law on a motion picture set that a newcomer must first show his true color behind the make-up before winning the approval of the inner circle of men who work with and around him—carpenters, electricians, prop boys, assistant directors, who, perhaps as a sort of self-defense, can be the most snobbishly aloof group of people in the world. Consequently the newcomer is let severely alone, often hurt and bewildered, until some happy little accident or word breaks the spell and all is well.

That, I say, is the inevitable rule. Except when Henry Fonda made his movie debut in "The Farmer Takes a Wife." The crew marched on as usual with its "now let this guy show himself for what he is" attitude, only they couldn't find the guy. Masculine eyes darted quickly from player to player, recognizing old and welcomed friends, but where was Mr. Smarty-who-thinks-he's-an-actor?

He's doing right well by himself—and Sylvia Sidney—in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," all-color film.

One of the older electricians, high above on the framework over the set, turned to an eager young jackanapes whirling around a big light next to him, and something in the lively earnestness of the young electrician as he swung and focused his light on the stand-in below caught and held his attention.

"New, huh?" he grinned.

"Yeah. Boy, this is swell, isn't it?" was the answer. The electrician chuckled.

From below came the call for the new leading man. "Fonda. Ready for Fonda." The call was relayed from director to assistant director.

"Look, Pete," from someone below he had picked up the name, "keep my light for me, will you?" the new electrician said. "I'll be back in a jiff. I think she's at a pretty good angle, don't you?"

"Sure. Swell. But where are you going?"

"Down. I'll only be a minute." It was then, when he stepped from behind the light into the full glare, the electrician saw for the first time that make-up covered the young man's face.

"Say, who are you?"

"My name's Fonda. Maybe you'd better swing her a little to the right. And save it for me, will you, Pete?"

IT must have happened as he climbed down the ladder. It happened somewhere on the journey, anyway, for the young electrician from a platform high above, who now stepped before the camera, had somehow become a young man who called the earth his friend, who had trod corn-stubble fields till he naturally walked with a loose, awkward swing and in whose very eyes had grown the look of a man who stands alone in distant wheat fields and scans the skies for needed rain clouds.

Henry had become a farmer. He had become an electrician ten minutes later, working like a Trojan all that day and through all that picture, as a matter of fact, and doing such an expert job, throwing his whole heart and soul into it, that no one dreamed of questioning his right to help light a set if he wanted to. And he wanted to.

Thus did Henry Fonda make his movie debut. All customs, rules, suspicions were eliminated simply because Henry wouldn't know they were there in the first place.

Which is what I meant by his approach to life. Fonda chooses the natural, easy way and gets there in two shakes while the rest of us are busy for days climbing over self-constructed barriers and (*Continued on page* 81)

That's what Will Rogers always asked about the lad who had impressed him as one of the rarest, freest spirits in Hollywood

Portraits In ACTION

Opposite page: Groucho Marx (upper left) goes William Tell—with pomegranates instead of an apple. Next, no wonder Nelson Eddy smiles; as a Northwest Mountie in "Rose Marie" he gets his girl—Jeanette MacDonald. Lower left, Myrna Loy, in a moment of concentration, perhaps about her role in "The Great Ziegfeld." Next, Jack Benny faces a serious problem: is it a good cigar or is it only a prop?

Upper left, Spencer Tracy grabs a few puffs between shots of "Riffraff." Next, time out for refreshments on the "Tough Guy" set, with Joseph Calleia and Jackie Cooper winning the race to the water cooler. Lower left, Maureen O'Sullivan adds a last decoration before setting out for Santa Anita. Next, who but Bill Powell could combine suavity and an ice cream cone—a "Ziegfeld" set custom.

MAKING MARJORIE OVER

How five famous stars, eminently successful in self-improvement, change a mythical girl's average personality into a vivid, forceful one

By MARY WATKINS REEVES

ILLUSTRATED By COLE BRADLEY

HOW would you like to have a brand new personality?

You can!

Five of the most vivid figures of the screen have said to me, in effect: *Any woman can pick the personality she wants and possess it!*

Hollywood is full of women who have successfully made over their former personalities into the elusive combination of charm, individuality and popularity it takes to make a star. And they have told me their formula for doing it.

They were eager to talk about the subject, these five, for there was not one of the group who didn't confess to me that she had gone through periods of loneliness, failure and maladjustment which were due to faults or inadequacies of personality. Each was glad to work with me in passing on the things she had learned through experience.

And the result is a simply swell Five-point Plan for Remodeling Your Personality. Its famous authors are Carole Lombard, Joan Bennett, Loretta Young, Miriam Hopkins and Joan Crawford.

Webster defines the indefinable thing called personality as "the quality of the individual's total behavior." That, we agreed, was undeniably correct in dictionary terms. But in every day feminine terms personality is the thing—the glorious, awful thing—that makes a girl a belle or a wallflower, a leader or a follower, a success or a failure.

And, as I remember Joan Crawford's patly putting it, "Anything having *that* much to do with your life is the most important thing about you!"

So we took a mythical girl named Marjorie to use as our working model. Marjorie, we decided, had an average personality. She was neither widely popular nor did she lack for companionship of both sexes. She wasn't beautiful, she wasn't ugly; she was far from brilliant, far from stupid. She was neither a success nor yet a total failure at attaining her ambitions. She was just *average*—and heartily tired of being so. She wanted to know what she might do to transform herself into a vivid, charming and forceful personality.

Carole Lombard advised Marjorie first, making Point Number One: FACE YOUR DEFECTS FRANKLY.

"It's hard to come down off your high horse and face the things that are wrong with you. I know. I've had to do it. And when I say 'high horse' I'm speaking of the natural conceit all women possess to some extent. All of us, I think, have a streak of stubbornness that often keeps us from admitting our defects. However, the only way you can make the first forward step toward bettering your personality is to judge yourself honestly and without vanity. Ask your-

Carole Lombard, Miriam Hopkins, Joan Crawford, Loretta Young and Joan Bennett are the authors of this brilliant Five-point Plan!

self: 'What's wrong with me?' And if you don't know, if you aren't sure, get other people to give you their opinions.

"They will, don't worry. They've done it for me time and again. Outsiders, persons with whom I have not been intimately acquainted, have usually given me the best criticisms. I emphasize that because I believe people who live close to us are too apt to excuse our faults in favor of our better qualities. They lack the perspective necessary for unbiased judgment.

"So, I'd suggest, select ten people—five friends, five acquaintances. Let half the number be men, half women. This is important because men do not always criticize the same points women do. After you have chosen your ten begin one by one to ask them this question: 'What are the things you don't particularly like about me?' Ask them to be mercilessly candid in their responses. (And if some tell you there is nothing about you they do not admire, scratch them from your list and substitute others who will speak the truth. There are qualities in all of us which our associates do not admire.)

"It shouldn't embarrass you at all to do this. It has never embarrassed me. I've asked that question point-blank of my intimates; in the case of my acquaintances I've usually shifted the topic of conversation to personalities in order to keep my request from seeming too obvious.

"When you have all your answers sit down and tabulate them. The defects that the majority of the group have criticized will be your outstanding faults of personality. Face those faults frankly and determine to overcome them."

JOAN BENNETT advised Marjorie next, making Point Number Two: NEVER GIVE EXPRESSION TO THE DEFECTS YOU ARE TRYING TO OVERCOME.

"One minute's giving-in to an old fault can erase all the overcoming you've done for a month. The only way to free your personality of its undesirable qualities is to stick desperately to your program and determine never, no matter what the circumstances, to let yourself slip up on a single point.

"Let's suppose for example, Marjorie, that you found your defects to be (1) a bad temper, (2) snobbishness; (3) gossiping. During the first few weeks of your new personality program you may successfully refrain from indulging in any of those. But after a while, when you think you're well on the road to a general change of personality, it's likely that you may give in just once when you feel you simply *have* to fly off the handle and tell that girl at the office exactly what you think of her, or snoot the blind date you don't even want to like you, or relay the choice piece of gossip you heard about the boss's daughter.

"That's when the test of how good a personality-renovater you are is going to come. Have just one rage, high-hat just one person, and you may as well have made no start at all to overcome those defects. You've got to begin again, then. For overcoming your faults must be practiced until erasing those faults has become a habit with you. Habits never violate themselves. When you've worked on your temper until a cool head instead of a rage is natural to you, until a cool head is your *habitual* response to angering circumstances, then you've overcome your temper. That's an example of what I mean, and I know only too well how true it is.

"I have had to overcome extreme *(Continued on page 97)*

Harlow's brownette hair is lovely and Spencer Tracy's acting is tops in "Riff Raff," with J. Farrell MacDonald.

There's beautiful sentiment in GB's "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," with Conrad Veidt and Rene Ray.

Movies of the Month

The reliable guide to the recent talkies with one check (✓) for good ones, two checks (✓✓) for those that are outstanding

✓✓ The Bride Comes Home (Paramount)

You'll See: *Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray, Robert Young, William Collier, Sr., Richard Carle, Donald Meek, Edgar Kennedy, and Johnny Arthur.*

It's About: *A gal who wavers between a rich man and a poor man.*

A really swell comedy, offering Claudette Colbert opportunity comparable to "It Happened One Night;" she surpasses all previous performances, with MacMurray and Bob Young sharing remaining honors. The story concerns rich-man Young whose love for Claudette has been steady since childhood. When her father loses money and she wants a job, Young makes her assistant editor of a magazine he is backing for his former bodyguard, MacMurray. Claudette wavers between these two loves and plenty of high comedy results, as she and MacMurray continually fight. The final outcome finds MacMurray arriving just in time to break up the Colbert-Young marriage at the altar.

Miss Colbert is to be cheered for exceptional performance, combining comedy, romance, and drama with a sure hand. MacMurray is swell as the hard-boiled former bodyguard who finds love and Bob Young as rich lover does right well. Cast, photography, direction and story are exceptionally smart.

Your Reviewer Says: See this.

Sylvia Scarlett (RKO)

You'll See: *Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Brian Aherne, Edmund Gwenn, Natalie Paley, Dennie Moore, Lennox Pawle.*

It's About: *The adventures of a motherless girl who masquerades as a boy and finally returns to femininity in time for love.*

While this picture proves a grand opportunity for Cary Grant and Natalie Paley to show sparkling ability, it is a particularly bad choice as a starring vehicle for Katharine Hepburn. It is our sincere regret that Katie couldn't have had a story as equal to her talents as her magnificent "Alice Adams."

Briefly, the film concerns a motherless girl who is anxious to stay with her father. His recent "borrowing" of funds, however, makes her a handicap to his escape, so she shears off her hair and becomes a boy. On the boat, escaping from France to England, they meet a clever smuggler and the three join hands. From there on, the trio tries various schemes to make money and finally becomes a traveling troupe of actors. In this way, Katie (still disguised) meets a handsome artist and when romance comes along she steals enough feminine clothes to land her man.

Katharine Hepburn as *Sylvia* (*Sylvester*) *Scarlett* tries with all the artistry at her command to overcome the powerful handicap of a story unsuited to her forte. That she is at all convincing is proof positive of her ability. Cary Grant, on the other hand, gives the finest performance of his career. His cockney accent is perfect. Natalie Paley is also cheered for her exceptional characterization of the other woman in the artist's life. Mr. Aherne, as the artist, looks like Josef von Sternberg, and his work lacks sincerity throughout.

Your Reviewer Says: Miss Hepburn deserves better fare.

✓ The Passing of the Third Floor Back (GB)

You'll See: *Conrad Veidt, Rene Ray, Anna Lee, Frank Cellier, Ronald West, Beatrix Lehmann.*

It's About: *A Christ-like character who shows that selfishness does not pay.*

There's plenty of action and suspense in this picturization of the famous Jerome K. Jerome play which has been modernized to make it interesting to this generation. The direction, acting, and photography are superb, and Conrad Veidt gives a graceful, moving and restrained performance.

All the inmates of a French boarding house are cynical, quarrelsome and disillusioned, trying to show their worst side to each other. *Mrs. Sharpe,* the owner, is hateful to her little slavey, *Stasia; Major* and *Mrs. Tomkins* are trying to cajole their beautiful daugh-

Fred MacMurray, Claudette Colbert and Robert Young are swell in grand roles for "The Bride Comes Home."

Irene Dunne and Robert Taylor—and Universal have made a fine, moving film of "Magnificent Obsession."

A very nice month, ladies and gentlemen, indeed. For musical comedy enthusiasts—"King of Burlesque," with Warner Baxter, Alice Faye and Dixie Dunbar. For laughter and romance—"The Bride Comes Home," in which Claudette Colbert crashes through with another hit; Fred MacMurray and Bob Young are the leading men, and keen, tco. Laughter special the second is "Collegiate"—which depends upon your feeling for Joe Penner. "Professional Soldier" is made a hit by Freddie Bartholomew's performance, and "Chatterbox" proves Anne Shirley will be a star before long.

Ruth Waterbury

ter into marriage with *Mr. Wright,* a crooked, rich contractor; *Chris, Vivian's* sweetheart is embittered because she refuses to marry him; the rest are spiteful and selfish. On the night of *Vivian's* engagement party, the *Stranger* rents the "third floor back." The boarders become gayer as his influence is felt but *Wright* predicts they will become their true selves again.

He is correct. He lures *Stasia* to his room; involves *Chris* in a shady deal; infuriates the *Major* to the point of suicide and generally makes them feel their helplessness in the face of his criminal instincts. The *Stranger* is in despair that he cannot help matters. *Wright* is murdered. The police finally solve the mystery. When the boarders look for the *Stranger* he is gone. They realize something mystical emanated from this gentle, kindly man, leaving them with a new feeling for each other and a new energy for life.

Your Reviewer Says: A fine cast in a worth while story.

(*Continued on page* 106)

PICTURES in the CUTTING ROOM

Advance Tips on Tomorrow's Talkies

COLUMBIA

Hell-Ship Morgan. **George Bancroft comes back with Ann Sothern and Victor Jory in a rough drama about the adventure of a tuna clipper and its he-man crew.**

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Tough Guy. **This Jackie Cooper, Joseph Calleia story about a young wealthy runaway's admiration for a tough public enemy with a heart of gold is rating some advance raves from those in the know.**

PARAMOUNT

Give Us This Night. **This is the American debut picture of Jan Kiepura, famous European singer, and plenty of fireworks have been happening on the set. Gladys Swarthout is co-starred, and Philip Merivale, stage star, also debuts. Kiepura plays a fisherman who sings and sings.**

• • •

Trail of the Lonesome Pine. **Sylvia Sidney, Fred MacMurray, Henry Fonda and Fred Stone in the full color picturization of John Fox, Jr.'s famous story of the little girl from the hills. They've taken this up north and everybody got colds.**

• • •

Timothy's Quest. **A tender, heart-warming picture about a small boy and girl who escape a cruel guardianship to find refuge with a kindly old lady. One of Paramount's "little" pictures but expected to be very good. Eleanore Whitney, Tom Keene, Dickie Moore and Virginia Weidler are in it.**

RKO-RADIO

The Green Shadow. **Preston Foster is a private detective in this deep, dark mystery story about the attempted extortion and murder of a rich man with a very beautiful daughter.**

UNITED ARTISTS

Modern Times. **The long awaited Charlie Chaplin picture, with sound effects only, and now promised for an early debut. Charlie gets tangled in machinery and love. Paulette Goddard, as you know, is the girl.**

WARNER BROTHERS

Colleen. **Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler in another happy, tuneful picture that's sure to be popular with fans of this team. Dick is a wealthy young lad in love with Ruby, a modiste's assistant.**

"I TAKE MY FIGHTS WHERE I FIND 'EM!
I CAN LICK THE COCKEYED WORLD!"
20th CENTURY FOX

THE STAR OF "DAVID COPPERFIELD!"... THE HERO OF "WHAT PRICE GLORY!"

THE DIRECTOR OF "CHINA SEAS!"

Together they give their greatest in Damon Runyon's story of rollicking and exciting adventure!

VICTOR McLAGLEN
Freddie BARTHOLOMEW
IN

PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER

Timely as a radio news flash! Tender as a big brother's love! Thrilling as a machine-gun's rat-tat-tat! Uproarious and romantic as only a Damon Runyon yarn can be!

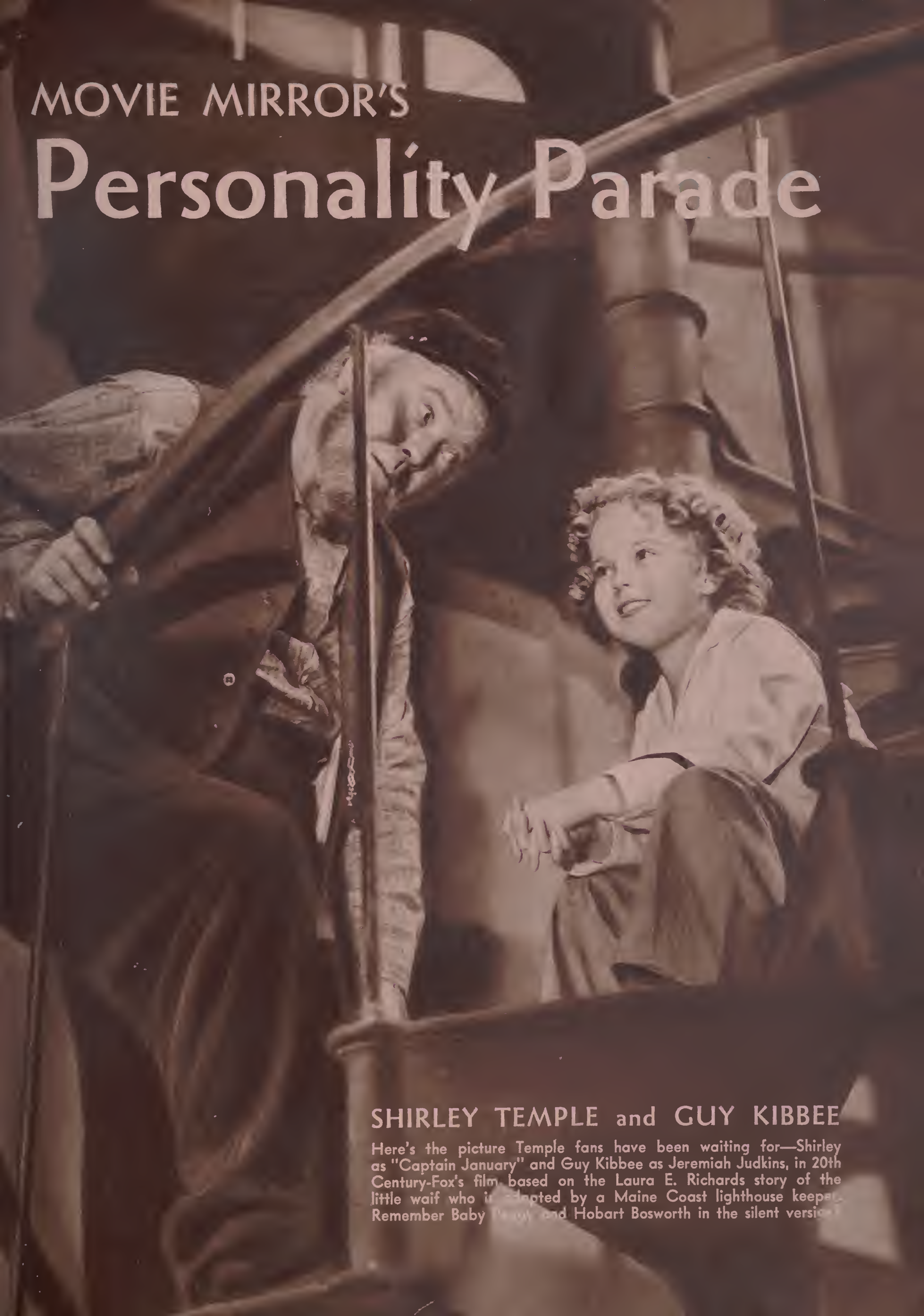
with

GLORIA STUART • CONSTANCE COLLIER
MICHAEL WHALEN • C. HENRY GORDON

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK
TWENTIETH CENTURY PRODUCTION
Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Directed by Tay Garnett

MOVIE MIRROR'S

Personality Parade



SHIRLEY TEMPLE and GUY KIBBEE

Here's the picture Temple fans have been waiting for—Shirley as "Captain January" and Guy Kibbee as Jeremiah Judkins, in 20th Century-Fox's film based on the Laura E. Richards story of the little waif who is adopted by a Maine Coast lighthouse keeper. Remember Baby Peggy and Hobart Bosworth in the silent version?

GLENDA FARRELL

We'll never understand why she hasn't had big dramatic roles since her grand work in "Hi Nellie" and "I'm a Fugitive." At present she's one of the three luscious blondes in "Snowed Under."

GAIL PATRICK

From Portia to Juliet: Gail was a law-student in Alabama, but now she's using her eloquence and—well, powers of persuasion, in RKO's "Two in the Dark" and Columbia's "The Lone Wolf Returns."

THESE THREE

Miriam Hopkins and Merle Oberon as two of the loveliest schoolteachers you ever saw, with Joel McCrea as the young man they both love, in the Goldwyn production of "These Three," film version of the famous stage hit, "The Children's Hour."

ROBERT TAYLOR

When Janet Gaynor was borrowed by M-G-M to make "Small Town Girl," she vetoed the suggestion that Robert Montgomery co-star with her, and now this young man (who has his eye on the very top of the ladder—and hasn't far to look!) gets the role.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

The little understudy who got the big chance—and made good. After her lucky breaks in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" on stage and screen, she's headed for stardom; next is "Anthony Adverse."

JOHN HOWARD

He crashed into public favor with his role in "Annapolis Farewell," projecting a manner that resembles Franchot Tone's. With "Millions in the Air" and Hecht's and MacArthur's "Soak the Rich" he becomes Paramount's most promising hero.

Change

"Follow the Fleet"—and the tapping feet of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire! But what's this rumor that the famous stellar team is breaking up?

Partners!

Harriet Hoctor (center), one of America's finest ballerinas, has been signed to do a picture for RKO, and Hollywood is saying she'll dance with Astaire. From abroad comes the whisper that Fred's sister, Adele, will soon return to dance with him again.

The LIFE and LOVES of

NO personality in Hollywood has bloomed professionally-brighter and more personally-interesting, during the past year, than Jeanette MacDonald. Everywhere, you hear people saying:

"What in the world has happened to Jeanette?"

If she were new to Hollywood, if she had arrived in the van of the grand opera vogue that started with Grace Moore and carried through to Lily Pons, Gladys Swarthout and Mary Ellis, this new vivid and electric quality in the gay MacDonald might be traced to her flaring success in singing pictures, particularly, "Naughty Marietta." But Jeanette is not a new darling of the libretto. Long before the dawn of these newer stars she had already achieved bright success in a number of Lubitsch productions with Maurice Chevalier, and followed that with stardom at Fox and a long string of box-office melody hits for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Obviously, then, it must be a personal development that has brought the red-headed MacDonald girl from the background of Hollywood interest. Yesterday, Jeanette was the consistently good screen performer, leading a consistently quiet life. Her only gossip interest was the question of whether she was, or was not going with Robert Ritchie, her personal manager.

But *now!*

The news photographer, reporting the doings of Hollywood night life to his editor these fine, crisp mornings, recalls the Trocadero's guest list of last evening as follows:

"Jean Harlow and Bill Powell, Carole Lombard and Robert Riskin, Claudette Colbert and Dr. Pressman; and Jeanette MacDonald was there and did she look grand!"

And in the society columns: "Also present was Jeanette MacDonald, ravishing in cloth of gold with a sable cape, completely surrounded by men in white ties."

But the lovely MacDonald is not, just now, feeling the oats of her success; she has been successful too long.

She is not, just now,

Left, just three months old; above, at five, when she made her first appearance on any stage—dancing a waltz from "The Merry Widow!"

Jeanette MacDonald

Don't miss this gay and exciting story of a talented, flaming-haired youngster who danced and sang her way to the top!

By WALTER RAMSEY

Opposite page, as "Rose Marie," in the M-G-M picture with Nelson Eddy. Left, at four and a half, just after she discovered she was an actress—and how! Above, at six, and, right, as an eleven-year-old star.

"going Hollywood" in a rush of furs and luxury. Her name is not *Mac*Donald for nothing!

In this engrossing story of her life, you will discover the all-important secret of what has happened to Jeanette for yourself. Her life, that has so recently caused her to become the talk of Hollywood, began in 1907 with the birth of a little, red-headed girl who was by her own admission, sensitive, eager and unafraid.

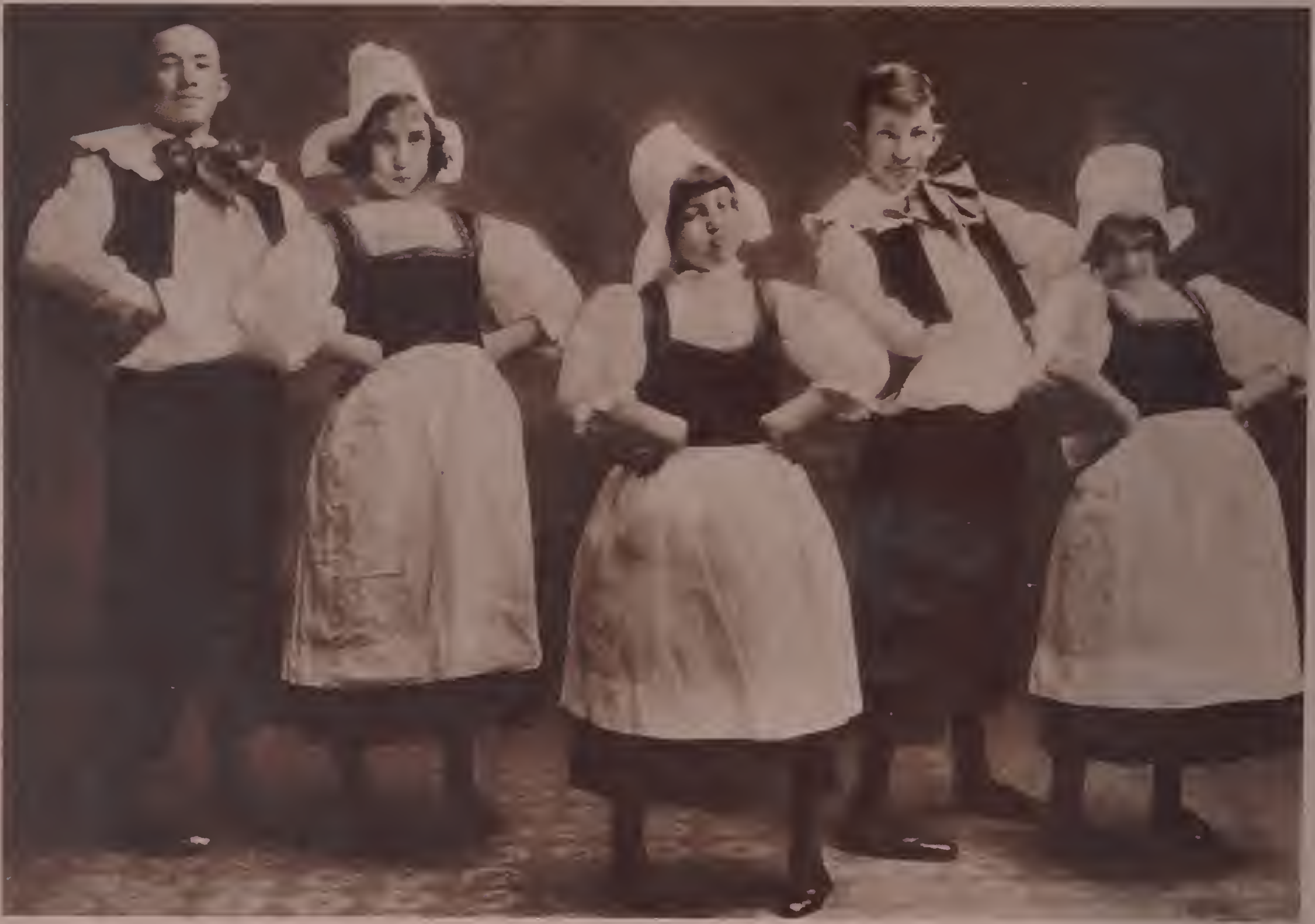
If President Roosevelt had been in office back at the time of Jeanette's birth, he would have had no problems to solve for the MacDonald clan. They were neither poor enough to merit his charitable benefits, rich enough to be snagged by taxes, nor yet farmers to be rationed into prosperity. They were of the great unsung middle class.

Daniel MacDonald was a contractor. He had built the entire block of brownstones in moderately prosperous West Philadelphia where the MacDonald family lived. Their house was the third from the corner and had no unique feature to make it stand out from the other homes on the block.

WHEN Jeanette arrived at dawn on the morning of June 18th, 1907, in the brownstone at 5123 Arch Street, she was the third daughter born to Anna and Daniel MacDonald. Oddly enough, they weren't disappointed when she wasn't a boy. Neither were Blossom and Elsie, five and nine years old respectively. They were thoroughly satisfied with their feminine domain that was to win most of its domestic points by simply outnumbering Mr. MacDonald four-to-one! Later, when Elsie wanted to get married and both Blossom and Jeanette wanted to go on the stage, there was no dissenting vote from their father, who always fell in happily with the family gaiety.

Jeanette was one of those chubby, luscious-looking babies who was to grow into a vivid, rather than conventionally pretty, little girl. When she was four years old, she fell flat (but not very hard) on her face down the brownstone steps of her house. It was the first hurdle she had encountered in life and for a moment she didn't know quite how to take it. She lay quiet, waiting for the world to stop its mad rush and come to her assistance. But there were no hurrying steps of rescue. Jeanette opened her mouth wide, took a deep breath and let out the loudest scream she could muster, topping it off by rolling and twisting her body in dire agony. The wild wails galvanized the entire block into a frenzy. Next-door-neighbor Mr. Maetrich wheel-chaired himself to the very edge of his porch; aproned housewives ran out doors with brooms in hand, little boys stopped their marble

In the center is ten-year-old Jeanette in her very first prima donna role, just after she gave up "Luv" and its sorrows to devote her young life to a career on the stage.



games and her own mother arrived to clasp her to her heart and rock her gently back and forth, begging her to live! In short, the results were eminently satisfying to the juvenile Miss MacDonald who, then and there, made her debut as an actress.

There are few red-headed children who are not sensitive and Jeanette was no exception, even in her own classification. By the time she was ready to enter grammar school, she had the neighborhood group of her own age pretty well in hand. Because she was so sensitive she studied hard to excel. She didn't skate with the gang until she had spent long hours in secret practice in her own backyard. She danced better than any of the younger children in her dancing class because she took the precaution of attending her sister's dancing class and thus got several months coaching by the expert Mr. Littlefield in advance. Mr. Littlefield thought Jeanette was little short of a doll on the dance floor.

But the crippled next door neighbor, Mr. Maetrich, was perhaps her most enthusiastic audience. Jeanette "sang" for Mr. Maetrich and the songs she sang were always her own interpretations of grand opera, absorbed from frequent record playing in her own home. She didn't understand the French and Italian words but she made up French or Italian words of her own to sing to the delighted chair-ridden soul whose eyes lighted with appreciation at the efforts of the little redhead, pouring out her soul in an operatic jargon at him.

Jeanette, unlike most children, did not particularly mind the first few years of grammar school. She took pride in not only keeping up, but keeping ahead of her grades. She considered her life "different" and "interesting" and would have been amazed to know the millions of other little girls who were living her exact pattern. Regular school through the week, dancing school on Saturdays, Sunday school on Sundays, kid parties and her unique recitals for Mr. Maetrich. One day when she was singing with exceptional fervor, Mr. Maetrich's sister came out on the porch and said, "Where in the world did you learn to put so much feeling into your singing, child?" Jeanette promptly replied, "It's because I'm in love, I guess!"

Truthfully, it was the very first time she had harbored such an idea. But it struck her as a very fine one. The next day in class, she looked down the room and pinned her affections on the head of a youth who was almost as much a "carrot-top" as she herself. His name was Raymond Scott.

THEIR wooing began with arched looks and developed into a series of love notes penned, you might say, right under the nose of Miss Palmer. Finding him responsive, Jeanette poured it on. One day, however, she over-stepped herself. Distrustful of her own ability to express and convey love in arresting terms, she copied a love letter out of the newspaper. Unfortunately, it happened to be a letter described in a front-page breach of promise suit. Even more unfortunately, when she attempted to flick the passionate missive down the aisle to Raymond, it sailed a bit too far and right into the hands of Miss Palmer! That worthy lady's face was something to see, as she read it and Jeanette was sent home to be punished.

(*Continued on page* 101)

A REAL Southern Gentleman

By JULIE LANG HUNT

How blue-blooded two-fisted Randolph Scott became the interesting paradox he is

Randy was reared in the traditions of the part he played for Paramount in "So Red the Rose," BUT he's also a he-man who can play a happy-go-lucky gob role for RKO in "Follow the Fleet."

WHAT Hollywood really needs is a hundred Randolph Scotts, and not because he is six feet, three inches tall, and handsome in the virile and vigorous manner.

A large supply of Scotts is an urgent necessity out here to help freshen our corroded memories concerning the habits and practices of that almost extinct species, the authentic American gentleman.

We are actually on the verge of forgetting that "socking a moll" with or without a halved grapefruit is NOT an indelible indication of our native manhood.

Randy Scott, who is Hollywood's exhibit A of that vanishing race, the gentleman, hails from Virginia, the state that practically has cornered the market on thoroughbred horses, tobacco and ladies and gentlemen since the pre-Washington-cherry-tree-era.

And now you are probably wondering how anyone with a typical mahogany and crystal, beaten biscuit and Virginia-smoked-ham background manages to work and live in the brash clutter of Hollywood.

I've pondered over the subject myself during the past three years, while Randy was turning out western screen thrillers, taking those second-run, second-rate pictures on the chin, one after the other, without a single familiar bleat concerning the studio "doing him wrong" or "not appreciating his talent." Quite recently Randy made the final break from saddle and spurs, but more about that later.

I started puzzling over Randolph Scott one sultry spring morning in 1932 when he walked into the Paramount publicity offices, a hopeful new contract player, to face my usually successful process of biographical dredging.

Randy resisted the dredging admirably.

He was courteous, maddeningly courteous, but unyielding.

He told me where he was born—Orange County, Virginia.

"And your mother and father, who are they?" I prodded.

"Oh, just Mr. and Mrs. Scott."

He told me where he had been educated—the Woodbury Forest School for boys, also in Virginia, and that was that as far as Scott erudition went.

He told me he went to war and escaped unharmed.

"Escaped what? Unharmed from what battles?" Surely I would find a chink somewhere in this monument of reticence.

But no, he would only observe that he had hung around France for a few months and nothing much happened.

I gave up, but only temporarily. When you earn your living as a Hollywood press agent, you always get your man, on paper, anyway.

Six months after my monosyllabic encounter with Mr. Scott, I arranged a brief interview for him with a lady reporter (yes, I said lady) from Boston, although she always made it quite clear that her mother was a So-and-so from Virginia.

(*Continued on page* 95)

Those Hilarious Hollywood

By MARJORIE HAYNES

When Sylvia Sidney became Mrs. Bennett Cerf, the weather was the villain and nearly wrecked their honeymoon before it began.

THERE is something about a wedding, most places, that is glowing, tender and very, very sweet.

But there is something about a Hollywood wedding that is always very, very funny.

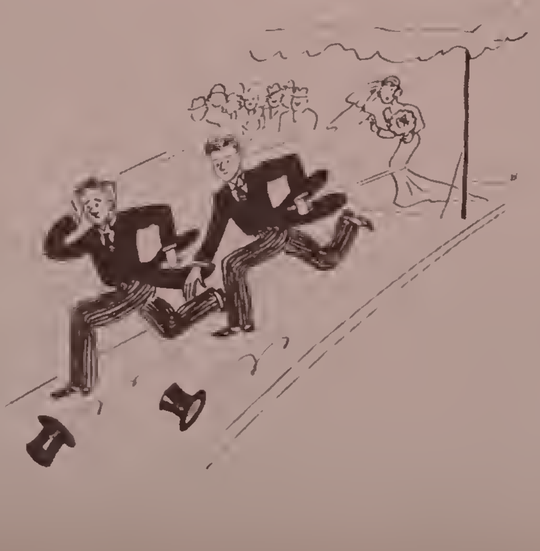
Now, years of watching rice throwing, toast drinking and chicken á la king eating at the cream of our film colony nuptials have convinced me that Hollywood has never (but actually not even once) turned out a flawless wedding ceremony.

Why, I've actually heard a tense group of friends burst into appreciative applause when a certain famous bride, glorious in sixty-five yards of tulle and satin, emerged onto the church aisle.

I've seen one entire ceremony take place beneath the relentless glare of a spotlight because the bride desired something different in the way of church lighting. The vows of another film marriage were photographed and recorded for posterity with all the attendant paraphernalia of sunarc lights, microphones and sound wagons tangled among the lilies and smilax.

And then I know of one actress who forgot her baggage in the excitement of eloping to Yuma, Arizona, and was game enough to go through the ceremony wearing a dusty pair of riding breeches, with a bridal corsage of rare yellow orchids pinned on the shoulder of her crumpled sweater.

I've watched a star groom and his best man chase their top hats down a sloping street before the church amid the roars of two thousand onlooking fans. I've heard—but it's high time we got down to cases.

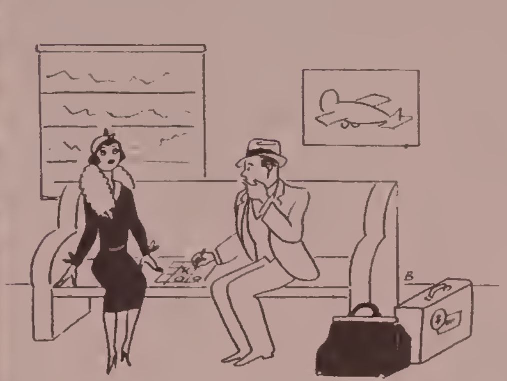


Wouldn't you just know that Ginger Rogers' bridegroom, Lew Ayres (as well as his best man, Ben Alexander), would have "top hat trouble" at their wedding?

For obvious reasons I cannot divulge the names of the players who took part in the first three weddings mentioned in this story, but the heroine of the dusty riding breeches was Minna Gombell, and the luckless groom who galloped after his spinning high hat was Lew Ayres on his way to take Ginger Rogers "for better or for worse."

It's really too bad that Lew and his best man, Ben Alexander, had to lose control of their toppers in such a comic strip manner before the Little Church of the Flowers, because the lovely ceremony that followed clicked off without a single hitch. But as I told you before, there's always something about a Hollywood wedding.

Take the Arline Judge-Director Wesley Ruggles wedding of three winters past. There was one terrible moment just before the service when Arline would have given it to any taker.



Now Arline and Wes planned their matrimonial rites weeks in advance. There would be no lulls, no comedy and no levity before or during their ceremony. Instead there would be dim flickering tapers, exotic flowers and tons of solemnity. Director Al Hall gave the bride away, and as they followed the bridesmaids down the blossom banked staircase of the groom's home, to the muted notes of the wedding march, Arline was filled with ethereal and beautiful thoughts.

Then it happened. The telephone at the foot of the stairs jangled and rasped

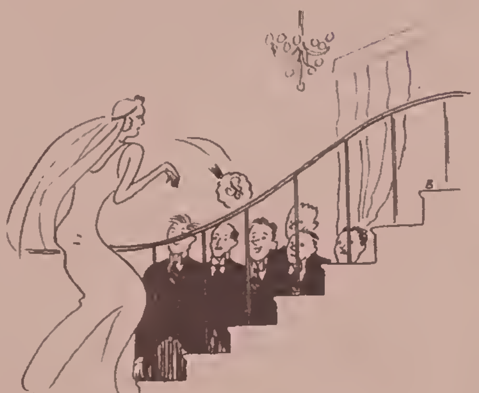
Weddings!

Whether it's a formal ceremony or a surprise elopement, somebody always trips during the Wedding March

Joan Bennett had such a lovely bridal bouquet when she was wed to Gene Markey, but her near-sightedness brought it to an embarrassing end!

Sketches by Barth

into the lovely moment and the entire procession was thrown out of step. And then, to the startled bride's complete horror, Al Hall dropped her arm, rushed to the obstreperous instrument, picked it up and in loud and unhurried tones advised the caller that Mr. Ruggles was busy getting married and please, what was the message. With maddening nonchalance, Hall returned to the side of the livid bride and the stunned group continued its trip to the altar amid the very audible hilarity of the guests.



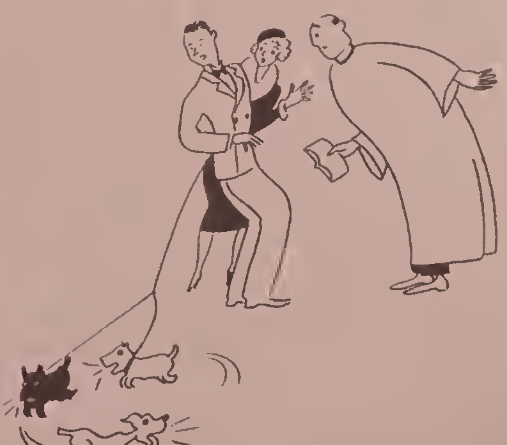
Even twelve years ago when Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis decided that matrimony was what they needed that funny Hollywood wedding jinx was yipping at their heels.

Harold for years had harbored all manner of superstitions having to do with weddings and things like that, and unfortunately Mildred nourished a few of her own as well. So when the pair drove up to the church and discovered newspaper photographers waiting for them, Harold ordered the driver to step on the gas. He explained to his bewildered bride-to-be that it was certain and horrible luck for any couple to risk being photographed before the ceremony and he suggested that they delay the rites until more secrecy could be accomplished.

But the bride insisted that according to her superstitions it was worse than horrible luck to delay a wedding and she, for one, would never tempt such an ominous fate. She would get married today or not at all. And soooooo the bridal pair drove around and around the block trying to decide whose superstition had the most authentic reputation.

One hour later they solved the tangle by sending their chauffeur ahead to the church to exact the photographers' promise to keep their cameras idle until after the ceremony. The photographers promised and Harold and Mildred were quickly married and fate, as you know, has been very, very kind to them ever after.

Temperament upset what was to have been the "quiet" marriage of Bette Davis to Harmon Nelson. But it wasn't the film star's fault—it was the minister's pet dog!



Lupe Velez's personal stock of matrimonial superstitions tops the combined repertoire of Harold and Mildred, but all the fiery little Mexican's pre-wedding precautions didn't protect her ceremony from a ridiculous finale.

Lupe actually boarded the honeymoon plane for Las Vegas, Nevada wearing a blue suit (something blue, of course), a friend's fur coat (no bride should be without something borrowed), a pair (*Continued on page 79*)

What is a "DEBUT MAN" . . . and Why?

IT is no mere coincidence that almost every time a promising actress is launched as a star in her first picture, John Boles is there to help with the launching. Not only does 20th Century-Fox, his own studio, use him in this capacity (remember the debut pictures of Lilian Harvey and Pat Paterson?), but other studios are always battling to borrow him as leading man for their new hopefuls. It was John who squired Bebe Daniels in her first singing picture, "Rio Rita;" John who first introduced Evelyn Laye to American audiences in "One Heavenly Night;" John who played opposite Charlotte King and Jeannett Loff in their first (and only) screen successes; John who helped Margaret Sullavan achieve her first triumph in "Only Yesterday." And now he has just finished being leading man to Gladys Swarthout, of radio and opera fame, in her first cinema endeavor, Paramount's "Rose of the Rancho." Yes, when a new female star is about to go into the great unknown of picture making, her studio usually calls upon John to help her win her laurels.

The most important reason is John himself—John who is best described by one simple adjective, "genial." In all his years of picture making, ever since his debut in "The Loves of Sunya" (Gloria Swanson's first producing venture, incidentally), John has been one of Hollywood's seven wonders. Always good-natured, always thoughtful, always tactful, no one has ever been able to find the slightest trace of temperament about him. He has never been known to walk out on a role, to refuse to pose for a picture, to turn down an interviewer, to complain about long hours, to strike for more money, to make enemies of anyone. John can always be depended upon.

But not so with a new female star. No matter what her past record on stage or radio, she is always an unknown quantity to picture producers. She may be cool as a cucumber behind the footlights, or in front of a microphone, but the camera is something else again. Nine times out of ten she'll fall heir to what is commonly known as "camera jitters." That's just a nice name for nervousness, fright, trouble and temperament. Her producers, anticipating this, begin to look around for an antidote, a soothing anesthetic. And John, always calm, always helpful, always patient, is just that!

Look at what happened on the "Rose of the Rancho" set this past summer. The company was on location at Lake Malibu. It was the height of the summer heat, and the thermometer hovered around 120 degrees. By noon of the first day, Gladys Swarthout, petite brunette baby of the Metropolitan Opera, was weak as a kitten. She drooped in a chair in front of her cabin, and said she was afraid she was going to faint. Not even accustomed to ordinary California weather, this was killing her. She couldn't work any more that day!

Is this why Mr. Boles was chosen to play opposite Margaret Sullavan in her very first motion picture, "Only Yesterday?"

There are good reasons why John Boles is Hollywood's favorite exponent of this unique, arduous profession

By

KATHARINE HARTLEY

And here's a love scene from Gladys Swarthout's initial starring film, Paramount's "Rose of the Rancho," in which John shares the top honors.

Then John sauntered up, smiling, and looking as cool as mint in a julep glass. "Want to take a tip from an old-timer?" he asked. "I worked once in Death Valley, and that's the hottest place this side of Hades. I learned a couple of tricks to keep cool, before getting out of that place. Here's the first one. Let me have your wrists, Gladys."

John uncovered the star's wrists, and began dabbing them with a wet sponge. "You see, the veins in the wrists are directly connected with the heart. Cool them off, and you cool the blood stream. Now, next, here are a couple of salt cubes for you to eat."

"Salt cubes!" wailed Gladys. "But my mouth is so dry now, I can hardly swallow. Won't salt make it worse?"

"No, because the natural salt in the body counteracts heat. But you lose it when you perspire. That's why you have to replenish the salt in your system. Come on and eat it, like a good girl."

A half hour later, Gladys Swarthout was at work again in front of the camera.

Perhaps you are thinking that any man would do as much for any lady in distress. But you don't know your Hollywood. Many another leading man would have been reclining in the shade of his own cabin, going over his script, or repairing his make-up, instead of administering first aid to another.

A few days later, John avoided another crisis. Gladys was in her cabin, freshening her make-up, when suddenly she screamed—a blood-curdling, nerve-racking scream. Without ceremony John dashed into the cabin, and there he saw her transfixed in horror at the sight of a vile crawling thing on the floor. Without a moment's hesitation, John stamped on it, ground it into the (*Continued on page* 88)

Dolores Del Rio, Dietrich, John Gilbert and Cedric Gibbons, M-G-M designer and Dolores' husband.

WHAT A

PHOTOGRAPHS

When Countess di Frasso returned to Hollywood, she gave one of her famous parties, attended by nearly all the movie great. Here she is at the left, with Cesar Romero and Virginia Bruce (it begins to look like big romance). Above, Florence Rice and Michael Bartlett (is it love?) with Mary Pickford.

Heather Angel and her husband, Ralph Forbes, caught in conversation with Ben and Bebe Daniels Lyon.

Dietrich, Charles Boyer and their hostess, Dorothy di Frasso, who just came back from a trip abroad.

PARTY!

BY HYMAN FINK

Clifton Webb was there (you'll be seeing him soon in that long-promised film debut), and so were Grace Moore and George Brent. At the right, David Niven's face was almost hidden by Kay Francis' gesture of welcome. That's Delmer Daves, her very best beau, with them.

"Captain Blood" (Errol Flynn), Lily Damita (Mrs. Flynn), and Charles MacArthur (Ben Hecht's twin).

Frank Chapman, Irving Thalberg, Grace Moore, Sam Goldwyn and Gladys Swarthout (Mrs. Chapman).

What a galaxy! Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon, Norma Shearer Thalberg and Dolores Del Rio.

It was a promise she had made herself which brought Irene Dunne to Hollywood a few years ago (far left).

Unwritten Chapter

"I SAT on a stool at a quick lunch counter in a little Southern town," Irene Dunne said. "I held a doughnut in one hand and a thick cup of black coffee in the other. It was Christmas day. And I was alone. On the road. Very forlorn. Tragically unhappy.

"I was poor. I was on a forty-weeks' tour. I was shabby. I was tired. I was discouraged. I was in love. And the man I loved didn't know that I existed.

"I faced myself in the mirror. A very cracked and squirly mirror. I raised my cup and I swore a solemn oath to my reflection that one day I would avenge my own unhappiness. One day I would avenge my shabbiness, my loneliness, my tiredness, my beautifully breaking heart.

"I think," laughed Irene, with that slight sweet laugh of hers, "I think that the other customers—a chauffeur or two, a stranded chorus girl, a back streets lady, a down-at-heel town beau—must have thought me mildly mad. For I sort of talked to myself, to the distorted image of that woebegone, too-thin girl in the fly-specked mirror.

"I promised myself that come a few more Christmases I would be breakfasting in a lovely home of my own, my family with me. I swore that I would be rich and famous and an honored guest in a world which did not appear to be especially hospitable to me then.

"I swore that the man I loved would be compelled to recognize me for what I thought I was. I swore that I would impress my image on the negligent world and, especially, on *him*.

"All of this," Irene said, her soft voice rather deprecatory, "all of this is an hitherto unwritten chapter in my life. I've never wanted to talk about it. I never have talked about it. I don't like to remember unhappiness, nor to dwell on discouragement. The past can be a suction pump if we allow it to be.

"On the other hand, reminiscence sometimes has a salutary effect. It sharpens our blessings, gives them luminous edges. For I have avenged my own unhappiness, in the only way that it can be avenged—with *happiness*. And I have the satisfaction of knowing that I have done my own avenging."

I thought, looking about me, how well she has done it, what a complete job it is. Difficult to imagine this slender, poised young woman, wearing slickly tailored brown, brown slender shoes (shoes are her hobby, one of them—the other is the perfume she blends herself) golden brown hair, softly waved, difficult to imagine her perched on a stool at a quick lunch counter, eating doughnuts and counting the painful ticks of a broken heart.

Yes, vengeance.

The lovely Beverly Hills house testified to it. The pleasant murmur of voices, her mother's and brother's, from a distant room, testified to it. The delicate tea service, the blue-prints of the lovely French type home she is building in Holmby Hills testified to it. When I first came in Irene was just putting up the phone after a long distance telephone call from husband, Dr. Francis Griffith, and the echoes of that talk still framed her mouth in smiles.

Yes, vengeance! Someone once said that the only real revenge on life is success and Irene sits surrounded by its soft symbols.

She was saying now, refilling my cup, "All right, since I've gone so far I may as well tell you the rest. It may sound silly to you. It can never sound really silly to me. Because I know how terribly real it was. I have never forgotten the *feel* of that shabby, forlorn figure who was myself sitting at that counter on Christmas day and taking that very young oath.

"It all dates back to the fact that I was a painfully self-conscious child and young girl. And I would rather have a good, raging old-fashioned toothache than suffer the pangs of self-consciousness. They are agony. I know. I used to be afraid to enter a room filled with people. I hated to go to dancing school as, later on, I dreaded going to country club dances and social events.

"I never could attract the attention of the boys I wanted to attract. They called me popular in Louisville. In fact, some of my old friends there are amazed at the kind of thing I do on the screen, the screen 'personality' which is mine. They do not remember me as being so—well, so sort of gentle and elegant. I, personally, believe that I am two entirely different people. One person on the screen, another person off it.

"However that may be, I always had crushes on some older boy, some football hero or golf champion, and these objects of my idolatry never knew that I existed. Certainly I never wanted for boys and young men around me. I never was a wall flower, I always had my programme filled at dancing school and, later, I was always 'cut in on' sufficiently.

"But never did I manage to make an impression on the boy I wanted to impress. I probably picked boys too old for me, but I didn't stop to figure that out. I only knew that where I most wanted to succeed, I failed. And that being the case, the others didn't count.

"My self-consciousness intensified until I was in a perfect vise. I began to develop a really terrific inferiority complex. I always thought that other girls were prettier, more popular than I.

"It was really my self-consciousness that determined me to be a singer. As a singer, I figured, I would certainly attract attention. And if I studied singing I would also learn how to control myself, my own nervousness, my own deficiencies. I would become a center of things. I would have a weapon lodged in my throat.

"It was for this reason, more than for any other, that I went to the (*Continued on page 71*)

"Unhappiness" was Irene's middle name until she found the one sure road to success

By GLADYS HALL

●

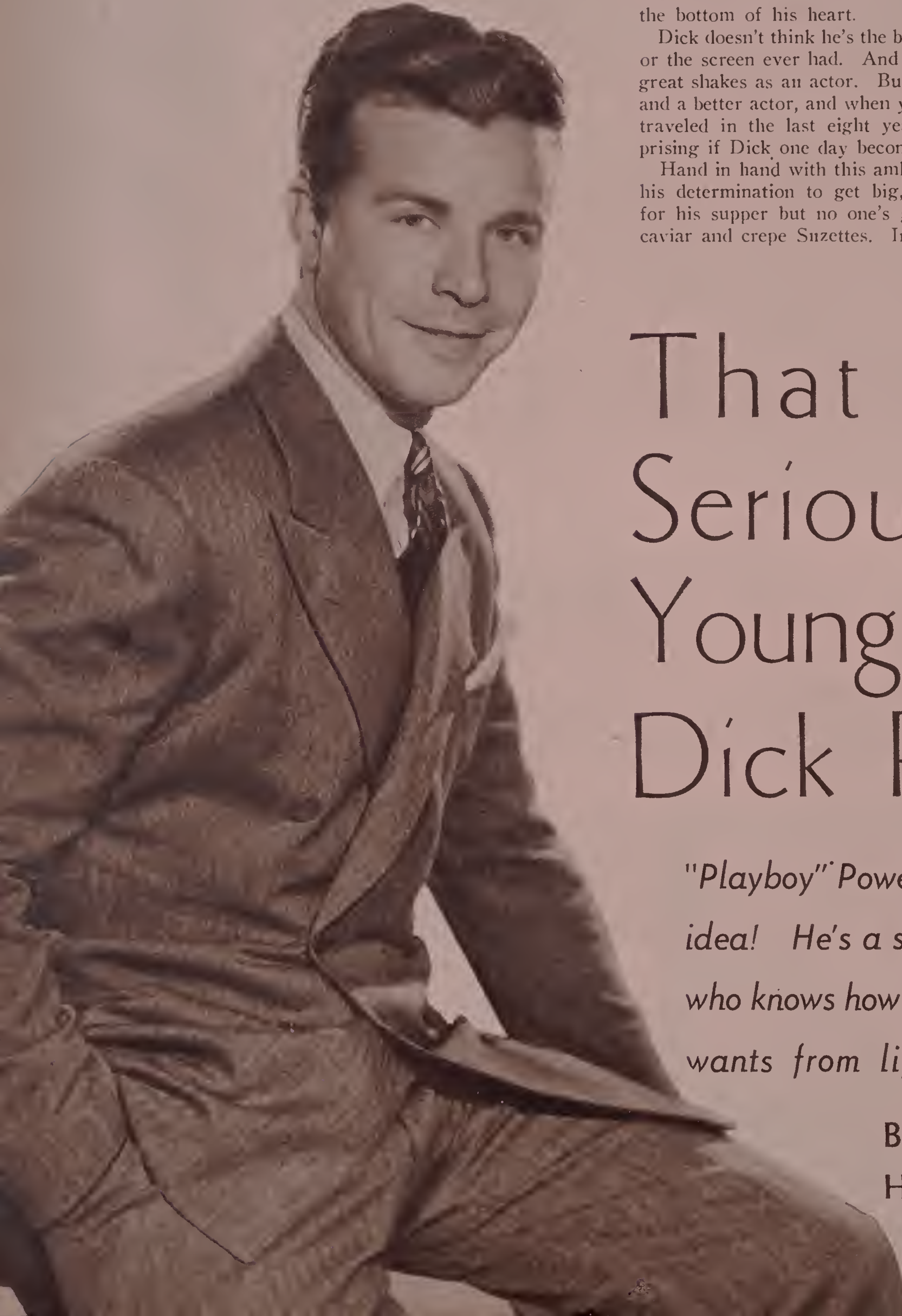
in Irene Dunne's Life

Below, Irene is very happily married to Dr. Francis Griffin (left); right, with Robert Taylor in "Magnificent Obsession."

That Serious Young Man, Dick Powell

"Playboy" Powell? Perish the idea! He's a shrewd planner who knows how to get what he wants from life—pleasantly

By SARA HAMILTON



I'M a bit weary of these "young and wholesome" blurbs that are constantly flung in one's face when the talk veers to Dick Powell. Talk to anyone at the Warner studio and you get high class dithers about Dick's fresh, young appeal. Talk to his agent and you get a long harangue about Dick's wholesomeness. "Always a smile and a happy-go-lucky air, that's Dick," they'll tell you, 'until presently one begins to get an idea Dick is as gaga as a Cheshire cat.

Hooey!

Dick Powell is a man. His thirtieth year is near enough around the corner to be glimpsed without a crick in the neck. He's had some mighty hard knocks (mostly in the knees when he's been scared to death of audiences) and one or two bitter experiences that had no business happening to anyone in his twenties, and they've left their mark.

He's a shrewd, far seeing, clear sighted business man out to get as much as he can from this movie business. And interested in giving value received, too. He'll yowl for his rights with all the ferocity of a trapped tiger and he won't leave off howling until he gets them. When Dick felt he wasn't getting all that was coming to him at the studio, you never heard such bedlam as he stirred up. And kept on stirring up until, in order to get some peace around the place, they gave him what 'he deemed fair.

He has no illusions about himself. Three-fourths of the time he thinks he's terrible, and says so. Now mind, a lot of people in Hollywood go around simpering to one and all, "Oh, dear, I'm terrible in that role," to beat someone else saying it. It's a defense mechanism thrown up to excuse themselves for thinking they're good. But that's not true with Dick. His "I'm terrible" is a long, loud wail from the bottom of his heart.

Dick doesn't think he's the best singer the world ever heard or the screen ever had. And neither does he think he's any great shakes as an actor. But he's out to be a better singer and a better actor, and when you realize just how far he has traveled in the last eight years it wouldn't be at all surprising if Dick one day becomes as good as he hopes to be.

Hand in hand with this ambition to be something marches his determination to get big, fat returns. Dick may sing for his supper but no one's going to cheat him out of his caviar and crepe Suzettes. In fact, it was Dick's enormous

capacity for always wanting more money that started him out on his combination business and artistic career.

Back in Little Rock, Arkansas, his mother supplied the three Powell boys with an allowance. It sufficed Luther and Howard, but not Dick who got himself a job with the telephone company as well as a lucrative side line job of singing for church services, funerals and afternoon musicals at Mrs. Weinheimer's, with punch and lady fingers going the rounds like mad.

But nevertheless, ends seldom met and often of an evening Mrs. Powell would wander out to the front porch and there would sit Dick on the first step, his chin in his hand—looking as though his last friend had gone.

"What's the matter, Dick?" his mother would ask.

"Oh, nothing." And Mrs. Powell, understanding the reason behind the blues, would stroll inside the house and return presently to tuck into his hand a dollar or so. Good old Powellsy was broke again. He'd decided to buy new tires all around or had bought some new gadget to fasten on his car—and even if it took his last cent, he'd have to have it.

It was after he fell in love—as only a boy of twenty can fall in love—and married Mildred Maund that the chance of doing what he loved—singing for a neat little sum of money each week—came his way. An orchestra wanted Dick to go to Louisville, Kentucky, as singer and banjo player.

Mildred and Mother Powell talked it over.

"Ninety dollars a week is a lot of money," Mildred said, "and Dick loves the work so much I'm going to urge him to take it, for a little while at least."

Mrs. Powell was still for a moment and then, with eyes that saw so clearly into the future, she looked at Mildred and said, "Once he gets into that work he'll never come back. You'll lose him if you let him go, Mildred."

But they went and Mildred lost him and Dick lost Mildred. When the travel led from Louisville to a theater in Indianapolis and from Indianapolis to a master of ceremonies job in Pittsburgh, the constant demands on Dick's time and the inability of Mildred to adapt herself to the new life separated them forever.

Dick went on alone.

Hollywood now wonders if Dick plans to share his new home with Joan Blondell, shown here with him in a scene from "Colleen."

Along the way we find outstanding examples of Dick's combined mercenary and artistic longings. One was when he was master of ceremonies at the Circle Theater in Indianapolis. Dick received plenty of fan mail and in that mail he saw a way to make a few extra dollars. When he patiently answered each letter he informed his admirer that he had decided to make a little extra money selling auto insurance and, if the admirer cared to buy any why, er—well, pshaw, Dick would sell it to him.

And sell it to him he did; so daytimes he sold insurance and night times he sold personality. You can't beat that combination.

ANOTHER example of Dick's keen business sense was when Warner's asked him to come to Hollywood for less money than he was getting as a master of ceremonies in Pittsburgh. He took it. Took, nothing, he grabbed it. Dick knew he'd gone about as far as he could go in the master of ceremonies business and his chances of getting more money in movies looked good if he clicked. It was a chance he took, giving up a sure job with big money for one not so sure with less money. But that's where he's shrewd. He took the chance, saw to it that he made good, and when the money he had anticipated wasn't forthcoming as soon as he thought it should be, he yelled bloody murder until he got it.

Comical at that, isn't it? But funny or not, I think you begin to see that after all there is something to this Powell lad beside a pleasing voice and a friendly grin. Plenty of something. In fact that grin, just to be honest with you, is seen not too often off screen. It's a pretty determined looking pan that Dick Powell presents to an everyday world.

His mother's scrap book tells the story of her famous son as nothing else can. There are the pictures of Dick back home in Little Rock, a little lad in a cowboy suit. And then a young man in his teens looking like every other kid in his teens. There's his Boy Scout card that grants Dick the privilege of wearing his good deed a day uniform. In an envelope down in the corner are *(Continued on page 99)*

You saw Mrs. Patrick Campbell as the villainous pawnbroker in "Crime and Punishment"—but did you guess that she was 70 years old?

Famous for nearly half a century as one of the great actresses of all time, she's starting a new career in films!

The AMAZING Mrs. Campbell

By HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE

"We've grown old, you and I. There is a layer of ashes on our hearts, a layer of conventionality and good behavior and weariness and disappointment — who knows what we were like before the fire went out. . . . Here we sit like two ghosts on our on graves."—From the play, "The Joy of Living."

I WENT to the Beverly Hills home of Mrs. Pat Campbell to see a doddering old woman with snowy hair, and found a gorgeous creature in a summer frock and a floppy hat, looking forty-five and no older. I went to listen and to laugh at her wit, and lingered to shed more than one tear. I went to lend an ear to a witty story of joy, love and sparkling adventure, and remained to listen to a narration of many tragedies, one piled upon another.

More than seventy years old, this woman? Impossible! Yes, laughable. Joyous and carefree in the knowledge that she has started a new adventure—the movies—she possessed the same certainty of success as a Baby Wampas star. She could not fail.

I'm thirty-eight years old—but not old enough to have been greatly impressed by the score of stage successes of Mrs. Pat Campbell. She was unknown prior to her creation of the role of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray;" the toast of London, after. But that was a number of years before I was born. I was in China, when, more recently, she came to Hollywood. I felt, as I drove toward her home, that I knew a bit about her. I recalled my father toasting her when I was a very small boy. I knew she was a very, very old woman. I had read, somewhere that she had a daughter who was "quite elderly." So, perhaps, I may be pardoned for my confusion when I entered Mrs. Pat Campbell's garden.

I saw a tall, stately woman in the garden. She turned to me and smiled. I knew her to be Mrs. Pat Campbell's "elderly daughter." I smiled back.

"I have an appointment with your mother," I confided.

There was a peal of silver laughter, and a voice, and the voice was saying—

"If that is true I would advise that you begin making your arrangements with the good St. Peter."

"But—"

"Don't butt. You're not a goat. I'm Mrs. Pat Campbell and I presume you are the impertinent interviewer—"

"Quit clowning. Where is your mother?"

"In Heaven, my dear. Many, many years ago I made a serious mistake. I told my correct age at a time when I could have lied about it. Now it is too late and I must be content with old lady parts because everyone knows my daughter is forty-eight and—".

"Impossible!"

"Sweet of you—but come and see my fish. I want to talk about fish—not the human kind. Do you know that fish have hearts and souls? No? Look at the expression on the face of that black one. But how about a whisky and soda? I'll have a plain ginger ale."

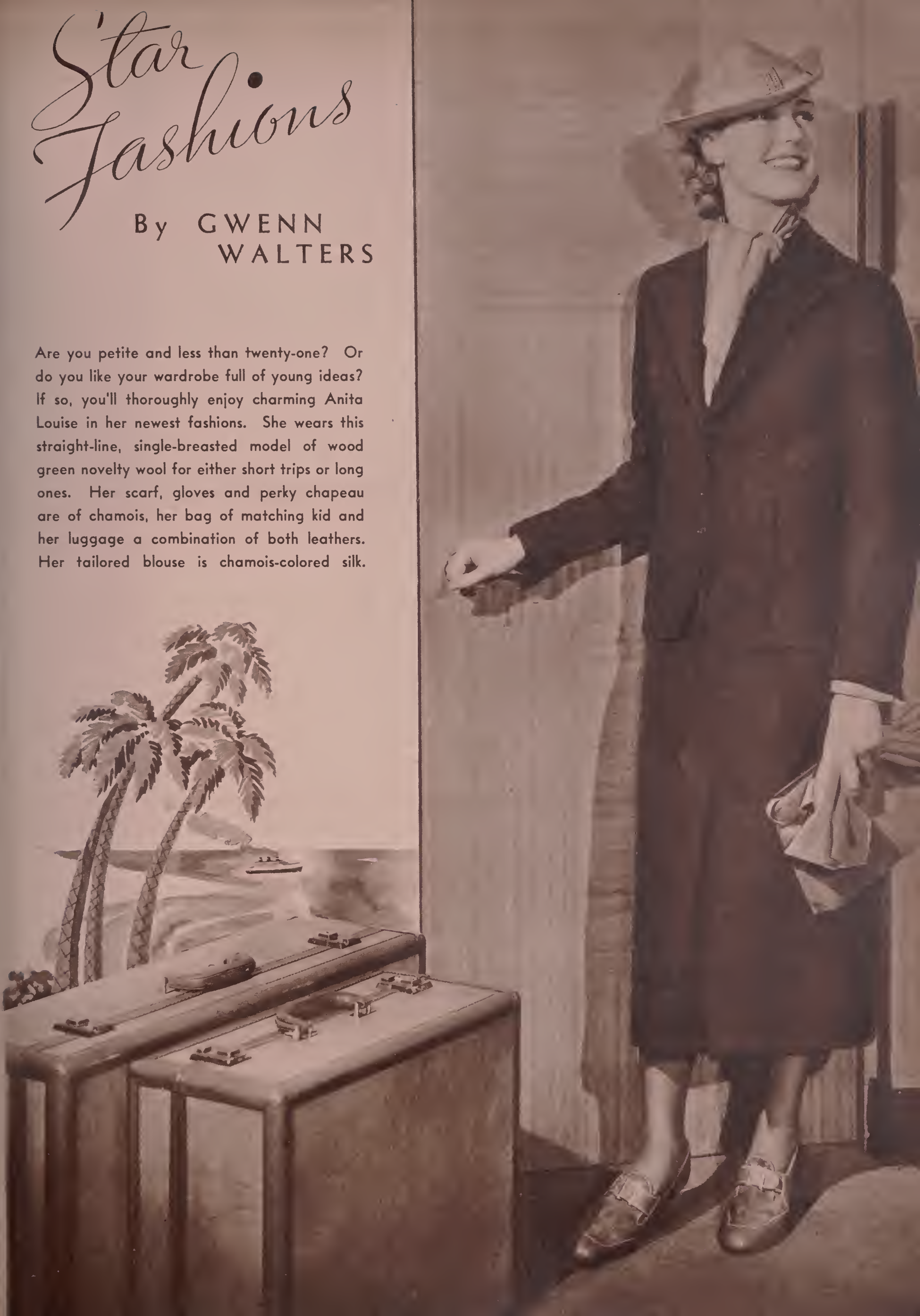
We were in the living room. I was too amazed. Confused. Vague. But I heard this amazing woman talking—

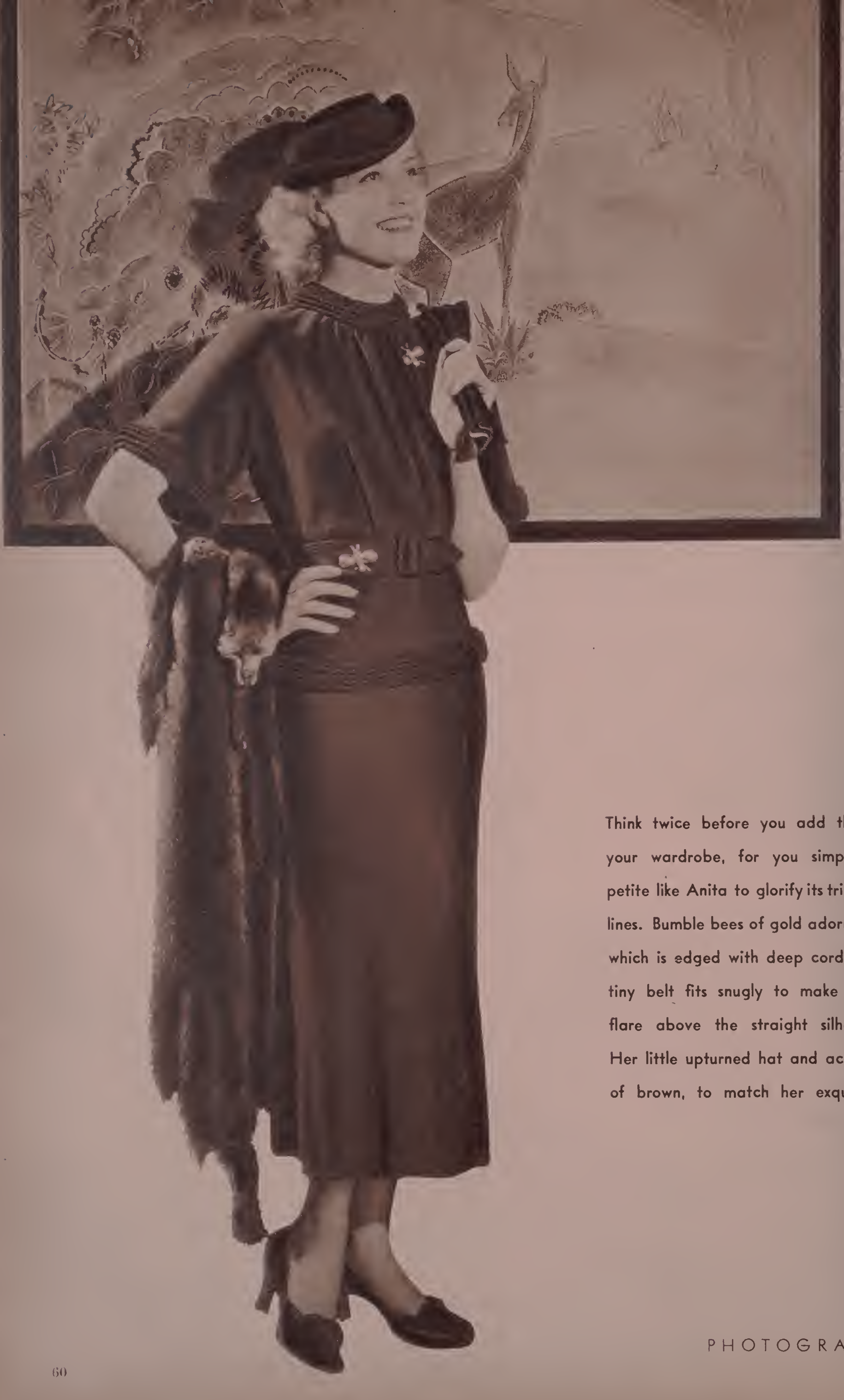
"To the ordinary man or woman, age is disaster. But age enriches the mind, wit and (*Continued on page* 84)

Star Fashions

By GWENN WALTERS

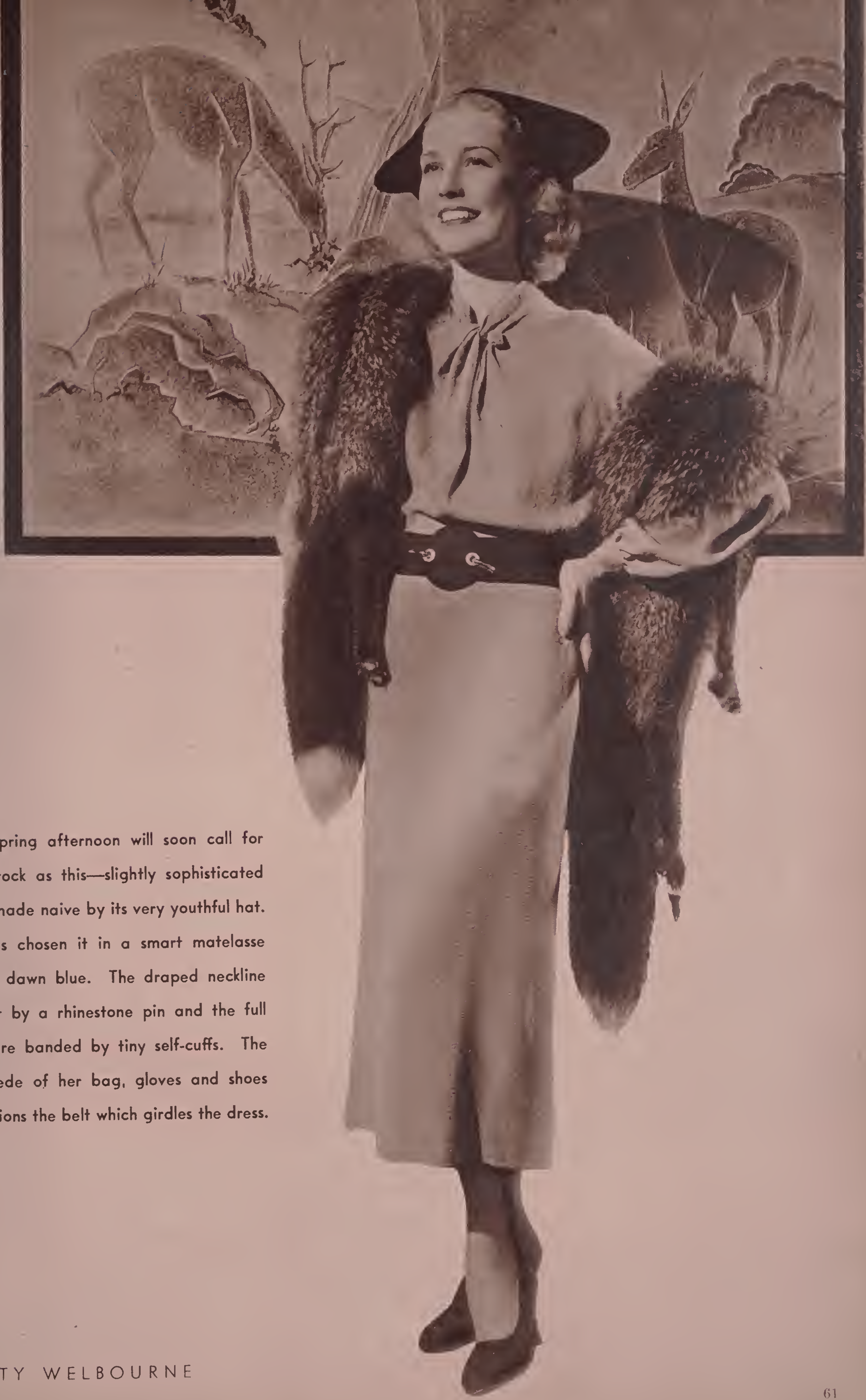
Are you petite and less than twenty-one? Or do you like your wardrobe full of young ideas? If so, you'll thoroughly enjoy charming Anita Louise in her newest fashions. She wears this straight-line, single-breasted model of wood green novelty wool for either short trips or long ones. Her scarf, gloves and perky chapeau are of chamois, her bag of matching kid and her luggage a combination of both leathers. Her tailored blouse is chamois-colored silk.





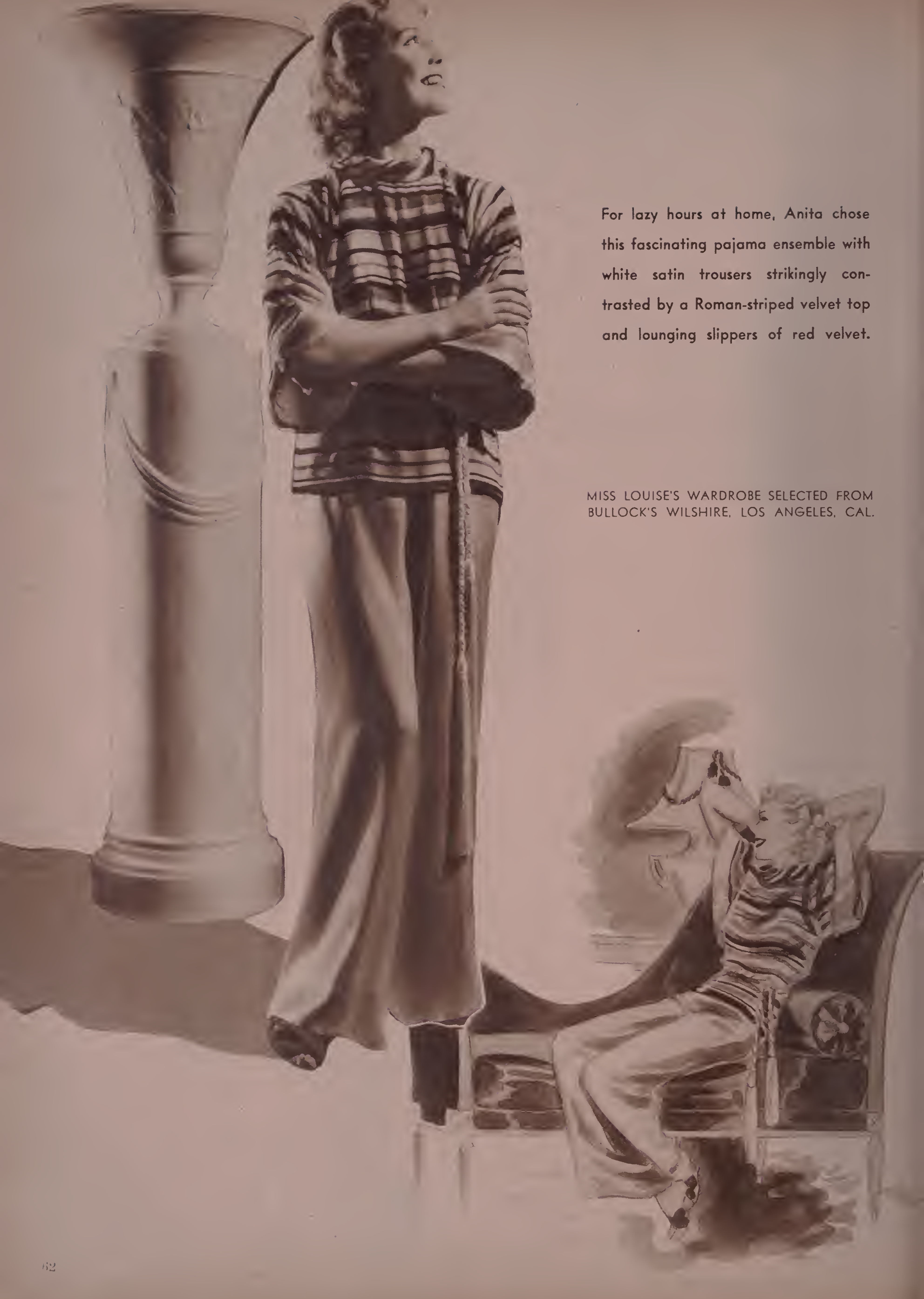
Think twice before you add this frock to your wardrobe, for you simply must be petite like Anita to glorify its trim, individual lines. Bumble bees of gold adorn the blouse, which is edged with deep corded bands; a tiny belt fits snugly to make the peplum flare above the straight silhouette skirt. Her little upturned hat and accessories are of brown, to match her exquisite sables.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY



A mild spring afternoon will soon call for such a frock as this—slightly sophisticated and yet made naive by its very youthful hat. Anita has chosen it in a smart matelasse fabric in dawn blue. The draped neckline is caught by a rhinestone pin and the full sleeves are banded by tiny self-cuffs. The black suede of her bag, gloves and shoes also fashions the belt which girdles the dress.

SCOTTY WELBOURNE

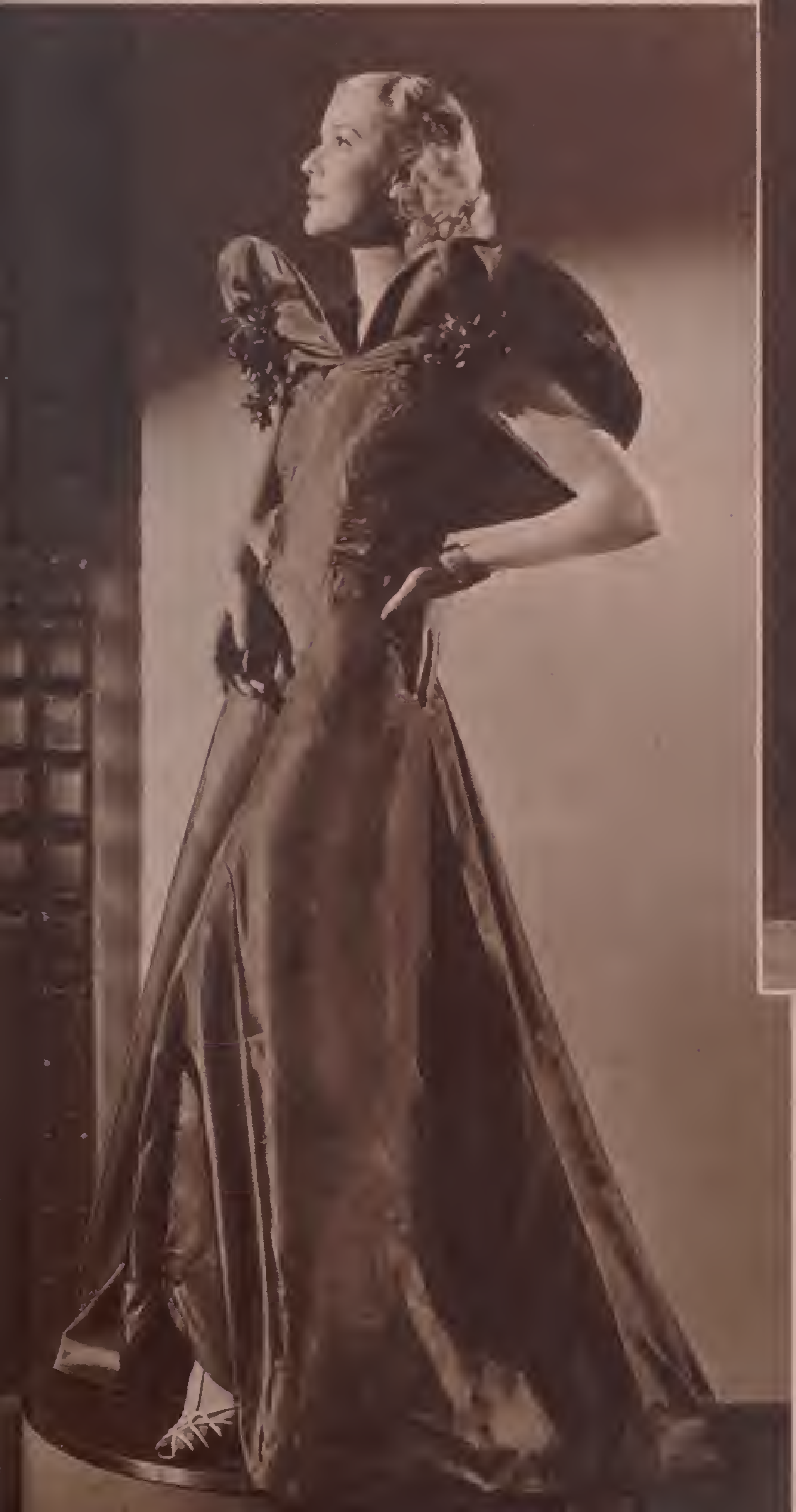


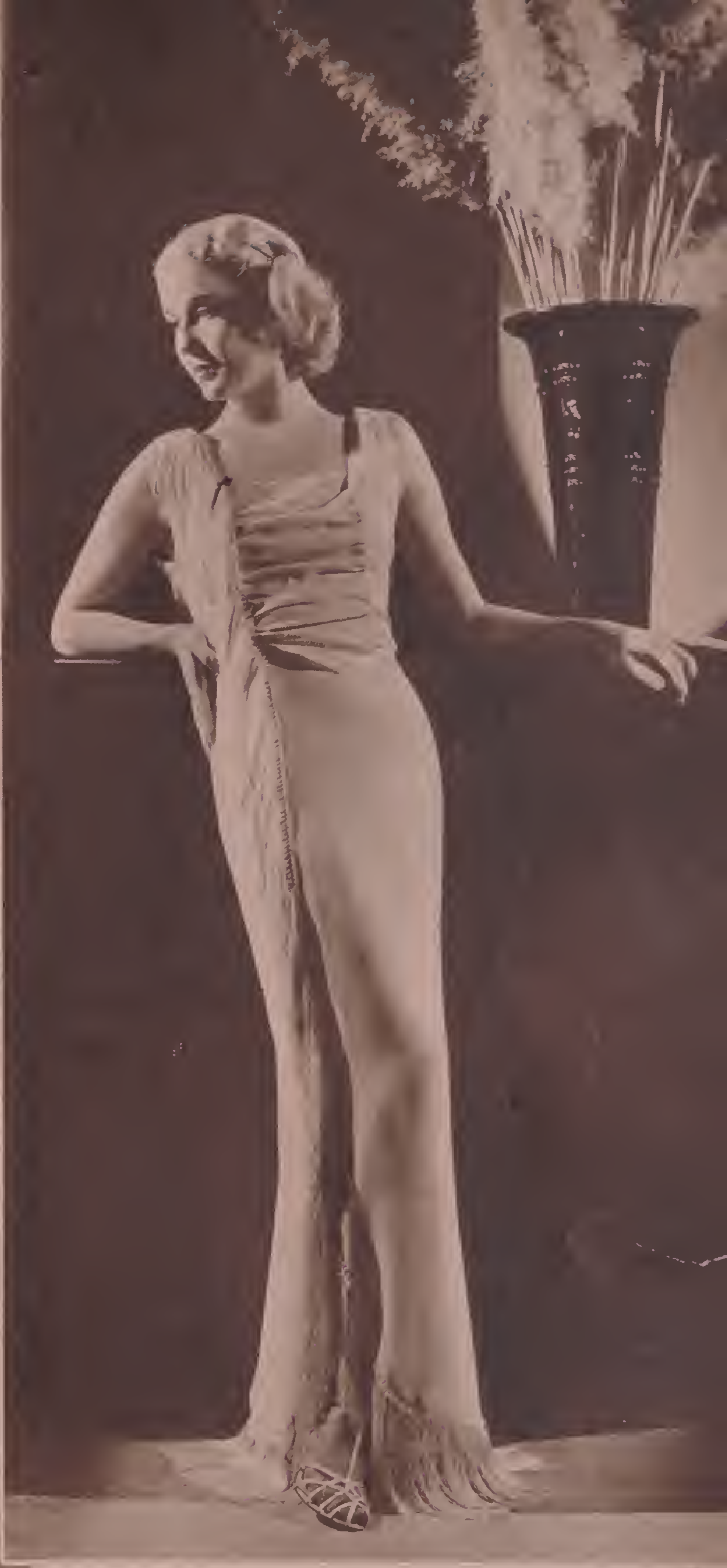
For lazy hours at home, Anita chose this fascinating pajama ensemble with white satin trousers strikingly contrasted by a Roman-striped velvet top and lounging slippers of red velvet.

MISS LOUISE'S WARDROBE SELECTED FROM
BULLOCK'S WILSHIRE, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Perfect party inspiration is achieved by this moulded Grecian gown of heavy white crepe. Cascades of silk fringe sweep from the shoulder down to encircle the hem, which is split almost to the knee and reveals dainty sandals of matching crepe.

Has a spring bride asked you to attend her and does your budget include just one party dress? Select a frock such as this voluminous-skirted model in fuchsia taffeta with its dramatic bodice and garlands of spring flowers on the shoulders.





If you'd like help in getting a youthful feeling into your wardrobe, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Gwenn Walters, MOVIE MIRROR, 7551 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood.

I WANT

By DORA MACY

Suddenly there was a crash, as of a heavy object falling. I ran out on the balcony.

Movie Mirror's novel of a small-town girl who tried to find both love and stardom in Hollywood reaches an astounding climax

I DID some quick telephoning. There was a midnight bus to San Diego. I flung things in a bag, ordered a cab, borrowed twenty-five dollars from Rene's fund, left a note of explanation and dashed off.

Through the night I rode, wide awake. As we followed the coast trail south I saw the sun come up over the mountains and I faced San Diego wide-eyed.

At nine o'clock I telephoned the hospital. I talked to several persons before I heard Dick's voice.

"Judy! Where are you?"

"Here, in San Diego. We've been frantic about you. How are you?"

"Much better, but not well. Dad telephoned last night. He's on his way here today."

"I know. That's why I had to talk to you first. I knew he could see you at any time. I had to tell you, Dick. I'm not engaged to Bert."

"Judy, you're not going to marry him?"

There was a break in his voice.

"No, darling, I couldn't after seeing you. Oh, Dick, I've got to see you."

"Come today—after two. I can't talk any longer. I'm tired. You'll come at two?"

"On the minute."

Half an hour before time I entered the hospital.

The old doctor had been there. Dick was in a beautiful private room, propped up against pillows in the high hospital bed. But the sight of him was a shock. He was painfully gaunt, his eyes fiery and deep set. He was alone.

Without a word I went into his outstretched arms.

"Oh, Judy, I've been such a fool," he mumbled.

"It doesn't matter, Dick."

"I just couldn't think my way out of it. There wasn't anybody left I cared about. I have had some awfully bitter quarrels with my folks. Dad came through in swell style today. It wasn't easy for him to take a trip out here. He wants me to go back to the Cape but I have definitely refused."

"Oh, I'm glad, Dick."

"It's going to take me a couple of months to get on my feet," Dick leaned back wearily, "and then I'll start a new life. If Dr. Phipps will give me a chance, I'll serve my interneship right out here to be near you. And as soon as Hazel gets her divorce. . . ."

He smiled at me.

"I'll be free in a couple of months at the most. That isn't

TO BE A STAR!

Illustrated by

STEPHEN GROUT

too long to wait, is it?"

"I'd wait forever, Dick, as long as you really love me."

So glib that promise. So earnest and so sincere and yet so difficult to live up to when I was faced with it.

Even when I went back to Hollywood we were happy. Nothing mattered except that Dick loved me and we were going to be married and like a fool I told all my friends and went to the tea they gave me at Sonya's.

The whole world seemed happy. Even Bert and Rene.

As we were undressing for bed that night Rene said:

"Well, we'll be dividing the furniture any minute now."

"I may go right on living here," I grinned. "After all, Dick won't have much money."

"You mean he'll move in and I'll move out?"

"Maybe."

"Well," she said, "I'm glad you found your man because you certainly have given me a swell boy friend. I don't know why you never guessed, but I have been mad about Bert from the very start."

"Why, Rene! Are you going to marry him?"

"Don't be funny," she said. "I wouldn't be so mean as to marry him, even if he asked me."

"Why?"

"Well, because I caught him on the rebound and it may not last long. I wouldn't tie him up for life. I told him so. Besides I'm nobody to tote around his name. It would be like dressing a tramp in a tuxedo."

"Nonsense," I began, but Rene snapped out the light.

"You let me run my life," she said. "I'm very happy doing it. I'm happy for the first time in years."

"Okay," I said and closed my eyes.

I was happy for the first time in years, too. Everybody seemed happy and all sorts of good things were happening. In a week Jack would be home and in two weeks Dick would come out of the hospital.

SO I prepared happily for both my men. I went down to Wilmington in a joyous mood to meet Jack. He was bronzed and strong, broad shouldered and handsome. He was no longer an adolescent. He was a man with a man's carriage and bearing but his swift smile was as exciting as ever.

All the long drive back to town from the harbor he told me of the expedition and asked me endless questions about my own affairs. His delight when I told him of my engagement to Dick was genuine.

The first night at home Sonya invited us to dinner. Victor's eyes never left Jack during the meal. Jack talked boyishly about the trip.

"Dr. Landreau is going on a lecture tour in a couple of weeks," he said, "and I might go with him."

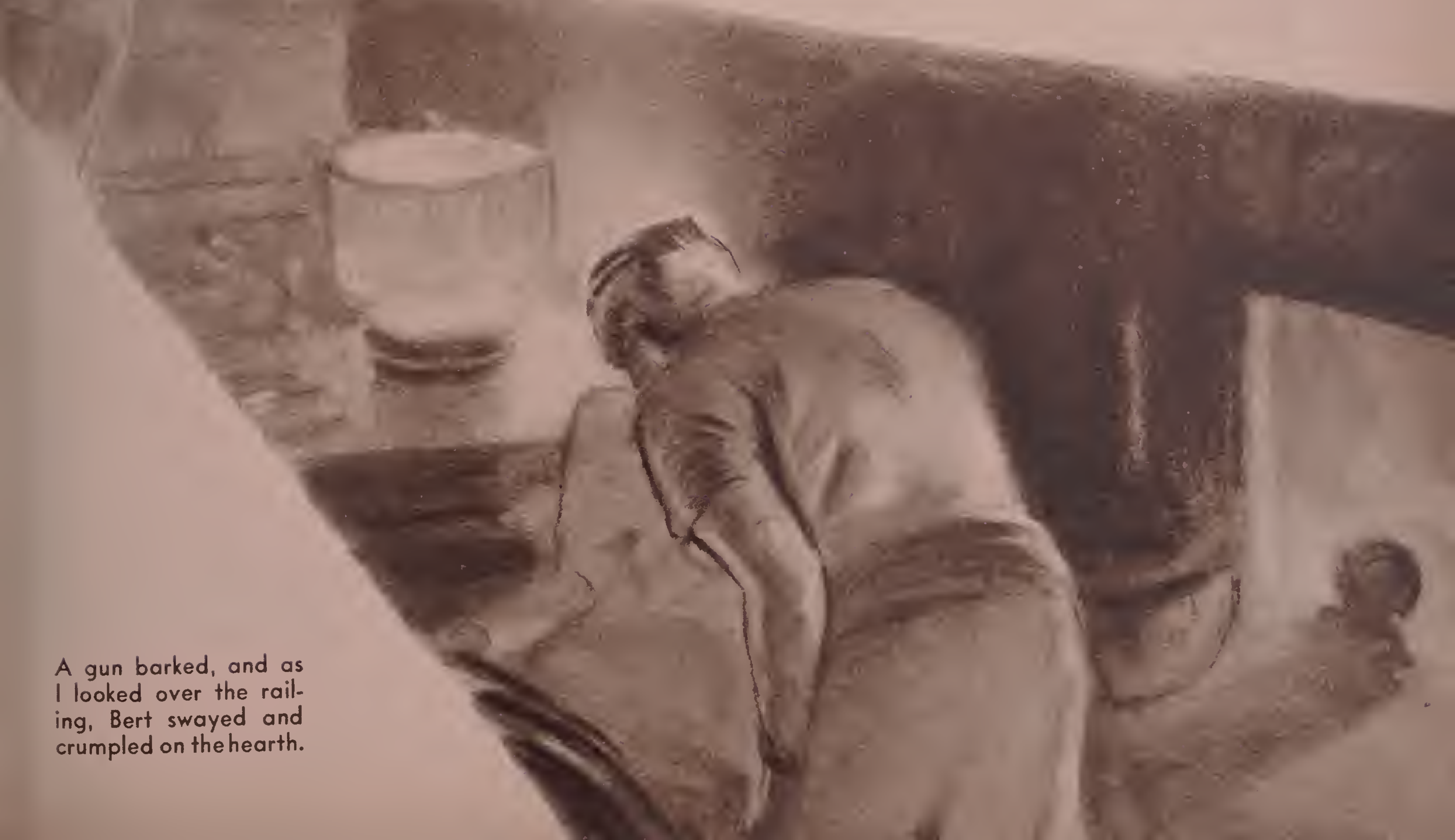
"I may have a few things for you at the studio, if you'd be interested," Victor suggested casually.

"Of course I would," Jack glowed.

The next morning Jack went out to Monarch with me. I was working, and he was to have a screen test.

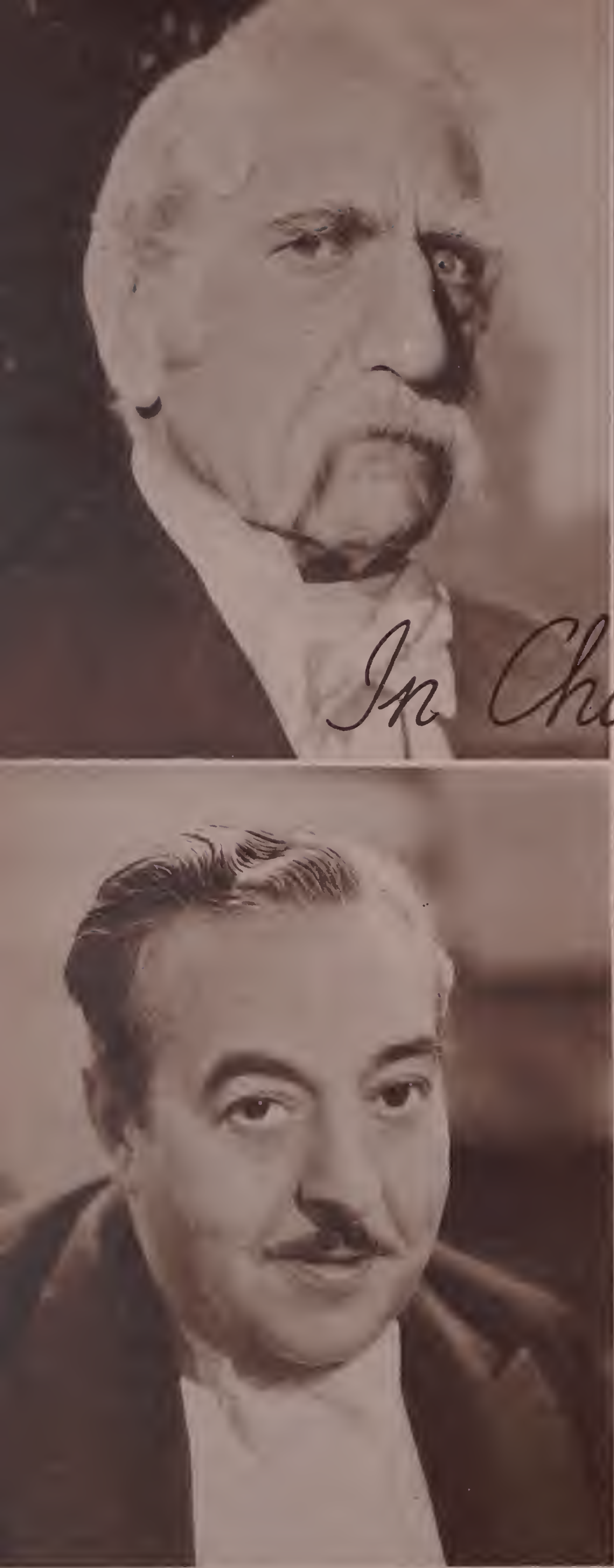
Victor sent for me at noon to come down to see some rushes. Sitting in the little

(*Continued on page 74*)

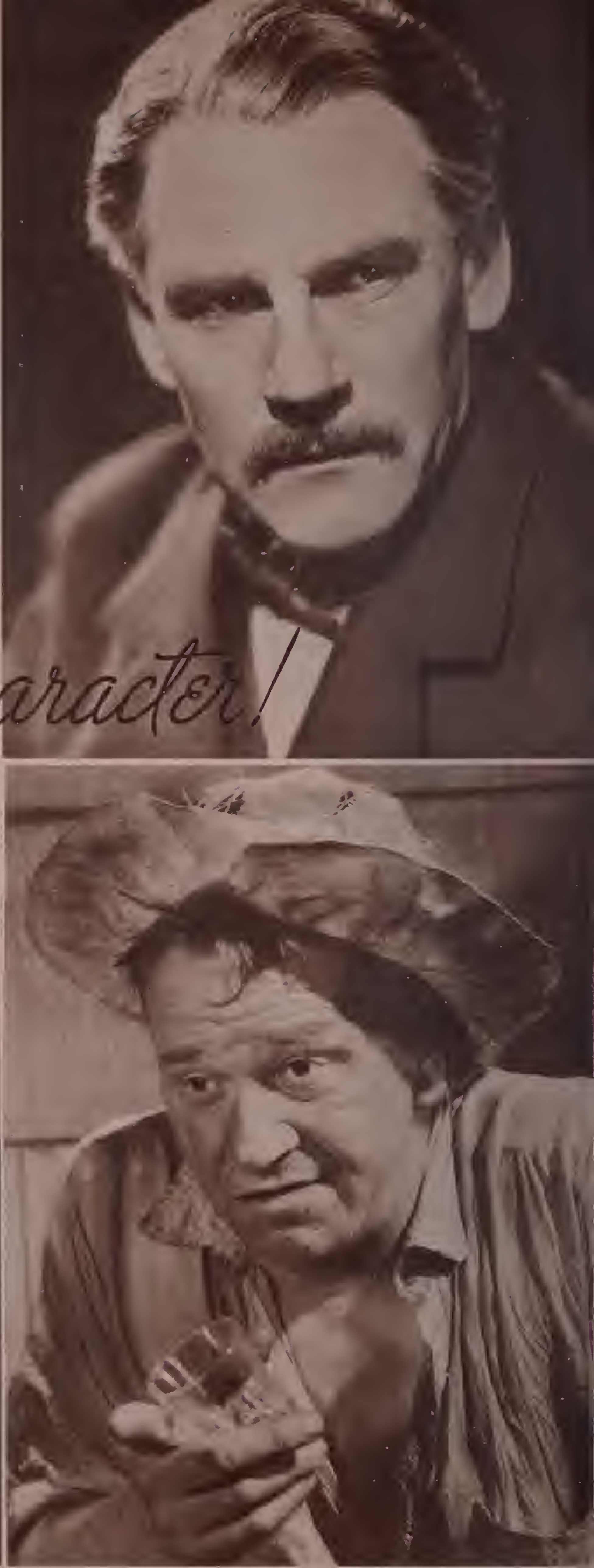


A gun barked, and as I looked over the railing, Bert swayed and crumpled on the hearth.

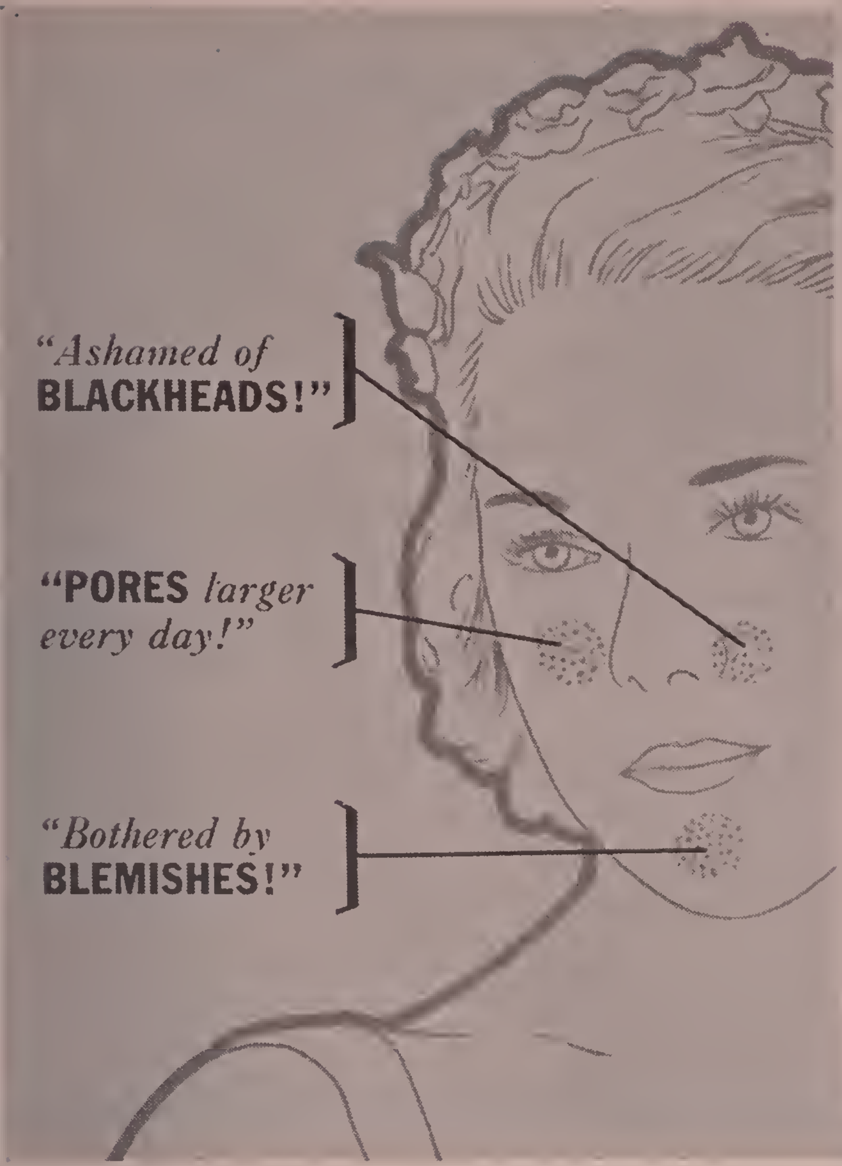
In Character!



Aristocrat and millionaire—C. Aubrey Smith (top) in United Artists' "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and Walter Connolly in Paramount's "Soak the Rich."



Man of destiny and soldier of fortune—Walter Huston (top) as "Rhodes the Empire Builder," for GB, and Wallace Beery in "A Message to Garcia."


"*Ashamed of* **BLACKHEADS!**"
"**PORES** *larger every day!*"
"*Bothered by* **BLEMISHES!**"

Miss Phyllis Konta, whose fresh, glowing beauty startled society at her debut, says: "I use Pond's Cold Cream—how could I have blackheads or blemishes!"

3 Common Skin Faults

with the same Starting Place—Your Under Skin

Miss Eleanor Roosevelt

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt of Washington, D. C. Her skin is fine textured, delicate. "Pond's Cold Cream," she says, "freshens and tones my skin. For years it has kept my pores fine as can be."

ASK any girl what skin fault bothers her most—A surprise, if it isn't one of these! Blackheads and blemishes are forever coming, once they get a start. Every new one, a new embarrassment. And who does not fret over coarse pores?

The three commonest skin faults—and the ones that show up most. Any one of them can spoil the prettiest face!

All three have the same secret beginnings—in the *under layers* of your skin! Learn to strike at them there, *where they start*—and you have the key to getting rid of them.

Underneath, tiny oil glands are overworked. They give off a thick clogging oil. Pores stretch. Dirt settles in them. Blackheads! . . . Later, blemishes.

But it's simple to fight off all three. You can rouse that faulty underskin, keep little glands, nerves and cells functioning healthily—with the regular use of Pond's Cold Cream. For, Pond's specially processed oils sink deep—loosen that clogging matter. As you pat it in smartly, you reach your underskin—stimulate it deep down!

How they begin

Below that dark top layer, oil glands, nerves, cells must be active to keep your outer skin fine, smooth, clear. When they fail, skin faults start!

Every Night, bring out the dirt, make-up, and skin secretions with Pond's Cold Cream. Wipe it all off. Now apply more cream. Pat it in hard—to get at that neglected underskin!

Every Morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment. Your skin comes softer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Keep up these Pond's patting treatments. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue—press them right out. Now blemishes stop coming. Your skin becomes finer textured. Your whole face takes on new winning charm!

Pond's Cold Cream is pure. Germs cannot live in it.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. C131, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

City____________________State__________

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

Lovely hands

DEMAND A POLISH THAT DOESN'T STREAK OR PEEL

GLAZO'S AUTHENTIC COLORS WEAR 2 TO 4 DAYS LONGER

WHAT are the things that every smart woman expects of her nail polish? It must be outstandingly lovely! It must apply easily and evenly, without streaking. It must wear long and gracefully, without peeling or chipping—or your nails will soon look shabby.

Glazo's glorious colors are approved by beauty and fashion authorities. Glazo has solved the streaking problem—and it's the easiest to apply, with its special, improved brush. And because Glazo is so superior in quality, it wears days longer than you've been accustomed to expect.

Just try Glazo, and discover how lovely your hands can be. Formerly much more, Glazo Manicure Preparations are now only 20 cents each.

Just 20 CENTS

GLAZO
Liquid Polish
SHELL

GLAZO
. . The Smart Manicure

The Truth About Alice Faye's Tragedy

(Continued from page 25)

Alice and told her that her father was not critically ill; and was looking forward to seeing her in another week.

With a malicious irony, fate had caused another illness to prevent Mrs. Leppart from being with her husband when he died—a fact that was duly commented upon. Two weeks before, on Armistice Day to be exact, Alice's mother had started to drive East with her second son, Charles, Jr., an assistant director at 20th Century-Fox. In Phoenix he was taken suddenly ill and they returned to Hollywood by train. Blond, bespectacled Charley was ten days abed. When he heard of his dad's illness he insisted on leaving at once and that night he and his mother were on a train, Manhattan bound.

It was reported that Alice's father and mother were estranged at the time of his death. That is both true and false. Distance, Alice's work being in Hollywood, was the considering factor. But Mr. Leppart (Alice has always used professionally the maiden name of her mother who, too, was Alice Faye) spent a month with his family at Alice's lovely Maple Drive residence in Beverly Hills only this last summer.

I'D ribbed her a good deal about leasing that house. It was tremendous—huge swimming pool, all the trappings. It seemed a little large for Alice, her mother, and her brothers, Bill and Charley.

Bill, the oldest of the clan, had left a position with a New York banking house to handle his sister's affairs. In effect he had sacrificed, for the time being at least, his own career and plans for Alice. That's the kind of family it is.

I said to her one day, after looking over her new home, "So, Faye, you're going movie star on us!"

She grinned at me. When she smiles one corner of her mouth turns down. "You know better, English!" She nodded to where her father and mother were watching the boys splashing in the pool. "They get a kick out of it, Dick. And what's the use of having a family unless you can splurge a little for them now and then? It's not for Hollywood. It's just for the family. No plush horse business."

And it was strictly for the family. Alice gave one party in the six months that she lived there. That was a birthday party for me. The first and last party Alice has ever given. And what a hostess! She had the jitters so bad I had to do the honors and wear myself to a frazzle seeing to everything. I pleaded with her to do the right thing by me and take over the worries herself.

She shrugged. "Nothing doing, pal. I'm still a high kicker in the second row when it comes to playing the grande dame!" Alice doesn't kid herself and won't let anybody else do it. She'd still feel more at home working in a chorus than in front of one. It is typical of the Fayes that only their close friends and mine were there. No producers, no directors. No one who could further a career.

It was soon afterwards that I met her father. He was a kindly, grizzled, rapidly graying man in his early fifties. He had Alice's twinkling blue eyes. Alice begged him to stay with the family in Hollywood. He was obdurate. He'd always made his own way and had no intentions of changing at this late date. He had no desire to be, as he scornfully put it, "a movie father."

And so it was on last Thanksgiving morning that a terse wire from New York informed Alice that Charles Leppart, Sr., was suddenly worse. What should have been a grand, happy day became dark and shadowed with fear. Not yet had her mother and brother reached New York. It was Alice's decision not to inform her mother and we made arrangements for her to be met at the station and taken directly to the hospital.

That afternoon while I was trying frantically to reach Alice after learning of the wire, she was riding through the sun sloped hills of Hollywood with Bill. Crying her heart out as only the young can cry. Hurried plans were made for her to leave that very night on the Chief. As she was put aboard we received a final wire. Her father was dead.

Bill was forced to remain in Hollywood to attend to his sister's business affairs. So Alice was alone, locking herself in her compartment, all that long and desolate journey eastward. Alice doesn't wear her emotions on her sleeve. And so only an intimate friend can know what she suffered during those endless clicking miles.

I saw Bill again the next morning. He was walking up Vine Street, facing the brisk wind. I stopped him. Wordlessly he handed me a letter. It had arrived that morning and had been written by his father only three days before.

I think Alice was a very lucky girl. Under circumstances that would have definitely and irreparably separated many families, the Fayes held together through privation and poverty and saw Alice succeed far beyond their dreams. At fourteen, Alice went to work in a chorus—not to become famous but because they needed the money.

BEFORE she was sixteen she was traveling with road companies, a kid who knew nothing but singing and dancing. Her mother was always with her. Consequently they could never have a home like the majority of families. But still their heart strings bound the five of them together, once and for always. Dire need only kept them apart.

It is not true that Charles Leppart, ex-patrolman, died alone, unloved, in need. I know that no father could have wished more love and devotion than his family, sons and daughter, cherished for him.

And so this is not written for that slim young star who, mutely suffering, sat staring from the suite of an exclusive hotel at a snowmantled Central Park. It is written instead for the young girl who walked from that room to go sobbing to a burial in a little Bronx funeral parlor. A girl named Alice Leppart.

"Girls with soft smooth skin have appeal"...

says
MARGARET SULLAVAN

Don't let Cosmetic Skin steal away good looks—romance!

YOU want the charm men find so irresistible. Margaret Sullavan, lovely star of Universal's "Next Time We Love," tells you how to win it.

"USE all the cosmetics you wish," Margaret Sullavan advises. This charming star knows it's *easy* to guard against Cosmetic Skin if you remove cosmetics *thoroughly*.

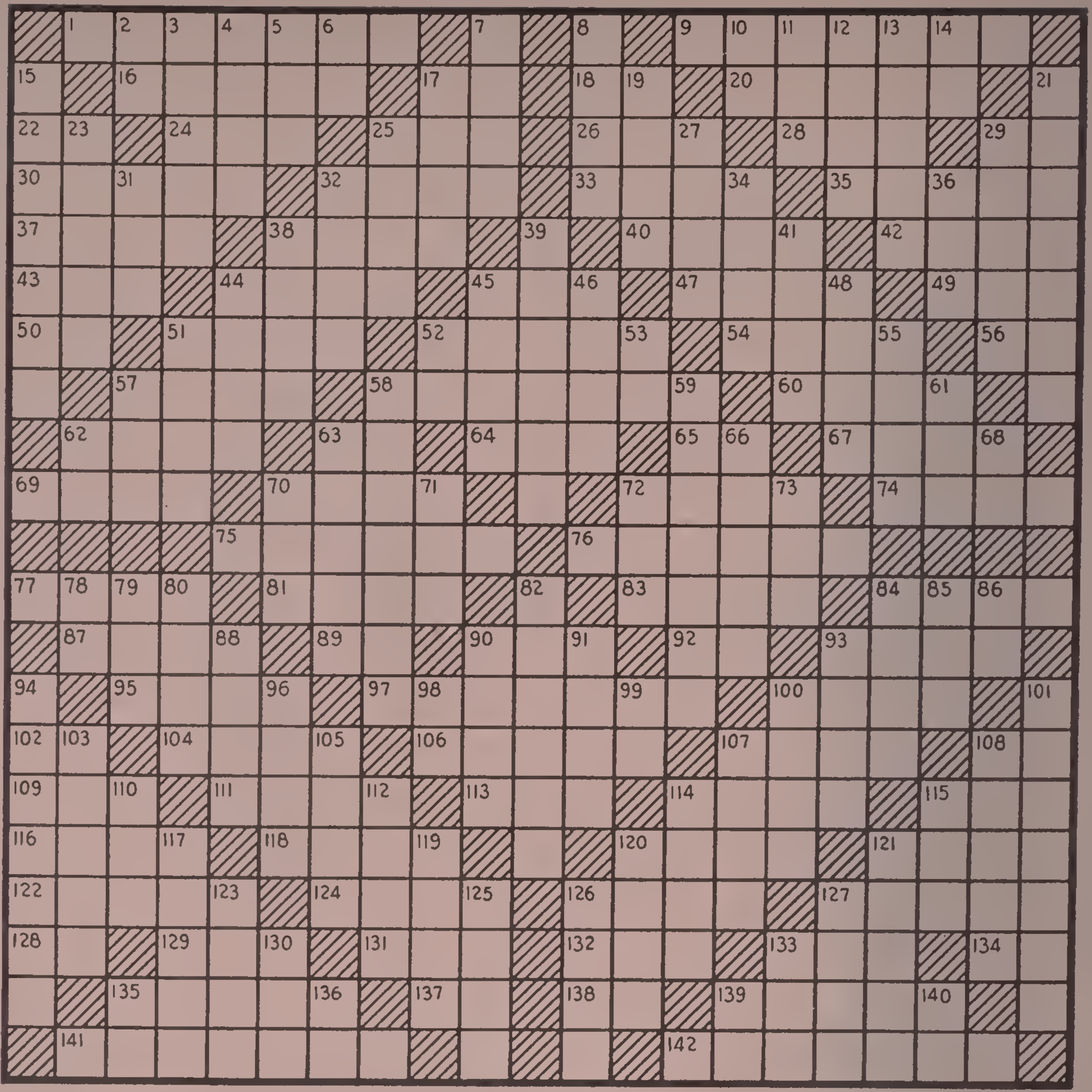
It's when stale rouge and powder *choke your pores* that Cosmetic Skin develops . . . dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarging pores. "I avoid Cosmetic Skin by removing make-up with Lux Toilet Soap," Margaret Sullavan says.

Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather goes pore-deep, removes every trace of dust, dirt and stale cosmetics. It's made to keep skin lovely—and it does! That's why 9 out of 10 screen stars use this soap.

LUX
TOILET SOAP

MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

MOVIE MIRROR awards $20 for the best original puzzle submitted in December to Miss Jessie Wirthle, 4523 West 13th St., Wichita, Kans. Why not try your luck? You may win the same amount. You must create a new and original puzzle. No trick words, no phoney definitions, please. We cannot return puzzles. No award is paid for solutions of published puzzles. Address Puzzle Editor, Movie Mirror, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.



ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

A	R	T	▨	L	O	W	E	▨	M	A	R	E	▨	T	H	E
B	A	R	A	▨	W	A	L	L	A	C	E	▨	S	E	E	M
E	L	Y	▨	C	▨	S	K	I	R	T	▨	S	▨	A	L	I
L	P	▨	R	A	H	▨	S	O	Y	▨	O	K	E	▨	E	L
▨	H	A	N	N	A	H	▨	N	▨	O	B	E	R	O	N	▨
S	▨	L	▨	T	R	O	T	▨	S	A	R	I	▨	H	▨	H
C	S	▨	G	O	L	D	▨	G	▨	T	I	N	E	▨	B	A
R	O	M	E	R	O	▨	G	A	B	▨	E	S	T	H	E	R
A	L	O	E	▨	W	A	L	B	U	R	N	▨	H	E	L	D
M	I	O	S	O	▨	F	O	L	D	S	▨	K	E	L	L	Y
▨	D	R	E	A	M	▨	W	E	D	▨	M	E	L	E	E	▨
G	▨	E	▨	S	U	M	▨	▨	▨	B	A	T	▨	N	▨	G
R	B	▨	S	I	S	A	L	▨	E	A	R	T	H	▨	M	L
A	L	L	▨	S	I	L	O	▨	V	I	C	I	▨	P	E	A
B	O	O	T	▨	C	A	R	V	E	T	H	▨	F	O	R	D
L	O	R	R	E	▨	▨	N	O	R	▨	▨	S	A	L	L	Y
E	D	D	Y	▨	U	N	A	▨	Y	O	U	▨	T	E	E	S

HORIZONTAL

1. Star of "Hands Across the Table"
9. Wandering
16. He appears in "Dangerous Intrigue"
17. Thus
18. State of being
20. Best when squeezed
22. Abbreviation for the power of your car
24. Regret
25. A sailor
26. We like to see it shine
28. "Take a number from one to - - -"
29. No one wants this
30. She appears in "Metropolitan"
32. He will be in "It Had to Happen"
33. Employer.
35. Fine art gallery.
37. She played in "They Had to See Paris"
38. Possessing one's senses
40. Large water jug
42. Playthings
43. Hollywood's fastest talker
44. Injured in filming of "Strike Me Pink"
45. An eye
47. What would a dog be without one?
49. A wee mound for a golf ball
50. Nickname for the head of a newspaper
51. Co-star of "Desire"
52. Dear old Dad
54. A stopper
56. Royal Navy (abbr.)
57. Well known for his crooning
58. The peppy little girl in "Ginger"
60. Type of poetry
62. A strong wind
63. Prefix meaning two
64. Hovel
65. Swedish comedian
67. Wanders
69. Separate
70. Crease
72. Former Russian ruler
74. Colors
75. The famous Burke
76. Pertaining to the mail service
77. He stars in "Mr. Dynamite"
81. Guiding line
83. Manner
84. His next is "Follow the Fleet"
87. Front
89. A continent (abbr.)
90. A fight
92. Commonly used with either
93. Pedal extremity
95. Pleasing
97. Tarzan's mate
100. She was in "Feather in Her Hat"
102. So
104. To cause to crack
106. A fierce animal
107. Difficult
108. Ukulele Ike (init.)
109. Spring of mineral water
111. Spoken
113. Short sleep
114. Starred in "Klondike Lou"
115. Rap lightly
116. Unruffled
118. Anna - - - - -
120. A market
121. Departed
122. Star of "Let 'Em Have It"
124. Don't be a - - - -
126. Long eared army songbird
127. Rudy Vallee can do it
128. Prefix meaning down or from
129. One kind of cloth
131. Dolores Del - - -
132. Pat brought "- - - for the Lamps of China"
133. She has a husky, come-hither voice
134. A north central state
135. Killed
137. - - and behold
138. Senior
139. The great Swedish actress
141. More severe
142. Star of "Devil Is a Woman"

VERTICAL

2. Alternative
3. Star of "Les Miserables"
4. We sometimes are this color
5. Copy or imitate
6. Blanche Sweet's husband (init.)
7. One kind of wine
8. Slim's girl friend
10. Olympiad
11. Confronted
12. She played in "Harmony Lane"
13. A nice role in "The 39 Steps"
14. On the inside
15. The persevering officer of "Les Miserables"
17. Out of danger
19. Ponder
21. Give permission
23. Carried on
25. "I —— I go home"
27. Salamander
29. He starred in "Shanghai"
31. Frozen water
32. Mentally exciting
34. To gather or garner
36. Location of studio and dressing bungalows
38. Noted for his marionettes
39. You'll see him as "Jeeves"
41. Dialectic for disturb
44. A lively juvenile
45. Solemn pledge
46. A vegetable
48. Johnny's fiery wife
51. "- - - - Edged Blondes"
52. Jumbled type
53. She had a "Rendezvous" with Bill (init.)
55. Bind
57. A cabinet for serving liquors
58. Hopalong Cassidy
59. Assemblage of court or council
61. Wail
62. Be on your way
63. He'll deliver "A Message to Garcia"
66. After some time
68. She's featured in "Strike Me Pink" (init.)
70. A tree
71. Noise
72. Stars in westerns
73. Moved with speed
78. Concerning
79. Triumphed
80. Comic butler in "I Live My Life"
82. What a father in "I Live My Life"
84. He was in "The Informer"
85. A bar
86. Dialectic for cat
88. To repeat the sound of
90. Destruction
91. Cry
93. Fortified place
94. Fall in waves
96. Aural organs
98. Preposition of location
99. Ejaculation of uncertainty
100. Antonym of first
101. Relies upon
103. Extra tire
105. Footway
107. In this place
108. A law or rule
110. The whole quantity
112. Sly, sidelong malicious look
114. Side of a building
115. More than enough
117. British star of "Folies Bergere"
119. He played in "Tarzan's Mate"
120. Helena of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"
121. Tailless diving bird
123. Close by
125. Noose of cord
126. Greatest in quantity
127. He sings in "Ship Cafe"
130. Small sharp wire for fastening
133. Deface
135. Her next is "Captain January" (init.)
136. Star of "Rose Marie" (init.)
139. "Mr. Hobo" (init.)
140. Orchestra leader of radio (init.)

The Unwritten Chapter in Irene Dunne's Life

(*Continued from page* 55)

Chicago College of Music and worked like twenty dogs.

"I not only worked with my voice, I worked with myself. I realized then, and I still think this is deeply true, that the only way to conquer self-consciousness—to conquer *Self*, for the matter of that—is to try to *do everything better than anyone else can do it.*

"I mean little things as well as big. I strove for perfection, for a conscious superiority. When I put on my gloves," Irene made a slight gesture with her lovely ringless hand, "I tried to put them on more gracefully than any other woman could. When I entered a room I tried to enter it so that I would be distinguished from other girls who just 'came in.' When I spoke I tried to speak in a low and beautifully modulated tone so that my speaking voice would create attention and admiration. When I laughed I tried not to laugh with the loud heartiness of other girls. When I met some charming woman I watched her carefully, observed all of her gestures and mannerisms. And then, when I was alone in my room, I would stand in front of my mirror and practice them. When I met an intelligent woman, one who talked well, I'd be inspired to read more good books, to study the daily papers so that my conversation would be more intriguing, better informed than hers had been.

"THIS method," Irene said gravely, "may sound as though it would lead to the making of a grade A poseur. But it doesn't really. For the personality absorbs graciousness and color just as the brain absorbs knowledge, and in time they become really part of us.

"And so, by the time I left Chicago and was on my way to New York, I felt that I had conquered my self-consciousness, and was equipped to conquer the world.

"I was not only graduated, I felt, from the College of Music but also from self-consciousness when I met the first man I ever really fell in love with. And that meeting bade fair to be my Waterloo.

"But before I met him I'd rather had the bloom rubbed off of my newly acquired self-importance. For neither producer nor impresario seemed to be aware of my presence in New York. I didn't produce a ripple in either the musical or the theatrical world. I did the usual. I went the rounds of managers' offices. I sat on hard benches and was told to 'leave my name and address' or, more brusquely, that there was 'nothing doing.'

"That hurt. My recent little flowering of self-esteem was early frosted.

"Then, one afternoon, some friends with whom I was living in New York took me to a tea at the old Waldorf Astoria. I entered the room in what, I believed, was my most provocative manner. I wore my best frock and hat and gloves. And then I saw Him standing there, dark head bent, talking to an older woman. I don't exactly know how to describe my sensations," Irene laughed, "but I imagine

I WON'T STAY IN THIS HOUSE ANOTHER MINUTE! THE BIG BRUTE—COMPLAINING THAT HIS SHIRTS ARE FULL OF **TATTLE-TALE GRAY**·· AFTER I'VE SIMPLY SLAVED OVER THEM.

WHAT A LOT I'VE LEARNED IN TWO SHORT WEEKS! LOOK AT HIM TODAY... ALL KISSES AND SMILES BECAUSE HIS SHIRTS ARE SO NICE AND WHITE. MOTHER WAS RIGHT. THERE'S NOTHING LIKE **FELS-NAPTHA SOAP** FOR GETTING RID OF **TATTLE-TALE GRAY...** THAT SHOWS CLOTHES AREN'T REALLY CLEAN.

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP holds *two* marvelous dirt-looseners—*richer, golden* soap with *lots of naptha* added to it! When these two cleaners tackle the wash, even deep-down dirt hustles out. Fels-Naptha is safer, too. Grand for silk undies and stockings. And it's easier on hands—because there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar. Get some today at your grocer's. © 1936, FELS & CO.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"
with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

HEART-BROKEN
. . . until she took her dentist's advice

I WAS A FOOL TO CALL HIM! HE'S SO COLD AND DISTANT THESE DAYS.
NO USE STRINGING HER ALONG. SHE'S A SWELL GIRL...BUT HER BREATH!
THEN SHE OVERHEARD TWO STRANGERS...
SO BAD BREATH COMES FROM THE TEETH, DOC?
RIGHT! WE DENTISTS KNOW THAT IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH ARE BY FAR THE COMMONEST CAUSE!
I WONDER NOW! I'LL SEE MY DENTIST!
IT'S TRUE! AND I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE OF MOST BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH WHITER, TOO!
OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH...
LATER
BABS, LET'S GO OUTSIDE. ...I WANT TO ASK YOU SOMETHING.
I'D LOVE TO... WITH YOU...!
THANK HEAVENS FOR COLGATE'S!
AND NOTHING EVER MADE MY TEETH SO CLEAN AND BRIGHT, EITHER!
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind her SPARKLING SMILE!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
Tested and Approved ★ 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MAKE *sure* you don't have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes *all* the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.

most young girls will know what I mean when I say that I turned hot and cold and felt dizzy and fell instantly and dreadfully in love with a face and figure.

"I remember thinking 'This is HE! This is the man I've been dreaming about all of my life. I knew he would look like this. I've seen his face in my dreams.'

"I was panicky. I had wild thoughts of suddenly screaming, or fainting or doing something, anything, to attract his attention, to make him as aware of me as I was of him.

"And then we were introduced, someone murmured his name and added that I had probably seen him in the theater that fall. He bowed politely and—*went on talking to the older woman.*

"He didn't even know that I was there. I had made no more impression on him than a paper doll.

"I cleared my throat. And, at a pause in their conversation, I inserted some deliberately dramatic remark. I think I said 'People stifle me, I must get away from here!' or something ridiculous like that. I know that I stood there, awkwardly, on the fringe of the small circle the two of them semed to make. I could feel the beginning of that old, dreadful self-consciousness flooding me. I became painfully conscious of my hands and feet. I didn't know what to say next. I felt too stiff to move away.

AND then he paused for an instant, his dark eyes glanced at me and away from me, he smiled absently and went on talking again.

"That little episode," mourned Irene, her eyes amused, "threw me right back to where I had started from. All that I had worked so hard to acquire was no good. I didn't 'stand out.' I couldn't hold the attention of the man I had fallen in love with, even for an instant.

"I went home, despairing. And then I went through one of those painful young interludes where I suffered the pangs of unrequited love. And when I say that I suffered, *I mean it.* I had met several theatrical people in New York by this time. I was living with a friend of mine, and her daughter. They had a circle of professional friends. And it so happened that I met this man a number of times, here and there. He was a fairly popular leading man in the theater. He had since become more popular, partly due to the screen. He never seemed to be aware of me. I cut out all of his pictures, in newspapers and magazines. I went to see him in his current play, not once but a dozen times. I even—though I do blush to admit this—stood at the stage door. I wrote him several little 'mash' notes, the anonymous variety.

"One day I had tea with him and with another woman. It happened in this way: my friends, with whom I was living, were invited to tea at the other woman's house. They took me with them. He was there. Shortly after we arrived my friends were called away to keep a professional appointment. I was left alone with him and with our hostess. I had known that he was to be there. And I had borrowed the frock and fur coat of an older woman; her hat and veil. I had used a little make-up, for the first time. I had touched my ears and brows with perfume. I tried to manage a cigarette and thought I was getting away with it very cleverly. I talked a great deal, was very animated and, I thought, amusing. I felt desperate. This was my chance and I had to make good. I felt that I had little or no competition. My hostess was some ten years older than I, and looked it. He was courteous. He addressed a remark to me often enough to be adequate. But he looked into the eyes of our hostess. He touched her hand. He said little charming things to her. He filled her heart with all of the manna from Heaven for which I was starving. *He still didn't really know that I was there.*

"And that was what crushed me.

"Shortly after that I got a job, on tour, for forty weeks. Dingy hotels. Bad food. Little money. Loneliness. Hard work. But looking back on that tour now, I really believe that it is responsible for whatever success I have had on the screen. It hardened me. It made me ready for emergencies. It gave me such a background of early and late hours, of hardships and hard work that I have never even thought to complain of screen work. I'm making 'The Magnificent Obsession' now, as you know. We've had calls to be on the set at six-thirty in the morning. We've stood about for hours waiting to know whether it would continue to rain or not. It seems easy to me. For I learned the whole formula of hardship and loneliness and separation from friends and family during that first forty weeks. I think I've even been able to manage my enforced separations from my husband as well as I have because of that baptism by fire.

FOR the first several weeks on the road I felt like an automaton. I'd had a bad bruise and it hurt. I did what I had to do, and nothing more, I cried myself to sleep every night. I woke every morning with reddened eyes and a sniffle.

"I felt lonely and unwanted. I felt unattractive. And when a woman feels unattractive, she usually *is.*

"And then came that rock-bottom low ebb of that Christmas morning. I caught a sudden glimpse of myself in that squirly mirror. I looked thin and forlorn. As I looked at the dreary reflection and realized that it was *I,* something hot and fighting and determined and fiercely rebellious flamed up within me.

"And then and there I swore my oath—that I would avenge myself for this unhappiness.

"I swore that I would be successful. I swore that I would be famous. I swore that I would gain ten pounds and be sex-appealing. I swore, very solemnly, that the day would come when HE would know who I was and, more, would want to know.

"Well," said Irene, drawing a breath, lowering her voice as the butler removed our tea things and twilight draped the room with pastel scarves, "well, here I am. I am happy. And HE—he," laughed Irene, with low, amused triumph, "he has been here, too. In this room. *He asked to come.* He saw me in my first picture, 'Cimarron.' He has seen me in all of the others. He is, he says, *one of my fans.*

"That funny, hero-worshipping forlorn kid," said Irene, "and now—one of my fans. Yes, I really *have* avenged myself, deliciously."

They also were lovely to look at... but

Sylvia
Joan
Gail

She **was so Dainty... so** *Alluringly Fragrant*

She knew this lovelier way to avoid offending . . . fragrant baths with Cashmere Bouquet!

HOW wise to guard your personal daintiness this lovelier, more feminine way! Bathe with this exquisite scented soap that keeps you always *fragrantly dainty!*

Cashmere Bouquet's deep-cleansing lather frees you completely from any danger of body odor . . . Makes you so *immaculately* sweet and clean.

Then—long after your bath—the delicate, flower-like perfume of this creamy-white soap still lingers . . . Clings about you glamorously, giving you new, appealing charm.

You will want to use this fine, pure soap for your complexion, too. Its rich, luxurious lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it goes down into each pore and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics . . . Keeps your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth.

And Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢ a cake. The same superb soap which, for generations, has been 25¢. The same size cake, hard-milled and long-lasting . . . Scented with the same delicate blend of 17 rare and costly perfumes.

Why not order three cakes today? Sold at all drug, department, and 10¢ stores.

NOW ONLY 10¢ *the former 25¢ size*

Cashmere Bouquet
Toilet Soap
Colgate

BATHE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

A beauty bath like
unbelievable magic!

The whole world is diligently striving to educate women to develop greater personal charm and beauty — and the now recognized outstanding beauty secret is the Linit Bath, for its results are *immediate,* and it is amazingly economical.

Just imagine stepping out of your bath and after drying, finding that your skin is soft and satiny smooth as a rose petal.

Prove to yourself this claim made for the Linit Bath, by making this simple test on your hands. Dissolve some Linit in your basin water, wash your hands as usual and, after drying, *feel your skin.* It will be soft and smooth as the rarest old velvet. This is also the *immediate result* obtained when Linit is used in your tub water, for the Linit Bath accomplishes the *same thing* for the entire body.

And remember, the Linit Beauty Bath does away with the damp or semi-dry feeling of the skin that usually follows an ordinary bath. Linit leaves on the skin an exceedingly fine porous coating of powder which absorbs perspiration *without* clogging the pores, makes dusting with bath talcum unnecessary and imparts to the body an exquisite sense of personal daintiness.

for fine Laundering

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package—recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.

Linit

LINIT IS SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

LINIT
FOR THE BATH
Makes Your Skin Feel Soft and Smooth

The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin

I Want to Be a Star!

(*Continued from page* 65)

theater, I was conscious that Victor beside me was tense.

The first flash. Jack, seated at a table, reading, closed the book and rose quickly, his movements surprisingly graceful and easy. The smile! It flashed broadly, beautifully, winningly. I held my breath. His voice was fresh, clear, a little in need of training but pleasant.

Lights! My eyes were swimming with tears as I faced Victor. He stared at me for a moment thoughtfully.

"Judy, I was right! The boy's a natural."

For the next ten days Victor devoted more time to Jack then to any of his other interests and Jack found himself being fitted in clothes, testing and retesting, trying out love scenes and being photographed in every conceivable activity. The harder they worked the more terrified Jack became, realizing how much he had to learn, how inadequate his background, glimpsing the possibilities of success, and appreciating how heavy the price he would have to pay. But Victor's enthusiasm mounted and the day came when Jack was given his first contract, signed to a ninety-day option at one hundred dollars a week. Jack, who had never had more than twenty honest dollars at a time in his life! I was legally appointed Jack's guardian for the brief period before he would be of age, but my responsibilities were not heavy. Victor was Jack's slave driver, and putting a trainer in charge, he laid down a schedule that left the boy little time to think, much less get into mischief.

BY the time Dick came to Hollywood Jack was really beginning a picture. It was a small part but with enough sympathy and interest to capture the admiration of the people, if he could deliver.

I turned to welcome Dick with a heart lighter than I had ever known. I could barely believe Jack's good luck but I saw the possibilities of success, comfort, security for the Pines if my handsome, reckless brother had the makings of a man.

And Dick was as enthusiastic as I was. He had the hospital pallor and the weakness of one who has been in bed for a long while. Dr. Phipps said he needed a prolonged rest to build up. I brought him to a one-room furnished apartment that I had engaged in a housekeeping hotel snuggled at the base of the LaBrea hills. It was within walking distance of our bungalow and it boasted a tiny porch where Dick could sit in the sun.

Those first few days were so happy; the joy and peace of being together, the breathless plans for the future, for the year that he would have to spend as an interne before he was free to earn his own way.

But Dick did not fit in with my friends. I had to recognize that. They were over kind to him and he resented what he considered their patronizing airs. He was an outsider in character, viewpoint and interests, and the insane mode of living, which seemed so natural to me, now irritated Dick and the words vulgar, indecent, abnormal, and cheap were criticisms I learned to dread. He had little use for

Sonya, though he somewhat admired Victor. Rene he considered the worst of all and couldn't understand what I saw in her. He was appalled at her flaunted affection for Bert and was quite horrified at Rene's explanation that in his heart Bert still loved me and that at the moment she was only playing second fiddle.

There was the night when Dick put a ring on my finger, an absurd ring with a tiny diamond chip. We were not in any position to be openly engaged but the understanding between us deepened when he put that ring on my finger. What if he didn't like my friends? He had been through a lot of trouble, mental and physical. No wonder his outlook was temporarily gangrened. It would all be readjusted in time.

And then came the night which surely should have been the happiest in my life. The premiere of the picture in which Jack made his debut. I had seen most of the rushes and I knew he was good. Victor was certain of it and was already drawing up a three-year contract.

It was one of Victor's feature films opening at the Grauman Theater. No one will ever know how we felt, Jack and I, as we dressed. The poor white trash, the Pine family, headed for an opening—not as onlookers but as participants, counting as close friends some of the most important people in the town, and heading immediately afterwards for an elaborate party which would be chiefly in our honor.

JACK was taking Tessie March, the ingenue who played opposite him, and each had a radio speech to make. They started out ahead of me and I waited for Dick. I was nervous and excited and dressed in the finest I could afford. But Dick sent no flowers for me to wear. Of course, he hadn't enough money and yet . . .

Bert called for Rene and we three waited, in our nervousness drinking an extra cocktail. None of us wanted to be late and as the clock edged nearer eight-thirty I urged Bert and Rene to go ahead. They had barely left the bungalow when Dick showed up.

I opened the door and stared at him. His face was anguished.

"What's happened? What on earth has happened?"

Out of his coat pocket he dug a crumpled letter and handed it to me. I stared at him questioningly.

"Hazel is going to have a baby," he said.

I caught hold of the back of the chair because the room started to go around. His voice came to me, slow, deliberate, toneless.

"Divorce proceedings have been halted. The only decent thing to do is to wait until after it's born. She will get a divorce then. She begged and pleaded, made all sorts of promises. . . . Of course it isn't my baby, but what else is there to do?"

I was feeling physically ill. I stood gazing at him, trying to comprehend all that it meant. We couldn't get married now.

I looked at the cloth of gold dress that had cost so much. I remembered wishing I had flowers to wear but neither Jack nor Dick had sent me any . . . Jack. . . .

"I'm late," I mumbled. "I'm late already. I wanted to hear Jack speak on

"Near Blonde"
_till the right powder changed her into a True Blonde

DON'T you often find yourself being called a blonde by some—"not a blonde" by others? This girl, too . . .

Her hair still has some of its baby blondeness. Her skin is very fair. Yet, with the powder she used, she looked mousy, dim—a plain in-between.

The Color Analyst told her to try a blonde's pet shade—Pond's Natural. It made her over! Her skin brightened with a delicate flush, a luminous look. She, herself, said: "Pond's Natural lights up my skin so much that even my hair and eyes have more of that true-blonde sparkle!"

New shades add life

What Natural does for near-blondes—one of the other Pond's shades will do for you. They all add life to the skin.

A new discovery made this possible. With an optical machine (see small picture above) Pond's color-analyzed over 200 girls' skin—all types. They saw what Nature uses to bring beauty. Actual tints hidden in the skin itself!

Take a blonde skin, for instance. A hidden tint of *bright blue* gives it that dazzling transparency. While a creamy skin gets its glowing enchantment from a hidden note of *brilliant green!*

Now Pond's has invisibly blended these beauty tints into new, different shades of powder. Thus, you can powder "life" into your skin! Dull skins, pale skins, sallow and florid—each gets the very tint it needs from one of these . . .

Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed to find hidden beauty tints—now blended invisibly in Pond's new powder shades!

NATURAL brings a fine transparency
ROSE CREAM brings a brighter radiance
BRUNETTE brings soft, creamy clarity
ROSE BRUNETTE brings a warm glow
LIGHT CREAM brings a pearly tone

Pond's Powder spreads evenly, clings. Glass jars show shades, keep the perfume. Prices reduced—35¢ and 70¢. Boxes, 10¢ and 20¢, increased in size.

FREE
5 Lively New Shades
Mail coupon today
(This offer expires May 1, 1936)

POND'S, Dept. C132, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name____________________

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To spank or not to spank?

Would you punish a child for this?

SHOULD A CHILD be spanked when he refuses to take a laxative he hates? Millions of mothers say: "NO!"

They believe in working *with* the child—not *against* him. So when their children need a laxative they use one all youngsters love to take—*Fletcher's Castoria!*

Do you know that even the taste of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children? It's one laxative they take without struggling. *And that's mighty important.* For the gagging a child undergoes when forced to take a bad-tasting laxative can seriously upset his digestion.

But good taste is only one reason why you should rely on Fletcher's Castoria. Another reason is . . . Fletcher's Castoria is SAFE, gentle—yet thorough.

Unlike some "grown-up" laxatives, Fletcher's Castoria has no strong, purging drugs. It won't form a habit—and it will *never* cause griping pains.

Your druggist sells Fletcher's Castoria. Get the thrifty Family-Size Bottle tonight. The signature *Chas. H. Fletcher* appears on every carton.

Chas H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
The Children's
Laxative
from babyhood to 11 years

the radio. I have got to go."

Dick looked up with an owlish expression. Maybe what I said didn't make sense to him. I began to put on my wrap and hunted for my gloves.

"I have to go," I repeated stupidly.

He nodded. "This drink is nothing but melted ice."

"Make yourself a fresh one," I suggested. "Will you be here when I get back?"

"Maybe," he said. "Where else can I be?"

He looked so crushed. I went over swiftly and kissed him.

"Stay here and think it out, Dick," I said. "I wish I could stay, too."

"We'll talk about it later. Whatever happens it is all right. It will be at least a year. Maybe two years," he mumbled and caught onto my hand fiercely.

We both heard hasty footsteps outside and a short single ring on the bell. Somebody rattled the knob of the door and finding it unlocked pushed it open. Bert stepped inside. Bert in a top hat and an Inverness cape, tall and assured.

"Is anything wrong?" he said.

I glanced at Dick. His eyes frightened me and I realized he resented Bert. He was jealous of Bert and always had been.

"I'm not going, Bert," I said dully.

"Oh, but you must," he insisted and turned to Dick. "You couldn't want her not to go, Dick? It means so much to her brother. He needs somebody to care."

YOU think of everything, don't you, Brothers?" Dick said sarcastically and that made me mad.

I gathered my wrap about me and kissed Dick hastily.

"If you're not here when I get back," I said. "I'll never forgive you for it."

Then I took Bert's arm and we went out. His car had a special permit but even so the drive through the traffic was long and agonizing. The picture had started when we went down the darkened aisle of the Grauman. I slipped in beside Jack and felt for his hand in the dark. Almost immediately afterwards came the first big scene he had to play. He did it magnificently. The applause thundered through my ears and thrilled and terrified me until the tears rolled down my cheeks.

I went to the big party afterwards and tried to be gay. At my side was Bert, unobtrusively solicitous, asking no questions but giving me so much attention that Rene's eyes looked pained and questioning.

And when the party grew noisier and overcrowded I turned to Bert.

"Please take me home," I said.

In silence Bert drove me home. I let my hand rest listlessly in his and was grateful that he asked no questions. They would all know soon enough. I had told everyone that Dick and I were to be married. Now it would be a year, two years . . . Bert left me at the bungalow and went back for Rene.

I found Dick pretty tight. I tried to tell him that it didn't matter and that I'd wait. To try to convince him that if we had to face this we might as well face it with our heads up. He had his work at the hospital. He had failed at that chance once. He couldn't afford to do it again. He had to buck up and make good with Dr. Phipps. Hazel was coming to

Los Angeles and to outward appearances they would live together at the Mitchells. She was subdued and humbled and had promised not to interfere. All she asked was the protection of her marriage until her baby was born She would get her divorce as soon thereafter as it was decent.

I drove Dick to his bungalow and we parted with promises to stand by and wait. Back in my own bungalow I greeted the stragglers from the party and after they had gone home the four of us sat until dawn talking. Chiefly of Jack's success and of his future. And then I told them, Bert and Rene and Jack, what had happened.

All our plans were changed now. Jack, secure in a contract for $300 a week, insisted that we take a house in Beverly Hills.

VICTOR approved of the move and I found a charming furnished house for $175 a month. But the consequent expenses frightened me. We seemed suddenly quickened to a fantastic scale of living. We needed a servant. We needed a car and one must have a Jap gardener to keep any lawn or flowers blooming in a desert. There were commissions to agents and publicity men. There were tailors' bills and photographers' bills, liquor and food for entertainment. Victor insisted that the more we entertained at home the less Jack would gallivant around. There were private police for our home, garage bill, laundry, repair and cleaning bills. The cost of Jack's trainer who was bodyguard, boss, manager and teacher rolled into one. We could send more money home now but the folks weren't satisfied. They wanted to come West and the thought staggered us. The poor Pine family coming to Hollywood! We wrote them that this was a trial and that if Jack was still going strong in a year we'd move them out.

In and out of my life, these days, drifted Dick, becoming more and more sombre, silent and brooding. He met Hazel in Los Angeles and he was living ostensibly at the Mitchells with her. Her relatives and his were happy at their "reunion." I saw her once or twice, pale and drawn. No wonder Dick was gentle with her for all that he resented her. Obviously she was suffering, maybe more than we were.

Most of the time Dick spent at the hospital and his work gave him something of his old balance. He worked harder than he had ever worked in his life. But when he was out of the hospital he went to pieces. More and more he refused to join my crowd. Most of the time I understood but I was trying to pull my load, too.

Only by being a close pal with Jack could I keep near enough to interest him. Jack was my work now. He was all that mattered in the Pine family. My own job as stand-in was nothing. But I hung on to it out of a peculiar sense of independence. If Dick couldn't be a part of my life—what could I do?

Over and over I remembered how Bert had said, "I deliberately made myself a part of your world." And he was doing it again. Offering me the same unquestioning friendship that I had always counted on. Never once speaking of love

"THIS IS WHAT I CALL A "MILLIONAIRE'S DISH!"
YET IT COSTS LESS THAN 3¢ PER PORTION!

WHAT A SURPRISE WHEN YOU TASTE IT!

"A MILLIONAIRE'S DISH" is exactly right. If you had a high-priced chef in your kitchen, he *couldn't* prepare spaghetti that would taste any more delicious than Franco-American!

Eleven different ingredients are used to make the sauce. Zestful tomato purée is smoothly blended with golden-mellow Cheddar cheese, then skillfully seasoned to savory, mouth-melting goodness. "Perfect!" you'll exclaim when you taste it. "The best spaghetti I ever ate."

Costs less than home-cooked

Imagine, you actually pay less than 3¢ a portion for this delectable dish. A can holding three to four portions is usually no more than ten cents. That wouldn't cover the price of all your ingredients plus the cost of cooking them at home, to say nothing of the time and trouble you're saved. No cooking or fussing needed; simply heat and bring to the table. "And it actually tastes *better* than home-cooked," women declare. No wonder so many are changing to Franco-American.

Delicious "economy" meals

Are you worried over rising food costs? Is it hard to plan economical menus your family will enjoy? Call on Franco-American to help you! Its tempting, piquant sauce adds savory zest to a simple meal, gives cheaper cuts of meat a truly "expensive" flavor, transforms left-overs into a dish fit for a king. And here's another saving. Franco-American contains so much real food value it can easily take the place of meat at lunch or supper. Order several cans from your grocer today. Your family will love it—and so will your budget!

Franco-American
SPAGHETTI

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Exquisite but not Expensive

28¢

CHERAMY April Showers Talc

IT'S *thrilling* to use only the softest, finest, imported talc . . . It's *exciting* to enjoy the refreshing fragrance of April Showers, "the perfume of Youth" . . . And it's *satisfying* to get this luxury at so low a price.

No wonder April Showers Talc is the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!

or forcing himself upon me. Rene's attitude puzzled me most. She was as much in love with Bert as Bert was in love with me.

"I'm not blaming you, Judy." She said once. "You can't help this situation any more than you could help Hazel having a baby. It's tough on you and I know you are trying to play straight. It's my opinion you'll marry Bert yet but if you don't, I'll be on hand to help him forget."

So we all worked hard to keep our minds occupied. We all played hard to keep ourselves from thinking. While I appreciated what Dick was living through I couldn't drop my life when his life held no place for me. And he refused to enter my circle. He had no money to keep up his end of the entertainment and so he kept himself on the outside digging a huge gulf between himself and me and my world.

It was after Jack's second picture that his success seemed definitely crystallized. No question now how far he would go. His fan mail was growing. His name was already drawing. And as a celebration we decided on a trip to Arrowhead for a week's camping before the fall season started.

HAZEL was in the hospital waiting for her baby, due almost any day or night, and Dick pleaded with me not to go. I realized that he was near the breaking point and that unless he were able to control himself better he would lose out entirely, perhaps be fired from the hospital. I wanted to go, yet I hated to desert Dick. I explained to Jack, who for the first time raged against Dick, saying all the bitter things that everybody had been kind and decent enough not to say up to then. And when Jack left me in a temper I immediately regretted my decision. An hour later Bert called me. Jack had been over to see him and Bert felt I shouldn't treat Jack that way.

"I just want to stay until the baby is born." I explained. "I can't leave Dick this way."

"All right," Bert's voice was resigned, "but don't disappoint Jack. Break away as soon as you can. I'll stay over and drive you up."

I spent the day with Dick, both of us nervous and tense. Neither of us talking much and unfortunately both of us drinking off and on throughout the endless hours of waiting. Hazel's baby was born around six that evening. A son. It wasn't Dick's. Of course it wasn't. . . .

I drove Dick over to Dr. Phipps' home on the pretense that the doctor had requested to see him. He started up to the entrance of the doctor's home and at the steps he turned and came back to the car, leaned in and kissed me.

"Thank you, Judy," he said. "We haven't so long to wait now. Most of it is behind us. You'll wait, won't you?"

"Of course," I said. "I'll be back in a week and I'll telephone you every day."

It was nine when Bert and I started. The cold bracing air of the mountains gave a zest to the ride and a large white moon shone down on us pityingly.

It must have been around two in the morning when we reached Arrowhead.

A log fire crackled cheerily in the big living room. A table was set with sandwiches, a steaming crock of baked beans and a percolator full of coffee. Bert whistled a familiar call of his as we took off our coats. Rene's cheery voice shouted down from the gallery off which the bedrooms opened.

"Where have you two been?" she called. "I'm taking a bath. Just make yourselves to home."

We settled down before the fire and smoked and talked to the soft obbligato of Rene's splashings overhead. The warmth of the room made me drowsy. I stretched out comfortably on the deep divan before the fire, while Bert sat on the floor at my side drawing comfortably on his pipe and talking about his favorite subject, the future of British pictures.

I was so tired, I felt deeply secure as one can only feel in the home of close friends. It never occurred to me that anyone looking in from the outside could see only the intimate picture we made.

It was Rene who called me.

"Judy, come on up while I get decent," she shouted. "I'm all ears for some nice scandal."

I dragged myself to my feet with exaggerated languor. Bert picked up my overnight case and carried it to the foot of the stairs for me. I took the little bag from him, with a smile. Playfully I patted his cheek.

"Good old Bert! You're so sweet to me." I said, and leaning over, kissed him impulsively. Upstairs I entered Rene's room.

"How's the handsome brother?" she asked.

"Fine," I said. "We almost ruined his party but Bert fixed it as usual. He'll be up in the morning with a crowd."

I stopped abruptly at the sound of noises from down below. Crash of broken glass and a male voice, angry and high-pitched from the living room.

Suddenly there was a crash, as of a heavy object falling. I ran out on the balcony. A gun barked and as I looked over the railing, Bert swayed and crumpled on the hearth.

MY scream and Rene's were simultaneous. I rushed to the head of the stairs, Rene on my heels. And there I stopped. Standing in the open French window that led to the porch, his face flushed, his golden hair tumbled, stood Jack. He lifted his hand slowly. It held a black shining revolver.

Then I saw another man moving slowly across the floor toward where Bert lay. The tall slender figure, the light brown hair with tawny overtones, the lean strong hand outstretched.

"Dick!" I gasped.

He straightened up slowly and stared at me. His eyes widened as he saw Rene. She pushed past me and rushed down the stairs to Bert.

The whole thing happened in a clock tick. The French window banged open again and a burly state trooper came in, his gun drawn.

"Put it up, officer," Jack said quietly, as he flipped over the gun he held, "I did it."

Is Bert dead? Is this the end of Jack's promising career? Why is Dick with him? In the whirlwind conclusion of this story of Hollywood next month, Judy finds the answer to all her questions and makes the most momentous decision of her life.

Those Hilarious Hollywood Weddings!

(*Continued from page 49*)

of year-old shoes (yes, and something old, too), and she purchased a handbag on her way to the airport to complete her equipment with something new.

Poor Lupe abided by every rule and didn't forget a single thing, but the groom, Johnny Weissmuller, did. He forgot his checkbook, his wallet and all manner of identification. He had the necessary two dollars for the license, but the big rough western justice of the peace who said the fatal words for them would not take their I. O. U.'s or Johnny's word that he was good for the ten-dollar charge. So there was a five-hour wait in a musty city hall office while the bride and groom frantically wired to friends in Hollywood for funds. In the meantime an elaborate wedding breakfast at the bride's home waited and waited and finally curdled.

NOW don't stop me if you've heard this one about Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw because I want to hear it again myself. The Cooper marriage from all reports went off with meticulous perfection in the bride's Park Avenue apartment, but the Cooper honeymoon was something else again.

For some unknown reason the bride's parents decided to join the couple on their Arizona honeymoon and actually boarded the same train with them three hours after the minister finished his duties.

And then, just to keep the party cozy and chummy, I suppose, Judge and Mrs. Cooper (they were in Los Angeles) climbed into their car and made the Arizona foursome a sixsome before the honeymoon was three days old.

And as long as we are in Arizona we might as well look over the Sylvia Sidney, Bennett Cerf "blending" that took place in Phoenix a few months ago. The bridegroom hopped a plane in New York and the bride one in Los Angeles and they arrived simultaneously at the Phoenix airport, were married and back ready to board another plane for Los Angeles within half an hour. But the weather had suddenly gone foggy and officials ordered all west-going planes held up for a short time.

Well, the "short time" turned out to be one whole night, and the romantic-eyed Sylvia spent the first ten hours of her honeymoon playing tic-tat-toe, and double solitaire on an unresisting wooden bench in the public waiting room of a Phoenix airport.

But airplane schedules and zero ceilings had nothing to do with the floundering of the Richard Arlens' superbly launched matrimonial hijinks of some eight years ago.

Jobyna and Dick planned to match their idyllic courtship with a wedding of sheer astral beauty. The bride wore moonbeam satin and carried flowers so rare no one in Hollywood ever learned to spell their botanical name correctly, and the services took place in the majestic chapel of the famous Mission Inn at Riverside, California.

There were no ribald jokes, no rice throwing and no excessive toast drinking. In fact there was nothing to deface the magnificent dignity of the occasion until the starry-eyed couple bade their guests adieu and climbed the historic main staircase of the Inn to the bridal suite.

Somehow on the second landing the beautiful but treacherous folds of moonbeam satin came into violent contact with the glittering bridal slippers and suddenly all the moonbeams and all the glitter went crashing down from the second landing to the first.

It was not until several years later that Jobyna revealed that the groom spent his one week honeymoon applying hot and cold poultices to the bride's injured eye, bruised wrist and twisted ankle.

And so it goes when it's wedding-bell-time in Hollywood.

EVEN Bing Crosby with all his romantic crooning didn't escape the jester. Imagine how those newly wedded Crosbys felt when they had to take their twelve guests to a corner delicatessen for the wedding feast.

It all came about because Bing's older brother, Everett, forgot to tell his wife to

POWDER TROUBLE
CAN'T PUT POWDER ON THIS ROUGH SKIN
1 SECOND LATER
GRAND! POND'S VANISHING CREAM FIXES THAT
BEDTIME
OVERNIGHT, TOO—FOR EXTRA SOFTNESS

ROUGH "POWDER CATCHERS" Melt Away AT A TOUCH!

SKIN FEELS BABY-SOFT... SMOOTH

You know those flaky little bits that rough up your skin?—especially on your nose and chin. Such powder catchers!

They are really countless little cells, forever drying up. Flaking off on the top of your skin! This is a natural process which goes on day in, day out—the skin's way of throwing off old dead cells.

"Then how can skin come smooth?"

You can *melt away* those powder catchers! A leading dermatologist says:

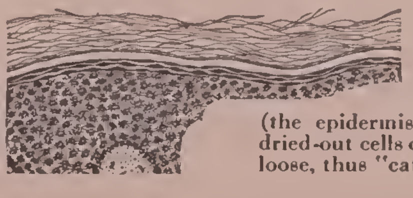
"Although cells on surface skin are constantly drying out, becoming horny—they can be melted off instantly with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream). Then the young cells beneath come into view and the skin has the smoothness of a child's."

Do this yourself with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It has that keratolytic property which melts off dried surface cells. This explains how Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths skin so quickly!

Touch it to your face. There and then you feel every roughness melt away, disappear. Look again and see how soft your skin is. Powder can't "catch" on a skin like this!

For a smooth make-up — Never powder right on your bare skin. First film on Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth away every powder-catching roughness. Skin becomes soft. Make-up goes on evenly and clings.

Overnight for lasting softness — Every night after cleansing, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. While you sleep, it brings your skin an extra softness. Your face is cool, not a bit greasy. Next morning, you'll find your skin decidedly softer!



Cross-section of outer skin (the epidermis) showing how dried-out cells on top skin flake loose, thus "catch" powder.

Mrs. Alexander Cochrane Forbes
Grandniece of MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT
says: "Pond's Vanishing Cream melts away roughnesses . . . keeps my skin smooth for powder."

8-Piece Package POND'S, Dept. C135, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City________________State______

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Women ask me why Kotex can't chafe – can't fail – can't show

Mary Pauline Callender
Author of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday"

Can't chafe

Because the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton — all chafing, all irritation is prevented. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned — the center surface is left free to absorb.

Can't fail

Because Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk — prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

Can't show

Because the ends of Kotex are not only rounded, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility — no tiny wrinkles whatsoever. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale lines.

NOW 3 TYPES OF KOTEX AT THE SAME LOW PRICE

REGULAR	For the ordinary needs of most women. The choice of millions.	IN BLUE BOX
JUNIOR	Somewhat narrower—for some women and when less protection is needed.	IN GREEN BOX
SUPER	Extra layers give extra protection, yet no longer or wider than Regular.	IN BROWN BOX

WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN *made from Cellucotton (not cotton)*

prepare a feast in honor of the occasion, and when the gay bridal party arrived ready for champagne and caviar they found their stunned hostess hanging square white things on the backyard line (there was a new baby in the household).

But Bing was equal to the dreadful moment, and he gayly whisked his friends and his dumfounded sister-in-law down to Ye Little Kosher Sausage Shoppe where they ate thick corned beef sandwiches (standing up) and they drank to the health of the bride and the groom from ginger ale bottles that actually contained ginger ale.

Then there was little Una Merkel's predicament when she decided quite suddenly on New Year's Eve at Caliente to marry Ronald Burla, an aviator. Una told her groom-to-be that she wasn't fussy about such bridal accoutrements as veils and bridesmaids and organ music, but she did demand an orchid corsage. You see, she had always dreamed of wearing orchids when she married and it wouldn't seem quite legal without them.

But the baffled groom discovered that because it was New Year's Eve there wasn't an orchid to be found in Caliente or nearby San Diego, and when even this explanation failed to change Una's decision, Burla decided it was time to make an emergency landing.

HE barged into the Caliente Casino and actually talked a strange woman into lending him her orchid corsage for one hour. So Una became Mrs. Burla with four orchids on her shoulder, and six minutes later returned the blooms to their rightful owner. Somehow in the ensuing confusion of twelve-o'clock gaiety the couple did not succeed in learning the name of their benefactress.

No one, I am sure, who was lucky enough to get an invitation to the super-fashionable rites of Joan Bennett and Gene Markey three years ago has forgotten the bride's torrid embarrassment when her nearsightedness (she wears glasses off-screen) caused her to fling her bouquet into the middle of a large group of morning-coated male guests. And the fact that there was a lineup on the opposite side of the room of expectant unwed girls with eager arms outstretched toward the coveted bouquet, did little to lessen Joan's mortification or the guests' merriment.

But for sheer novelty Bette Davis' marital mishap takes first place among Hollywood's knot-tying casualties. For the fragile, lovely Bette was called upon to help quell a dog fight in the very middle of the minister's stentorian words.

Of course, Bette has no one to blame but herself for carting two pet dogs with her when she eloped with Harmon Nelson. But she explains that she loves dogs and she had no one to look after them at home. So they drove to Arizona, picked out a quaint little parish, and left the dogs in the little fenced-in yard, an intrusion the minister's pooch resented upon discovery. And so after the three howling canines were torn apart and peace established, the bridal couple and the minister, slightly dusty and disheveled, returned to the quaint parish living room and finished up what remained of the ceremony.

"How's That Fonda Doing?"

(Continued from page 27)

walls of self-consciousness.

The ability to focus lights, shove scenery, paint sets, was acquired way back in his Little Theater days in Omaha. Henry had gone to the University of Wisconsin to become a writer but, instead, he monkeyed around painting signs and pictures, illustrating and doing everything but writing. After two years he called it a finished chapter and went home to Omaha. There, the Little Theatre seized on him to paint scenery, become stage manager and even ticket seller at times.

Acting was as far from Henry's mind as from here to next Michelmas until one day they shoved him on in a role and just naturally kept on shoving. Only Henry didn't care a lot for it. He'd much rather have worried with the lights. Until "Merton of the Movies" came along.

"It was then," he grins, "I discovered acting." Up to that time his father, the head of a prominent and well known family in Omaha, merely tolerated Henry's Little Theater job because the boy couldn't find anything else to do. But after "Merton" they just kinda knew together which road Henry was to travel from then on. It was there, as plain as the sun in the sky, and so they shook hands, parted, and Henry took himself off to New York and misery and hunger and some work and lots of fun and hunger again and Margaret Sullavan and an aching void and work and crushed ambition. An eight-year merry-go-round of it before his first big stage hit, "The Farmer Takes a Wife."

JUST three years ago, in fact, a young man stood on a blizzard-swept corner in Times Square, New York, calling, "Christmas wreaths, twenty-five cents. Christmas wreath, lady?" You may have noticed him there, a tall young man with a square, attractive face and a nice grin that stayed put even when the wind blew cruel and sharp around the corner and the hurrying mob ignored the cry of, "Christmas wreath, mister?"

Yea, it was Hank Fonda. After five years in New York. Five years of hopes raised high and hopes dashed low, selling Christmas wreaths on a corner. To keep body and soul together and getting every drop of life and living that would be squeezed out of selling Christmas wreaths on a cold, blizzardly corner.

If it appears to snow a little too constantly in "Way Down East" you can blame it on no one but Henry. It was on location he discovered that wonder of wonders (to him, at least) a snow machine. For days he hectored the electrician for permission to run the machine until at last, it was turned over to him—and from then on it was too bad for Rochelle Hudson. Henry snowed and drifted and banked and snowed on Rochelle's weary head till finally someone had to rescue the lady in practically the last stages of snow blindness.

A paint can in Fonda's hand is just as dangerous as a stick of dynamite in a baby's. He'll repaint scenery, chairs, peoples' faces and, one day, even wandered

Your Beauty Shop gives you added charm. Go there every week. And, to help beautify the natural shape of your mouth and lips, enjoy DOUBLE MINT gum daily.
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DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
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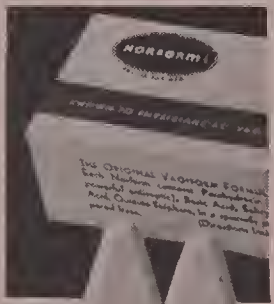

FEMININE HYGIENE

made easy

Nothing could be easier!

Norforms are small, convenient, antiseptic suppositories completely ready for use. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They leave no lingering antiseptic smell around the room or about your person. They are dainty and feminine, soothing and deodorizing. Many women use them for this deodorizing effect alone.

EVERY DAY, more and more women are adopting Norforms as the most modern, convenient and satisfactory form of feminine hygiene.

Norforms are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature, and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate internal membranes—an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for many hours.

A distinctive and exclusive feature of Norforms is their concentrated content of *Parahydrecin*—a powerful yet harmless antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of Unguentine. *Parahydrecin* kills germs, yet Norforms are positively non-injurious. There is no danger of an "over-dose" or "burn."

MILLIONS SOLD EVERY YEAR

Send for the Norforms booklet *"The New Way."* It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York, *makers of Unguentine.*

NORFORMS

Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

for modern feminine hygiene

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out onto the lot where the crew's cars were parked. With a paint can in his hand and his amazing "obey that impulse" nature, you know what happened.

Yes, Mickey and Minnie Mouse on each door of the assistant director's car and Laurel and Hardy on the front of an electrician's car. In the midst of a dandy little Krazy Kat on a director's radiator, a producer, hurrying across the lot, stopped in his tracks and, wandering over, surveyed Hank and his masterpieces. Hank, of course, hadn't the faintest idea who he was.

"What are you doing that for?" the producer asked.

"Oh, I just like to paint things on things," Henry grinned. "It's kind of a joke," he confided.

"You know," the producer said, "all my life I've wanted to do that and never had the nerve." He glanced around furtively. "Look, how about letting me put the tail on Krazy?"

"Sure," Henry agreed and handed over the brush, while a famous producer (and what a laugh you'd get if only I could divulge his name) painted a very inartistic tail on Krazy. The first time he'd become really human in twenty years.

Naturally, they paid Fonda for his monkey business. Next day the crew painted Henry's Ford a startling, bilious yellow with red stripes from stem to stern.

"Well," Henry said, scratching his head, "maybe I won't be so smart the next time."

EVERYONE you meet on the 20th Century Fox lot has a different and favorite tale of his own to tell about Fonda. The guy's a regular character about the place. The fact that he really belongs on the Walter Wanger lot is a sore spot with all of them. "This is where he started and this is where he should be," they grumble.

Charlie Bickford likes to tell about the time he failed to pull a punch in "Way Down East" and knocked Henry out cold. A little trick that often ends in a front-office row, with the puncher on his way out. Instead, Henry got to his feet and complimented Bickford on his swell punch. "Say, that's a honey," he grinned, while the anxious extras cheered from the side lines.

"Only," as Bickford chuckled, "Hank, the fool, felt they were cheering my punch and joined right in."

Of course, Slim Summerville's favorite yarn is about the time the cops took after Hank on location in San Jose, for shooting off sky-rockets on the Fourth of July. It seems such capers were strictly taboo in the sedate little community and Henry, who knew nothing of it, only knew to run when the cops came bearing down on him. It was Slim who managed to flag Hank and hide him in a rain barrel till things quieted down.

"What will you be doing next?" Slim, who loves Henry as a brother, growled at him. And then, suddenly, that simple, idiotic grin broke out over Slim's face and the two just stood there. Grinning at each other. And understanding each other's hearts.

Frances Deaner, of the publicity department, tells about the time Henry came into her office after work and hung around and hung around, aimless-like and kind of worried.

"Why don't you go home?" Frances asked.

"Look, Frances," he confided, "I'm afraid to. You know I've got myself a house-boy down at the apartment and, gosh, Frances, I don't know how to act with him or what to say to him."

Which reminds me of Bob Webb's tale and, I think, the best of the lot. After his friend, James Stewart, came on from New York to play, oddly enough, opposite Margaret Sullavan in "Next Time We Love," the two boys shared one apartment. What with dogs and all, they soon found it too small and set out to find a house. Out in Brentwood they found exactly the house they were looking for. A little white house set back from the road, surrounded by a white picket fence.

There was only one catch to it, outside the fact the boys thought Brentwood a little too swanky for them, and that was the rent. It was two hundred dollars a month and the boys felt it too steep.

TOGETHER, with their backs to the road, the two boys sat on the picket fence and gazed at the house with longing. Just then a carload of people (spurred on by the realtor, likely) drove up and called, "Hey, fella, could you tell me where Henry Fonda lives?"

"Right here," Henry cried, with a wave of his arm. In amazement, he turned and looked at Stewart. "Well, I guess we've taken the house."

It fell to his friend, Bob Webb, the assistant director, to interview servants and engage and place a married couple in Henry's new house, for the thought of the ordeal threw Henry into fits.

One morning early, Bob drove down to Henry's for breakfast. Hank kept peering out the window and peering out the window. Webb arose and looked out. There was Henry's colored cook wiping off his, Webb's, car.

"Boy," said Henry with pride, "that's hot stuff, isn't it?".

Yes, it's hot stuff. As hot as Henry is new and real and strange to Hollywood. A man who doesn't pretend. Who doesn't have to. A man as natural in life as a child at play.

"I'll bet you five to one" (his favorite expression), he once said to Webb, "I won't be on the screen a year."

It's almost a year now. And they've shoved him from one thing to another as fast as he can make them until now he's being co-starred with Sylvia Sidney in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Incidentally this is an important assignment for more reasons than one: the picture is based on the famous novel by John Fox, Jr., it is Paramount's first color film, and included in the cast are Fred MacMurray and Fred Stone.

Won't be on the screen a year? I'll take him five to one on this one. Wherever or whatever he is a year from today—a star in Hollywood, an actor in stock or just a vendor of Christmas wreaths on a Times Square corner—he'll be getting all out of life there is to get. And putting all into it there is to put.

Yes, I feel sure if from some far horizon, Will Rogers could once again call to his friend with a little chuckle, "How's that Fonda doing?" the answer would be, "He's doing all right."

Yes, Fonda's doing all right.

In your pursuit of Beauty give your skin

THIS GERM-FREE CARE!

Woodbury's Beauty Creams stay lastingly germ-free . . . help protect against blemish

Out for a jaunt in the crisp, cold air . . . home again to dress for a dance. Day after day a full program. But never can you neglect your skin . . . never permit the lines of fatigue to creep in, nor a blemish to destroy your charm!

That's where Woodbury's Cold Cream can help so much! It cleanses deeply . . . softens the tissues. Helps protect your skin, too, against dryness and blemish.

Gives your skin two-fold care

Woodbury's Cold Cream is *germ-free!* It contains a special element that destroys germ-growth. And this is important, for many blemishes are caused by germs.

Element 576, a second exclusive ingredient of this famous cold cream, aids in combating skin dryness.

For a finishing cream, a base for your powder and rouge, none is more flattering in results than Woodbury's Germ-free Facial Cream.

50¢, 25¢, 10¢ in jars; 25¢, 10¢ in tubes.

Woodbury's
COLD CREAM
Woodbury's

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FREE! TWO GERM-FREE BEAUTY CREAMS

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 7463 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.

Please send me, free, sample tubes of Woodbury's Germ-free Cold and Facial Creams, enough in each for several applications. Also important booklet on how to use these creams in the famous Woodbury treatment. (Paste coupon on penny postcard or mail in envelope — NOW!)

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CHAPPED HANDS ARE COLD COMPANY

NO SIR! I'M GOING HOME — MY HANDS HURT
I'VE GOT A BOTTLE OF HINDS IN THE CAR. IT WILL FIX THOSE CHAPPED HANDS IN A JIFFY
HOW GOOD IT FEELS! BETTER THAN ANYTHING I EVER USED
THAT'S BECAUSE HINDS HAS RICH EMOLLIENTS – THE KIND YOU GET IN EXPENSIVE DRY-SKIN CREAMS. AND YOU CAN PULL ON YOUR GLOVES RIGHT AWAY – IT ISN'T A BIT STICKY
HOW ABOUT DINNER AND A SHOW TONIGHT?
I'D LOVE IT – NOW THAT MY HANDS FEEL OKAY AGAIN
IRVING NURICK
HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM
NON-STICKY Quick-Acting

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FREE dispenser cap with each 50c size. It fits on the *bottle*—not on the wall.

HINDS HONEY and ALMOND CREAM

Non-Sticky • Quick-Acting

The Amazing Mrs. Campbell

(*Continued from page* 58)

knowledge. If one judges only from the viewpoint of the flesh, there is nothing at all. . . . The intelligence is, after all, the thing that counts. . . .

"A child speaks the truth from want of guile. Men and women speak it in despair. . . .

"A lovely gentle feminine eye in woman has stolen manhood and honor since the beginning of time. . . .

"The gods laugh when man would make his genius confederate with his clay. . . ."

Was I listening?

Let us dig for a moment into the background of this amazing woman.

Her mother (an Italian noblewoman) couldn't speak a word of English. Her father (an Englishman) couldn't speak a word of Italian. He was twenty-one, she seventeen and they were married in India.

"Considering my antecedents," Mrs. Pat laughed, "I seem to have sprung from a magical past in which Italy, Persia and India were all seen through a mist of childish imaginings."

One aunt eloped at sixteen with an artist.

Another married an English lawyer and kicked him out of bed when he knelt to pray on their wedding night. (It was no time for prayer according to Aunt Theresa.)

STILL another aunt, living in India, dressed herself in her husband's uniform, and went to a party, and the husband's dismay can be imagined when, late at night, he opened the door of his young wife's bed room to see "the young man in uniform at the bed."

A bit of family scandal connects her paternal grandfather with "a horse circus."

I seem to sense that Mrs. Campbell is laughing at me, so I ask about her childhood.

"I was neither sweet, amiable, nor amenable," she confides. "I was physically strong, very affectionate, imaginative, but temperamentally alien to those around me. I was impatient with unintelligent people from the moment I was born: a tragedy, for I am myself three parts of a fool. From the beginning I knew that people did not say what their faces said; strangers terrified me. I went to school. . . . England . . . France . . . In Paris people used to stare at me and my black braids. . . . A man pushed a ticket for a box at the opera in my glove and I felt I was to blame. . . . I had a passion for reading. . . . Then came Pat Campbell. . . . It is not easy to tell of the joys of that first love."

Pat—you call her Pat after the first hour—looked radiant.

They were married. It was a tragic marriage. A boy and a girl were born. The family fortunes were gone. On October 5, 1887 Pat Campbell sailed to seek health and fortune in Australia and Africa.

Bitter years followed—six and a half bitter years—during which time the beloved Pat wrote many beautiful letters to his bride, but sent little money. It was not his fault. He was suffering the agonies of all pioneers who sought elusive fortunes in the Dark Continent. The beloved wife, at home, had to support the children. With his permission she turned to the stage.

Sickness. . . . Hopeless struggle. . . . Poverty. . . . Then came Arthur Pinero's play, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Unknown, one night, the toast of London the next. . . . Pat's letters are the sweet, treasured possessions of his wife, but he never found the pot of gold; he came home a failure, to find himself the husband of the toast of all England. He wasn't bitter, he was proud.

"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" was a spoiled and difficult creature—until her father died (September, 1893) in Texas.

Her brother, Edwin, in a letter disclosed that her success had brought happiness to her father. Edwin wrote:

"Just before dear Papa died I heard him say the words 'Mrs. Tanqueray.'"

"When my husband came home," said Mrs. Campbell, "I saw in his eyes that youth had gone. The abnormal position in which he found himself was bitter, for the girl wife he had left was now the fashion, an actress surrounded by smart friends, smart parties, smart clothes. It hurt us both. The curiosity that surrounded him was intolerable to him; so was the hospitality extended to us both, which he had no means to return. He was a great gentleman."

ENDLESS successful plays followed. Mrs. Campbell scored success after success. Her husband, like the more recent and beloved Jamie del Rio, determined to outdo his own wife and tried his pen at plays. Then came the Boer War. Pat Campbell joined Lord Chesham's Yeomanry, left for Africa in March, 1900, and on April 5 lay dead in Africa. He died an heroic death, killed by enemy gunfire. Mrs. Campbell had seven days of quiet, and returned to the theater.

Eighteen months later, after a provincial tour, Mrs. Campbell found herself broke, and deep in debt. She would not hear of bankruptcy. Instead, she came to America for a tour, after assigning three-fourths of her weekly salary to her creditors. She opened in Chicago. Success. . . . Balls. . . . Dinners. . . . Suppers. . . . Kreisler and Paderewski on the same evening. . . . She paid her debts.

I think Mrs. Pat Campbell is one of God's noble women. I'd love to have hundreds of thousands of words to write about her—and the subject would be forever new. In a brief digest of her career it is impossible to record her intimacies with such world figures as Sarah Bernhardt, Maurice Maeterlinck, Arthur Pinero, Sir James Barrie, Forbes Robertson, George Arliss, Anna Held, Lillian Russell, Prince Hugo von Hohenlohe, George Bernard Shaw, and a thousand others. But—

Once when Madame Bernhardt and Pat were playing together Pat played a trick upon the immortal French woman. Bernhardt did not even allude to it, but later, at a matinee, when they came to an important scene in which Bernhardt tenderly took Pat's hand to lead her over the rocks, Bernhardt squashed an egg in Pat's hand.

At the most tragic moment in Bernhardt's life she cabled Mrs. Campbell, in America: "Doctor will cut off my leg next Mon-

Doctor's Report proves
Pepsodent Antiseptic a real help to

KEEP FROM CATCHING COLD!

Remarkable results obtained in two winters' test on 774 Illinois people

They lived together, worked together, ate the same kind of food

Half gargled twice a day; the other half did not

To keep from catching cold here's the help you may expect from

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

A DOCTOR made this famous Illinois test —he *proved that Pepsodent Antiseptic did reduce the number and duration of colds!*

He worked for two full winters, with 774 people in all. The people lived together. They worked together. They ate the same foods. In every way possible, this test was made under strict medical supervision.

Results were so clear-cut that there's no argument as to what you may expect.

The doctor's report

One half of the people gargled with Pepsodent Antiseptic twice a day. The other half did not. And here is the doctor's report of actual results:

Those who did not gargle with Pepsodent, had 60% more colds than those who used Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

Thus you see that of the people who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, relatively few caught cold. But those who did, *got rid of their cold in half the time required by those who did not use Pepsodent Antiseptic!*

That's proof! Pepsodent Antiseptic actually reduced colds! And cut the average length of a cold in half!

Goes 3 times as far

When you buy a mouth antiseptic, remember that ordinary kinds kill germs only when used full strength. But Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs in 10 seconds, even when it is diluted with 2 parts of water! Thus it makes your money go 3 times as far!

For "Breath Control"—Pepsodent keeps breath pure and sweet one to two hours longer.

1 Rich red blood, necessary to properly nourish and build up every part of the body, is especially promoted by this new discovery where iron is needed.
2 A healthy digestion which gets ALL the good out of your food requires an adequate supply of Vitamin B. This new discovery supplies this precious element.
3 Normal, regular elimination to remove poisonous waste and thereby promote health and growth calls for adequate Vitamin B. This is the third purpose.
HEART
LIVER
STOMACH
INTESTINES
1
2
3
DOCTORS NOW KNOW THOUSANDS NEEDN'T BE SKINNY

Posed by professional models

THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS. QUICK—WITH NEW 3-WAY TREATMENT

AMAZING gains in weight are reported all over the country with this sensational new 3-way discovery. Even if you never could gain an ounce before, remember thousands have put on solid, naturally attractive flesh this new, easy way—*in just a few weeks!*

And not only has this new triple-acting treatment brought normal, good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, glorious new pep.

New body-building discovery

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-enriching iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of body-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 *times more powerful.* Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new triple-acting Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty, new health comes—you're a new person.

Try it—guaranteed

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, these new 3-way Ironized Yeast tablets should build you up in just a few weeks, as they have thousands of others. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only don't be deceived by the many cheaply prepared "Yeast and Iron" tablets sold in imitation of Ironized Yeast. These cheap counterfeits usually contain only the lowest grade of ordinary yeast and iron, and cannot possibly give the same results. Be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 223, Atlanta, Ga.

day. Am very happy. Kisses and all my heart."

Mrs. Pat loves to rib George Bernard Shaw.

What letters she received from that great Irishman!

Such passionate passages:

"Thank you for the beautiful photograph; but I should have photographed you in bed, saying 'It's tempting Providence.'"

"I haven't been quite the same man since our meeting. I suppose you are a devil; they all tell me so when I go raving about you. Well, I don't care. I have always said it is the devil that makes hell, but here is a devil who makes heaven."

"O, beautiful illustrious. . . ."

"O, glorious white marble lady. . . ."

"Stella, Stella, shut your ears tight against this blarneying Irish liar . . . he will tell you that you are too great a woman to belong to any man, meaning, I suppose, that he is too great a man to belong to any woman.

"I am clearly in my second childhood."

"I shall go to bed quite calmly and sign myself, Oh—loveliest doviest, babiest."

Once, when Mrs. Campbell needed some money (as she always has needed some money) she asked G. B. S. for permission to use some of his letters for publication. G. B. S. gave permission, adding, "You want to show the world that the scalp of a superman decorates your wigwam." Later, she wanted to publish his "wild letters." Shaw declined. He wrote: "Dear Stella: I'm damned if I play horse to your Lady Godiva."

LET'S skip a lot of years. -Every success of Mrs. Campbell's was crowned with a crown of thorns—typhoid fever, debts, threatened blindness . . . a broken knee cap. Tear the pages from the calendar; it is December, 1917. Mrs. Campbell is playing "The Thirteenth Chair," in London. There is a knock on her door, and she receives a telegram that lacerates her heart.

"Deeply regret that Acting Lieut. Commander Alan U. Campbell killed in action."

Her beloved son—"Beo"—had died in France.

A day's rest to get her heart steady—then work again.

"Life," she says, "was pitiless; the theater dreadful."

Forget the years. Chuck the months from the calendar, and pitch them to the winds. Years, years, years. It's 1933 and Mrs. Pat Campbell had taken a look at her bank account. The amazing thing about it was that there wasn't any. Pat packed a suitcase; maybe a trunk. She gathered Moonbeam, the white Peke, in her arms.

She probably whispered: "Come on, baby, we're headed for that last round up."

I sat in Mrs. Pat Campbell's living room.

"Deep down, I'm a dignified woman," she told me. "My life has been a tragic one. I'm funny only on the surface.

"I've much to be thankful for. Most people of my age belong in a wheel chair by the sea side, but here I am, moving along toward eighty, seeking my sixth, seventh, eighth or ninth fortune—and doing quite well, thank you. I've a big new car, am going to Carmel for the weekend, and have money in the bank."

People say that Mrs. Campbell has dissipated several fortunes. That is as unkind as it is untrue. Mrs. Campbell has always felt that money belongs to those who need it most and her various fortunes were given away.

"Do not think I am peculiarly generous," she told me. "It is in our blood. Every member of the family, if they had it, would give away at once what they thought, at the moment, was needed more by another. People say this leads to the poorhouse. I can only speak for myself and say it has found for me many generous friends."

Mrs. Campbell loves to tell a story about George Bernard Shaw. When she—Mrs. Pat—was in funds Shaw would call a friend and say: "Let's dress as beggars and go to Stella's (Mrs. Campbell) door and what we receive in alms will keep her until she gets another engagement."

"I'm going to Carmel over the weekend," Mrs. Campbell confided, "And I certainly hope there are fewer fleas at Carmel than at Palm Springs.

"Everybody in Hollywood told me to go to the desert. I went. All the fleas in the desert seemed to regard Moonbeam as the White House and moved in. I picked 485 off of him."

It is *lese majesty* to speak thus of Palm Springs. But Mrs. Campbell says what she thinks, at all times. As Alexander Woollcott put it in his book, "While Rome Burns:"

"WHAT enchanted me was her unwavering and ingenious rudeness to everyone there (Hollywood) who could possibly have been of assistance to her . . . Her failure to be polite took on the proportions of a magnificent gesture. She was like a sinking ship firing on her rescuer."

I could not resist the temptation. I had to ask Mrs. Campbell about some of the other things Woollcott said about her.

Mrs. Campbell was sweet, and attentive.

"Is it true that during Katherine Cornell's season of 'Dishonored Lady' while in her dressing room you turned to Woollcott and cried: 'Ah, you're a famous critic, tell me, who SHOULD have played 'Dishonored Lady'?"

Mrs. Campbell smiled.

"What else?" she asked.

"Does your whisper sound as Woollcott said, 'Like the wind in the chimney of a haunted house'?"

"Any more questions?" she asked.

"None," I answered.

Mrs. Campbell grinned.

"Well," she said, "After I read Papa Woollcott's book I sent him a wire—'Thanks for your bewitching inaccuracies. I am not as nice as all that.'"

That's that. Except—

As Mrs. Campbell and Moonbeam moved through the garden, across the lawn and out to the curb to meet our Chow—Wickie—I asked: "Is there any message you would like for me to relay to your old friends of the theater, and your new friends of the screen?"

Mrs. Campbell thought about it for a moment.

"Sure there is," she said. "Tell them all I am going to have my face lifted—at eighty-five."

Unprintable ...but TRUE!

They're unprintable! The things that happen to your system when you take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic. Good taste forbids a detailed description

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW, for your health's sake, what happens when you introduce a harsh, drastic laxative into your system. One that works too quickly. One that upsets you, one that creates a violent disturbance...that rushes unassimilated food through your system . . . that rips and tears its way, leaving you weak, dragged down — internally abused.

But . . . we cannot tell you the graphic details here because they are *too* graphic. This is a family magazine . . . not a medical textbook.

This much we can say: whenever you need a laxative, be sure the one you take is *correctly timed*. Be sure it is mild and gentle. Ex-Lax meets these important specifications.

Avoid quick-acting cathartics!

Beware of laxatives that work too quickly! Ex-Lax takes from 6 to 8 hours to accomplish its purpose. It relieves constipation without violence, yet it is completely effective. Elimination is thorough. And so close to normal you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

Because of its gentle action, Ex-Lax doesn't leave you weak, as harsh cathartics do. It doesn't cause stomach pains. It doesn't nauseate you. And you don't need to fear any embarrassment afterwards. It is best to take Ex-Lax at night, when you go to bed. In the morning you will enjoy complete and thorough relief. Ex-Lax works overnight without over-action.

Good for the whole family!

Another thing people like about Ex-Lax is the fact that it is equally good for children and adults. Thus, you need only *one* laxative in your medicine chest. Millions of families follow this practice.

Ex-Lax has been recognized as a standard, reliable laxative for 29 years. More people use it than any other brand of laxative in the world.

A joy to take!

And here is still another pleasant thing about Ex-Lax . . . it tastes just like delicious chocolate. Isn't it foolish to offend your taste with some bitter, nasty-tasting laxative? Don't ever do it again . . . it's so needless.

Stop at your druggist's and get a box of Ex-Lax today, if it isn't already in your medicine chest. A box costs only 10c. There is a big, convenient family size at 25c, too.

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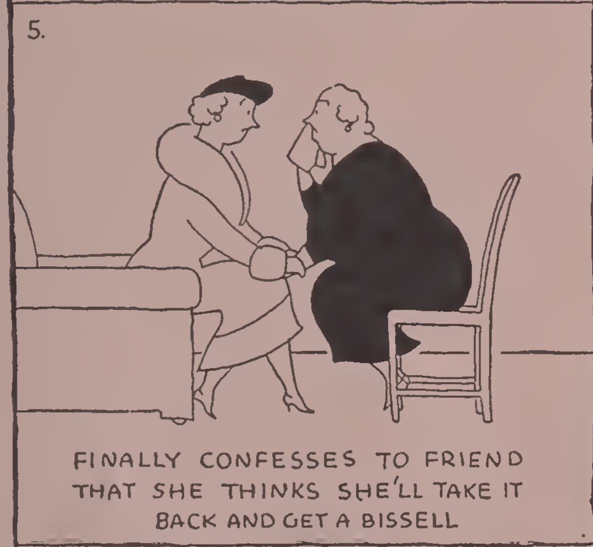
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What Is a "Debut Man," and Why?

(*Continued from page* 51)

floor with the heel of his heavy boot. Pale and trembling, Gladys asked him what it was. John lied and gave it some innocuous name. It wasn't until they returned to civilization that John told her what it really was, a death-dealing tarantula! If it hadn't been for John, always so cool and collected, "Rose of the Rancho" might never have been finished.

Certainly Margaret Sullavan's first picture would never have seen the light of day, if it hadn't been for John. For twice during the making of "Only Yesterday" Margaret washed her hands of it completely, and announced her intention of returning to New York. Once she even got as far as the airport, and was already boarding a plane, when a brief message from John persuaded her to come back. His message was, very simply, "Happy landing, and the best of luck." There was nothing about "I think you are making a great mistake . . . you might have been a great star . . . the movies will miss you." Universal executives had been telling her that for days, without budging her. John knew a wiser method. Pretend you're not sorry she's going, and a woman will always come back. At least that's what Margaret Sullavan did.

BUT there were still difficult moments to be passed during the rest of that picture. George Stahl, its director, is the hardest taskmaster in the business, and he purposely rides roughshod over his actors. Margaret Sullavan was no exception. But Margaret, being the highly sensitive newcomer that she was, took his reproaches and sarcasm personally, and fought him with all the strength of her tempestuous young person. Not only angry words, but props, flew wildly about the set. She cried, stamped her feet, and locked herself in her dressing room. And through it all, John Boles stood quietly by, with not one hair on his handsome head ruffled.

The good example he was setting her at last began to take effect. Once, when they had already done one scene eighteen times, and a nineteenth was ordered, John smiled as usual and said that was O.K. with him. But it was not O.K. with Maggie. The blood mounted to her face, her hands clenched at her side, and her mouth opened to pour out a torrent of words. But then catching sight of John's unperturbed face, Margaret suddenly changed her mind. Margaret went through her scene for the nineteenth time.

Again, when the make-up department designed a special hair-dress for her, two beautiful braids to be worn in Dutch-girl fashion around her head, Margaret doubted that they were quite right for her. But the head of the department said it didn't make any difference what she thought about the coiffure; it was what she was going to wear. At this point John Boles sensed a scene in the air, and not a movie one, either. Sauntering toward her he told Margaret how lovely she looked that morning, said the most flattering things, as only John can say them, and Margaret forgot to be angry.

It was while working with Evelyn Laye in her first picture that another of John's soothing qualities saved the day. Evelyn is quite different from Margaret. Her problem is despondency, not temper, but it's even more difficult to cope with. And when the cameraman foolishly told her she was hard to photograph, Evelyn wanted to give up right then and there. Not until John talked to her was she convinced that she should carry on. After that he did everything he could to take her mind off her problem. He encouraged her to learn new songs with him. He introduced her to his friends. He showed her around other sets. He kept her so busy and so well entertained that she didn't have time to feel blue.

In addition to being emotionally helpful to Pat Paterson and Lillian Harvey, John actually taught them many invaluable tricks in camera technique. He showed them where to look for direct-on, full-face close ups. Not quite at the center of the camera; a little to the side, and down. He told them how to tilt their heads so they could get the best possible lighting on their hair. He showed them how to focus their eyes on just one of his, in close ups in which they talked to each other. And, most important of all, he let them in on a precious secret which all actors use now and then. It was this: If you feel that a scene isn't going right, and you aren't giving it your best, "blow up" in your lines; pretend to forget them, fumble them, *anything*—just so the director will call "cut" and you'll get a chance to do it over again.

AS any producer can tell you, the success of his picture depends a great deal on the attitude of its working crew. If the cameraman, the electricians, the sound engineers, and even the prop men, are irritable, bored, annoyed, or uninterested, the picture suffers. And that's another reason why John is Hollywood's favorite debut man, for if by any chance the crew should take a dislike to a new female star, the presence of John would allay any bad reaction. Because John is the favorite of all the crew men in town. And little wonder that they love him! He swaps stories with them, plays on their baseball team, sings for them when they urge him. Naturally, any crew will do its level best to make a success of any picture in which he appears.

But even more important than the nice things which he does do, are the nasty things which he doesn't do. Everyone knows that it would be the easiest thing in the world for an experienced actor like John to steal a picture right out from under the nose of a new player. He could hog the camera, demand the best lighting, push his leading lady into the background, and she, not knowing any of these tricks of the trade, would be none the wiser. But John has never once stooped to such a practice. Producers know this, and that's why they have such confidence in him. If a newcomer has John for her leading man, she can rely on his unfailing cooperation, on his interest and encouragement, and can assure herself that she will have every opportunity to emerge as a star.

NOSE PORES

Largest Pores on Your Body—A Test of Your Cleansing Methods!

By *Lady Esther*

The pores on the nose are the largest on your body. For this reason, if allowed to become clogged with waxy excretions, they will become conspicuously large and noticeable.

The pores on your nose, therefore, are a good test of your skin-cleansing methods. If the pores are plugged with waste matter and gaping large, it's a sign your methods are insufficient. By keeping your pores—and this includes the pores of your nose—*thoroughly* clean, you can keep them normal in size, invisibly small.

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To get at the dirt and waxy matter that accumulates in your pores, you must use a face cream that penetrates, one that actually works its way into the pores. Such a cream is Lady Esther Face Cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. It actually penetrates the pores, and does it in a gentle and soothing manner.

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As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and smooth.

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The Quintuplets—They're in the Movies Now

(*Continued from page 24*)

Dionne quintuplets were ready for their second day's work in their first dramatic screen production today but the camera wasn't and as a result school was out after twenty-six minutes of filming. The glass window of the soundproof box hood which covers the camera was broken in setting up the equipment and there was no acting for Marie, Cecile, Emilie, Yvonne and Annette until a North Bay optical store had cut another one and it had been rushed to the hospital, twelve miles distant. Henry King was highly pleased with the 385 feet of film he obtained of the five young stars and Hersholt and Miss Peterson, however, and termed the morning's work entirely satisfactory. The only complaint of the day was registered by the quints themselves when, sharply at 11:50, Dr. Dafoe gave the signal that time was up. Placed in their cribs for the brief rest before their luncheon the eighteen months' old stars registered a protest. They had been having too good a time. Yvonne and Annette again took first honors in the scenes although all, King said, continued to perform like seasoned stars. They did not ever seem to be conscious of the cameras or the lights. Hersholt made a brief address over the air from a North Bay station and on his return to the hotel one of the bellboys who had been listening in told him his talk was so excellent it sounded as though he was reading it. Miss Peterson went out for a long walk—although she says exercise is against her rules—and made the tour of the shopping district which is confined to Main street.

Friday, December 6: Two of the stars celebrated the third day of production by cutting new teeth. Annette displayed a new lower left molar and Emilie a new lower right molar. It was a big day for the production unit for not only were vital scenes of the quints obtained but the first singing recordings of the five little brown-eyed dolls also were registered. Shortly after lunch, Jean Hersholt and Miss Peterson set forth from the hotel on a tour of the surrounding country. They went in an automobile but alighted so Hersholt could get a good amateur movie shot of a beautiful snow scene. He slipped in the snow and fell into a culvert, bruising his left thigh so severely he could not walk. He was helped back into the car, returned to the hotel, and Dr. Dafoe was summoned. The verdict was that Hersholt would have to stay on the shelf for at least two days. Hersholt said the first thing he thought of when he fell, in spite of the great pain, was, "If my leg's broken I'll lose the part!" The night's dinner engagement at the home of Dr. Dafoe had to be cancelled. However, the doctor had dinner with the actor in the latter's room and they spent the evening at their favorite diversion, talking books. Count Phil de Esco, master of properties, made a personal appearance at a North Bay dance and created a distinct impression. His chief regret was that he had left his monocles in Hollywood.

Saturday, December 7: Hersholt's leg was responding to infra-red ray treatments but he was ordered to stay abed. Meanwhile, at the hospital, Hollywood screen stars, a Hollywood director and a motion picture camera and sound crew kicked their respective heels while waiting for the baby stars to wake up from their morning nap. Because Cecile, Annette, Yvonne, Emilie and Marie overslept twenty-five minutes, the daily hour's shooting time allotted the company was cut in half. One of the rules laid down by Dr. Dafoe, and cheerfully adhered to by the picture people, is that the babies' screen work shall start only after they have awakened naturally each morning. However, several perfect takes with the quints at their best were obtained and King was elated over the results of the shortest working day of his motion picture career which spans twenty years. Dan Clark and Henry King spent the evening with Dr. Dafoe and four hours were devoted to talking on two subjects—picture making in Hollywood, and the doctor's experiences during the twenty-seven years he has administered to the medical needs of his north country people.

SUNDAY, December 8: Hersholt's leg improved further and he plans to work tomorrow. Several members of the company went to church, others took long walks down snow covered country roads. King and Miss Levien spent the evening

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at the doctor's home. Dr. Dafoe has taken a deep liking to Miss Levien and has said that if he ever accedes to the many requests that he permit his life story to be published, he would like to have Miss Levien undertake the task of preparing the manuscript. In deference to the quints, no one went near the hospital, although many would have liked merely to drop in and say hello. Miss Peterson spent most of the day fulfilling a request that she write her impressions for a newspaper in her home town, Minneapolis. She wrote, in part: "Every day for a week I have held the quintuplets in my arms, dressed them, played with them. How do I feel about them? How would any woman feel? I love them. I love Marie—she's the tiniest. I love Yvonne—she's the largest and the most adventurous. I love Cecile—she smiles the most. I love Annette—she's the most mischievous. I love Emilie—she's the most serious. Five little beautiful human baby dolls with big brown eyes and long dark lashes, little rosebud mouths, pink cheeks, dimpled hands, soft brown hair and straight, sturdy little bodies. They're the healthiest, happiest and best-behaved babies I've ever heard of. You see them and you just want to make one big armful of them all and hold them close to you."

MONDAY, December 9: Today's work went more smoothly than on any previous day. Hersholt's bruised leg was almost entirely well and he rolled on the floor of the babies' nursery and frolicked with them to their great delight. Cecile took a decided interest in Cameraman Dan Clark and insisted on wandering off the "set" to visit with him. It was perfectly all right with Clark who, with two daughters of his own, has fallen entirely in love with the quints. Dr. Dafoe again took occasion to compliment Assistant-director Robert Webb on the efficient, silent and considerate manner in which his men did all their work. Dr. Dafoe has captured the loyalty of the men from Hollywood as he has won over all others who have come in contact with him. Many of the boys from California have found occasion to compare him favorably with their late idol, Will Rogers. Miss Peterson visited the Hudson's Bay Company fur buying establishment in North Bay and was told that the price of mink has doubled this year. Returning from location shortly after twelve, Hersholt addressed the Rotary Club which was assembled in the hotel grill room. He was half through his remarks when the chairman reminded him that it was the Rotary Club, not the Lions. Count de Esco made another personal appearance tonight, this time on the radio. He gives interviews whenever he finds an opportunity, mentions his chateaus in his native Rumania and in France, clicks his heels and bows at every turn. North Bay really appreciates a count. That the quints are thriving on their activities as screen stars was indicated in a weight check made today at the close of the fifth day's work. Dr. Dafoe announces the weights of the children each Monday. Marie weighed 19 pounds, a gain of one ounce over last week. Emilie weighed 21 pounds 13 ounces, an increase of 5½ ounces. Cecile weighed 22 pounds 8½ ounces and hung up the biggest gain, 10½ ounces. An-

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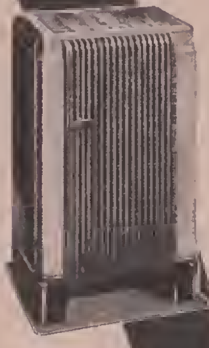
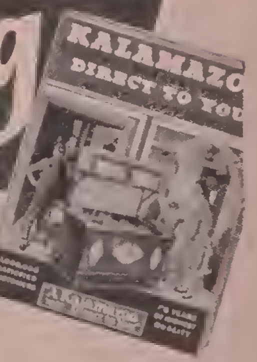


New Century Heater

The Kalamazoo Puritan Range

The Kalamazoo President Range



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nette weighed 22 pounds 11 ounces, 8 ounces more than last week, and Yvonne 23 pounds, a gain of 7½ ounces. Reports on the first day's filming were received from Darryl Zanuck who reported photography, action and sound all excellent and declared the quintuplets' screen stardom is assured.

Tuesday, December 10: Cecile again was the heroine of today's filming, taking the lead in play scenes with Jean Hersholt and Dorothy Peterson. When Miss Peterson picked up Marie as part of the action Cecile insisted upon being picked up too, and Annette, who apparently has taken a particular liking for Miss Peterson, also wanted to be in the closeup. During the afternoon Dan Clark, Sound Engineer Fredericks and several others of the Hollywood contingent were guests of a road construction camp thirty-five miles northeast of North Bay and remained for dinner. The men building this road did not miss a day all last winter and oftentimes, according to Superintendent Bill Cann, the temperature skidded to forty below. No work, no pay—and in these days men and their families need money. Hersholt, Miss Peterson and King attended a showing of "Break of Hearts" the Katharine Hepburn picture of which Hersholt is also a cast member, at a local theater. Because of the actor's presence in town the theater manager billed his name over that of Miss Hepburn about five to one. Hersholt made a snapshot of the marquee and plans to mail it to his friend, Miss Hepburn, with the following sentiment, "Always glad to have you in one of my pictures."

WEDNESDAY, December 11: Henry King announced he has one more morning's filming with the quints and then it will be hoist sails for home unless at least six inches of snow falls in the meantime. If this turns out to be the case he plans to remain and shoot three or four days' exterior scenes. However, the weather man offers no particular hope. So today was a holiday for everyone except King and Miss Levien, who continue to polish up scenes of the script which will be made at the 20th Century-Fox studio in Hollywood. There is also to be the regular nightly rehearsals with Hersholt and Miss Peterson. Either in the afternoon or evening the scenes for the succeeding day have been gone over in the greatest detail so as to save every possible second while actually in the hospital. Miss Peterson has made good her threat to go sleighing, having engaged a horse and cutter and enjoyed an afternoon in the country. The boys were busy most of the day making various purchases for the folks at home. Undressed fur pelts and Hudson's Bay blankets got the biggest play.

Thursday, December 12: Today was the final day on location. The weather man failed to come through with the snow King wanted for his exterior scenes and the day's—or rather half hour's—work with the quints went perfectly and King told everybody to prepare to "set sail" on the eleven-twenty train bound for Hollywood and home. Not a delay, not a mishap, nothing on the list of ever-present "mights" that shadow all motion picture units on location bobbed up to mar this unusual venture. So, days ahead of schedule, thanks to the marvelous adaptability of the quints and the co-operation of Dr. Dafoe, Nurses Yvonne Leroux and Cecile Lamoureux, and of everyone else connected with the project, the Hollywood unit was finished with the Canadian portion of its task. "We have obtained everything we dreamed of getting and a great deal more," King said. "The quintuplets—Marie, Yvonne, Cecile, Emilie and Annette—all performed like real troupers and there is no doubt they are going to be tremendously popular stars from the moment this picture reaches the screen. We were hospitably received by everyone in the north country, given every help, shown every courtesy, and we are grateful. We are especially indebted to Dr. Dafoe, through whose efforts the quintuplets are the healthy, fine, beautiful specimens they are today. Dr. Dafoe gave us every help but was at all times ruled by the single idea of protecting the health and welfare of the world's five most famous babies. It was a pleasure to work hand in hand with him." King gave a dinner to Dr. Dafoe, as the especially honored guest, and to all the members of the location party, tonight at the hotel. Speeches were informal but brief and sincere and included mutual appreciation. At eleven o'clock, Hersholt and Miss Peterson, having signed half the autograph books in North Bay, left for the station along with the other Hollywood people. At 11:20 P. M., with another light slow falling, the train pulled out.

Friday, December 13: Breakfast in Toronto during the forty-five minute stop there and hurried purchases by laggards who want to keep their consciences clear by bringing home something from Canada—a bottle of perfume, a dish, a bit of linen. On down toward the border through a beautiful, blinding snowstorm. Through customs and no damage done. Miss Levien and King continue to work on scenes of "The Country Doctor" to be made in Hollywood. Word received that Rochelle Hudson and Lewis Stone have been cast. All somehow regretful that the last day's work with the quints has passed. Those youngsters certainly wrap themselves about a person's heart—and that's the sentiment of everyone from the director to the script clerk.

SATURDAY, December 14: Kansas City in the morning this time, and all hands out for a brisk walk, the morning papers. Not all hands out—Dorothy Peterson enjoyed a late sleep while the train was being switched all over the yards. Jean Hersholt had all the interviews to himself and signed several score more autograph books. The Saturday night penny ante game closed early with no damage.

Sunday, December 15: Much relaxing and readying for the arrival home tomorrow morning. Much stopping off at various stations to send those "Please meet the Golden State at seven forty Monday morning love" telegrams. More script work. Early to bed for tomorrow is home, the studio, and the regular routine.

Monday, December 16: Home. Interviews. Photographs. Congratulations. King and Clark and Zanuck hurrying into the projection room to view the fruits of the location labors. Coming out with smiles. Press luncheon for King, Miss Levien, Hersholt and Miss Peterson. Tomorrow, general preparations. Thursday, start of the studio scenes.

WARNING!

to the girl who's in *Love*

YOU spend long hours making yourself attractive for him to look at. Hair, skin, eyes, lips, fingernails, clothes . . . you want him to approve of every least detail.

But don't forget—one ugly thing can undo in a minute all the care you've taken with your looks. *The unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration.*

Nothing so quickly and surely disillusions a man about a lovely looking girl as this.

Don't run the risk. Give your underarms necessary daily care, just as you give your face.

There's a quick, easy way to do it. Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time, before dressing or after. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Remember, Mum doesn't prevent the perspiration itself — just its horrid odor. Depend upon it to keep you safe from this danger to your happiness. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS Mum protects you from another ever-threatening danger of unpleasantness.

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TAKE A BEAUTY LAXATIVE

You can't expect to have a peaches-and-cream complexion unless you maintain regular habits of elimination.

Don't let more than one day go by without coming to Nature's aid with a beauty laxative.

Olive Tablets are mild and gentle and non-habit-forming. They bring about the desired result promptly.

Accumulated body waste is an enemy of health and beauty. Get rid of stored-up poisons quickly by taking a beauty laxative.

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"LIKE all mothers, I wanted every advantage for my children. But it was hard work to stretch John's pay to cover necessities, let alone music for Mary, or four years at High for Jack.

"Then one day I read an advertisement which told how married women could earn $25 to $35 nursing. I'd always been handy around a sick-room and this seemed a good chance to make use of this knack of mine—and be paid for it! I sent the coupon to CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING and when the booklet arrived read every word of it.

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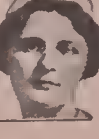

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Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

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Movie Mirror, Jr.

(*Continued from page 8*)

youngsters are a swell gang to play with. Julius lives down there, too. He is Jackie's stand-in at the studio. But when Julius isn't working at the studio, he's a fisherman's helper. Jackie goes along fishing, too.

"Of course," Jackie said happily, "Julius gets paid for helping the fisherman. I don't get paid, but I have lots of fun.

"Making pictures is a lot of fun, too. I think I had more fun making 'Treasure Island' than any picture I've worked in so far. 'The Champ' was good, too. Wally Beery is such a swell guy to work with. He's my favorite actor, you know. Joan Crawford is my favorite actress, and Bing Crosby is my radio favorite."

Jackie is certainly a healthy boy. And does he like to eat! Big thick steaks are his choice in the food line.

"I have a pretty interesting hobby, I think," Jackie offered. "I'm collecting pistols and fire-arms. I have twenty-six pistols now and quite a few old rifles. I pick them up in a lot of different places, second-hand stores, mostly. But I have to pay for them out of my regular allowance, so I have to be careful what I buy."

Jackie gets a big kick out of playing the drums. He has a big set, just like musicians use in dance orchestras. They have red and blue pearl material on the rims, he explained.

"In school, I like mathematics best. I'm not so hot in history. I like it all right, but I'm not as good in it as I am in mathematics."

Living in California suits Jackie perfectly. He likes to wear sport clothes, and he can do it the year 'round out here. His favorite color for ties, handkerchiefs, shirts, etc., is blue.

"Champ" is Jackie's dog. It is a German Schnauzer, and one swell dog, says Jackie.

"Mother and Dad took me on a dandy trip to Panama last year," Jackie said. "We went by boat and I spent most of my time with the captain. He was a dandy fellow. He let me watch everything. I also stood watch with the mate. Then when we got to Panama, he took me to the control house. That's where the western end of the canal is mechanically controlled. It's very interesting. There is a miniature model of the canal in the control house. It has everything on it, just like the real canal, and when something happens on the canal it happens on the miniature set, too. For instance, if one of the big locks opens up on the canal, it happens on the little model. That way, they can tell the minute something goes wrong out on the western part of the canal."

THE TRUTH ABOUT "ROZ"

Rosolind Russell, to you—in next month's exciting and very humon story of the hard-working society gol who is going ploces in a big way.

April MOVIE MIRROR
Out February 26

How Old is your Mouth?
Five Years Younger

• Use a lipstick that's warranted to make your Mouth look Young and Appealing

IF YOUR LIPS are ever dry and rough looking . . . marked with little crinkly aging lines like the lines on a peeled orange . . . try the new Cutex Lipstick. See if it doesn't take off 5 years!

Cutex Lipstick is warranted to contain a special oil to nourish your lips and keep them young looking. Cutex Lipstick stays on for hours without drying your lips. It's delightfully smooth, yet never, never greasy.

No streaking, no ugly color rim. There's no excuse today for dry, rough lips. Try Cutex Lipstick today and be young! At your favorite store. 50¢ in 4 smart colors—Natural, Coral, Cardinal and Ruby to harmonize with Cutex Liquid Polish.

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MARRIAGE HYGIENE

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Over 45 Years of Supreme Satisfaction for Users!

"MARRIAGE HYGIENE"—how much depends on those two words. With so much health and happiness at stake, no woman can be too careful in selecting the method to use. Dainty Boro-Pheno-Forms offer the ideal solution proved by 45 years of unbroken success. Originated as a doctor's prescription, Boro-Pheno-Forms quickly swept to nationwide popularity. Thousands have written of continuous satisfaction for 5, 12, 17, 20 years or more.

Send now for FREE SAMPLE which so fully demonstrates Boro-Pheno-Forms superiority. Learn how convenient. No bulky apparatus. Can be used in perfect secrecy; no tell-tale antiseptic odor. Doubly effective, too—IMMEDIATE effectiveness on application, CONTINUED effectiveness afterward.

Send no money; ***mail the coupon for*** FREE SAMPLE and booklet, "The Answer," which sheds welcome new light on "Marriage Hygiene."

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Rush me FREE SAMPLE of Boro-Pheno-Form and FREE BOOKLET of Marriage Hygiene Facts.

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Jackie makes no secret of his ambition to grow right up in the movies.

"I don't want to be just a leading man, then," he declared. "I want to be a character actor, and play different parts in all kinds of pictures. I guess I will always like doing adventure pictures the best, though."

Yes, Jackie Cooper is a real boy. The kind of boy you would like to have for your friend and buddy. He asked me to say "hello" to all the MOVIE MIRROR Juniors for him, so I'm passing his greeting along to you.

NOW that Christmas is over, there is a little story or two we can tell on some of the Hollywood movie boys and girls. One of them is about Dickie Moore giving his little studio girl-friend, Sally Martin, her Christmas present. Dickie bought Sally a nice big doll for a present. But he bought it quite a while before Christmas. Well, Dickie got impatient. He wanted Sally to have the doll right away. So, one morning, he took it down to the studio and gave it to her. Then he was in hot water. He didn't have a present to give her for Christmas. Yes, you've guessed it. Dickie had to buy her another present.

Benny Bartlett, one of the Paramount youngsters working in "Millions in the Air," must want to be an electrician when he grows up. Benny's family moved into a new house recently and he discovered that there was a tricky new electric ironing machine in the laundry room. It fascinated Benny right from the start and it didn't take long for him to start tinkering with it. By the time Benny's mother caught him at it, he had the machine pretty well jimmied up. So they had to call in an electrician to get the thing going again.

Virginia Weidler was one Hollywood movie girl who certainly enjoyed her Christmas shopping. Virginia has five brothers and sisters in her family and she, of course, bought several gifts for each one of them. She also got presents from every one of them, too. It pays to have lots of brothers and sisters around Christmas time, doesn't it? Virginia thinks so.

Sybil Jason had quite a surprise on her seventh birthday recently. She had to work at the studio that day, and the morning didn't seem much like a birthday to her. But when she went over to the Warner Bros. studio cafe for her lunch, a big surprise was waiting for her. Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, director Mervyn Le Roy, Sybil's sister and her uncle were all waiting to surprise her with a huge birthday cake. And a real princess was there, also. It happened that a Spanish princess was visiting the studio that day and when she heard it was Sybil's birthday, she joined in the birthday celebration.

Shirley Temple is a very busy little star these days. She was glad for the rest period she got during the holidays, but now she is back at the studio rehearsing, acting before the camera, doing her school work and taking her dancing lessons. "Poor Little Rich Girl" is the name of her next picture.

JACKIE COOPER CUT-OUT CONTEST

Wouldn't you like to win one of the fine prizes listed below? All you have to do is put the above cut-out puzzle together and send it to us with a short letter telling us the name of your favorite game and how it is played.

That's easy, isn't it? And we'll give you a hint about the picture. Jackie Cooper and a big police dog are in it.

First prize, $10.00; second, $5.00; and the ten third prizes are $1.00 each. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of correctness and neatness of the cut-out and the clarity and neatness of the accompanying letter. Sorry, but no puzzles can be returned.

Send your cut-out, before March 5th, 1936, to:

MOVIE MIRROR, JUNIOR 7751 Sunset Boulevard Hollywood, California

YOUR USUAL BOWL OF MILK
NO!

OLD KING COLE
IS A MERRY OLD SOUL
NOW THAT HE EATS ROAST BEEF . . .
HE HAS HIS TUMS
IF HEARTBURN COMES . . .
THEY GIVE HIM *QUICK RELIEF!*

LEARN HOW TO EAT FAVORITE FOODS

Without Heartburn . . . Gas . . . Sour Stomach

MAKE the test that has switched millions to Tums. Munch 3 or 4 of them after eating a meal of your favorite foods or when too much smoking, hasty eating, last night's party or some other cause has brought on acid indigestion, sour stomach, gas, belching or heartburn. See how food "taboos" vanish. You are not taking any harsh alkalies which physicians say may increase the tendency toward acid indigestion. Instead a wonderful antacid that dissolves only enough to correct stomach acid.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS ARE ANTACID . . NOT A LAXATIVE

EAT LIKE CANDY
TUMS
STOMACH DISTR
10¢
HANDY TO CARRY

FREE: Beautiful five-color 1936 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of **Tums and NR.** Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Dept. 25C-51, St. Lonis, Mo.

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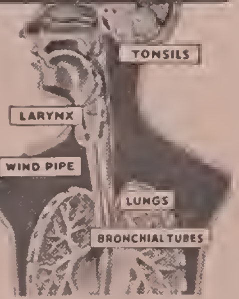
Do symptoms of **Constipation, Indigestion, Dizzy Spells, Sweating and Sleeplessness** keep you irritable, exhausted and gloomy? Medicines, tonics or drugs probably will not relieve your weak, sick nerves. My wonderful book "*Watch Your Nerves*", explains a new method that will help you regain healthy nerves. Send 25c for this amazing book. Money back guaranteed. **ROBERT HOLMES, 13 Fuller Bldg., Jersey City, N.J.**

COUGH STOPPED quicker by "Moist-Throat" Method

DID you know that when you catch cold the thousands of tiny moisture glands in your throat and windpipe dry, or clog? Thick phlegm irritates your throat, *making you cough.*

It is necessary to stimulate those glands to pour out their natural moisture. Pertussin does this. It "unclogs" the glands—loosens phlegm—soothes your cough away.



Over 1,000,000 doctors' prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in one year, according to Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Assn.

• • •

. . . "Pertussin stopped Jackie's bad cough next day!" writes Mrs. P. Fernandez, Providence, R. I. Get a bottle.

PERTUSSIN
"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF
COUGH RELIEF

A Real Southern Gentleman

(Continued from page 47)

When the interview was finished, and Randy was planning a speedy but polite exit from my office, the lady reporter from Boston and Virginia was planning equally polite conversation.

"Of course, Mr. Scott," she opined, "you aren't by any chance connected with the Crane family of Virginia; one of them married a Scott once, I believe."

Randy, in a rush, was off his guard, I guess, because he admitted the Crane strain in the family.

The Boston-Virginia reporter lady's lower jaw waggled with excitement.

"And your mother, is she one of THE Cranes, connected with THE Randolphs?" she gasped.

Cornered, Randy nodded his head numbly.

"And your father, is he one of THE Scotts, connected with THE Johnson line?" her voice squeaked with incredulity.

Randy gave a final nod and made a successful dash for the door.

I settled back smugly into my swivel chair and asked Boston-Virginia to have dinner with me that night.

WITH the soup I learned that Randy Scott is a descendant of President Thomas Jefferson.

With the salad I was told that both the paternal and maternal sides of his family have owned large plantations in Virginia, since long before George III received that embarrassing message from the boys in Philadelphia.

With dessert I discovered that his family tree blooms richly with the names of illustrious officers of the Revolutionary and Civil Wars.

And with coffee and cheese I understood Randy's taciturnity. The real McCoy never mentions any synonyms for ancestry.

I knew I had the shreds of something new and exciting as Hollywood biographies go, but there were so many holes and loose ends that needed details.

It required two years to fill in these gaps, two years of waiting for Randy's tongue to loosen.

Until he was ten years old, Randy believed that everyone, except perhaps the Indians, lived as he did, in enormous sprawling plantation houses, packed to the attics with constantly visiting kinfolk.

He had never seen a big city, an apartment house, a kitchenette or a subway.

He believed that when kinfolk did not visit you at your house, you automatically visited the kinfolk at their enormous, sprawling and crowded plantation homes.

He believed that everyone, except the heathens, maybe, went to church three times every Sunday, bowed from the waist when ladies entered or left the room, and that the entire masculine gender was rigorously careful of the things it did and said when the fair sex was present.

He believed that no woman who smoked, used slang or visited divorce courts was considered a lady in any corner of the world.

LAXATIVES? I NEVER NEED THEM ANY MORE!

Don't Be a Slave to CATHARTICS

***Try This Improved Pasteurized Yeast That's* EASY TO EAT**

IF you take laxatives to keep "regular," you know from experience that drugs and cathartics give only temporary relief from constipation. Such remedies merely cause a drastic purging action. They do not correct the *cause* of your condition.

Doctors now know that in many cases the real cause of constipation is a shortage of the vitamin B complex. This precious factor is sadly deficient in the typical everyday diet. In many foods it is entirely lacking. When this factor is added to the diet in sufficient amounts, constipation goes. Elimination again becomes regular and complete.

Yeast Foam Tablets are pure pasteurized yeast and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. They should stimulate your weakened intestinal nerves and muscles and quickly restore your eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your constipation corrected, you will be rid of the evil cathartic habit. Your energy will revive. Headaches will go. Your skin will be clearer and fresher.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. *These tablets cannot ferment in the body.* Pasteurization makes this yeast utterly safe for everyone to eat. It has a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. And it contains nothing to put on fat.

All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Refuse substitutes.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

Free! **MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY**
You may paste this on a penny post card

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. RG—3-36
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

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DON'T USE A
1/2 WAY
TOOTH PASTE

have beautiful teeth

DOES BOTH JOBS

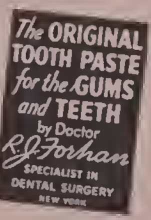
CLEANS TEETH

Replace half way care of your teeth with a tooth paste that does a *Double* job. All the cleansing in the world won't keep your teeth beautiful if you let your *Gums* grow soft and spongy! Forhan's whitens your teeth and protects your gums at the same time.

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's is different from all other tooth pastes. It brings you the famous formula of Dr. Forhan—now used in concentrated form by dentists everywhere to combat gum troubles. It gives you *two-fold* protection, yet costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes. Why take chances with half way dental care? Begin using Forhan's today.

Forhan's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by Doctor
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SPECIALIST IN DENTAL SURGERY
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• NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE NECESSARY Regarding GOOD JOBS IN INSTITUTIONS, HOSPITALS, ETC., everywhere. Write fully for information, enclosing stamp to Schart Bureau, Dept. 3-48, 145 W. 45th St., New York.

Are your lips pretty?

FORM-O-LIP
from Hollywood

Trains the muscles of the upper lip to form a "*Cupid's Bow*". Worn privately in your home. Easily and quickly put on and removed.

YOUR FRIENDS WILL ENVY YOU

A harmless, sanitary rubber appliance, scientifically designed to mould the lips. *Will not mar the skin.* Mailed prepaid in plain package with full instructions. Send $1 TODAY to The Phelps Co., 5942 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

He believed that everyone considered such things as courtesy, honesty and one's word of honor vitally important.

It was a splendid world of soft-voiced women and gallant men, ruled by an antique but stately etiquette.

When Randy was still a baby his family moved to one of the largest of the Crane plantations in Rappahannock County, Virginia. He was the third of seven children (five girls and two boys) which was considered just an average size family by the Scotts and Cranes.

There was a noisy nursery wing in the eighteen-room house presided over by a black Aunty Rose, and later an English governess.

There was a pony for each of the seven children when they reached the romper age, and later a thoroughbred for fox hunting. Horsemanship was a Scott-Crane tradition, and both the men and the women of the family were trained to the saddle from childhood.

In fact Randy's earliest recollection is of his mother preparing to mount her spirited mare for her early morning ride. He recalls that her riding habit of black broadcloth started beneath her chin and ended in a slight train at her heels, that she wore a large hat skewered on with murderous hatpins and a veil and that she looked graceful and very beautiful sitting her side saddle.

ANOTHER vignette from his boyhood has to do with his many visits to Grandfather and Grandmother Scott's plantation, where he was always richly entertained with stories of all the early Scotts, Randolphs and Cranes.

When Grandmother Scott, who towered six feet in her stocking feet, discovered that the rapidly growing Randy was going to "take after" her side of the family, she told him that he had inherited the famous Johnson physique of her forebears. She told him then about her two great-great-uncles, the Johnson boys, who became legendary figures in General Washington's army because of their massive proportions and super-human strength. This Brobdingnagian pair stood seven feet tall, weighed three hundred pounds apiece, and could pick up heavy cannon mired in mud without the aid of horses or oxen.

Against this backdrop of sturdy Americanism, Randy went through all the conventional mechanics of growing up. He prepared for the University of Virginia (where all good Scotts received their degrees) at the Woodbury Forest School. He planned a solid future in financial work. He fell in love at sixteen and with a constancy that is surprising in a boy so young and handsome, he remained in love with the same girl for seven years. He also planned marriage, children and a plantation home just as generations of Scotts had planned such things in Virginia before him.

He did not know, when he laid these careful plans, that he was of the lost generation of the Great War, the generation that had every safe, solid and traditional prop kicked out from beneath it.

He did not know all this when he enlisted, lying boldly about his age. He managed to wedge his way into a trench mortar company that was being sent to France immediately.

He spent four weeks at the front and later went through the St. Mihiel drive. He wrote triumphantly to his frantic mother that he had escaped these battles untouched, but after the Armistice when he had returned home, he discovered his real wounds.

Fourteen months of war left him hideously restless. All his splendid world of gracious living, family pride and century old plantation homes suddenly went flat and untempting.

He tried college for a term or two. It was dull. He tried the textile business. It was duller. He went into his father's new business, budgetary accounting, with the same results. He traveled in Europe with friends for a year and came home to settle down. He couldn't do it.

He went to Florida and found some of the adventure he had been seeking in the land boom. He made a fortune overnight and lost it a year later with almost equal haste.

He tried his father's business again. No go.

The girl he had loved for seven years married another man quite suddenly, and he was more restless and impatient than ever with the arrangement of life.

He devoted himself for a year or two to social whirligigs, hastening from house-parties to fox hunts, from theater forays in New York to winters in Palm Beach.

Finally he decided to try the travel cure again, and this time he drove west to California.

The rest of the story you know so well. You find it in nine out of every ten Hollywood biographies. There was the perennial director who noticed him, who told him to gather experience with stock companies and then try the movie game. And because he had nothing better to do at the time, Randy followed this advice.

BUT I am going to skim over the Hollywood episode, because this interlude of picture making isn't really important in the life of Randolph Scott.

I am going to cut all these current corners although Randy is now definitely slated for stardom within the next twelve months. After two years of western melodramas, he is getting big breaks in such important productions as "Roberta," "She," "Village Tale," "So Red the Rose" and "Follow the Fleet."

Hollywood is furnishing the adventure, the gamble and the quick fortune he has been seeking so long, but in the end Hollywood will leave him unchanged and untouched. Even the high contagion of feverish film romance has found him immune. I am willing to wager that he will never marry an actress.

He has told me that when he has reached his goal (financial independence) he wants to return to Virginia to live. And I believe that he will return. It will be the fulfillment of his natural destiny.

He will return to one of those ancient family plantations, he will marry, raise a family and keep open house for all the kinfolk just as generations of Scotts have done before him. He is essentially too strong to change at all under fame or money or adulation, and that is why Hollywood needs more people like him—to keep it sane and normal in the midst of its own glittering hysteria.

The Secret of Her
BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

and her popularity

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Making Marjorie Over

(Continued from page 31)

shyness, a spoiled-child disposition and a crippling inferiority complex. I can safely say it was the hardest work I've ever done in my whole life."

Joan told me how nothing had ever helped her accomplish those things but sticking to her guns with grim determination. Joan should certainly know. During her teens she was more or less the circumstantial victim of her two older sisters, Barbara being commonly looked upon as the flower of the family, and Connie as the prize package. Both had such vivid personalities that poor little Joan was backed out of the picture by comparison. Her successful developing of herself as a figure is one of the most amazing stories of personality adjustment in all Hollywood.

LORETTA YOUNG took Marjorie in hand next. By that time our mythical model had found out and overcome her defects. So Loretta made as important Point Number Three: PICK THE ATTRACTIVE QUALITIES OF PERSONALITY YOU WANT AND GIVE THEM TO YOURSELF.

"I don't mean to copy a 'type.' Of all things you don't want, you don't want a personality exactly like someone else's. I do mean this, though: determine what qualities you lack that would improve your personality and borrow those qualities from the best sources you know.

"Say to yourself, 'I am going to have the friendliness of this person, the sense of humor of that person, the understanding of this man, the charm of that girl,' and so on.

"Then study that girl's charm. Study the understanding that makes you so fond of that man. Digest the sense of humor of the most delightful people you know—believe it or not, a sense of humor can be learned like anything else. If you have to, ask the most widely liked friend you have to tell you how he or she manages to get along so well with everybody. People like to be questioned about their attractive characteristics. It pleases them to analyze themselves and they'll talk freely if you appear truly interested.

"You can successfully fill any breach in your personality by imitation, at first. Then, after you've been imitating somebody else's brand of charm a while, you'll gradually develop your own version of it. That's what you want in the long run—your own version of everything about you. That's what will make you a unique personality. But you can start now by copying others.

"My defects have been more lacks than faults. Until a few years ago I was unbearably ill at ease with strangers, so much so that I was frequently branded as high-hat. So I purposely studied and imitated the gracious ease of my older sister, Polly Ann. I just simply acted the same way Polly Ann did when I was introduced to new people. Gradually I developed a confidence of my own. And now, if you saw the two of us together meeting strangers—well, I don't think we would handle ourselves a bit like each other."

If you feel tired, nervous and out of sorts
—there is usually a definite reason for this

Now let's reason sensibly

DON'T try to get well in a day . . . this is asking too much of Nature. Remember, she has certain natural processes that just cannot be hurried.

But there is a certain scientific way you can assist by starting those digestive juices in the stomach to flowing more freely and at the same time supply a balanced mineral deficiency the body needs.

Therefore, if you are pale, tired and rundown . . . a frequent sign that your blood-cells are weak—then do try in the simple, easy way so many millions approve—by starting a course of S.S.S. Blood Tonic.

You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

Much more could be said—a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road of feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food . . . sound sleep . . . steady nerves . . . a good complexion . . . and renewed strength.

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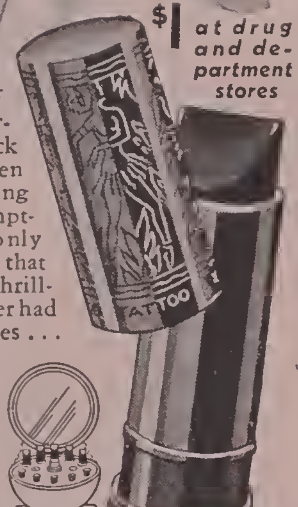

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ROMAN MEAL

After Marjorie had obliterated her defects and filled in her lacks of personality Miriam Hopkins suggested Point Number Four: GIVE YOURSELF NEW ACTIVITIES AND INTERESTS.

"It's perfectly possible to have all the qualities you ought to have and none of the qualities you shouldn't have and still not possess a new personality. For an average personality remains average until it has been made interesting.

"Don't tell me you've tried to be interesting and haven't succeeded. That's impossible. Interesting persons are interested persons, and no one can live and not be interested in something. The thing you want to accomplish is interest in a number of things, so that a number of people will find you interesting to them.

THE best way to do this is to expose yourself regularly to any influences that stimulate you—books, music, dancing, sports, radio, lectures, hobbies, movies, people, politics, the theater, anything. The more things you can talk about or do, the more people will want to talk to and do things with you. The wider your interests the more your personality grows; the narrower your interests the smaller your circle of friends and your chances for success become.

"I can take an example of that from my own life. For a number of years I was on the stage, first as a chorus girl, then playing in small roles. I was intensely ambitious and interested in what I was doing those years. I ate, slept, breathed and incessantly thought show business and nothing else. After a while I was aware that I had become a lopsided personality. I had fewer friends than ever before and all the friends I had were in show business. I realized the reason: outside my own narrow field I was dull, I could attract and interest only people who were engrossed in the same things I was.

"So I made myself over. I have made it a definite part of living, ever since, to stay interested in everything I can that is outside my profession. I want always to have something in common with people from every walk of life; then I will be vivid and attractive to them.

"Keep yourself supplied with new activities and interests and you'll find yourself doing new things, saying new things, staying perked and pepped and attaining your new personality!"

Joan Crawford added the perfect finishing touch to our model with Point Number Five. Lovely Joan advised: MAKE YOURSELF MORE PHYSICALLY ATTRACTIVE THAN EVER BEFORE.

"My definition of physical attractiveness includes clothes as well as bodily beauty. In the day in which we live every girl can be good-looking and every girl can dress charmingly. And to my mind no one can ever determine the immense effect those two things have on personality.

"More than a hundred years ago Balzac wrote 'I have never seen a badly dressed woman who was agreeable and good-humored.' Nor have I. I have seen clothes and a development of physical loveliness change a girl from a dull, average personality into a striking, unique and totally different person.

"So if you want a new personality to complete the changes you have made within yourself so far, give yourself a new and totally done-over exterior. Knowing that you are as beautiful and well-dressed as you can possibly be will uncover facets of personality that you never even knew you had before. You will be more confident, more magnetic and glamorous.

"And how to give yourself this new exterior? Just *change*—change your tastes and preferences and ideas and try out all the different things you can afford to try. Get that odd haircut you haven't dared risk before. Make up your mind to reduce, or gain, or shave down the bulky portions of your figure. Experiment with new cosmetics. Wear some new colors, some new combinations of clothes. If you've been sticking to one type, if you've thought, for instance, that you were the sophisticated type, throw that away like a worn out coat. Go tailored or naive or athletic or feminine. Buy yourself the sort of fluffy evening gown you've never had before, scoop your hair up into a soft curly coiffure, lighten your makeup—and then go out and watch yourself change.

"You will find yourself a new person when you change your exterior. You'll react to what you are wearing and the way you know you look. You'll almost automatically *be* different, for if you *feel* as if you're vivid and charming you just naturally *are* vivid and charming. As suddenly as that you'll discover you're on the road to your new personality.

"Frankly, I give my personality a thorough overhauling ever so often. Many things contribute to that process and one of the most important is changing myself outside too. If you have watched my progress in pictures you know that my appearance has been re-made since I came to Hollywood. I wasn't the Joan I wanted to be in the old days. I had to completely change my exterior a number of times in order to let my personality grow.

"No girl need ever have a personality she doesn't want—she can make it absolutely anything she wishes it to be."

YOU'VE GOT TO BE TEMPERAMENTAL!

Don't go Hollywood? Nonsense, say the great stars! You have to have temperament—and show that you have it—to become a real power in the movies. Nearly every famous personality on the screen has achieved each forward step by "scenes," temperamental outbursts, or what have you? Next month, we tell you the amusing, enthralling inside story of Hollywood temperament, in all its variations and manifestations.

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That Serious Young Man, Dick Powell

(*Continued from page* 57)

tucked away some golden curls that Dick wore until he was nearly three. One photograph shows him in his Louisville, Kentucky, band suit with the white duck panties hanging funny and, oh, the blazer coat!

Then we find him in Pittsburgh, tailored and sleek, but still a little raw. Still a bit unsure of himself. There are also telegrams from all over the country to his mother on special days. "Sweetheart, darling, everyday is Mother's Day to me," reads one. And to his dad and mother, "Greetings to my two sweethearts. Will be home with you Monday."

Suddenly there's Dick in Hollywood. The hair has become a little smoother and maybe a bit wavier. The unsure, gawky look has completely vanished. Instead of the chamber of commerce and riding-with-mayor pictures, we find Dick posing with this world famous celebrity and that.

AFTER that come fan magazine stories, advertisements for Dick Powell shirts, Dick Powell shorts and Dick Powell garters. But among them is a recent item that holds the eye. It tells how all Little Rock is looking forward to a Dick Powell homecoming and tickets for his personal appearance in the high school auditorium will be on sale at the corner of Third and Main Streets. And then come clippings telling how Dick made possible, by that personal appearance, the boys' club swimming pool. Pictures taken with old friends and teachers follow. But what doesn't appear is the story of how Dick was mobbed by the curious, as well as old acquaintances, from morning to night and how Dick and his mother would barricade themselves in the house, hoping for just a few minutes alone together, only to be sought out and dragged apart. And how, after he had finally gone back to Hollywood his mother wept for days while all about her lingered the echo of words spoken long ago:

"He'll never come back once he gets into that work. You'll lose him if you let him go."

He has built himself a new house near Toluca Lake with the money he made in Pittsburgh and the way the thing has progressed beyond the $7,000 budget stage isn't even funny. To begin with, there was to be no swimming pool, no tennis court, no playrooms. Need I say now there is a swimming pool and a tennis court and an outside playroom with showers, a bar, and a projection room for movie showings. With all the beautiful furnishings and what nots, it's kinda got Dick down, but not for long it won't. Just as Mrs. Powell came through so handsomely in the old days when Dick would buy those new tires and gadgets, some one will come through now. Dick will see to it. A nice old lamb of a radio sponsor, probably, or some nice, cozy people called Warners. Waste no time worrying about that lad. It's the people he fastens that "come-to-Dickie-bird" eye on that need the sympathy.

Nothing testifies to Powell's startling

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but sure advancement more than the musical instrument closet in the new house. In the old days, say six months ago, a visitor to Dick's home, the old one, that is, invariably sprawled headlong over a clarinet into a saxophone and, from there on, into every instrument in the band. But with the coming of Shakespeare into his life (he was Lysander in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," you know) and straight acting parts as in "Happiness Ahead," it's back to the clothes closet for the musical instruments.

His parents, his father and mother he adores, are visiting in the new home and sharing with Dick the agony of trying to match service plates with cups and saucers and it's all pretty nerve wracking, I can tell you.

Those who picture Powell as another Hollywood "roust-abouter" would be amazed at the passion the lad has for home staying. For instance, those who see Dick flitting about a movie screen with a batch of Bus Berkley cuties, or better still, listen with fluttering hearts to tender and lilting love ditties that float out from a Dick Powell broadcast, would be surprised to know just what happens to the love ditty singer after the broadcast.

WELL, I'll tell you. In that new house in the valley is a little room Dick calls the library, only it isn't a library, really—it's just a place to sit and rest and look at the burning logs. And sitting before the fire when Dick gets home from that weekly broadcast will be his mother. In the old-fashioned rocker she brought on from Arkansas. And Dick will fling himself into a chair beside her, look in the fire, and groan, "I was terrible."

"I thought a couple of your songs were right good," his mother will comfort.

The log will burn low while the two sit there talking. About his life in Hollywood. His present and his future. They'll talk about Dick taking a wife and things only a mother and son do talk about.

"Sometimes, when I look over and see him sitting there so tired, so discouraged, with himself, I can't but wonder about Dick," his mother told me. "He's young to have gone through so much."

Until long past midnight, with the fire burning low and the wind whistling outside the window and the three iron polo players atop the weather vane skipping about, they'll sit there. Just the two of them. Mother in her rocker and Dick beside her.

Every boy and girl who comes to Hollywood from the sticks and makes good, passes through a certain cycle and Dick Powell is no exception. Almost two years ago, I remember asking him about his reactions to this Hollywood business. "When I first came here," he said, "I didn't realize what success in Hollywood meant. I was indifferent. It really didn't matter so much whether I made good in 'Blessed Event' or not because I liked being a master of ceremonies and I could make good money as an orchestra leader. But now," and his voice grew wistful, "I'm scared to death Hollywood won't let me stay. I'm holding my breath and keeping my fingers crossed."

Which is a fair sample of how Hollywood gets into their blood.

That cycle has also been completed and Dick has now reached the demanding stage, where more money and more everything is expected, or else. From there on, there are just two places to go. Up or down. It all depends on the actor. Other pleasing young juveniles who could play every instrument in the band and were every bit as popular as our hero, are seen no more, remember. Things happen to them in this land of distorted values, where an honest man can easily become befogged in his judgments; where true friends are sometimes confused with the leeches and fake applause is mistaken for the real thing. But because Dick has been on his own so long, and made good in his former work all on his own, the chances of his stepping off into oblivion by the gaga or haywire route are slim. And how that boy has learned.

There are no purse strings in all Hollywood drawn any tighter than Dick's. Mighty little unnecessary shelling out goes on around the Powell vicinity which is a healthy and encouraging sign in this land of show-offs and spendthrifts. Too, he realizes only too well that Hollywood can't last forever. He isn't letting those thousands of fan letters fool him a moment. He knows just how fickle the movie public can be. So Dick spends every spare moment building up a radio audience that will some day rival his movie audience. What's more, he's planning things with that voice of his. Every day rain or shine, earthquakes or floods, dates with Joan Blondell or no, Dick takes a singing lesson. Those two shrewd eyes of his are fastened on an operatic stage. People in Hollywood, or elsewhere for that matter, who shrug and say, "Oh, that Powell, with his everlasting crooning and sweetness, gets me down," just don't know the half of it, that's all.

Personally, I have my money on Powell getting places.

There are two reasons I'm willing to wager. One is that I know the firmness, the keen business sense and the plain horse sense that are Dick's. And the other is I have listened so many times to the humbleness, the honest sincerity, the determination to do something about it, behind Dick Powell's revealing cry of "I'm terrible."

LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE

Oh, we know the old proverb that says it doesn't—but over at 20th Century-Fox they'll tell you differently. They should know. First, they developed one of the biggest child-stars in America, little Shirley Temple. Then, just when the critics said it could never happen again, they unearthed another great little actress—in a Temple film! It was Jane Withers, of course—and don't miss the heart-breaking, heart-warming biography of this newest star in

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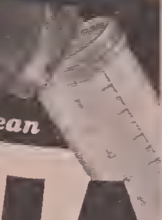

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KOSKOTT COMPANY, B-97
Station F, New York

The Life and Loves of Jeanette MacDonald

(Continued from page 46)

When Jeanette was nine, her romance with Raymond Scott was practically a neighborhood legend. The two little red-headed kids, who looked so much alike with their Dutch bobs, waited for each other after their respective classes, chose each other when "sides" were being picked and, at dancing school, invariably were partners.

ONE afternoon, Ray and his pal Jack Graugh were playing with a .22 rifle they had thought would be swell for target practice in the basement of Jack's home. Jack had made little secret of the fact that he was much in love with Jeanette, too. Without realizing that his buddy was taking aim, Ray ran forward to straighten the target. Jack pulled the trigger. The bullet struck young Scott on the leg and wounded him quite dangerously.

For days, everything was quiet on the block as doctors and nurses went silently in and out of Ray's house. When the danger was past and it became known that the wound was not nearly as serious as had been suspected, it furnished the incentive for the imaginative Jeanette to see herself as a bona fide, absolutely authentic, born siren who had been the cause of "two men shooting it out over her hand!"

Though she knew Ray had been hit in the leg, she prayed for hours that he would recover from the shot "right through the heart." Gone were all her juvenile freshness and impertinence. She didn't even stick her tongue out at the back of anyone who had scolded her, heretofore such an excellent way of getting even. She saw herself going through life marked with tragedy. Well, she would be a Sunday school teacher, that's what she'd be. Anyway, she would be a very pale, a very quiet little girl and devote the rest of her life to Ray. She was pale and quiet for about a month. Then she forgot all about it and by the time Jeanette was ten, a newer and brighter interest came into her life: a career.

One evening, a singing teacher named Al White called at the MacDonald home and nearly bowled over the entire family (including Jeanette, herself) by offering her the prima donna role in a child act he was forming. Until this abrupt development, the MacDonalds had taken Jeanette's definite talents with the piano, as well as her singing and dancing, merely as pleasant diversions in the education of their child. Her frequent public appearances in amateur and charity affairs had made the family secretly proud. Her father was particularly well pleased with his talented little daughter and used to carry a small picture of Jeanette dressed in dancing costume in his wallet. But to be offered a "p'fessional engagemun" during summer vacation was something entirely different.

The act was composed of six children, two girls and four boys. It was decided that Jeanette, accompanied by Mrs. MacDonald, would be permitted to tour with

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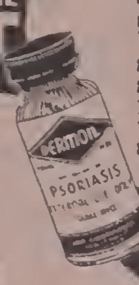

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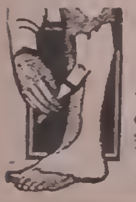

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ALICE WHITE MOVIE ACTRESS WEARING WILKNIT HOSIERY

the juvenile company to Ocean Wood, Atlantic City, Hershey and Harrisburg. Blossom, the middle sister, was a real ally in this decision because Blossom had been harboring stage ambitions herself.

THE little act was a big success that summer. Their engagements weren't important, but they were profitable to Mr. White who was beginning to dread the start of the school season. He particularly hated to lose the services of his little star, Jeanette, for the child was a natural.

All her life, Jeanette had known nothing but devotion and praise for her singing efforts. Having met with but few rebuffs, it was only natural that she should be free from any self-consciousness. Yet, there was nothing of the show-off about her. She was a tractable, sweet child who looked like a little angel across the footlights and was a real trouper, too, never forgetting her lines. To top everything, she was healthy. Most of the children her age were continually suffering with colds or other kid ailments.

But as successful and as much fun as the little tour was, it became the inception point for the most disagreeable sequence of events in all of Jeanette's life thus far; a turning point along the way that definitely changed her attitude and brought hate and opposition into her existence for the first time.

There are many fine women teaching school who are deserving of all the praise heaped on their heads for their wise guidance of the young charges in their care. But there are a very few, so warped and bitter in their outlook that their position in the lives of children is to be regretted. Impossible as it may seem, some of these women harbor jealousies of certain children that are as inexplicable as they are dangerous. And such a woman was one of the principals of Jeanette's grade school.

She had always been opposed to Jeanette's participation in amateur activities. But when she learned that the child had been touring that summer with a professional act, she went to the board of education in Philadelphia with a tale that brought Jeanette's bewildered father and mother and the child before that august body.

"As long as I live," relates Jeanette, "I shall never forget the indignity of standing there before those people and answering the insinuating questions they put to me. I could hardly speak, I was trembling with such rage when they asked me if Father beat me, if Mother beat me and if they took the money I earned away from me by force. I couldn't understand what it was all about. We had had such fun with the act, Mother and I! And now we were almost like criminals. Answering those impudent questions put by total strangers while that woman sat on the sidelines and smirked. How I hated her! Yet I felt she hated me equally as much. Who painted my face? When did I go to bed? Did I ever see grown people smoking or drinking? Had I heard any 'bad language'? Of course, I tried not to show the outrage I felt. And I suppose I answered the questions satisfactorily. At least, the report that came back stated that the body found me a very nice little girl and that my education had not suffered and that I had been exposed to no unmoral influences!"

But a feud was born between the child and the older woman, a feud that was to reach far into Jeanette's life.

Child acts were very popular. Gus Edwards' troupe and another called the Rosebuds were doing exceptionally well in big time and it was natural that Mr. White should want to continue his little act for the next season. He was very ambitious and his efforts had been rewarded with contracts for that mecca of all professional activity, New York.

Naturally, Jeanette and her mother went along. But before the act could open, an unsigned telegram was received by the Gerry Society notifying them that a child, Jeanette MacDonald, who was about to appear on the New York stage, was posing as sixteen whereas the records would prove her to be but eleven. Neither Jeanette nor her mother needed a signature to that wire to know who had sent it. The heart-broken little girl was stopped from appearing in New York and there was nothing left to do but return to Philadelphia.

One evening, when called upon to sing at a charity benefit, she looked out into the audience and saw the hated school principal's face smirking up at her. The muscles in her throat tightened. Not a note could she sing. With tears of mortification streaming down her face she dashed out of the room and failed in a performance for the first time in her life.

THIS unreasonable opposition from a strange woman had a curious effect upon Jeanette's personality. It gave her her first stage fright and made her self-conscious. Gone was all her kid bravado. She came to the conclusion that something discouraging and disappointing was waiting around every corner to waylay her.

She lost her love of singing and her interest in a career became definitely a thing of the past.

Her next two years, busy with high school activities, were happier. She was definitely away from the immediate influence of the grade school principal, she was popular in school, particularly in athletics; she was the captain of the girls' baseball team. She was wrapped up in her piano and dancing lessons and accompanied her mother to every show and concert in Philadelphia. Too, the family was very proud of Blossom who was succeeding very nicely as a dancer in New York.

Oddly enough, Jeanette's progress as a dancer was far exceeding her work as a singer and she devoted much of her time to it. She had a peculiar technique in soft shoe and tap work; danced with her feet wide apart giving her movements a sort of eccentric grace. Although she didn't particularly care for dancing, she accepted it as a part of her routine in general education.

In the summer of Jeanette's fourteenth year, her father delighted her by offering to take her to New York to see Blossom. It was a business trip for Mr. MacDonald. Blossom was appearing in a Ned Wayburn show and Jeanette's heart nearly burst with excitement when her sister took her backstage after the performance.

Blossom had always had the greatest

enthusiasm about her little sister's talents and now she determined to find out if a real professional like Ned Wayburn would think Jeanette was as good as she thought she was.

She dressed Jeanette in one of her own dresses and a sealskin coat, she loaned Jeanette a black straw hat with pink roses, and in all this finery the little girl felt simply too stunning. It was all a great lark to her.

"WHAT can you do?" asked Wayburn a moment or so later. Jeanette said she could sing and dance. "Well, sing," said the producer.

Jeanette started to sing a popular song. She had completed the first verse when Wayburn's voice interrupted with: "You better go into your dance, child. You aren't going to go far as a singer!"

(The second installment of this three-part serial will take up Jeanette MacDonald's career in New York . . . how she continued to get credit for her dancing and NOT her singing . . . about her first real romance and how it started in a riotous Beaux Arts Ball . . . of the time she almost got a singing role and the secret reason why she failed.)

Presenting Hollywood's youngest leading man—Freddie Bartholomew. Freddie, as most of you know, was born in Warminster, England, March 28th, 1924. His early education, under the direction of his beloved "Cissie," his aunt, Miss Myllicent Bartholomew, developed in him such a love of Dickens that, on learning that David Selznick was looking for a child to play the part of "David Copperfield," he persuaded Cissie to make the long trek to Hollywood. There Mr. Selznick decided that Freddie was David to the life, an opinion that thousands of you have endorsed. Freddie's next role was in "Anna Karenina" with Greta Garbo; his current one is "Professional Soldier," with Victor McLaglen. And now everyone is happy to learn that Frances Hodgson Burnett's beloved "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is to come to life again on the screen—with Freddie in the title role, and with Dolores Costello as Dearest, his mother.

They felt sorry for my little girl

—until she started to play

My little Barbara was attending her first party in Newton. The affair was a great success, each little girl was doing her bit to entertain . . . except Barbara who seemed sadly "out of things".

Suddenly one mother whispered, "What's the matter with that new little girl? Can't she do anything?" In spite of myself I flushed. But Barbara had heard, too—and without saying a word she sat down at the piano and played song after song, while the children crowded around her singing at the top of their lungs.

Barbara was the hit of the party. The other mothers deluged me with questions. I explained that Barbara never had a teacher, but learned at home through the U. S. School of Music—a simplified method which cost only a few cents a day!

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Mail Post Card TODAY for GORGEOUS STYLE PRESENTATION SENT FREE!

Cooking

(Continued from page 10)

well. And the bugbear of spinach, which has been joked about, but is really very serious, won't exist in your home as your children get older.

Preparing vegetables for the baby takes time, but it simply must be done correctly if they are to be of real benefit to him. He must have all the mineral salts and all the vitamins. The lack of these may make him anaemic.

Nature, in a wonderful way, has stored enough iron in his little system to supply him during the early months when he gets little besides milk. But as he gets to be four and five and six months old, this supply is gradually exhausted. It must be made up for by the elements found in vegetables when properly cooked.

Choose the soundest, freshest vegetables. Cook them in a covered dish with as little water as possible, until they are soft, but not overdone, as this may destroy the vitamin content. Towards the end of the cooking, take off the cover, and let the water begin to evaporate. Put the vegetables through a sieve, after mashing, so there are absolutely no hard particles left. You may use the tiniest flick of salt, but never, on any account, any other condiment. Save the little water left in the cooking pot, and add it to the mashed, sieved vegetables.

At first the baby can have potatoes, peas, spinach, carrots and string beans, or mixtures of these. When you serve them separately, tell what the name of the vegetable is, and how delicious it tastes. It won't be long before he can differentiate between them, and while he may have a slight favorite that he'll crow loudest for, he will learn to like them all.

Because this special preparing of vegetables for babies is such a fussy business, many modern mothers have taken advantage of the new, hygienic, absolutely correct canned vegetables for babies. These fine baby foods are made of the best, freshest vegetables possible, fresher, possibly, than you could buy in your own market. They are cooked and canned with every expert aid of modern science in gleaming white kitchens. No doubt about the length of cooking, or the vitamin content. They are guarded scientifically.

You can see these special "baby vegetables" on the shelves of all the big markets here in Hollywood, and I know that many of the beautiful children I see are being raised on them; in spite of the fact that we in California are especially fortunate in the fresh vegetables our markets offer.

WHEN he is eight or nine months, he can have baked apple (correctly prepared) a special simple custard, creamed soups and liver paste. If you are in any doubt about fixing these things, let me know and I'll be glad to send you instructions.

Onions, cabbage and cauliflower may possibly give the baby gas, so watch out for this, and try him with very small quantities at first. But he can have strained fresh or canned tomatoes, prune pulp, a very ripe banana which is mashed and whipped up lightly with a fork.

Bread should always be toasted very brown and dry. He will love it that way, especially when the teeth begin to come, as it gives him something to chew vigorously. As he grows older, he will enjoy whole-wheat and graham crackers.

Very gradually, more grown-up foods can be added until the baby is fully launched on the simple, healthful fare of childhood. If you have guarded his baby food habits, you will save him (and yourself) those dreadful family wrangles over eating what is good for him. He will prefer the good things instinctively. And when the baby is a full grown man or woman, he or she will bless you for the sturdy health and attractive appearance which is the heritage of people whose fortunate childhood was guarded by a mother wise in food habits.

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Beauty for the Tall Girl

(Continued from page 20)

perfect beauty. But each, in her own way is distinctive.

But wait a minute! It isn't being different that's going to get you anywhere, because it's basic human instinct to notice differences and to pass quick judgment on them. Either the difference attracts, or it repels. Just because you're tall doesn't mean you're going to attract. At the same time, it doesn't mean you're going to repel, as so many girls seem unhappily to believe.

Whichever reaction you get from the world around you, depends squarely and exactly on you. I want you taller girls to think about that and to think about it so much that it becomes a part of you, something you will never forget. Because, that way, lies beauty for you—and such beauty!

Never forget that Nature has given you an advantage, an edge on the average girl. You are *different*. You already possess one of the ingredients of beauty. What are you going to do about it?

Are you going to go slumping through life, all caved in, wearing low heels all the time because you think this will make you look shorter? Are you going to make cynical and funny references to your height at every chance you get? Are you going to buy silly, fluffy clothes, and affect a silly, fluffy manner with the silly idea that this will make you more feminine looking?

DON'T think I made up that last paragraph. I've known tall girls who did all those things—that is, until they—(well, there's just one good slang phrase that exactly expresses it) until they got wise to themselves. And you are going to get wise to yourself right here and now.

Let's take those things I mentioned, one by one. They are the wrong things to do. Here are the right things. You know by now, if you read what I write each month, that I'm much keener on what to do than what not to do.

First you are going to realize that one of the most beautiful things on earth is a lovely tall girl or woman. It isn't by accident that queens in fairy tales are always tall. And I remember a remark made by a friend of mine, when he saw Kay Francis come into a restaurant. He said, "Isn't she gorgeous? Pretty women are a dime a dozen, but it takes a tall woman—" Kay Francis, as I am sure you must know, is really a big girl.

So you are going to straighten up, throw your shoulders back, raise your chin proudly, and walk like a queen. You're going to begin to know that little ripple of admiration which follows a tall girl who carries herself magnificently. If you don't know how, ask me for the information I have on this, which Zecel Silvonia gave me. Zecel is the head of the Paramount Studio Charm School, and she *knows*. But all the exercises in the world won't help you, if you don't feel right inside, and that brings us to the second thing.

You've got to stop feeling apologetic about your height, and if you've read this carefully so far, you've seen how ridiculous that feeling of yours was. Maybe

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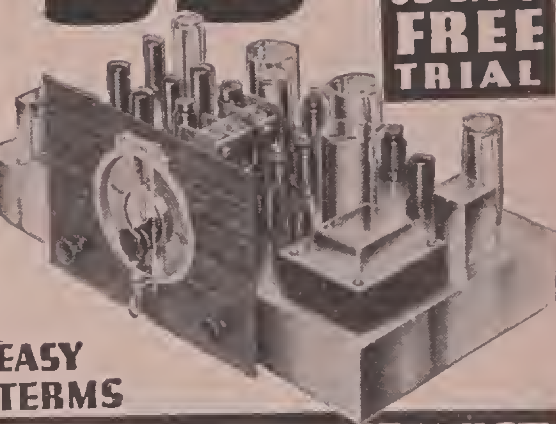

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it was a hangover from your school days, when you got your full growth in your early teens, and stupid children teased you about it. But wherever it came from, you haven't it now, have you? No, certainly not.

Your height is a difference, yes, but make it a beautiful difference, and you've nothing to apologize for. On the contrary, you can look down (actually) at girls who aren't so lucky. You won't express this feeling of superiority, of course, that would be conceited and cruel; but if you've been suffering from an inferior feeling, it won't hurt you a bit to think about it to yourself occasionally. And it will show pleasantly in your carriage.

Now for clothes. This is really the province of Gwenn Walters, our Fashion Editor, but I'm going to trespass on it this once. I'm not discussing fashions, but general types of clothes.

You tall girls can wear so many things that no one else can, you scarcely have to worry about the few things you should avoid. You can choose devastating, big picture hats that would be impossible on others. You can swirl capes around you and be stunning, not foolish. Gorgeous draperies were made for you. No one can be as utterly chic in the severe tailleur as a tall girl. You can run wild among the costume evening gowns and not make a mistake. Oh you lucky five-foot-sevens, and-eights and-nines!

Don't insist on flat heels at all times. Choose your shoes for their appropriateness to your costume. Just now, flat-heeled shoes and slippers are being made for wear around the clock, but when the style goes out, don't persist in this. You wouldn't, of course, go in for three-inch spike heels, but there are plenty of pretty shoes with a moderate heel.

As a general thing, big hats, or at least with a little brim are better for you than turbans. You'll choose gored rather than pleated skirts, and you won't wear materials with vertical stripes. You will be well groomed at all times! A carelessly turned out ensemble is bad on anyone, but it's ten times worse on a tall girl. I don't know why, unless it's because the world expects a tall girl to be better looking than anyone else.

Like every other girl who respects herself, you will guard the beauty of your hair, your complexion, and use the right make-up. You'll pay attention to keeping your weight normal and your figure what you want it.

Remember that a large share of my mail is about these last things and I'll be so glad, as I always am, to read your letter, to think about it, and to answer it carefully.

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 33*)

Riff Raff (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Jean Harlow, Spencer Tracy, Una Merkel, Mickey Rooney, Joseph Calleia, Victor Kilian, and J. Farrell MacDonald.*

It's About: *The romance of an egotistical tuna fisherman and the beautiful gal on the waterfront.*

This is up to highest standard of any concerned, offering rather good story and atmosphere with some good and some bad performances.

When Jean Harlow, the beautiful tuna packer, comes close to marrying the big boss, fisherman tough-guy Spencer Tracy decides to grab her himself. Their marriage is no sooner over than Tracy's egotism gets the better of him, he dumbly listens to communistic drivel and becomes a strike leader. After ten weeks of strike, during which the instalment store takes back their furniture, the union ousts Tracy and reinstates a former union leader. Tracy goes on the bum, vowing to make good or never return to Harlow. Harlow is imprisoned for stealing money to aid him, and her baby is born in prison. She and Tracy get together in the finale after Tracy wakes up to his own ability and stops kidding himself.

Spencer Tracy grabs top acting honors and Una Merkel and J. Farrell MacDonald share remaining honors with two sincere performances. Jean Harlow looks better with brown hair than platinum, but the change hasn't helped her acting ability and she misses most of the dramatic chances. Mickey Rooney and Joseph Calleia are fine.

Your Reviewer Says: Full of nice surprises and some disappointments. So maybe you'd better decide for yourself.

✓Magnificent Obsession (Universal)

You'll See: *Irene Dunne, Robert Taylor, Charles Butterworth, Betty Furness, Sara Haden, Ralph Morgan, others.*

It's About: *A playboy who miraculously reforms after his thoughtlessness has brought death and disaster to a doctor's family.*

Book-lovers the world over will be watching for the picturization of the Lloyd C. Douglas best-seller. They'll find that, while a certain depth has been lost, the original philosophy of the book is made clearer on the screen and welcome touches of humor have been added in Robert Taylor's drunken scenes and Charles Butterworth's delightful dead-pan performance.

As most readers already know, the story concerns the influence that *Dr. Hudson's* "magnificent obsession" (briefly, the belief that the more you give and the more unselfishly you give to the world, the more power you will have) has upon the lives of those he has left behind, and how it finally brings happiness to the main characters after a series of mishaps starting with the doctor's death and culminating in the blindness of his widow.

Perhaps it's not a great picture, but at times it's a beautiful one. Irene Dunne, never more exquisitely lovely and natural, is truly magnificent in the role of *Mrs. Hudson*, while Robert Taylor achieves a new dignity in his better-than-usual portrayal of *Bobby Merrick*, the wealthy young drunkard responsible for her husband's death. Betty Furness and Sara Haden are charmingly real in small roles.

Your Reviewer Says: Ideal matinee fare for women—but bring your hankie.

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✓✓Whipsaw (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy, Harvey Stephens, William Harrigan, Clay Clement, Robert Gleckler, John Qualen.*

It's About: *A clever gang of jewel thieves who have troubles, not only with the G-Men but another jewel gang as well.*

Easily one of the three best adventure thrillers of the year, packing plenty of suspense, action and romance, with one of the best-written plots ever. You'll rave, if you like action.

With such a clever story, it really isn't fair to tell you the main idea. Mostly, it's concerned with the efforts of two rival jewel gangs to outwit each other while the law looks on. Mixed in it is a very beautiful lady and a very fast-talking G-Man. Romance? Yes, plenty.

Myrna Loy, after a too-long absence in Europe, returns to play the beautiful jewel thief on her "last job." Spencer Tracy makes the most believable G-Man yet seen. They will hold your interest throughout and you'll get a kick out of their love scenes. Harvey Williams and William Evans, as jewel thieves, give good accounts of themselves. One of the nicest performances seen lately is the role of *Dabson*, played by John Qualen; your heart will go out to this little guy whose wife is having a baby on the night the telephone wires are down. It's a real performance. The cast does everything to bring the picture up to the highest entertainment standards.

Your Reviewer Says: The best of the adventure pictures. You'll love it!

✓Hitch Hike Lady (Republic)

You'll See: *Alison Skipworth, Mae Clarke, Arthur Treacher, Jimmie Ellison, Warren Hymer, Beryl Mercer, J. Farrell MacDonald.*

It's About: *The adventures of a stranded English woman who has to hitch hike across the U. S. to reach her son in California.*

Plenty of laughs, a well-paced fund of small, dramatic highlights and some mighty good performances make this picture worth your time and money.

Story tells of a very trusting mother, living in London, who is so anxious to see her son who is "working at Rancho San Quentin, California" that she starts out with her small worldly goods to make the trip. Her trusting nature brings about the robbery that relieves her of all her money. She decides to hitch-hike from Ohio to the coast with Mae Clarke. On the way they meet a handsome young lad with a luxurious trailer and he helps them on the way. Of course they try to figure out some way of uniting mother and son without letting her know that "Rancho San Quentin" is really the California State Prison, and they succeed.

Alison Skipworth is sincere and commendable as the trusting mother. Mae Clarke and Jimmie Ellison carry the romance in a trailer and make you like it plenty. Arthur Treacher and Warren Hymer are a swell comedy team. The rest of the cast, particularly J. Farrell MacDonald and Beryl Mercer, help a lot.

Your Reviewer Says: Not an epic but a grand little comedy at that.

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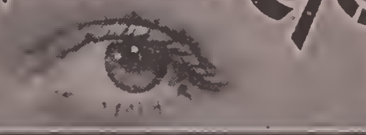

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Chatterbox (RKO)

You'll See: *Anne Shirley, Phillips Holmes, Edward Ellis, Erik Rhodes, Margaret Hamilton and Granville Bates.*

It's About: *A stage-minded youngster who wants to follow her actress mother in the theater.*

A homespun little picture, with Anne Shirley in her first starring role, for those who enjoy sweetness and light.

All about a little country girl who has ambitions to be a stage actress. Her mother had been an actress and had been locked out of the ancestral home for her trouble, but country girl Anne Shirley is undaunted. She sees a play which once starred her mother and follows it to city where she is given same role. Romance and comedy are mixed in before the fade-out and you'll go away realizing that you've seen the female "Merton of the Movies" plot.

Anne Shirley does rather well by her first starring role, but has so much footage herself that rest of cast gets too little and the picture suffers slightly as a result. Phillips Holmes is unsuited to a hero role. Edward Ellis and Granville Bates steal honors and the cast is adequate.

Your Reviewer Says: See this if you like Shirley Temple plots.

✓✓ Ceiling Zero (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, June Travis, Stuart Erwin, Isabel Jewell, Barton MacLane, Garry Owen, and James Bush.*

It's About: *Modern transport and air-mail flying through fog and sleet with romance waiting on the ground.*

A rarity among pictures, a film that started out to be a good programmer and became super-special entertainment. Plenty of suspense and action with enough romance and dangerous flying to satisfy.

Plot concerns three war flying buddies who have remained in peace time flying. O'Brien is executive boss while Stuart Erwin and Cagney remain pilots. Cagney, known as "Dizzy Davis," holds his job only through help of O'Brien who believes him a great flyer despite egotistic rashness and failure to follow orders. Cagney also has heart trouble, both kinds. Romantic heart trouble causes him to fake illness and get Erwin to take his flight and Erwin crashes to death when radio fails in fog. Actual heart trouble causes Government to refuse him new license. Before it's over you'll have heart trouble.

It's been a long time since there were so many exceptional performances in one picture. Honors are shared by Cagney, O'Brien, Stuart Erwin and newcomer June Travis. Isabel Jewell is a small hit in her moment of high drama and James Bush scores as the radio operator.

Your Reviewer Says: Highly recommended as smash entertainment.

✓✓King of Burlesque (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Warner Baxter, Alice Faye, Jack Oakie, Mona Barrie, Arline Judge, Gregory Ratoff, Dixie Dunbar, Kenny Baker, Fats Waller, Gareth Joplin and Herbert Mundin.*

It's About: *Three pals who rose from lowest burlesque to Revues on Broadway only to lose all when No. 1 Pal goes society.*

A swell show. In fact the first musical ever made that looks like stage stuff. A good story, lots of laughs, grand singing and dancing and good performances.

All about Warner Baxter, Alice Faye and Jack Oakie who start together in burlesque and have so much success they move up town and become the toast of Broadway with their musical girl-shows. Right smack in the middle of their success, though, Baxter feels the need of culture and class to make his life complete and when he falls for a defunct society gal, Mona Barrie, the success story is over. She makes him change his style and after four flops in a row he is broke. How he comes back, how the gang gets together again, is very worth your time and money.

Jack Oakie steals the comedy end of the show and wraps it up as only an Oakie can wrap. Dixie Dunbar, a five-foot gal with a gorgeous figure and a sassy voice, will dance her way right into your heart. Alice Faye is grand as the dance manager of the trio and Gregory Ratoff will keep you in the aisle with his role of the hired "angel." Warner Baxter plays the ringleader of the gang with real sincerity and Mona Barrie is fine in her snooty part. You will have to cheer for Fats Waller and his band, Kenny Baker and his voice and young Gareth Joplin and his dancing feet. Swell music, too.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't miss this for any reason. It's got everything.

✓✓ Professional Soldier (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Victor McLaglen, Freddie Bartholomew, Gloria Stuart, Constance Collier, C. Henry Gordon, Michael Whalen.*

It's About: *An ex-Marine who hires out to kidnap a king only to find it's a boy-king whom he returns to the throne via the machine-gun method.*

Long live the King (Freddie Bartholomew) and long live the Marines (Vic McLaglen) for their swell tough-guy and little-kid partnership that makes for movie entertainment that every youngster and at least half the adults in the country will rave about.

McLaglen is an ex-Marine who hires out as a professional soldier to the highest bidder. This time, he is offered $50,000 to abduct the little king of *Lordknowswheria,* the idea being the revolutionists will then gain power and return the king to the throne after they have disposed of the unfaithful cabinet. Of course McLaglen does so, and of course the royalists find his hiding place and capture him. But Vic escapes from his prison in time to capture a machine gun and do his stuff.

Freddie Bartholomew plays little King Peter II to the very hilt and everyone will be more in love with him than ever. Victor McLaglen is tougher than ten-penny nails. Gloria Stuart and a handsome newcomer, Michael Whalen, carry the romance in fine style.

Damon Runyon wrote the story and the entire cast play it for all they're worth. It's G-Man stuff in fairy-book language.

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Your Reviewer Says: Take the whole family. If you can't go, send the kids!

Three Live Ghosts (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Richard Arlen, Beryl Mercer, Claude Allister, Charles McNaughton, Cecilia Parker, Dudley Digges and Nydia Westman.*

It's About: *Three English soldiers, all reported killed-in-action, who prefer to remain "dead" for various reasons.*

Offering Claude Allister and Beryl Mercer an exceptional opportunity to steal the show and Cecilia Parker a chance to play leading lady, this picture has its entertaining moments and stays well within the limits of a fair programmer.

Three English soldiers, sojourning in enemy prison camps, have been reported killed in action by the war office. When they return to England after the Armistice, they remain "dead" because one is an escaped criminal from the United States, another's mother has already collected half of his insurance money and the third is still goofy from shell shock. Of course there is romance and intrigue galore. In the end, the whole mess is straightened out so that the "dead" may live in peace.

Claude Allister, as the goofy victim of shell shock, wraps the picture up and walks away with it. Beryl Mercer, as the insurance-spending step-mother of another ghost, takes what is left in handy style. Cecilia Parker is pretty and quite romantic. The surprise of the picture, though, is Mr. Arlen, who is allowed to walk through one or two scenes and play "extra." Dick deserves much better consideration than he gets here. The cast is well chosen.

Your Reviewer Says: A few laughs, a couple of highlights.

✓✓Two In the Dark (RKO)

You'll See: *Walter Abel, Margot Grahame, Wallace Ford, Gail Patrick, Alan Hale, Leslie Fenton, Eric Blore, Erik Rhodes.*

It's About: *An amnesia victim who believes he may have committed a murder before he lost his memory—a mystery worked backwards.*

Like mysteries? Well, my friends, here is one that will send you away smiling; it's *that* tough to figure out. We bet you don't guess the right answer.

When Walter Abel recovers from a seige of amnesia, he finds himself confiding to an unemployed actress on a park bench. He is worried, mainly, because he *may* have murdered a famous stage producer before he lost his memory. In fact, who is he now? Together, they try to unravel the mystery of his name and the murder.

Mr. Abel does a competent acting job here, but needs a bit more latitude for his talents before he will equal his stage hits. Margot Grahame plays her role of the unemployed actress with a light-hearted gaiety and does right well. Wallace Ford does his standard reporter with his ever-present cigar while Alan Hale rollicks through his job as police inspector with nonchalance and good fun. Those two fun-masters, Eric Blore and Erik Rhodes, bring plenty of laughs.

The real kick of this picture, though, is the well planned story. Really a gem

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of its kind. The direction and photography are up to a par with the rest of the picture's excellence.

Your Reviewer Says: A very good mystery picture. See it for sure.

✓If You Could Only Cook (Columbia)

You'll See: *Herbert Marshall, Jean Arthur, Leo Carrillo, Lionel Stander, Alan Edwards, Frieda Inescort, Gene Morgan, Ralph Harolde.*

It's About: *A millionaire and a servant girl who find romance while he, disgusted with life and love, is posing as a poor guy.*

You ought to like this picture, it has charm and a certain down-to-earth quality, to say nothing of that time-proven twist of the rich gentleman who stoops (to being a butler, no less) to find romance.

When *James Buchanan* (Herbert Marshall) learns that his romance is bereft of true love and that his own board of directors have turned down his new automobile designs, he sits on a park bench to think things over. He makes the mistake, however, of sitting next to a beautiful young lady who, in turn, makes the mistake of believing him to be as jobless and hungry as she is. He reads the want-ad section, just to please her, and they wind up taking a job as cook and butler for a retired bootlegger. He has given her the name of "Jim Burns" and they have a back-stairs romance that he recognizes as the real thing. Of course, there are complications before they can get to the altar—and *at* the altar—but you'll love it.

Herbert Marshall is grand as the millionaire-butler. Jean Arthur, one of our pets by the way, does right well as the other half of the romance and photographs beautifully. Leo Carrillo plays his usual "Italian" and, as usual, does it well. His bodyguard (portrayed by Lionel Stander) is really swell. The cast is above par.

Your Reviewer Says: A darn good little picture. You'll go away smiling.

✓Collegiate (Paramount)

You'll See: *Joe Penner, Jack Oakie, Ned Sparks, Frances Langford, Betty Grable, Lynne Overman, Betty Jane Cooper, Mack Gordon and Harry Revel.*

It's About: *A musical and very collegiate version of "The Charm School."*

A swell musical picture studded with stars, loaded with laughs, and spiked with plenty of good music and dancing.

When spendthrift Jack Oakie inherits an exclusive girls' school he also inherits wealthy aunt's secretary, Frances Langford, but no dough to run the school. Oakie and his press agent, Ned Sparks, persuade Joe Penner, who can't remember his own name but who has lots of dough, to agree to finance it. Oakie, Penner, and Sparks immediately revamp the school with Gordon and Revel as music instructors and Betty Jane Cooper on the tap dancing and the result is that commencement exercises are a wow.

Joe Penner has some new gags and you'll laugh plenty. Oakie with his breezy cocksureness is swell. Frances Langford does some right nice singing and romances with Oakie meanwhile. Ned Sparks coaxes plenty of guffaws with his dry humor and Betty Jane Cooper is tops in looks and tapping.

Your Reviewer Says: Rates near tops of musicomedy film fare. Better see it.

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 19)

HERE'S a brand new idea from Hollywood!

Some gal invented what she calls "The Barometer Dress." The gag is this: when you have starved yourself down to the best proportions possible, have a dress made to fit you perfectly. Try the dress on at least once a week from then on and it will show you exactly how much you have gained (you hearty eaters) and, what's more important, *where!* When you reach the point where you can't get the thing hooked-up at all—maybe suicide would help.

* * *

THE other day on the set of "Strike Me Pink," Ethel Merman had a shock that will last her for a few months. It all happened during a scene in which Ethel was supposed to walk across the set to a window, draw back the curtain and look out.

Everything went along nicely until she drew back the curtain. There, staring her right in the face, was a deadly black widow spider! Somehow, she continued with her lines, not betraying the shock she had suffered until after the director had called cut. Then she made up for lost time! The scream that burst forth from Ethel Merman's throat after that scene was finished will last long in the memory of everyone on the picture. In a few seconds, a property man put the would-be scene-stealer out of business and the show went on.

* * *

THE next time you're in a theater seeing a swell movie, think of seeing the same picture in Bill Powell's private projection room with the seats coming out from the wall at the touch of a button and a nice butler standing within ear-shot to hear any little orders.

* * *

WE thought this story that drifted back from New York a very funny one: maybe you'd like to hear it.

It seems that there were a lot of dancers on the floor and one particular butter-and-egg man and his blonde were having plenty of trouble avoiding another couple. Finally he stopped dead and turned to the man who seemed unable to keep from steering into him and cracking up his shins.

The B-and-E man quipped, "Say, you, if you want dancing lessons, go somewhere and pay for 'em. This lady and I are black and blue from your cavorting and we won't stand for much more of it!" With that, he stamped off in a huff.

P. S.: The man he bawled out was Fred Astaire.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD IN SHORTS

Janet Gaynor took a tour through the new *Times* building the other day and one

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of the boys on the paper remembered her from the far-off days before "Seventh Heaven" when she used to hang around the drama department and, when the gang would choose the star pictures for Sunday, used to quip, "I wonder if my picture will ever be in the Sunday paper?"

All of you racing fans who have been betting the next paycheck on a nag called Beverly Hills—just because the horse is owned by Clark Gable—must have felt swell the other day when he finally came in a WINNER and paid off at six to one!

Quite a group: Charlie Chaplin, H. G. Wells and Alexander Woollcott having a discussion over the dinner table at Sardi's. Charlie's hair is so gray that he looks as if he's been out in a snow scene.

There are those (the cynics) who seem to think that the engagement of Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable was merely a bit of publicity to start their personal appearance tour off with a bang. We wouldn't know.

Loretta Young is going to start working any minute now, just by way of making ninnies out of all those scandal mongers who had her "dying," "broke" and "off the screen forever." She has, by the way, a couple of trust funds that would knock your hat off and she is feeling better than she's felt for years.

Carole Lombard threw another of her "specials" the other night. This time it was Cuban. All the furniture was cleared out of her shack and the tables were set under palm trees. Plenty of Cuban food and a hot-cha rhumba band kept things going.

* * *

THAT old-fashioned hayride party that has been taking up so much of the tea-time gossip lately, finally came off the other night. Grace Bradley, the hostess, had all the guests meet at her house in the valley. From there, everyone was hustled into special vans and trundled to the Malibu Club.

Gad, but it was cold that night. The frost hung low (if not on the punkin, at least on the back of my neck) and the gang were plenty chilly when they arrived at the "barn." No one had thought to bring an overcoat—what with the costumes or overalls and such—and the punch was much in demand.

Long about dawning, the trucks were started again and the trek to the city was on. Something new for Hollywood, these hayride shindigs, and we're wondering now if that star who offered Grace $500 to drop the idea so that she could grab it figures she missed the boat. Or the truck.

* * *

A LINE O' TYPE OR TWO

Bob Taylor has stolen another fat role right out from under the nose of Robert Montgomery. Montgomery was scheduled to appear opposite Janet Gaynor in "Small Town Girl."

Connie Bennett stayed around Hollywood for quite a while, waiting for the studios to make up their minds which of them would use her beauty in a picture. Then she got tired. Now she has signed a contract to hie away to England to do a stint for British-Gaumont.

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Bernarr Macfadden presenting Anthony F. Gallagher of Bellerose, New York, with $5,000 first prize awarded to him in a recent contest conducted by Macfadden Publications, Inc. A similar contest is now in progress. Enter today. You may be as fortunate as Mr. Gallagher.

How would you like to trade a few hours of your time for a check for $2,500 or $1,000 just as did Anthony F. Gallagher whose picture you see above at the left, published with his consent?

It can happen to you just as it happened to Mr. Gallagher. His attention was attracted by a Macfadden Publication Manuscript Contest announcement just as yours is being attracted now. He studied the rules carefully, wrote a true story, sent it in and is $5,000 richer in consequence.

Far from being a professional writer Mr. Gallagher is engaged in the contracting business. He is only one of many hundreds of people, most of whom had never written a word for publication, to whom Macfadden Publications, Inc., have awarded rich cash prizes totalling well over a quarter of a million dollars for true stories submitted in their manuscript contests.

If you could use more money there is no reason why you should not take part in these contests and, with reasonable success, add materially to your income. Certainly it is worth the trial. A great new contest is now in progress in which $25,000.00 will be paid for 66 true stories. Enter today.

The rules on this page are complete and if you observe them carefully your story will be eligible to win one of the magnificent cash prizes. In your own best interests, however, we recommend that you immediately sign the coupon and send it in for a copy of a booklet which explains in detail the simple technique which, in former contests, has proved to be most effective in writing true stories.

Look back over your life and select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving, no matter whether it be a story filled with shadow or sunshine, success, failure, tragedy, or happiness. Then, after you have thoroughly familiarized yourself with the contest rules, write it simply and honestly and send it in.

In setting down your story, do not be afraid to speak plainly. Our magazines are devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived so most certainly you are justified in describing fully and frankly any situation that has really happened.

If your story contains the human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit, no matter how clearly, beautifully, or skillfully written they may be.

Judging upon this basis, the person submitting the best story will be awarded the $2,500 first prize, the persons submitting the five next best will be awarded the five $1,000 second prizes, etc.

And in addition, every story entered in this contest is eligible for purchase at our liberal regular rates, so, even if your manuscript should fall slightly short of prize winning quality, we will gladly consider it for purchase provided we can use it.

As soon as you have finished your manuscript send it in. By mailing it as soon as possible you help to avoid a last-minute landslide, assure your manuscript of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment.

HERE ARE THE RULES—READ THEM CAREFULLY

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2,500 or more than 50,000 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.

Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only.

Put on FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL, otherwise manuscripts will be refused. Enclose return first class postage in same container with manuscript.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper.

At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number the pages.

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME (or nom de plume) AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE and sign your full name (or nom de plume) and legal address in your own handwriting at foot of the last page of your manuscript.

You may submit more than one manuscript but not more than one prize will be awarded to an individual in this contest.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, if first-class postage or expressage is enclosed in same container with manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. Do not send to us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest.

This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize a check for whatever balance is due will be mailed. The decisions of the judges will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Names of prize winners will be published, but not in a manner to identify the writers with the stories they submit.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of these stories we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter which we always welcome do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter except return postage.

This contest ends at midnight, Tuesday, March 31, 1936.

Address your manuscripts to Macfadden Publications Manuscript Contest, Dept. 25C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

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LAST MINUTE NEWS

Karen Morley is now recovering from the appendicitis operation in a Hollywood hospital which a fortune-teller predicted to the very day.

With the acquisition of a chinchilla coat, Merle Oberon came down with the flu and is at present confined in her home, with fiance David Niven dancing devoted attendance.

Douglas Montgomery is motoring through Spain and will return to Hollywood when he has completed a play which he is writing for an English company.

The expected Robert Montgomery baby should have arrived by the time you read this. Bob hopes it will be a boy. Their other child is a girl, age two now.

Kay Francis and Delmer Daves are stirring up rumors that they are secretly married by their ardent manner to each other. Their New Year's kiss was the longest on record.

Frances Drake and Henry Mollinson are teaming up of evenings.

Marlene Dietrich vigorously denies that she has forsaken trousers and donned a pair just to show the world the other day.

Alice White is expecting to get a Paris divorce from hubby Cy Bartlette. George Givot is supposed to be the dark man in her life.

Dick Foran and Paula Stone have taken their romancing seriously.

Dr. Dafoe's reward for helping the quints make "The Country Doctor" is to be a sixteen-millimeter print of the picture. He refused to take money.

Alan Jones, the new singing sensation, is giving Hollywood sirens the go by. His heart is a society girl in St. Louis.

Jimmy Cagney's one-man strike at Warner Brothers has the town mystified. Nobody knows what he's striking about, but he's away on his yacht incommunicado.

Tom Brown and Maxine Doyle look nice to each other.

Director David Butler's horse, Manners Man, will get a new name, Shirley Temple. Shirley said he had to win a race before he could use her name. He did at Santa Anita for a new monicker.

John Barrymore is said to be so excellent in the Shakespearian role of Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet" that he may steal the picture from Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard.

Marlene Dietrich's new picture, after months of preparation, has finally started shooting without a script.

Doug Fairbanks is on his way back to Hollywood to make his next picture, "Marco Polo." He'll make it at ex-wife Mary's studio, United Artists.

To GB our enthusiastic thanks for presenting lovely Anna Lee, whom you'll see in both "First a Girl" and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."

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The Hidden Hollywood

On this page every month you will find intimate glimpses of your film favorites

By

Ruth Waterbury

World Wide Photos

"The Bride Comes Home"—Claudette Colbert and her new husband, Dr. Joel J. Pressman, on their return from Yuma, Ariz., where they were married recently.

QUESTIONS that drive an editor mad; there is the one from that inevitable highbrow who drops in, determined to sell you a story you don't want, and asks, "But don't you get bored? You can't really be interested in these stupid movie people? What do you do for your own amusement?"

Bored, eh?

There's the morning when the phone rings a little after eight. It's Joan Crawford who wants to know if I can come for dinner that night. She's just learned that Billie Burke is returning East and she does want me to meet her.

I go delightedly and we dine, just the four of us—Franchot and Joan, Miss Burke and I—in Joan's new dining room. It is a classic room in white with blue wedgewood vases over the doorways. Down at the foot is a deep bay window with a little table placed there so that Joan and Franchot may look over the gardens during breakfast.

We dine thus quietly because Franchot is working and has to be on the set next morning at eight. He reveals it's a quickie and we say, "But surely not after your performance in 'Bounty!'"

Franchot says, "Oh, why not? They've got to have the things, because of the double bill situation, and there's no one else now to put in one."

He's a philosophic young man and Joan gazes at him admiringly with those great eyes of hers.

The talk swirls around us—grand talk of music in which the young Tones are so passionately interested, of Broadway, and players and people, in which the charming Miss Burke finds her greatest happiness. And too swiftly it is eleven o'clock, and we remember that eight o'clock call and go away.

Not be interested in such people?

IT'S Saturday. I tell myself the office is closed and I simply am not going to think of Hollywood or pictures until Monday morning.

The phone rings. It's a big movie company that remembers that it's press time for the magazine and says if I'll run down that afternoon they will screen one of their big features for me, so that I can wire it East and make the edition.

The studio is five miles from my house, but I drive over there. The picture is such grand comedy, I'm delighted I've seen it.

I get home and find Claudette Colbert there with the attentive Dr. Pressman. Now, that is swell! I adore the girl. They just dropped by after a football game and she says, "No, no cocktail, but a cup of tea would be fine."

Of course, there isn't a tea pot in the house. I never drink the stuff. The maid lugs in the tea in a coffee pot. I grin at Claudette and she grins at me. You can't put a coffee pot over on that girl. The three of us sit and chatter before the fire. I've never seen Claudette more beautiful. The glamorous ecstasy of happiness is upon her. Jack sits by, poised and contented. He has a subtle charm and doesn't fling his personality around, but each time I see him I like him more. It's like being in the middle of a love story and I hate to see them go.

WHAT do I do to amuse myself? This happened all in one day. There had been so much chatter about him that I decided to go over and see Jan Kiepura with my own eyes, so twelve-thirty found me and the press agent close by Mr. Kiepura's dressing room door.

The door opened to reveal the lovely Martha Eggerth, she who is reported to be Kiepura's wife, though she denies it. Kiepura jumped up from the table where they had been eating and said, "Please, madam, would you return in ten minutes?"

He said the "madam" so reverently I felt no less than ninety-seven, but the P. A. and I popped out into the daylight again and met Philip Merivale, out from New York for his first picture and full of anecdotes. Then we went back to see Kiepura, who offered us tea and a variety of Hungarian cruller.

Kiepura really is a great personality. He is quite himself and comparisons with anyone else get you nowhere. He has humor and personality. He has the voice of an angel. And if he says, blandly speaking of an operatic conductor, "It was he who gave me to the world," it is his unfamiliarity with English that makes him sound so vain.

That and the lovely Miss Eggerth's eyes. The way she looked at Kiepura was enough to make any man think he was a god.

Later that afternoon Bill Powell announced he felt like talking—always an event. At the studio he said, "You lucky girl, you get Powell with clothes." Sure enough, there he was all nattied out in a gray tweed number. He even wore a collar and tie, a departure for off screen.

We talked from four until well after six—what is success, what makes hits, and Mr. Powell's obsession, taxes. Then he had to dash, for dinner with Jean Harlow, and I to see Ted Shawn dance.

It was sheer happy chance, but next to me sat Eric Linden, ahead was Howard Greer, a few seats away Bill Haines, to the left Dolores Del Rio. Later we gathered at the Century Club, and played the nickel slot machines.

THIS is just one of my typical weeks. Geepers, I'm too interested! I don't know what it means to be bored, but I do wish I could catch up on some sleep.

Bored? Not interested?

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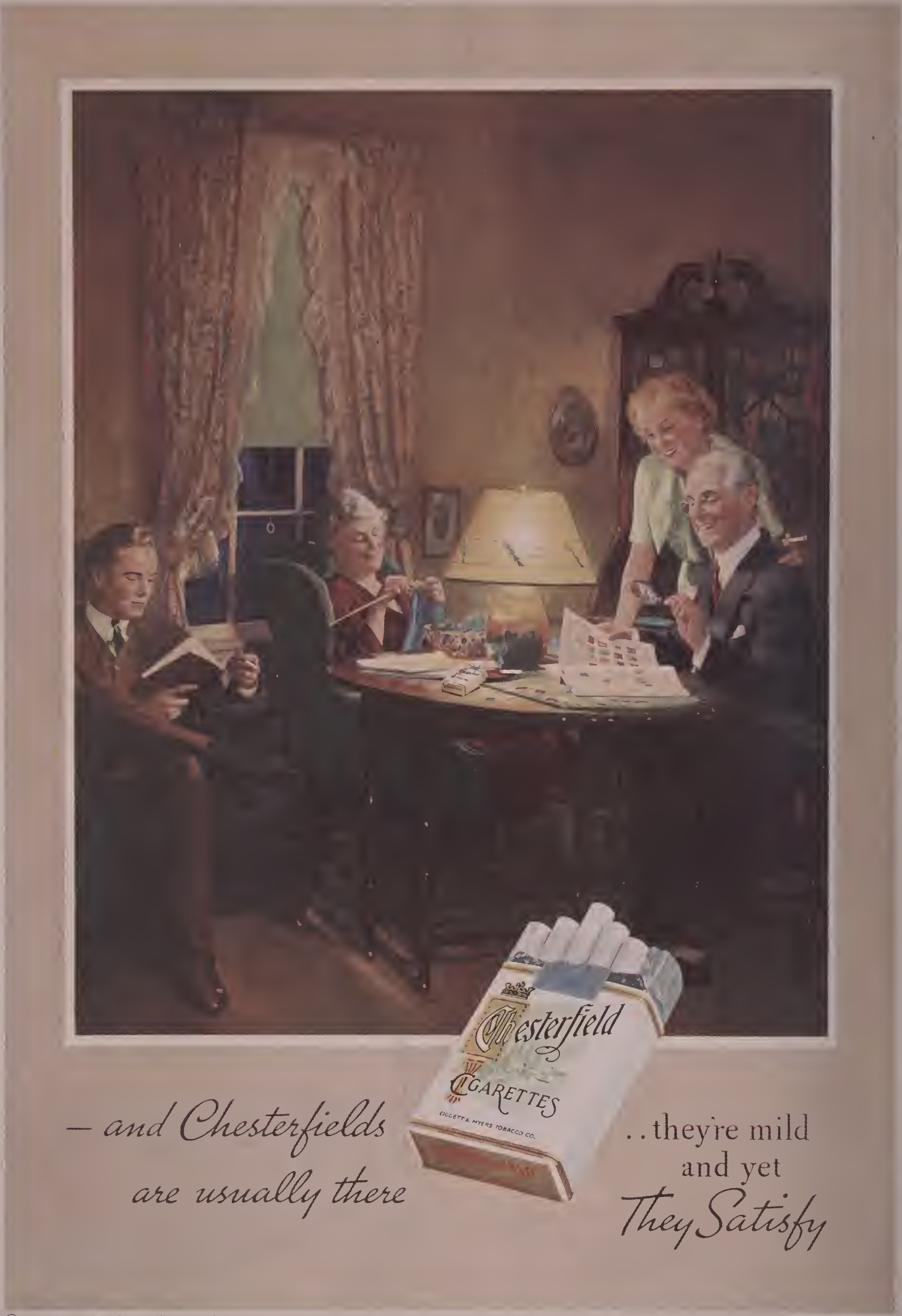
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KAY FRANCIS

THE GHOST THAT GUIDES MYRNA LOY

Contrast her life with yours

HER life is outdoors . . . the wind . . . the sun . . . the blue, murmuring Pacific. Yours is confined . . . the home . . . the school room . . . the factory . . . the office. Her food is plain and invigorating. Yours is rich and disturbing. Her breath is as sweet as the hibiscus in her hair—and she knows it. Yours . . . well, you really don't know . . . you merely hope.

Don't offend others!

Hurry and worry, over-indulgence in eating or drinking, little or no exercise, all have a bearing on the condition of the breath. Is it any wonder that so many Americans have halitosis (unpleasant breath)? The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you are guilty of this offense. But you needn't be guilty if you will simply rinse the mouth with Listerine, the quick deodorant. Listerine combats unhealthy mouth conditions and overcomes the odors arising from them. Use it morning and night and between times before meeting others. It makes you acceptable to them. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

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(unpleasant breath)

ROUGH COPY

Savage!

SAYS DEBUTANTE

A DEBUTANTE AND A DENTIST QUARREL ABOUT A RIB OF BEEF

Sensible!

SAYS DENTIST

(*But the civilized way to combat* "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" *is* IPANA *and* MASSAGE)

In this picture, you see a girl chewing vigorously on a rib of beef. Viewed from the angle of good manners, it's pretty bad . . . And the debutante is right when she says, "It's simply savage!"

But the dentist is right, too. And it needn't surprise you to hear *any* dentist say: "That's a good, common-sense demonstration of the *healthy* way to use teeth and gums."

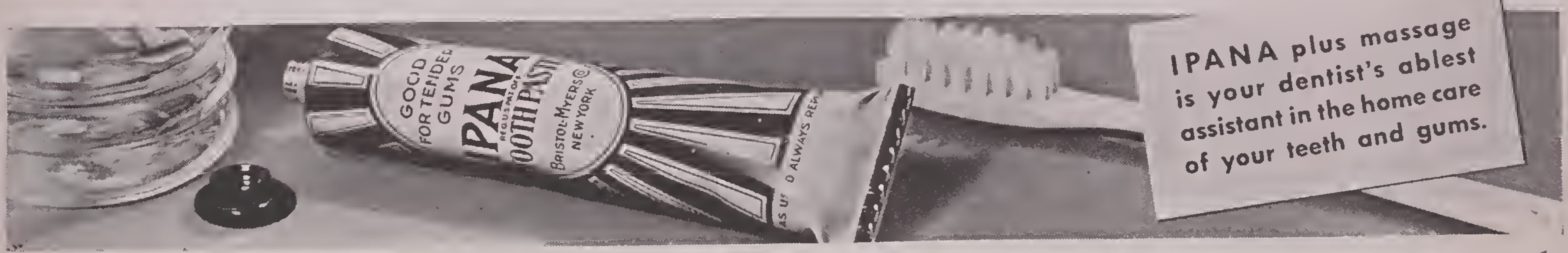
In modern dental circles, it is freely admitted that the lack of coarse foods and vigorous chewing is largely responsible for a host of gum disorders. Naturally, gums grow sensitive on a soft food diet. Naturally, they grow flabby, weak and tender. And, naturally, that warning "tinge of pink" eventually appears upon your tooth brush.

"Pink Tooth Brush" Tells the Truth

And the truth is—your teeth and gums need better care. You should change to Ipana plus massage . . . You should begin, today, the double duty you must practice for complete oral health. So start now to massage your gums with Ipana every time you brush your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums, on brush or fingertip—and do it regularly.

For Ipana plus massage helps stimulate circulation. It helps your gums win back their firmness. It helps them recover their strength and their resistance. They feel livelier, better, healthier. And healthy gums have little to fear from the really serious gum troubles—gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease.

So be reasonable. For your smile's sake, for the sake of your good looks and your good health—begin today with Ipana plus massage.



IPANA plus massage is your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

MOVIE MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN, Eastern Editor
WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Editor

VOL. 8. NO. 5
APRIL
1936

Edited from Hollywood

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Natural Color Photograph of Kay Francis by James N. Doolittle

IN THE MAY ISSUE

(OUT MARCH 25)

How Will Rogers Still Rules Joel McCrea's Life

Some years ago, when Joel first came to Hollywood looking for his big opportunity, the late Will Rogers took a great interest in him and gave him the sound advice which led to Joel's increasing success in films, his marriage to Frances Dee, and—but read the amazing story of a great man's influence in next month's MOVIE MIRROR!

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Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

THE GREAT ZIEGFELD

WILLIAM POWELL
As "The Great Ziegfeld"
MYRNA LOY
As loyal, devoted Billie Burke
LUISE RAINER
As tempestuous, irresistible Anna Held
VIRGINIA BRUCE
A "Glorified" Ziegfeld girl
FRANK MORGAN
As Ziegfeld's life-long rival
FANNIE BRICE
The inimitable Fannie herself
LEON ERROL
With his trick knee
GILDA GRAY
The original "Shimmy" Girl, herself
RAY BOLGER
Eccentric Dancing Sensation
NAT PENDLETON
As Sandow, the Strong Man
ANN PENNINGTON
Herself, dimpled knees and all
HARRIET HOCTOR
Ziegfeld's Greatest Dancing Star
REGINALD OWEN
As Ziegfeld's Manager

The Life and Loves of the World's Greatest Showman

2 YEARS IN PRODUCTION!
GREATEST MUSICAL HIT!

Now, in one flashing musical comes *all* that the great Ziegfeld gave the world in his crowded lifetime! American girlhood glorified . . . great Ziegfeld stars . . . the melodies he made immortal . . . and a *new* "Follies" with all the lavishness of Ziegfeld! You follow his fabulous private life . . . his tempestuous romance with Anna Held . . . his deep and ardent love for Billie Burke . . . All in M-G-M's biggest musical triumph!

A. A. TRIMBLE
As Will Rogers
BUDDY DOYLE
As Eddie Cantor
JOSEPH CAWTHORN
As Dr. Ziegfeld
W. W. DEARBORN
As Daniel Frohman
RAYMOND WALBURN
Sage, Ziegfeld's Press Agent
JEAN CHATBURN
Mary Lou, Ziegfeld's protege
HERMAN BING
Ziegfeld's Costumer
WILLIAM DEMAREST
As Gene Buck

200—GLORIFIED GIRLS—200
Costumes by ADRIAN
Screen Play by
WM. ANTHONY McGUIRE
Directed by
ROBERT Z. LEONARD
HUNT STROMBERG
Producer

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

JOAN MARSH in "DANCING FEET," a Republic Picture

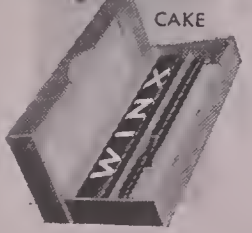
EYES . . . *that fascinate!*

YESTERDAY a wallflower. Today the most popular girl in her set—with invitations, dances, and parties galore. It's the same story over and over again, whenever a girl first discovers the secret of fascinating eyes.

Every day more girls are realizing how unnecessary it is to have dull, lifeless eyes. A touch of WINX Mascara to the lashes gives eyes the sparkle, the radiance, men love!

WINX Mascara makes the lashes appear longer, softer, and more lustrous. It brings out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes. Try WINX today and see for yourself how quickly it enlivens your whole appearance, how its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft at all times.

CREAMY
WINX
CREAMY MASCARA



WINX Mascara is offered in black, brown and blue—and in three convenient forms—Creamy, Cake and Liquid. All are harmless, easy to apply, smudge-proof, water-proof, and non-smarting.

You can obtain WINX Eye Beautifiers in economical large sizes at drug and department stores—or in *Introductory Sizes* at all 10¢ stores.

WINX
Eye Beautifiers

If you find it more convenient, you may order a trial package of WINX direct. Send 10¢ to Ross Company, 243 West 17th Street, New York City. Check whether you wish
☐ CAKE or ☐ CREAMY MG 4-36
☐ BLACK or ☐ BROWN or ☐ BLUE

Name...

Street...

City.............................State..................

Speak for Yourself

MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted: $20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

Here's how Madge Evans will look when she attends Easter Sunrise Services this year.

$20 PRIZE LETTER

New Deal for Newsreels

I get a lot of amusement out of the newsreels. From Mussolini in full uniform to Sally Rand in next to nothing at all, from Addis Ababa to Horsecollar, N. J., the whole dizzy panorama of what we call civilization is here—often at the risk of the cameraman's life and limb. Yes, the newsreels are doing a grand job. I couldn't do without 'em. There's only one sour note in my paean of praise: I think commentators are given undue prominence. Their voices—always as enthusiastic as a radio announcers' with a new liver pill sales talk—I would know anywhere.

The eye is much faster than the ear. What little information is necessary should be given in a quiet tone, without puns, oratory, rhetoric or fatuous philosophizing. As the business is now conducted, their elocutionary sound and fury cause a disagreeable clash between what you see and what you hear, to the detriment of the former. This would be eliminated by reducing whatever information might be necessary to type and throwing it on the screen. I don't, of course, suggest eliminating sound—only commentators.

No doubt there's a lot to be said for the commentator.

But not by me.

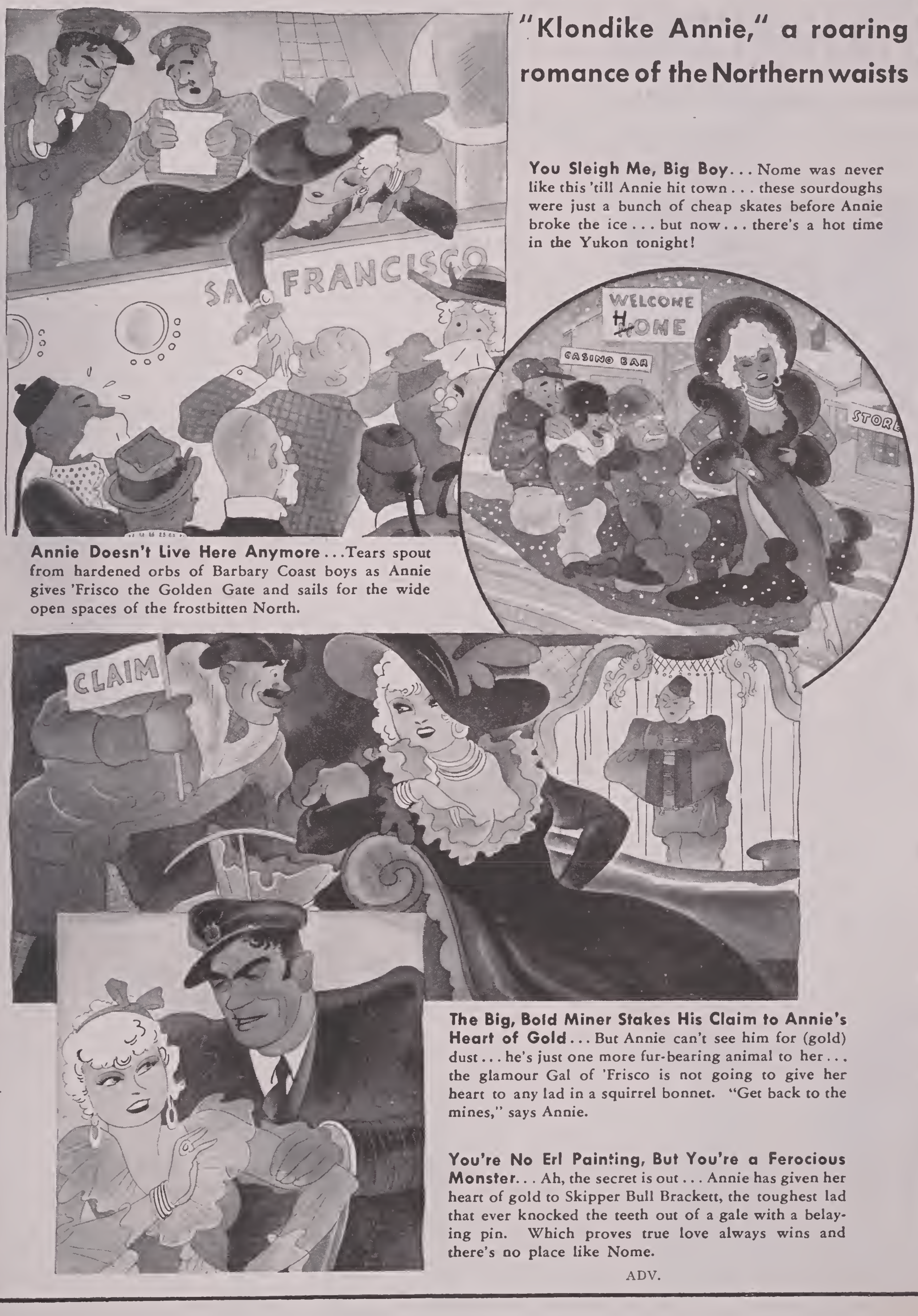
Art Long,
Ozone Park, N. Y.

$10 PRIZE LETTER

Not Only an Actor

To Jack Gilbert—one who knew little peace on earth—*requiescat in pace.* Those who remember and admired him in "The Big Parade" and as co-star with Garbo may feel that the screen has suffered a loss, but it is not as an actor but as an author that this strange (*Continued on page* 6)

Mae West answers the call of the wild (Victor McLaglen) in Paramount's "Klondike Annie," a roaring romance of the Northern waists



You Sleigh Me, Big Boy . . . Nome was never like this 'till Annie hit town . . . these sourdoughs were just a bunch of cheap skates before Annie broke the ice . . . but now . . . there's a hot time in the Yukon tonight!

Annie Doesn't Live Here Anymore . . . Tears spout from hardened orbs of Barbary Coast boys as Annie gives 'Frisco the Golden Gate and sails for the wide open spaces of the frostbitten North.

The Big, Bold Miner Stakes His Claim to Annie's Heart of Gold . . . But Annie can't see him for (gold) dust . . . he's just one more fur-bearing animal to her . . . the glamour Gal of 'Frisco is not going to give her heart to any lad in a squirrel bonnet. "Get back to the mines," says Annie.

You're No Erl Painting, But You're a Ferocious Monster . . . Ah, the secret is out . . . Annie has given her heart of gold to Skipper Bull Brackett, the toughest lad that ever knocked the teeth out of a gale with a belaying pin. Which proves true love always wins and there's no place like Nome.

ADV.

ANY NOSE IS CONSPICUOUS

without *moisture-proof* powder

Combat shine, floury streaks, clogged pores with Luxor, the truly *moisture-proof* and *shine-proof* face powder 6,000,000 women use!

● So many women are cheated of poise and charm by shiny nose, floury streaks, clogged pores! Yet a simple change to Luxor, the moisture-proof face powder, often clears up these conditions like magic!

The secret is simple. Tiny pores on your face give off moisture. If face powder absorbs this natural skin-moisture, a paste results. Nose and face look shiny, floury streaks form, and often pores themselves clog up.

So discard, today, whatever face powder you may be using. And try Luxor on our money-back guarantee.

Make this test. Put a little Luxor powder in a glass of water. Note how it stays soft and fine—won't mix into paste. Thus you know Luxor won't mix with skin moisture and cause shine and blemishes. To induce you to try this marvelous face powder in a range of smart modern shades, we offer this gift at any cosmetic counter:

A Free 2-dram Flacon of Perfume

La Richesse by name, and selling regularly for $3 an ounce. Both powder and perfume are wrapped together, and sell for the price of the powder alone, 55c. Small sizes of Luxor powder at all 10c stores. Try it today.

55c moisture-proof FACE-POWDER Luxor

Coupon brings 4-piece make-up kit!

Try Amazing New Luxor Hand Cream

This marvelous new skin softener keeps hands soft, white, smooth. It is guaranteed non-sticky and dries instantly. At all cosmetic counters.

LUXOR, LTD., 1355 W. 31st Street
Chicago, Illinois Dept. K-3
Please send me your 4-piece make-up kit including generous amount of Luxor Moisture-Proof Powder, Luxor Rouge, Luxor Special Formula Cream and Luxor Hand Cream. Here is 10c to help cover mailing. (Offer not good in Canada). Check,
POWDER: Rose Rachel ☐ Rachel ☐ Flesh ☐
ROUGE: Radiant ☐ Medium ☐ Sunglow ☐ Pastel ☐ Vivid ☐ Roseblush ☐
Name ....
Address. ....
City ....

man will be missed, for Jack Gilbert's "Downstairs" was one of the most intriguing stories that has ever come to the screen. Why it had no successor we wonder. Perhaps it was not a money maker and he became discouraged, or his unsuccessful private life robbed him of an incentive to try again, but many of us wish that other such unique stories could be produced—the screen needs them.

M. H. Rhodes,
Norfolk, Va.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

How Does the Audience Rate?

Story: Good.
Photography and directing: Excellent.
Acting: Superb.
Audience: *Lousy.*

The above is an honest report of most visits to the movies. We pride ourselves on being part of that omnipotent quantity known as "boxoffice receipts" and demand the finest that the motion picture industry can produce. An ever-increasing number of pictures merit two checks in MOVIE MIRROR. It's time that we of the audience were trying to earn two checks for our part.

Nobody can enjoy a picture to the fullest extent unless we all cooperate. Too often we climb over people during a tense moment in the picture, remove our wraps with much arm stretching, rattle bags, gossip with our companions, or catch up on our love making. If we were truly courteous, we would not do any of these things, and if we did not do them we would rate pretty high as audiences. We don't need any specific rules if we remember the simple definition of courtesy we learned in childhood: "doing the kindest thing in the kindest way."

Charlotte Young,
Swissvale, Pa.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Salute to "Captain Blood"

Hats off to you, Errol Flynn!!

And, believe me, my hat goes off the highest. What a man! What an ideal swashbuckler you make. You dropped among us like a comet from the clear sky, so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that you brought us all to our knees in worship and admiration. Our hearts go out to you, thrilling at your roistering adventures on the high seas, for you truly are a handsome and dashing new star, one to be reckoned with from now on.

Your first successful part in the filming of "Captain Blood" will long be remembered and I am sure that the stardom you are anxiously reaching for is yours already. We all are on pins and needles waiting for your next picture, wondering and hoping it will not disappoint us.

Mary A. Dubiel,
Detroit, Mich.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

More About Mickey!

All over the globe publications dedicate themselves to printing the words, ideals and life stories of "the great." In Chinese, Jewish, Polish and many other languages, one can read of the exploits of Roosevelt, Hitler and Mussolini, but there's nary a word about that international favorite . . . Mickey Mouse! Where was he born? Does he hold any political prejudices—and if not, why not? His engagement to Minnie Mouse has been long-lasting. Why? Surely financial difficulties could not prevent their taking the "fatal step," as Mickey is quite self-supporting. In the movies he rivals Clark Gable (especially around the ears). Talent he has in all fields. But. ah—how my imagination leads me on on! Perhaps Mickey is a ladies' man and does not wish to be tied down.

Won't some obliging editor interview him and set our minds at ease? Mickey Mouse—what a man!

Vera D. Clegg,
Hempstead, N. Y.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Congratulations

I have just had my first baby, just like thousands of other movie fan mothers everywhere, and of course I feel as important as if I was the first person that ever had one. I think that some of these orchids that are floating around should go to the mothers in Hollywood.

Norma Shearer, Joan Blondell, Joan Bennett, Dixie Lee Crosby, Ann Harding and many others deserve them. The orchids, I mean—yes, of course. the babies, too. As uncertain as careers are today, I think it is the height of womanhood and unselfishness. Perhaps they realize that children are the best things in life, and as years go by—even when their screen prominence fades—being a mother is the most thrilling and wonderful career.

Mrs. Ralph A. Lesher,
Ephrata, Pa.

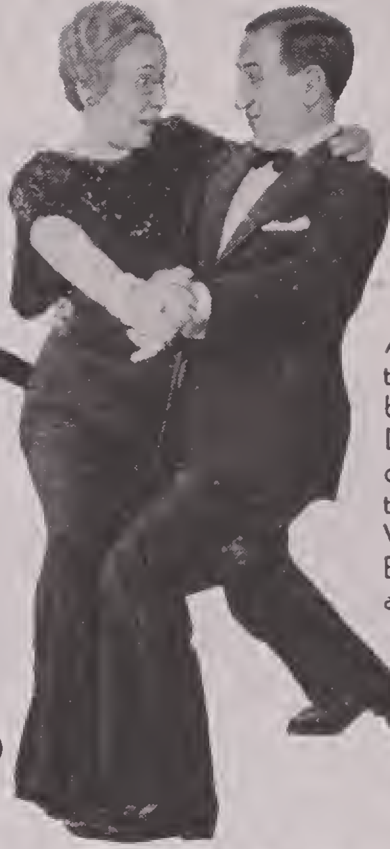
$1 PRIZE LETTER

In Person

For those interested in Nelson Eddy (and aren't we all?) it is interesting to know that "in person" he's just as grand as on the screen.

(*Continued on page* 108)

Look!—Ruby's got a new dancing partner! With Paul Draper, sensational Broadway importation, she does her dandiest dancing to date to the tune of Warren & Dubin's new hits, in this swell story which Alfred E. Green directed.



And what a comedy team this turns out to be! Yet Hugh and Louise are just part of a convulsing cast that includes Marie Wilson, Luis Alberni, Berton Churchill, and Olin Howard.

A DOZEN GREAT STARS Go 'Round and 'Round in

COLLEEN

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Warner Bros.' Stunning New Musical Displays the Terpsichorean Talents of Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Joan Blondell, Jack Oakie, Paul Draper and—of All People!—Louise Fazenda and Hugh Herbert, While the Rhythm of Four Swell New Song Hits Comes Out Here . . .

And just for good measure, 200 assorted Hollywood lovelies go to town in an up-to-the-second fashion show and other lavish dance numbers staged by Bobby Connolly!

Between love scenes with Ruby, Dick vocalizes "You Gotta Know How To Dance", "Summer Night" and "I Don't Have To Dream Again"

Everything's Oakie-Doakie when Jack and Joan "swing it" to the strains of "Boulevardier From The Bronx".

EYE MAKE-UP *done in good taste*

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil
Maybelline Eyelash Brush
Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream
Maybelline Eye Shadow
Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau
Maybelline
Harmless Tear Proof Will Not Smart the Eyes
-BLACK-
MaybellineCo.-Chicago U.S.A.

Beautiful eyes are the most important feature of any woman's charm—that is why fastidious women who wish to be exquisitely groomed in eye make-up demand *Maybelline* eye beauty aids. They know that the modern magic of these fine cosmetic creations gives them the *natural* appearance of beautiful eyes. Not to use Maybelline eye beauty aids is sheer neglect of charm. When you see what lovely long, dark lashes, softly shaded lids, and gracefully formed eyebrows Maybelline eye beauty aids can give you, you'll adore these exquisite eye cosmetics. You will want the entire line of Maybelline eye beauty aids to effect a perfect harmony in your complete eye make-up. Try them today—they will open your eyes to new beauty—eye make-up done in good taste!

The Mascara in BLACK, BROWN, *or* BLUE.

Ten cent sizes obtainable at all leading Ten Cent Stores.

Maybelline

MASCARA
EYE SHADOW . . . EYEBROW PENCIL
EYELASH TONIC CREAM . . . EYEBROW BRUSH

MOVIE MIRROR JR.

CONDUCTED BY BETTY TURNER

Those noted radio twins, Bobby and Billy Mauch, have come to Hollywood to take part in "Anthony Adverse"—Billy as young Anthony, and Bobby as brother's stand-in.

ANOTHER important child hunt has just ended in Hollywood. Warner Brothers have been searching everywhere for a dark, thin-faced youngster for the role of young Anthony in "Anthony Adverse." After so many disappointing screen tests were taken, imagine director Melvyn Le Roy's happiness in finding just the child he wanted for the part. The boy is a newcomer to pictures and his name is Billy Mauch. And he has a twin brother who looks exactly like him! That is the first time a long talent search has ended with not one, but two people who could exactly fill the bill. So, while Billy got the part, Bobby has a contract, too. He will be understudy and stand-in for his twin. Later, the studio is planning to work both boys into a picture together.

Billy and Bobby Mauch are very talented boys. Perhaps you have already heard them over the radio. They have appeared on such popular programs as "The Children's Hour," "Robinson Crusoe, Jr.," "The March of Time," "Show Boat," "The Beauty Box" and "The True Story Hour." Both, however, are pretty eager to start working in a movie and to make some new friends out here.

Born eleven years ago, in Peoria, Illinois, both Billy and Bobby made early use of their talents. Commercial photographers asked them to pose for child pictures, artists drew them and they acted in many juvenile performances. The great illustrator, James Montgomery Flagg, selected Bobby as the typical American boy, and used him as a model. Then they were signed for radio and kept very, very busy.

The boys look so much alike that it was hard to remember which one of them was to play the part in Warner's big picture. (*Continued on page* 10)

REVIEWS FOR JUNIORS

CAPTAIN BLOOD (Warner Brothers). A great sea film with plenty of action and beautiful scenery. You'll love it!

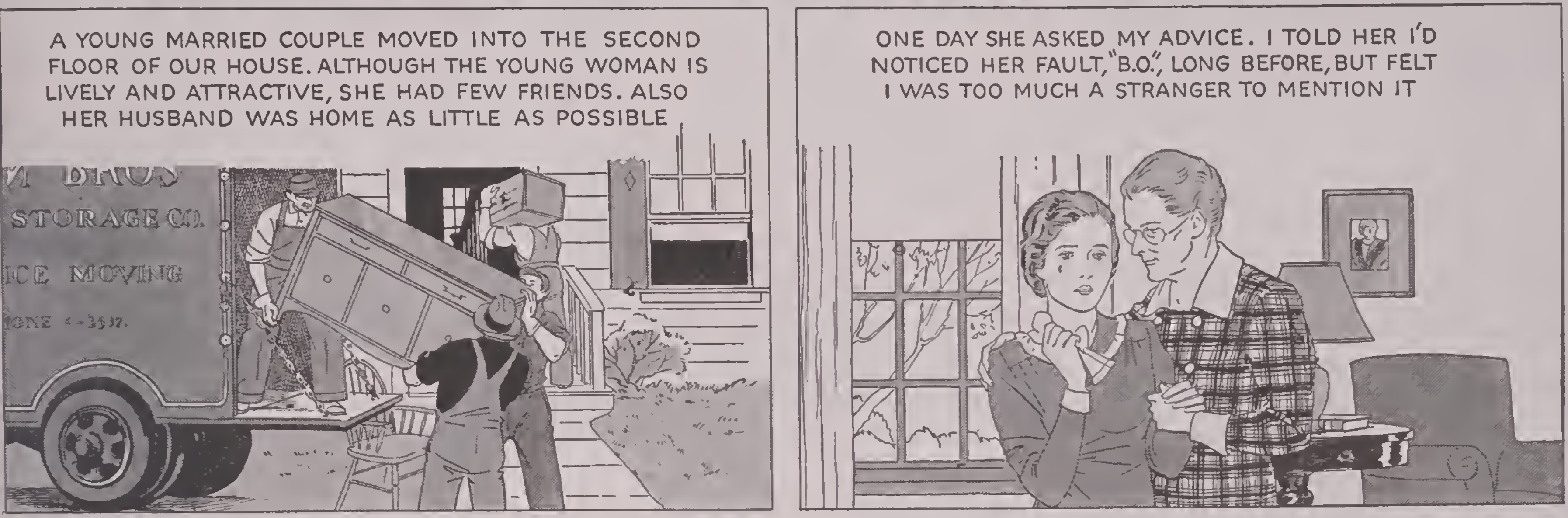
PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER (20th Century-Fox). Freddie Bartholomew as a young king with Victor McLaglen as his buddy.

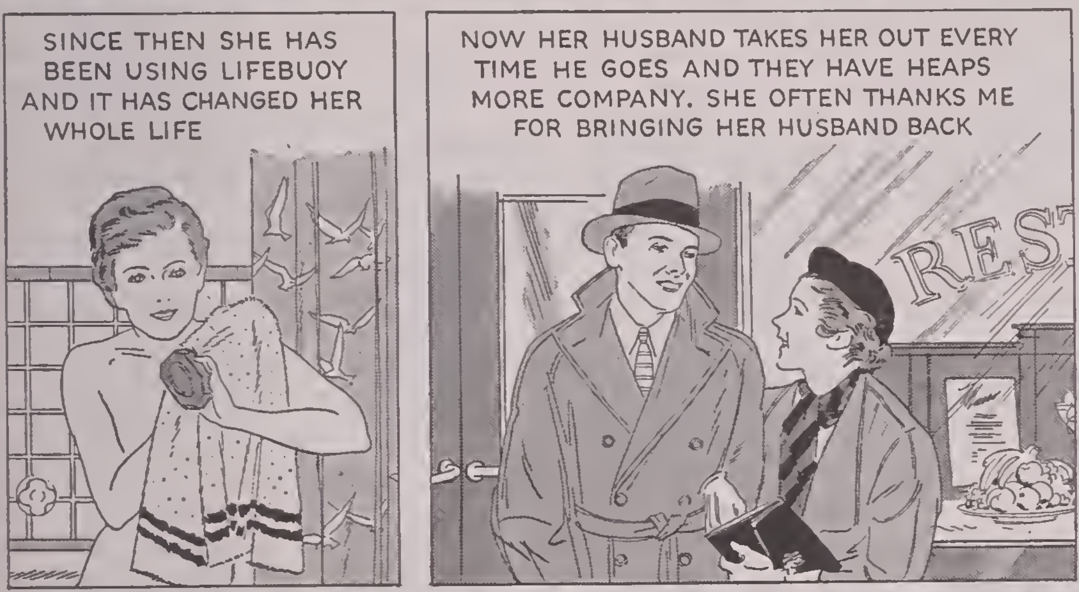
HITCH HIKE LADY (Republic). That grand lady of the screen, Alison Skipworth, in a very funny picture about hitch hiking across the country.

WHISPERING SMITH SPEAKS (20th Century-Fox). George O'Brien in a snappy film about a train engineer.

CEILING ZERO (Warner Brothers). Jimmy Cagney, Pat O'Brien and Stuart Erwin in an exciting airplane story.

I BROUGHT HER HUSBAND BACK (A TRUE "B.O." EXPERIENCE)


A YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE MOVED INTO THE SECOND FLOOR OF OUR HOUSE. ALTHOUGH THE YOUNG WOMAN IS LIVELY AND ATTRACTIVE, SHE HAD FEW FRIENDS. ALSO HER HUSBAND WAS HOME AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE
STORAGE CO.
CE MOVING
ONE 4-3537.
ONE DAY SHE ASKED MY ADVICE. I TOLD HER I'D NOTICED HER FAULT, "B.O.", LONG BEFORE, BUT FELT I WAS TOO MUCH A STRANGER TO MENTION IT

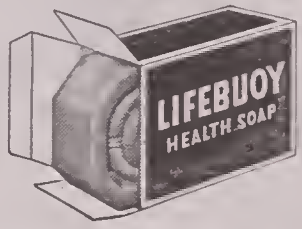

SINCE THEN SHE HAS BEEN USING LIFEBUOY AND IT HAS CHANGED HER WHOLE LIFE
NOW HER HUSBAND TAKES HER OUT EVERY TIME HE GOES AND THEY HAVE HEAPS MORE COMPANY. SHE OFTEN THANKS ME FOR BRINGING HER HUSBAND BACK
REST

Warnings by the thousands

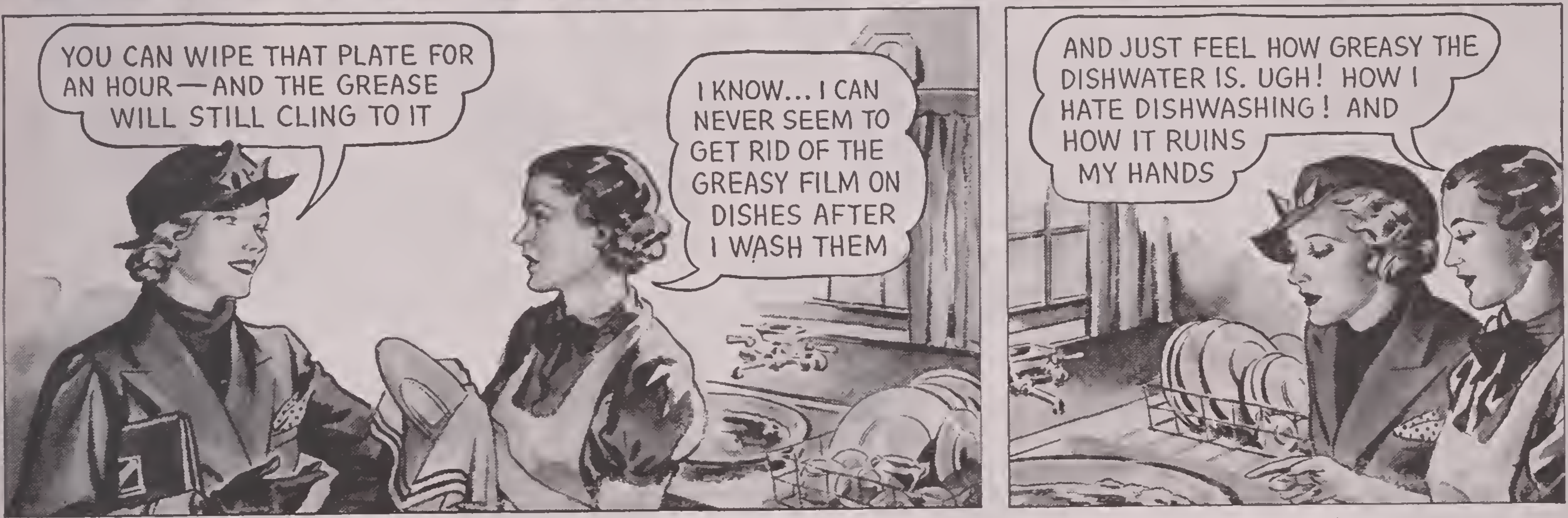
FROM all parts of the country, from all sorts of people, letters *pour* in. Like the one illustrated, every one is a *true* experience—a *warning* to *beware of "B. O." (body odor)!* Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy! Its abundant lather purifies, stops "B.O."

For lovelier skin... Lifebuoy cleanses *deeply, gently*. "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show it is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau


LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP

WANT GREASELESS DISHWASHING?


YOU CAN WIPE THAT PLATE FOR AN HOUR—AND THE GREASE WILL STILL CLING TO IT
I KNOW... I CAN NEVER SEEM TO GET RID OF THE GREASY FILM ON DISHES AFTER I WASH THEM
AND JUST FEEL HOW GREASY THE DISHWATER IS. UGH! HOW I HATE DISHWASHING! AND HOW IT RUINS MY HANDS

USE RINSO. ITS RICH SUDS ABSORB THE GREASE... MAKE IT VANISH. DISHES COME CLEAN WITHOUT A TRACE OF GREASE. AND RINSO IS MARVELOUS FOR THE WEEK'S WASH, TOO. IT'S ALL I USE BECAUSE—

Rinso alone, without the aid of bar soaps, chips or powders, gives a tubful of rich suds that *soak* clothes whiter without scrubbing or boiling. Even grimy edges come clean with a little gentle rubbing between the fingers. And the dirt doesn't "settle back" because Rinso suds have "lifting power." The dirt is held in suspension. Of course this safe "soak-and-rinse" method is not only easy on me—it's easy on the clothes; that means Rinso saves me lots of money. Rinso is all I ever use for the dishes, woodwork, basins and floors. It saves time and work all through the house. Rinso is recommended by the makers of 33 famous washers for safety and for whiter, brighter clothes. It is tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

Rinso
THE GRANULATED SOAP

THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

PLAT-NUM
CREME
Nail Polish
Holly Red

Love's
BEST FRIEND

IF you would be irresistible (yes, hands *can* be irresistible) with graceful, tapering, satin-smooth finger nails, then use PLAT-NUM, the favorite nail polish of lovely women everywhere. Whether you prefer a creme or transparent polish, you may select from 12 true-tone shades of glamourous allure, any one of which will blend with gown, complexion, lipstick or rouge. PLAT-NUM is really a superior polish. It goes on smoothly, sets evenly and has a lasting quality. It helps to conceal nail imperfections and does not crack, chip, peel or discolor. Gives to your nails a soft, shimmering, shell-like surface. Try a generous, oversize 10c bottle of your own individual shade today. On sale at all 5 and 10 cent stores.

this booklet
FREE

This interesting, informative stiff cover bound booklet will be sent to you upon receipt of 4c in stamps to cover postage.

PLAT-NUM LABORATORIES
80 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

PLAT-NUM
Nail Polish

But both are real boys and like baseball, tennis and outdoor games.

"Bobby and I have gone to picture shows since we were very little," Billy announced. "My favorites are Shirley Temple, Pat O'Brien and Wallace Beery."

"And mine," Bobby cut in, "are May Robson, Shirley Temple and Pat O'Brien."

If you've wondered what some of the little Hollywood favorites received from old Santa, here are just a few of their presents:

Shirley Temple received a total of 438 presents. The most unusual gifts were a set of quintuplet dolls, sent to her in the name of the Dionne babies; three portable phonographs; 118 assorted dolls; a cake from Scotland; three bantam roosters and four bantam hens; 42 sets of books; a Scottie dog from May Robson and a set of specially bound scripts of all the pictures she has played in thus far.

Our Gang: "Spanky" McFarland got an elaborate construction set and a small rifle. Carl "Alfalfa" Switzer got a bicycle and a new guitar. Billie "Buckwheat" Thomas got a miniature movie camera and a streamlined red wagon. Darla Hood, the little girl of the Gang, got a new doll with a complete wardrobe. "Porky" Lee got a fire engine and a small fleet of toy trucks. Patsy May (Baby Patsy) got a toy automobile and a doll buggy.

Virginia Weidler got two angora rabbits and a Great Dane dog, a pair of slacks, some white boots and blue jeans, roller skates, a scooter and a coaster wagon.

David and Betty Holt: David got an enormous magic set and an electric train. Betty got a complete doll house all furnished, four tea sets, paper dolls and a sewing outfit.

Bennie Bartlett got a microscope and chemical set, a cowboy hat and two trains.

Dickie Moore got a microscope set, an atlas, a tinker toy outfit, a hunting knife and a big bank.

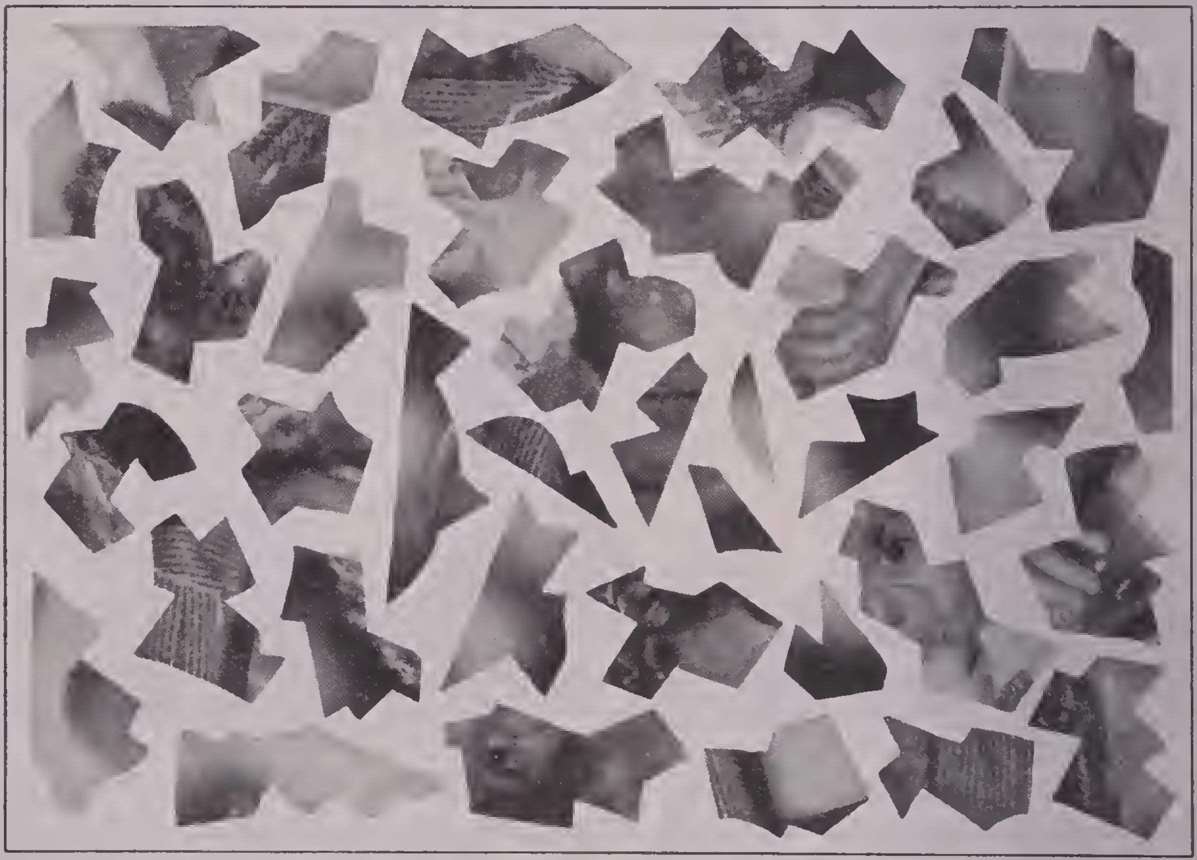
Baby Leroy got a pair of blue silk pajamas, a toy xylophone and clarinet, a new pop gun, a carpenter set, and books.

Billie Lee got boxing gloves, marbles, two new toy airplanes and a Mickey Mouse projector.

Edith Fellows got a present she has wanted for a long time—a white fur coat and a big animated "scrappy" doll.

Cora Sue Collins got a charm bracelet of solid gold with many trinkets on it from Pat O'Brien. She also got a beautiful big doll and books.

LITTLE Carmencita Johnson, at Sam Goldwyn's studio, did a very nice thing for her old friends back in Louisiana. She always made dolls and dressed them for her little colored friends back there. This year she got all her new Hollywood friends interested in making doll clothes and two of the stars on the lot, Miriam Hopkins and Merle Oberon, paid for the dolls and for shipping them away. One hundred and thirty dolls were dressed and sent back to little colored boys and girls in Louisiana because of Carmencita's thoughtfulness.



JACKIE COOPER CUT-OUT CONTEST

Here is an easy contest for this month. First put together the cut-out puzzle as neatly and correctly as you can. Then write a little note telling what three child stars you believe will be the most successful during the year 1936, and give your reason for your selection.

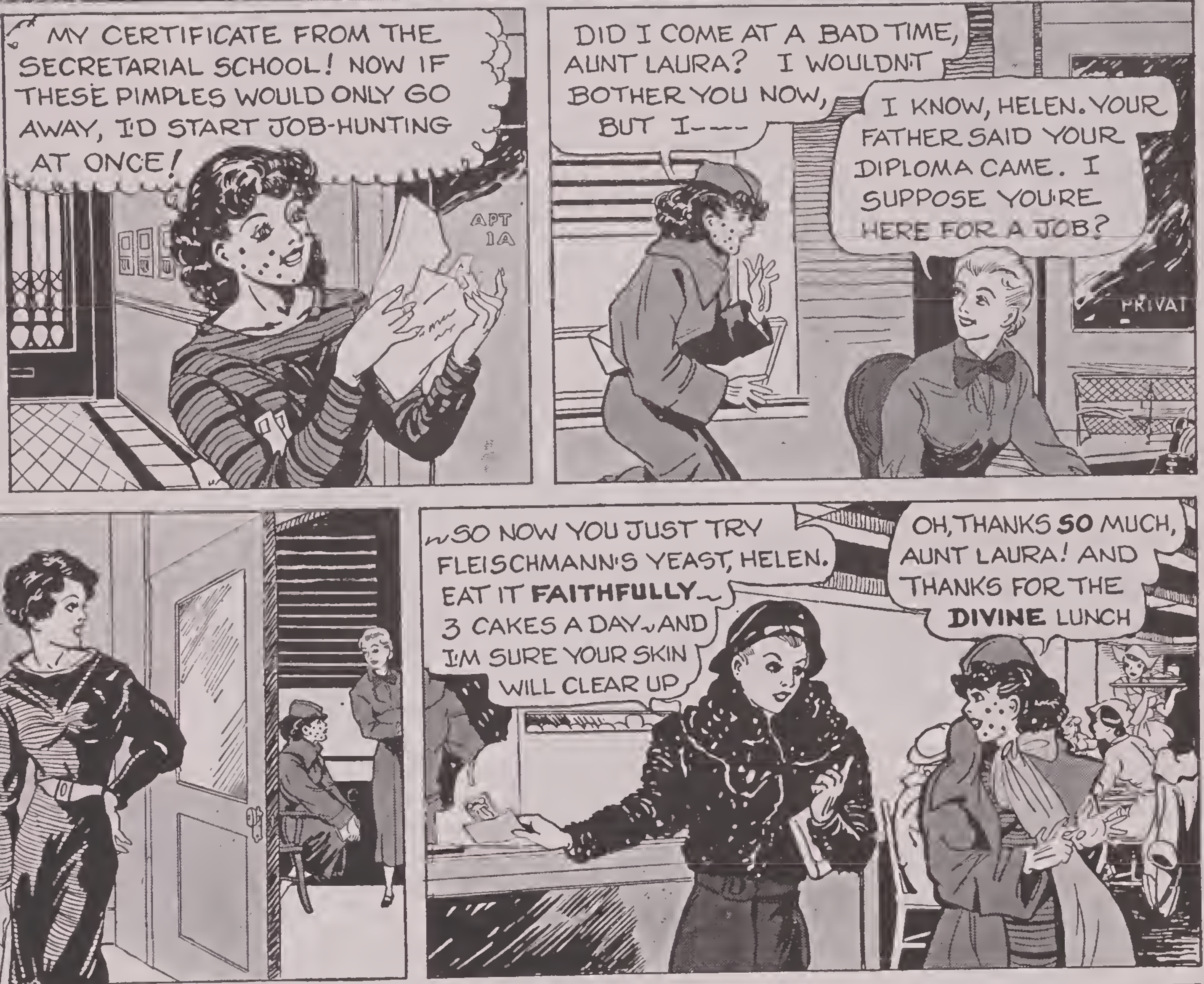
For the best letter of 100 words or less, together with your cut-out puzzle, a first prize of $10.00 will be given. The second prize will be $5.00. Prizes will be awarded upon the basis of correctness and neatness of puzzle solution and clarity of the accompanying letter. Prizes of $1.00 each will be given for the ten next-best letters and cut-outs. Try your hand at this today and win one of these prizes. Sorry but no puzzles can be returned.

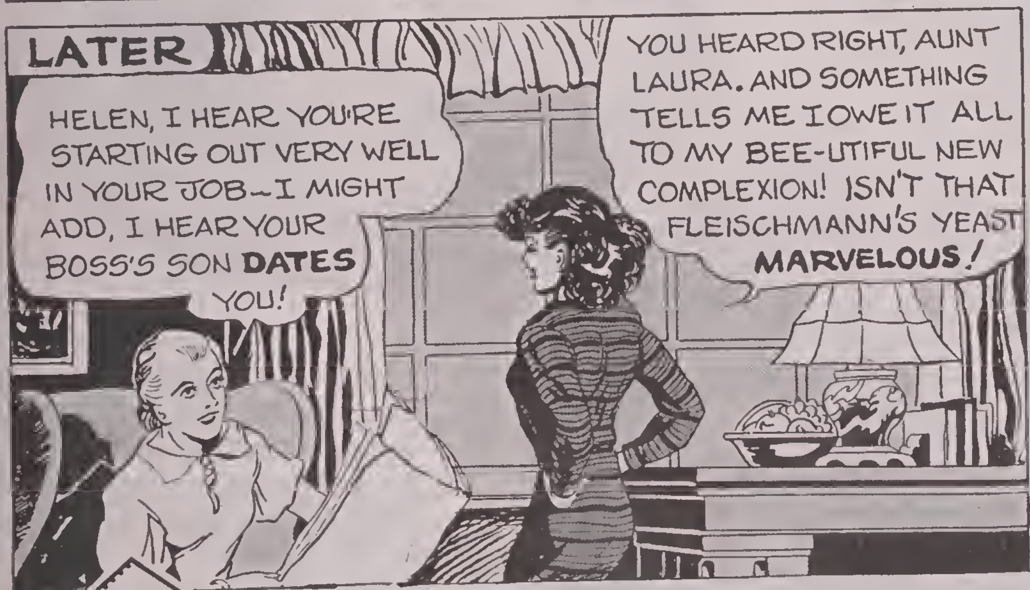
Send your puzzle and letter, before April 5, 1936, to:

MOVIE MIRROR, JUNIOR 7751 Sunset Boulevard Hollywood, California

PIMPLES NEVER HELPED ANY GIRL TO GET A JOB!

But Aunt Laura comes to the Rescue


MY CERTIFICATE FROM THE SECRETARIAL SCHOOL! NOW IF THESE PIMPLES WOULD ONLY GO AWAY, I'D START JOB-HUNTING AT ONCE!
APT 1A
DID I COME AT A BAD TIME, AUNT LAURA? I WOULDN'T BOTHER YOU NOW, BUT I----
I KNOW, HELEN. YOUR FATHER SAID YOUR DIPLOMA CAME. I SUPPOSE YOU'RE HERE FOR A JOB?
PRIVAT
IT MAY SOUND CATTY ~ BUT I MUST SAY MISS PHILLIPS' NIECE HAS A DREADFUL SKIN
~SO NOW YOU JUST TRY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST, HELEN. EAT IT FAITHFULLY~ 3 CAKES A DAY~AND I'M SURE YOUR SKIN WILL CLEAR UP
OH, THANKS SO MUCH, AUNT LAURA! AND THANKS FOR THE DIVINE LUNCH


LATER
HELEN, I HEAR YOU'RE STARTING OUT VERY WELL IN YOUR JOB~I MIGHT ADD, I HEAR YOUR BOSS'S SON DATES YOU!
YOU HEARD RIGHT, AUNT LAURA. AND SOMETHING TELLS ME I OWE IT ALL TO MY BEE-UTIFUL NEW COMPLEXION! ISN'T THAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST MARVELOUS!

Don't let Adolescent Pimples give YOU a job problem

FROM the beginning of adolescence—at about 13, until 25, or even longer—young people are frequently worried by pimples.

Important glands develop and final growth takes place during this time. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples pop out!

But you can overcome these adolescent pimples. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears the skin irritants out of your blood. Unsightly pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

Your hands

WILL LEAD A LOVELIER LIFE ALL . . WEEK . . LONG!

GLAZO IS WORLD-FAMOUS FOR BEAUTY AND LONG WEAR

WOMEN are becoming more critical, more discriminating in the beauty preparations they use. They expect a nail polish not only to be outstandingly lovely but to apply easily without streaking and to wear for days longer than polishes they used to know.

Because Glazo has these virtues, its fame has circled the world. It is famous for its glorious fashion-approved shades. It is famous for solving the streaking problem and for amazing ease of application. It is famous for giving 2 to 4 days longer wear, without peeling or chipping.

Glazo shares its success with you, and is now only 20 cents. Do try it, and see how much lovelier your hands can be!

Just 20 CENTS

IN CANADA, 25 CENTS

GLAZO
Liquid Polish
SHELL

GLAZO

. . The Smart Manicure

Cooking Department

CONDUCTED BY PAULINE NELSON

I'M not going to take up your time with a lot of scientific reasons why you ought to eat more milk and cheese, nor why you can depend so absolutely on the quality and flavor those wonderful products of modern research, condensed and evaporated milk, and the cheeses, brought to you in perfect condition from all over the world.

But I do wish I had the space to tell you something about the science which has prepared these vital foods in forms available to everyone at any time; something about the magic, and yes, the romance, behind the simple can of milk you take from your grocer's shelves for a few cents! Do you realize that the purity and safety of nourishment in that little can saves the lives of countless babies all over the world, babies who must be reared where fresh milk is out of the question?

The irreplaceable value of milk as a food was the basic reason which spurred the scientists on to find a safe way of "storing" it for us. But we housewives promptly took these new products and began experimenting with them, devising new and exciting dishes, in a way that must have surprised the scientists.

At the same time, popular demand for and awakened interest in types of cheeses known in the past only to the world traveler, spurred the manufacturers on to research and experiment till today, one company alone can give you your choice of over a hundred different kinds of cheeses, not only our own splendid American varieties, but cheeses from dozens of other countries—Sap Sago, Gorgonzola, Romano, Roquefort (which must come from a tiny French town because they have an underground cave, the only one of its kind in the world, where the cheese gets its unique flavor, being stored there to cure!)—dozens of kinds of Dutch and Swiss cheeses. We can serve these on our own home tables because the clever enterprise of American manufacturers has brought them to us. So buying cheese is no humdrum matter. It can be a real adventure in flavor thrills if you begin shopping among the cheeses you haven't tasted before.

There is even a special cheese made for those of precarious digestion, who feel ordinary cheese doesn't agree with them. I think you ought to know about this, and I'll be glad to give you its name, if you'll mention it when you write.

(Above) Cheese Baked Potatoes — the dish wrapped with a napkin to keep them piping hot while being served.

(Left) The Caramel Dessert described this month; its rich, unusual flavor blends with whipped or ice cream.

Many of us have formed the splendid habit of observing Lent by not eating meat. In the spring of the year, this is a most wise dietary provision *if* we compensate for it by getting plenty of other proteids. This is why I'm giving you, this month, recipes for milk and cheese, as these dishes provide you with the proteids you need. And I know you'll find new dishes among these which you'll add permanently to your menus the year round. So don't think condensed and evaporated milk is just for children or to put in your coffee. Desserts, salads, vegetables—you can add to the necessary milk content of your menus in so many ways, once you learn how. And don't confine cheese to just something you put on crackers! That's one way, of course, but there are so many others.

Twenty years ago, I think any honest cooking teacher would have told you there weren't any really new dishes. But here is a new dessert, made with condensed milk that is not only perfectly delicious, rich and smooth, but which simply can't fail! A child can make it quite simply. I'm giving you the basic recipe, and then you can dress it up as you please. In the picture of it you see here, I used whipped cream and nuts, but you can combine it with fruits, ice-creams and lots of other things.

CARAMEL DESSERT

Take the wrapper off can of condensed milk. Place the can in a saucepan with water to cover entirely, and boil for three hours, adding water when necessary to keep it covered. Take from the stove and when cool, chill thoroughly. When you are ready to use it, dip in hot water for about a minute, then punch a little hole in the bottom. With your can-opener cut around the top at the *side* of the *top*, so you can lift it off like a cover. This prevents the shape of the caramel being scratched or spoiled. With a dull knife dipped in hot water, carefully loosen the caramel from the can, if it doesn't shake out regularly. And there you are! You can either arrange the slices in

(*Continued on page* 101)

Milk and cheese are vital to your health, fun on your menus, important to your good looks. Do you know how to use condensed and evaporated milk to give you these benefits and to add variety and zest to your meals?

For instance, a swirling, shiny chocolate frosting for your most important cakes, new candies, new tastes for vegetables. I do want you to be sure and try these. There isn't any charge at all for sending you these recipes, but enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you write to Pauline Nelson, c/c Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

CINDERELLA* *tags these dresses "Wash with Ivory Flakes"*

These adorable dresses are the heart's-desire of every little girl who sees them. What a thrill for your own small darling to be decked out in one of these lovable Cinderella frocks!... And don't you worry! Although the materials are fine, the colors dainty, the trimming tricks bright—they'll *stay* that way, if you give them gentle Ivory Flakes care. These Cinderella Frocks may be washed by hand or washing machine—in lukewarm suds of pure Ivory Flakes. That's the finest way to wash dainty little girls' clothes (as often as you please)—and the *safest!*

* Makers of the famous Cinderella Frocks for children recommend that they be washed in Ivory Flakes. Exact washing directions are tagged on each dress.

99 44/100% pure

Has *lipstick parching* kept love from your lips?

Lips that look kissable...and *are* kissable must be satin smooth. Never rough! Yet some lipsticks seem to dry and parch!

Coty has ended all danger of Lipstick Parching with a *new* lipstick.

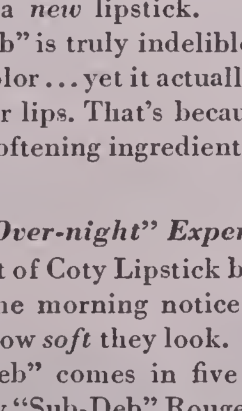
Coty "Sub-Deb" is truly indelible...warm and ardent in color...yet it actually *smooths* and *softens* your lips. That's because it contains a special softening ingredient, "Essence of Theobrom."

Make the "Over-night" Experiment!

Put on a tiny bit of Coty Lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how *soft* your lips feel, how *soft* they look.

Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in five indelible colors, 50c. Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, also 50c.

Come to a new world of beauty...with the new Coty "Air Spun" Face Powder!

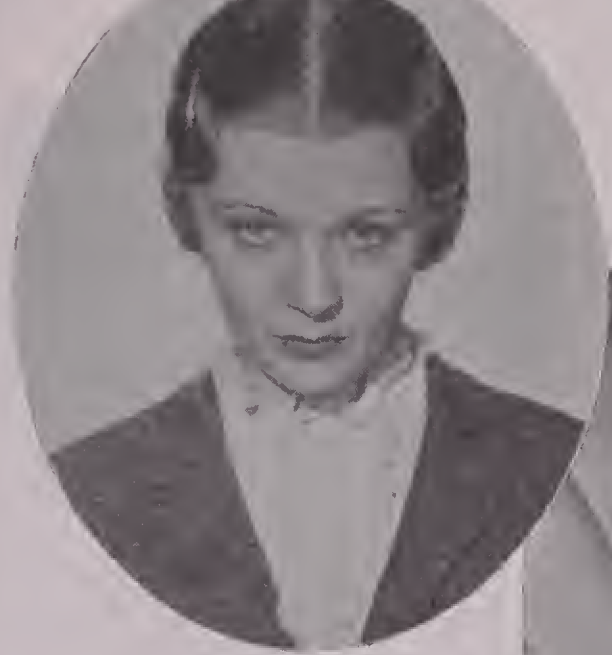


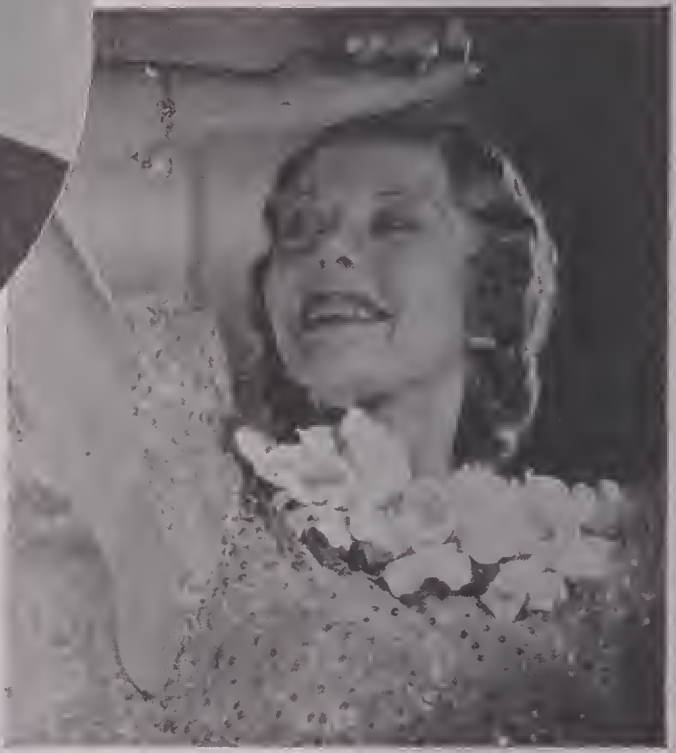
Coty

SUB-DEB LIPSTICK

50c

Beauty in DISGUISE





Harriet Hilliard, as Ginger Rogers' timid sister in RKO's "Follow the Fleet," gives you a striking example of what we mean by disguised beauty. In the oval—"before," and right—"after."

By Gloria Mack

BEAUTY in disguise! How many of us are going around with a disguise, hiding away, either through ignorance or carelessness, all the bright charm we ought to be showing to the world?

I know from my mail that many girls are. So often, I receive questions like this: "I'm so homely, there isn't much can be done, I'm afraid, but what would you suggest?"

Almost always, that girl is missing the opportunity to be striking, distinguished; even pretty or downright beautiful because she hasn't really studied her own problems. She hasn't analyzed herself; hasn't ripped off her wrappings of the commonplace, to emerge her own most attractive self.

There's a girl just like that in the new picture, "Follow the Fleet," which will probably be finished by the time you are reading this. This girl is played by Harriet Hilliard, and when you see the picture, you'll understand why I wanted to meet Harriet, and to use the "ugly duckling" as my "text" this month.

I went calling on the RKO lot. I met Harriet. I had the fun of watching some scenes made for the picture, and I got everything I needed to write this article. I knew that what I was going to tell you about ugly ducklings would be true; but often we may know a thing is true, and then suddenly see a concrete example of it, an object lesson that brings home the truth as nothing else can. And on my way home from the studio I had such an object lesson, and I only wish every one of you could have been there with me, to see it, too.

I stopped at the make-up department on an errand. While I was there, a girl came in. Nothing unusual about her. She was neither badly nor well dressed. Her nose wasn't shiny, but on the other hand, you would have passed her without a second look.

I had asked the make-up man a rather technical question which he was trying to explain. "Wait," he said, "I'll show you." He turned to the girl. "Carol, would you mind letting me put a make-up on you?"

"But I've got one on," she said, a little blankly.

"Oh," said the make-up man, and that "oh" spoke volumes. "Well, take it off, and we'll start afresh."

I wish everyone of you could have seen what happened. The difference it made. The (*Continued on page 107*)

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT!

CAPRA'S NEWEST TRIUMPH!

Gary Cooper

A GENTLEMAN GOES TO TOWN

JEAN ARTHUR

George Bancroft • Lionel Stander • Douglass Dumbrille • Raymond Walburn • Margaret Matzenauer • H. B. Warner • Warren Hymer

A FRANK CAPRA PRODUCTION

Screen play by Robert Riskin From the story by Clarence Budington Kelland

GOLDEN-VOICED STAR IN HER GAYEST AND GRANDEST PICTURE!

Grace Moore

THE KING STEPS OUT

FRANCHOT TONE

Walter Connolly • Raymond Walburn

Victor Jory

Directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

Glorious Music by FRITZ KREISLER *Screen play by Sidney Buchman Lyrics by Dorothy Fields*

WONDER SHOW OF 1936!

STORMING AMERICA IN A MIGHTY SONG CRESCENDO!

THE MUSIC GOES 'ROUND

HARRY RICHMAN

ROCHELLE HUDSON

WALTER CONNOLLY

FARLEY and RILEY

and their 'Round and 'Round Music

Douglass Dumbrille • Lionel Stander

Directed by VICTOR SCHERTZINGER

Screen play by Jo Swerling Story by Sidney Buchman

Music and Lyrics by Lew Brown-Harry Akst and Victor Schertzinger

COLUMBIA PICTURES

INSIDE STUFF

By

PETER ABBOTT

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

By HYMAN FINK

Kay Francis and Delmer Daves, all smiles at the Pickfair party; they may be married by now!

HOT NEWS: Hollywood is all agog over the news that **Sylvia Sidney** is divorcing **Bennett Cerf** after but four months of marriage (see story in this issue.)

Although rumored that **Leatrice Joy** would contest **John Gilbert's** will for a larger settlement for their daughter, no suit has been filed. Jack left over $350,000, surprising those who thought he was broke.

Betty Compson, famous star of former days, is returning to the screen in "Laughing Irish Eyes."

Production schedules were shifted on "Thirteen Hours by Air" to shoot around **Joan Bennett,** who hurried East to be with sisters **Connie** and **Barbara** at the bedside of their stricken father, **Richard Bennett.**

Director **W. S. Van Dyke** and his wife have announced the recent arrival of their first baby, which they kept secret awaiting completion of the new nursery wing for their home.

It's a boy at the **Fred Astaires'**—and **Fred,** who has always been afraid he wouldn't be there when it happened, had such a strong hunch on the right night that he stayed home from the **Irving Berlin** testimonial dinner.

Joan Crawford practiced overhard for her dancing picture and had to spend a week in bed with flu and sinus complications.

If you were incensed over that recent **Nelson Eddy** news story in which the actor panned Hollywood, forget it—**Eddy** was kidding the writer and she took him seriously!

Hollywood rumors say that **Dietrich's** latest, "Desire," is so swell that Paramount is ready to top any foreign film offer and she may stay right here.

Mae West has signed a new Paramount contract to make two more films, thus silencing the rumor that she was through there.

Bing Crosby sold a racehorse named Uncle Gus for a hundred and eighty dollars because he thought the animal was no good—and next day Uncle Gus won a purse of eight hundred for the new owner and beat Bing's favorite racer!

Nick Lukats, former Notre Dame football star, has been signed to a beginner's contract at Paramount and will attend the studio stock school, grooming for big roles.

Gertrude Michael is suing for five grand for the death of her pet dog.

Mae Clarke has announced to friends the news of her coming marriage to **Dr. Frank G. Nolan.**

Agnes Ayres returns to films in a feature role second only to **Janet Gaynor,** in "Small Town Girl."

On the eve of her departure for China, it became known that **Anna May Wong** turned down the role of Lotus, the concubine, in the picture, "The Good Earth," for two reasons: (1) the role will be held in disdain by her countrymen, and (2) it's rather ridiculous

Follow our inquiring reporter—and you'll put your fingers on the pulsebeat of the heart of Hollywood!

Princess Vasili Romanoff, Mary Pickford, Valentin Parera and his wife, Grace Moore, and Lady Mendl, at Mary's party at Pickfair for Lady Mendl.

INSIDE STUFF—Continued

for a real Chinese girl to play second lead to a Viennese actress (**Luise Rainer,** who essays the role of Olan, a Chinese lady).

The team of **Joan Blondell** and **Glenda Farrell** is now broken up for good, after a long campaign by **Blondell** to go "single."

Underground rumors predict that **Carole Lombard** will marry **Robert Riskin** in the very near future.

After a local showing of "First a Girl," M-G-M decided not to borrow **Jessie Matthews** from GB and will co-star **Eleanor Powell** and **Robert Taylor** in the picture planned for **Matthews.**

Errol Flynn is to follow his first success in "Captain Blood" with a starring role in "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

Millionaire film playboy, **Howard Hughes**, set a new transcontinental speed record.

Clara Bow, who formerly wouldn't hire servants who couldn't play poker, now won't hire a cowboy for her ranch unless he's a bridge player.

Walt Disney has embarked on a feature-length picture, "Snow White," which will take a full year to produce.

Romance and rumored marriage plans for **Mary Carlisle** and **James Blakeley.**

Dick Powell's built a high wall around his home to keep out inquisitve women guests who continue bothering him at all hours.

* * *

DORIS DUKE CROMWELL passed through Hollywood on her world-tour honeymoon recently and stood the natives on their collective ears when she threw a party at one of the swank spots and invited some of the front families of the colony.

We arrived early to look over the party and who should be sitting in their places around the table but (among others) Mary Pickford; Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Barrymore; Eleanor Boardman, and a few others. This was about eight-fifteen. At nine-twenty, in strolled the blonde Doris. Now:

Did her secretary make a mistake in the time when issuing invitations? Or was Hollywood so cowed by thirty million dollars that it came early? Or did the world's richest girl make Hollywood wait for her? No one seems to know.

* * *

IT'S been some weeks since we last heard rumors of marriage for Jean Harlow. Time was when every mail brought a fresh dispatch uniting her with Bill Powell at the first available justice. Of course, we shouldn't forget that Jean stayed home on New Year's Eve for the express purpose of receiving a telephone call from a "mysterious somebody in Washington, D. C.," which may be the answer.

HAVE YOU *Cinderella* HANDS?

Hands that Go from Dishpan to Dance

For 60 years HINDS has been fairy godmother to hands that must work by day, yet look lovely at night. Just a touch of this rich creamy lotion smooths away all trace of roughness, leaves hands alluringly soft and white. It brings instant comfort to cracked knuckles and raw chapped wrists. Never smarts or stings, even when used on irritated skin. Dries *in*, not *off* . . . and its benefits are deep and lasting.

Let HINDS work its magic for you right away. You'll find that it's richer, creamier, more quick-acting than ever. And you'll find that it's not the least bit gummy or sticky. *Be proud of your hands tonight.* Get HINDS today. 10c, 25c, 50c, $1.

FREE dispenser with each 50c size. Fits on the bottle—not on the wall.

HINDS
HONEY
&
ALMOND
CREAM
NON-STICKY
Quick-Acting

© 1936 LEHN & FINK INC

Non-Sticky • Quick-Acting

HINDS HONEY and ALMOND CREAM

HOW THESE THREE HOLLYWOOD

Make-Up Secrets

Can Give You Beauty

NEW Hollywood make-up originated by Max Factor, make-up genius, will give you youthful loveliness too.

Hollywood's Powder Secret Gives Skin New Beauty

Max Factor has created powder in original color harmony shades for blondes, brunettes, redheads, brownettes. Your color harmony shade will enliven your skin with youthful beauty, and give you a lasting satin-smooth finish. Max Factor's Powder, one dollar.

Rouge That Gives an Exquisite Lifelike Color

Like the powder, Max Factor has created rouge in color harmony shades for every type. When you use your color harmony shade you will agree with Virginia Bruce who says, "The creamy-smooth texture, and the color have a magic way of making the whole face beautiful." Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents.

New Lip Make-Up Gives Lips Alluring Color

To give the lips an alluring, lasting color, Max Factor has created a Super-Indelible Lipstick in color harmony shades. May be applied to both inner and outer surface of the lips, giving them an even, lasting color. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar.

VIRGINIA BRUCE
in
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"The GREAT ZIEGFELD"

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP

Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Hollywood

SEND Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. ★ Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"* . . . FREE.

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	*AGE*	

25-4-1

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

A friendly gathering at the home of director Raoul Walsh: Raoul, Countess di Frasso, Doug Fairbanks, Sr., Countess de Maigret and Herbert Marshall.

INSIDE STUFF—Continued

HOLLYWOOD IN SHORTS

MAMMA TEMPLE must be reading the script in advance. Anyway, she made Shirley promise not to eat any cake for two days, and that day a scene for "Captain January" called for her to cut a cake and pass it. Shirley was the only member of the cast who passed it up.

Jeanette MacDonald was out dancing with Gene Raymond the night before the huge party given in her honor by Bob Ritchie, her other boy friend. Maybe she was consoling the uninvited guest.

Eddie Guest, the home and fireside poet from Detroit, gave Hollywood a bit of a shock when he rented the spacious and ornate home owned by Adrienne Ames while he is here.

While Lee Tracy is busy playing his first character role in "Sutter's Gold," his former heart, Isabel Jewell, is making life happier for Sidney Blackmer, and 'tis said they *mean* it.

Mae Clarke has had worse luck with her health and bones than most any star in Hollywood—everything from broken jaws to nervous breakdowns—and maybe that's the reason she appreciates her doctor so much. Dr. Frank Nolan is the name and he's become a romantic fixture.

* * *

THE moment you see "Captain Blood" you'll want all the latest news on newcomer Errol Flynn. So we dashed out to the studio today to get

Also at Pickfair were Leslie Howard and the Continental singing stars, Marta Eggerth and Jan Kiepura (are they married, or aren't they?—it's a riddle).

INSIDE STUFF—Continued

the dope. Here's the last word:

The moment the studio bosses saw the finished picture, they tore up his old contract (two months old) and gave him a nice new one calling for a raise to exactly four and a half times what he originally signed for. They then led Mr. Flynn around to the new dressing room building and gave him first choice.

Errol Flynn is a big handsome Irishman. One of the most regular sort of guys you'd want to meet. He isn't at all thrilled by his sudden rise to the top. He's been a pearl diver in the South Seas; has tried his hand at a lot of other adventurous jobs so a little success in moom-pictures doesn't faze him too much.

Here's a funny one: He traveled to New York to make a personal appearance with the opening of the picture and was so booked up all the time he was there that he had to return to Hollywood to see "Captain Blood" for the first time.

Jackie Cooper feels like a pretty big boy now when he escorts Arline Judge to the Santa Anita races.

* * *

GLENDA FARRELL is too kind hearted for her own good! For years, Glenda has looked forward to the time when she could have a swimming pool of her own. Just the other day she bought the lot next to her home and started planning for the big day.

Then she thought of all the kids in the neighborhood.

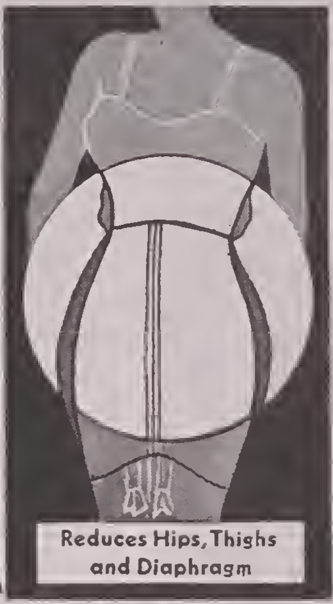
Knowing that she would never be able to refuse the kids if they asked for the use of the pool (and there are at least a million of them in the block), Glenda has decided to build a tennis court on the lot. And she's been waiting for that pool for years.

* * *

THAT new oyster bar at the Trocadero got the most marvelous publicity break the first day. Not because

"Quickly CORRECT THESE FIGURE FAULTS
PERFOLASTIC NOT ONLY CONFINES...IT REMOVES UGLY BULGES!

The Bulge "Derriere" Responds Quickly


Reduces Hips, Thighs and Diaphragm

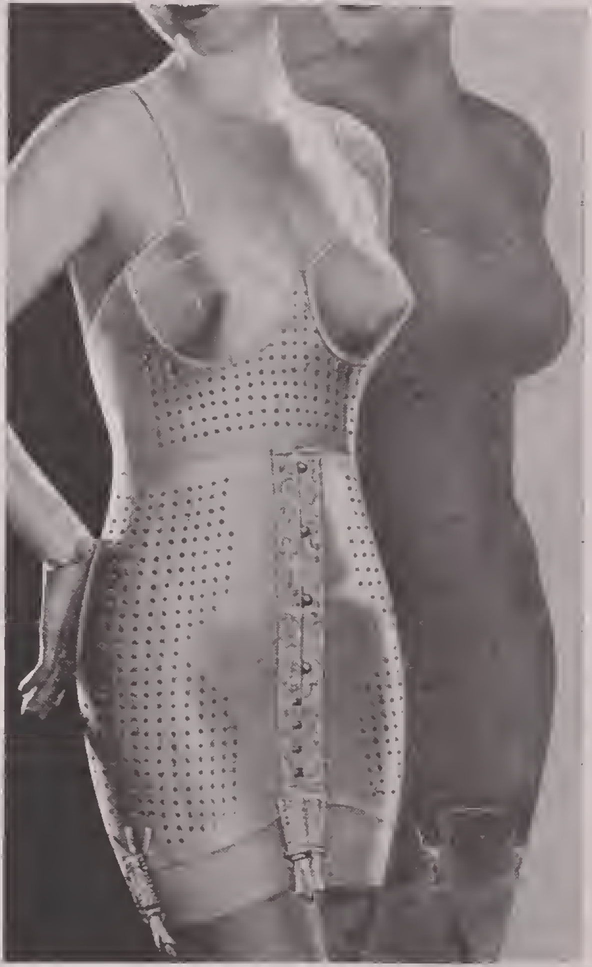
Abdominal Fat is Most Common of All

Reduce Your Waist and Hips 3 Inches in 10 Days with the Perfolastic Girdle
... or no cost!

THOUSANDS of women owe their slim, youthful figures to this sure, safe method of reducing. No strenuous exercises to wear you out... no dangerous drugs to take... and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness!

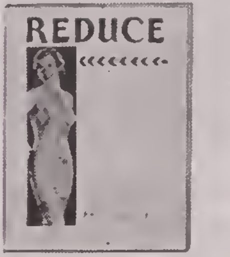
APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!
■ You not only appear inches slimmer the moment you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, but every second you wear them, you are actually reducing without any effort on your part—and at only the spots where surplus fat has accumulated.
Past results prove that we are justified in guaranteeing *you* a reduction of 3 inches in 10 days or there will be no cost. We do not want you to risk one penny—simply try the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere for 10 days at our expense and prove to yourself what they will do for YOU!

"REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES," Writes Miss Healy!
■ "Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll; "Reduced from 43 to 34½ inches," writes enthusiastic Miss Brian. These are just a few examples of the astounding reductions experienced by Perfolastic wearers.



TEST . . . The Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere at our expense!

MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY!
■ With every move you make the massage-like action takes off unwanted inches. You do nothing except watch the fat disappear. All the while you are so comfortable you can hardly believe you are actually reducing. Because of the perforations and soft, silky lining, Perfolastic is delightful to wear.



SEND FOR FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF MATERIAL!
■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women told in this FREE BOOKLET. You risk nothing . . . we want you to make this test at OUR expense. Mail the coupon NOW!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 284, 41 East 42nd St., New York City
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!
Name.........
Address.........
City.........State.........
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard.

Connie Bennett was happy over her English film plans, with Joseph Schenck and Gilbert Roland at the Troc—then she was called East to her father's side.

INSIDE STUFF—Continued

the oysters are swell—which they most certainly are—and not because they have a famous New York "Maestro d'Oyster" dishing up the savory concoctions. No, the best break for the Troc came when Jean Harlow discovered a real pearl while munching away at a couple of half-shells!

* * *

ERROL FLYNN and Lili Damita came close to starting that time-worn rumor the other dawning at a colony feastfest when they came to harsh words and almost walked out on one another.

* * *

THE returns so far on the 1935 predictions show MOVIE MIRROR batting one thousand per cent! We called the romance turn in the life of Ann Harding, the separation of the Gables and the exact week of Joan Crawford's marriage to Franchot Tone. We had many others, but those are the high points. Also, if you will recall, we warned you to keep your eye on Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot for a reconciliation. Thus, we are about to hit another prediction for a loop; Cabot just hopped a plane for New York—and Adrienne. You may look to see a remarriage in this case before the divorce becomes final.

* * *

LEO CARRILLO is said to be going around Hollywood with a long face these days because, on a recent hunting trip with Clark Gable, he bagged only a few male ducks. According to Carrillo, all the female ducks flocked around Clark.

* * *

AS if the idea of a complete rehearsal of a motion picture wasn't rare enough, Irving Thalberg is trying another original stunt on "Romeo and Juliet." He is shooting the rehearsals just as he will later film the actual pic-

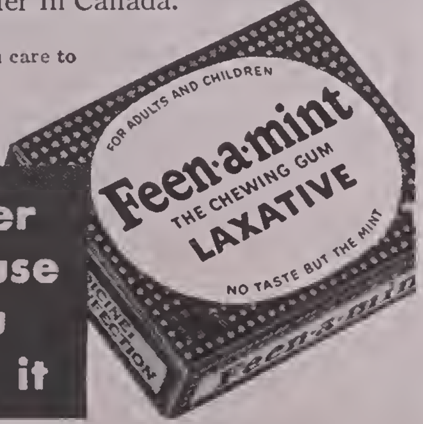
It must be a good story! Wish we could tell you what Cesar Romero was telling Betty Furness, Allan Jones and Irene Hervey at the Walsh party.

"My complexion cleared up like Magic!"
THE 3 MINUTE WAY
"I RELY ON THIS TRULY MODERN LAXATIVE"

A dull skin, blotches, and bad breath—these may be warnings of constipation—accumulated poisons in your system. When you notice such telltale signs, do as millions of others do—place your confidence in FEEN-A-MINT and the "three-minute way." The "three-minute way" means that you simply chew delicious FEEN-A-MINT for three minutes,* preferably while going to bed—and in the morning you will find gentle but thorough relief. The very act of chewing makes FEEN-A-MINT better. Its tasteless, medicinal content mixes thoroughly with saliva and goes to work easily, gradually—not all at once. No unpleasant after-effects. And the children love it for its clean, refreshing taste. Get a box for the whole family, 15 cents and 25 cents—slightly higher in Canada.

* Longer, if you care to

better because you chew it



INSIDE STUFF—Continued

ture, only using a black background. This method will, he hopes, show up mistakes of movement and placement and will be a great help in planning the final edition.

* * *

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is really growing up. When her first tooth fell out the studio had to rush a false one into the blank spot in order to finish a picture. Now it's even worse. All of Shirley's front teeth are in the growing-in stage and since they aren't the same length, she is now wearing "veneer teeth" for the whole front row, top and bottom.

Ann Dvorak and husband Leslie Fenton emerge from their happy home to attend the "Rose Marie" preview.

IF Bing Crosby ever comes to your town, we advise you to rush to the Chamber of Commerce and issue a warning for all horse owners to put blinkers on their nags. Bing has been scaring all the horses at the local race meet with his loud choice of colors. He arrived one day in blue trousers, yellow sweater and orange scarf! The next day it was yellow trousers, green sports coat and pink shirt. He's not crazy. He's just color blind.

* * *

EVERYONE down at Palm Springs is pretty broken up about Charlie Farrell's new job. He will have to go to Australia to do the work. Charlie and his partner, Ralph Bellamy, have

Like a shadow, fear haunts you. Every minute you wonder—"Am I safe?"

But *why*—why risk that fear? Modess—the new and utterly different sanitary napkin—now banishes "accident panic." It's *certain-safe!* It stays soft! It stays safe!

SAY GOODBYE TO YOUR FEARS!

Dance and play—you're truly safe—with certain-safe Modess!

No striking through—as often happens with ordinary reversible napkins. No soggy edges! For Modess has a specially treated material on the sides and back. Wear *blue line* (the moisture-proof side) *away* from body and protection is complete!

Modess
This is the New Modess its "CERTAIN-SAFE"

End "accident panic" —ask for Certain-Safe

Modess!

Try N-O-V-O—the new safe douche powder. Cleanses! Deodorizes! (Not a contraceptive.)
At your druggist or department store

Anita Louise and Phil Reed seem to be giving each other special smiles, while Grace Durkin and Dick Cromwell look on, at Mary Blackford's party.

INSIDE STUFF—Continued

made their Racquet Club in the desert one of the real fun spots of the picture colony week. And now good old Charlie will have to be gone for almost a year. Virginia (Valli) Farrell will stay behind to help Ralph for a while and then join Charlie later.

* * *

HISTORIC JOTTING

DURING a lull between scenes on "Green Pastures" we caught a funny picture. You know, the whole cast is composed of negroes and so the following might be expected: grouped around an old, ricketty table were five boys playing poker. Each sported a pair of white "pieces" at the shoulder blades. They were "angels."

THAT was really quite some party that Sam Goldwyn threw for Lady Elsie de Wolf Mendl. The titled guest of honor startled the natives by appearing in green hair, just by way of matching the emerald-encrusted accessories! And what a guest list. We haven't space for the whole group, but here are a few:

Connie Bennett and her marquis; Marlene Dietrich and (for a change) her husband; Kay Francis and her constant escort, Delmer Daves; Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres; the Gary Coopers; Merle Oberon and David Niven; Miriam Hopkins and Cole Porter; Virginia Bruce and her ever-present Cesar Romero.

* * *

YOU'VE heard the words "Hollywood stooge" and you no doubt know that some of them receive as high

Are we lucky? Step right up and meet two of filmland's most famous married couples—Joel McCrea with Frances Dee and Lew Ayres with Ginger Rogers.

BRIGHT EYE DEAS by Jane Heath

NINE women out of ten turn their backs to the light because they think it unflattering; but make this test; you'll never do it again!

First, make up your face. Then take your KURLASH and curl the lashes of *one eye*. Touch them with LASHTINT and put a little SHADETTE on the upper lid. Now take your hand mirror and seek the full light of your brightest window. You'll find that one side of your face seems infinitely better looking . . . softer, lovelier in coloring, with starry eye and sweeping lashes.

You'll know then why the loveliest women use KURLASH daily. ($1 at good stores.)

Lashtint

At the same window you'll have a chance to see how naturally LASHTINT darkens and beautifies your eyelashes . . . without looking "made-up" either! It comes in 4 shades, in a special sponge-fitted case to insure even applications. $1, also. And the same holds true of SHADETTE. Even in the daytime it isn't obvious—just glamourous. In 10 subtle new shades at just 75c each.

• *Have you tried* TWISSORS—*the new tweezers with scissor handles—marvelously efficient*—25c.

Write JANE HEATH *for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. MG-4.*

Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

INSIDE STUFF—Continued

as $50.00 a week for their so-called work. But what are they, and what *is* their work? Here's the lowdown direct from the lips of Jack Oakie who should know:

"A stooge wakes you up in the morning, sees that your tie is on straight, answers your very personal mail, cracks a few jokes during breakfast, puts your coat on, autographs fan photographs, orders your meals, gives dimes to panhandlers, runs to the cleaners for your party suit and puts you to bed at night with another good joke or two."

* * *

DICK POWELL tells this one on himself; we thought you'd like to laugh, too. One day recently, a box arrived at Joan Blondell's house with six white orchids and a very mysterious card of admiration, unsigned. Joan showed them to Dick but, try as they might, they couldn't figure out who the rich admirer was. The gift must have cost some chap at least $50.00.

The Blondell-Farrell team is no more. But it's rumored Glenda plans to team with Addison Randall for life.

Despite the fact that they had already been out stepping three nights that week, Dick and Joan decided that they would have to break down and go once more, "just to use the swell orchids." So the next night out they went, only to discover, after they reached the night club, that Joan had left the orchids in the ice box. The next night they went out again in order to use the orchids, which wilted before the first dance.

Dick laughs. "It cost me about twice as much to try and give some other guy's orchids an airing as it would have for me to have bought them for Joan myself."

* * *

AFTER ten years of faithful service, a kindly fate has at last played into the hands of (*Continued on page* 94)

Blonde
Brunette
Yet—both should use a brunette powder

Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed!

THE ONE—Flaxen-haired. Serene gray-blue eyes. A cool ivory skin.

THE OTHER—Soft brown hair. Eyes the same color, alight with mischief. Skin creamy, almost olive.

THE two girls are utterly different. Who would think they could use the same shade of powder?

But look!—the blonde's cool coloring would certainly fade with too light a powder shade. Her skin lights up, warms—only with a certain brunette shade. The very one the other girl uses to clear and freshen her creamy skin!

It's Pond's lively Brunette shade that gives each one what she needs!

New shades enliven skin

Which type are you? That's a thing for your skin to decide—not your hair. See whether your skin needs brightening, clearing or warming up. Then choose the Pond's shade that does that very thing!—one of the five offered at right.

Every one contains new important tints that add life to the skin. With an optical machine, Pond's discovered these tints hidden in skin itself. Among them, the *bright blue* that makes fair skin dazzling! The *brilliant green* that makes creamy skin glow!

Now, these beauty-giving tints are blended *invisibly* into Pond's new Powder shades. Thus, they bring transparency and glow to any skin!

BRUNETTE clears, brightens creamy skin
ROSE BRUNETTE warms dull, faded skin
ROSE CREAM gives fair skin a radiance
NATURAL brings a blonde transparency
LIGHT CREAM gives a cool, velvety finish

Fine textured, Pond's Powder feels smoother on the skin. Spreads softly, easily. Never cakes or clogs. The larger sizes come in lovely glass jars—to show shade and texture, keep the powder perfumed. Prices reduced, 35¢ and 70¢. 10¢ and 20¢ boxes, increased in size.

FREE **5 Lively New Shades Mail Coupon today**

(This offer expires June 1, 1936)

POND'S, Dept. D132, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City______________State________

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

UNHAPPY ENDING

Gaily the brilliant young publisher and his actress-bride faced the future together—only to separate within a few short months.

Sylvia Sidney and Bennett Cerf started out on their marriage with such radiant hopes. What brought it crashing to disaster?

By DOROTHY LAWLOR

THERE is no obituary so poignant as the one that must be written for a love that has died—in this case the death of love between Sylvia Sidney and Bennett Cerf.

MOVIE MIRROR was the first magazine to tell you the inside story of this romance; it is ironical that it must be the first magazine to tell you that the marriage which started so hopefully is to be dissolved.

Even in Hollywood, the "Heartbreak House" of so many young couples, four months is such a short time to be a bride.

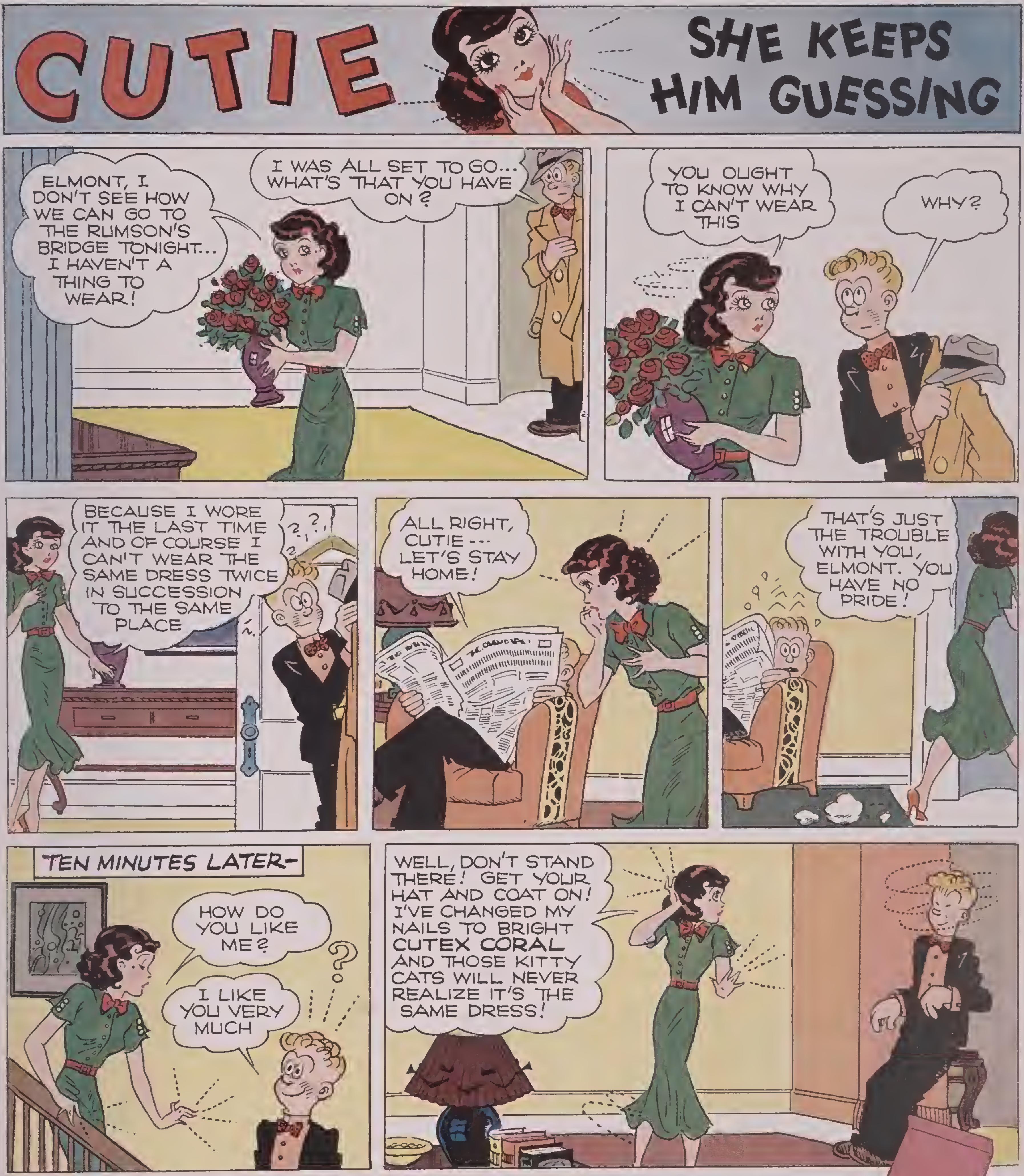
"If no one is important to you but yourself, you are lucky . . . you won't be jealous of your own success . . . you won't quarrel with yourself. . . . I never want to become too fond of anyone!" Thus, Sylvia Sidney a year ago. What could have caused her to make such a statement? Even an amateur psychologist must suspect that she was afraid of human relationships; afraid of the "possessiveness" of marriage, even a "modern marriage" with a brilliant and ambitious publisher who could be expected to understand the conflicting emotions engendered in trying to be two things at once, a wife and an actress.

And what of Bennett Cerf? What of this gallant young man who, in that exclusive story about his marriage which he gave to MOVIE MIRROR a few months ago, made no secret of the fact that he had been desperately in love with the vibrant and compelling little star for five years, and who spent a year persuading her to marry him, though he admitted he had always been opposed to two "careerists" marrying? What high hopes, ideals, and dreams did he build around her, to lie shattered before him now?

Perhaps in the words "ambitious" and "modern" as they apply to both these people lies the secret of their separation. Hollywood marriages are always a risk. Being the husband of a screen star requires almost superhuman understanding and self-effacement. Rumors flew feverishly, when they were married in Phoenix last fall, to the effect that it couldn't last, and for once the rumors were right.

Since the age of twelve, Sylvia, intense, emotional, and disconcertingly serious, has been determined that no ties of family, no responsibilities, nothing, should stand in the way of her being an actress. Then she fell in love. Love always thinks its strange alchemy will change human nature . . . but if it did, we would have a divorceless world. Did Sylvia suddenly remember that "Love is to man a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence?" Did she feel she must make a choice between ambition and love?

Perhaps the same two words, "ambitious" and "modern," will help to heal the bitterness and disappointment that faces these two now, as they each go their separate ways—alone.


CUTIE
SHE KEEPS HIM GUESSING
ELMONT, I DON'T SEE HOW WE CAN GO TO THE RUMSON'S BRIDGE TONIGHT... I HAVEN'T A THING TO WEAR!
I WAS ALL SET TO GO... WHAT'S THAT YOU HAVE ON?
YOU OUGHT TO KNOW WHY I CAN'T WEAR THIS
WHY?
BECAUSE I WORE IT THE LAST TIME AND OF COURSE I CAN'T WEAR THE SAME DRESS TWICE IN SUCCESSION TO THE SAME PLACE
ALL RIGHT, CUTIE --- LET'S STAY HOME!
THAT'S JUST THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, ELMONT. YOU HAVE NO PRIDE!
TEN MINUTES LATER-
HOW DO YOU LIKE ME?
I LIKE YOU VERY MUCH
WELL, DON'T STAND THERE! GET YOUR HAT AND COAT ON! I'VE CHANGED MY NAILS TO BRIGHT CUTEX CORAL AND THOSE KITTY CATS WILL NEVER REALIZE IT'S THE SAME DRESS!

It's a fact—the New Bright Cutex Nails make your oldest dress look new!

CUTEX
CUTEX Liquid Polish
Coral
LIQUID POLISH
CUTEX LIQUID POLISH Coral

LOOK at the best dressed girls in theatres, at restaurants, at bridge parties, and see if they aren't wearing the new bright nails!

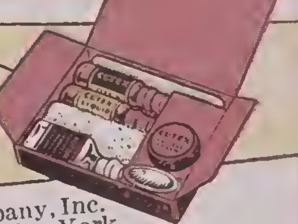
See if Cutex Ruby Nails don't pep up your oldest black "rag" and make it look new and important. Try Cutex Coral or Rust with green and Cutex Cardinal with navy blue this spring. You'll look twice as smart!

And Cutex never blotches, you know. It flows on smoothly and evenly—and *stays* on your nails without cracking, peeling or chipping.

8 smart shades to choose from. Crème or Clear—35¢ a bottle at your favorite store—stock up today!

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

Your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Polish Remover and sample of Lipstick for 14¢



Northam Warren Sales Company, Inc.
Dept. 6-B-4, 191 Hudson St., New York
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

I enclose 14¢ for 2 shades of Cutex Polish, as checked, and Polish Remover. Coral ☐ Cardinal ☐ Rust ☐ Ruby ☐
(Also sample of Cutex Lipstick will be included)

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________ State__________

Unless Camels thoroughly please you—they cost you nothing!

Camels are mild in the best sense of the word—mild in flavor and, even more important, so mild you can smoke all you want.

To emphasize our confidence that you will recognize the superiority of Camel's costlier tobaccos...we want you to try them at our risk.

See if you don't agree with Mrs. Allston Boyer, Miss Dorothy Paine, Mrs. William Wetmore, and the other discerning women throughout the country who have learned that in cigarettes the cost of the tobaccos and the skill with which they are blended are all-important.

MRS. ALLSTON BOYER (*Above*): "I notice that if I'm tired a Camel freshens me up. Lots of people have told me the same thing. I can smoke all I want, too, and they never upset my nerves."

MISS DOROTHY PAINE (*Above right*): "Of course I smoke Camels. They have such a grand, smooth flavor. And they never make my nerves jumpy. When I'm all tired out, a Camel sets me right again."

MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE (*Right*): "Everywhere you go they're smoking Camels. Their smoother, richer flavor seems to fit in with the gayer life we are leading again. They are made from more expensive tobaccos."

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
QUALITY

Costlier Tobaccos!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

Money-Back Invitation to try Camels

Smoke 10 fragrant Camels. If you don't find them the mildest, best-flavored cigarettes you ever smoked, return the package with the rest of the cigarettes in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund your full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed)
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

The "LUCK" of ROZ RUSSELL

By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

Here's one charming society girl who's headed for well-earned screen success!

I WOULD rather be Rosalind Russell than any girl in Hollywood. Rosalind with those strictly level eyes and that voice which has a way of coming to the rescue of her words with whatever quality they need to light them.

There are girls in Hollywood more beautiful than Rosalind. There are girls more famous. And there are girls beloved by men richer and more influential than any beau Rosalind has had to date. But she is tops in an equation which is, to my way of thinking, the most important thing of all. She's ready for life even in its most capricious and grim phases. She has a beautiful self sufficiency.

All of which brings me to James Russell, Rosalind's father. It is he who stands behind this personal fitness she knows. He was a rich man. He brought Rosalind up in a Connecticut house where open fires and well-trained servants and tea-tables and shelves overflowing with books combined to make the days pass in charming succession. In the summer there was a big, gabled, dormer-windowed house on the shore with a private beach and a fragrant garden and a guest suite available for any friends Rosalind might care to invite to come and stay. She was taught to ride, to hold her own socially, to speak a fluent French, and to dance so well that her arrival at the country club always must cause competition in the stag line. And it was to fashionable Marymount-on-the-Hudson that she went to complete her schooling.

However, it isn't any part of this I think of when I talk of the incomparable preparation for life which this girl received. Such story-book backgrounds, free from urgent need and strain and worry and sacrifice and denial, often produce charming men and women, but they're not famous for producing men and women who are strong and valiant. Always it seems to be through fire that the finest metal is forged.

And this James Russell knew. He was, you see, wise too. He had a conviction the only reason people fail to find life grand is that they aren't equal to it in its varying moods. And he had enough moral courage, that rarest of virtues, not to use his good fortune to wrap his children in the cotton batting of rich security, but to accustom them to facing all kinds of reality with their chins up.

I wish I could tell you half the fascinating things that happened to Rosalind in that fascinating household. Free as it was and as much independence of activity as every one in it was accorded, she still managed to get into

(*Continued on page 97*)

LOST LOVE LETTERS of a GREAT LOVER

These letters of the late John Gilbert constitute, I believe, the most poignant heartthrob story ever revealed about any star. In this case it is more amazing since it is told in his own words.

Here you can discover the idealist, the lonely searcher after beauty and romance, the man who loved truth so dearly he could never lie. Perfection was his goal. These letters, written seventeen years ago, prove that even then he was treading his dark but brave path toward his goal. The tender-hearted girl to whom they were written has re-married happily, but the touching record of this love remains the self-written history of a great and romantic man. —R. W.

(Letter from John Gilbert to Mrs. John Gilbert — nee Olivia Burwell — Ebenezer, Miss,. postmarked Los Angeles, Cal., April 2, 1919:)

Hello, darling dear:

How is my precious today?

It is the first of April, dearest, and I am wondering what this new month holds in store for us. Oh, God, I hope it will be filled with just a little more good cheer and fortune than the last.

There is still nothing in sight, only hazy promises of jobs in the distant future; promises coming from men whose word means nothing and who are laughing inwardly while they give me hope. It is a rotten, lying, grafting mess and, oh, how sick of it I am.

Received another of your sweet letters yesterday, telling how well everyone treated my precious on the train. That made me happy. As long as I know that you are being well taken care of I can plug along with a semblance of a smile.

A letter also came from Mama to you which I opened, and in which she asked both of us to come home. She is a real, sure nuff woman, the kind one only meets a very few times in a life.

You explain, to her, dear, that it was hard enough sending you home, thus branding myself a failure, unable to support you; but I simply could not go myself and throw myself at her mercy. I have a few characteristics of a man left, even though I did fail in taking care of my dear little wife.

Tomorrow will be April Fool's Day. I feel that I am all the fools in one.

Saw Higby last night and am going to his office this morning. I guess I'll have to go into the insurance business after all.

Will not write any more now, sweetheart. I feel too rotten and I don't want to write discouraging letters to you. I only pray that I can tell you something cheerful in the next.

By-by, sweet—I love you.

JACK.

(*Letter from John Gilbert to Mrs. John Gilbert, Ebenezer, Miss., postmarked Los Angeles, Cal., May 2, 1919:*)

Jack's first wife, Olivia Burwell, to whom he confessed his love and despair in the letters printed here.

DARLING SALE:

I got up at six-thirty yesterday morning and worked right through until two this morning, staying at the studio every minute, so didn't have a chance to write all day and was too tired at two this morning to do anything but hop into bed. I know you'll forgive me, dear. I'll make up for it by writing two letters today, one now and one this evening.

Precious child, I know you want to come back; and God knows I want you here worse than I want anything in the world, but don't you think that after making such a brave move of separating, it would be spoiling it all now to come back and perhaps in a few weeks or months have to do the same thing over again? That would be awful. I could never have the gall to turn to our sweet mother again for money, and I still owe Easid, and Mulle and Bluett for a lot of stuff I had to buy for these two pictures and I still owe Willis and Inglis one hundred on the Tourneur engagement and forty-five on the Hayakawa which I am going to pay Wednesday when I get my check. With all those debts, not to speak of the five hundred from Mama, hanging over my head, and job getting just as uncertain as it always was, I would hate to bring you on for a short time of heavenly bliss, then have to go through the agony of separating again if I failed to land a job.

The car will soon be paid for and be my own.

I am fighting to keep working and trying to get more money all the time. You know I love you. At times I may have been childish, but you surely must have known the love I held in my heart for my little Brownie Sale—and I would much rather have this separation—from which the terrible sting of the day you left has gone, leaving only a dull aching void—go on for a few months, until I can straighten out things, then live the rest of our lives together, with a sure future and clean conscience on both our parts that we are free from debt, and carefree too. I hope you agree with me, dear. I can see no other sensible way.

It has been dismal and foggy and damp here for a week, but not cold. I can't understand it being cold in Mississippi in April.

Out of the past of the screen's great idol come these self-revelations of a tortured and beauty-loving soul—John Gilbert

Oh—I got Freddy Fraelick of the Ince Studio on the phone yesterday and asked him about that call he gave me, and he said he wanted me to work with Doris Lee, Mr. Ince's new star, but Sullivan had told him I was tied up at Universal so he had to give it to someone else, but that I was to let him know as soon as I finished my picture. They are breaking a little better now.

But, darling, I have seen some pitiful cases the last few days.

At the Universal a couple of days ago, five boys worked with me on a set—getting five dollars a day—who had always played big parts before and one of them was a man who was considered a great actor when he played with my mother a few years ago. And the day I finished Hayakawa we had a ballroom set and one boy named Arthur Allardt, whom I have known for some time and who a year ago was receiving one hundred and twenty-five a week for parts, was working extra. He told me he had not worked for twenty weeks. Simply could not land a job. And do you remember in the play at the Morosco, "The Week Offs," the woman who played the leading man's cousin in New York, who owned the studio the first act represented and spoke with a southern dialect, Helene Sullivan? She has always been a well-known actress. Well, she was working with me for five dollars a day. So we are not so badly off after all, darling. I at least didn't have to cut my salary—so God is a pretty decent sort of a Chap after all, isn't He?

No more now, dearest.

God bless and keep you for me.

YOUR HUSBAND.

(*Letter from John Gilbert to Mrs. Nannia N. Burwell—Mrs. Gilbert's mother—Ebenezer, Miss., postmarked June 9, 1919:*)

MY DEAR MOTHER:

What I am about to write will come as a distinct shock to you. It is not the work of a moment's contemplation, a passing childish whim, but is the culmination of *months of unbearable pain.*

I have tried, believe me, dear, *tried till my brain writhed in agony, to bluff through my marriage* to our darling little girl. *Bluff is the word. It was a play, I was acting;* but the play was a farce, and my acting the work of a cad.

Olivia is beyond doubt the sweetest, dearest of all children. She is the personification of innocence and purity, *but as my wife she is just as sadly out of place as* Brother would be had he married an actress.

(*Continued on page* 102)

You've Got To Be Temperamental!

Always be ladylike? Nonsense, say the stars—because it takes a dash of pepper to earn your salt in films

IT is a favorite theory in Hollywood that the star who dares to be temperamental cannot last long in pictures. Temperament is supposed to be the thing which ruins careers, gets stars into hot water and destroys their box-office value.

Frankly, I think it's the bunk. It's a lovely theory, for the producers. Actually, the only stars who ever get anywhere are the temperamental ones. For two reasons. First, they have the courage to stand up and fight, so they get decent breaks. Second, their temperament is actually a reflection of the glamorous, striking personalities they reveal on the screen. A star without temperament is usually about as exciting as a dish of cold spinach.

Look at Katharine Hepburn. She has repeatedly defied Hollywood. She has screeched at it, laughed at it, tormented reporters who came to her for information with weird and impossible tales. When her picture, "Break of Hearts," failed at the box-office, her critics pounced on that and said it was because the public was tiring of Katharine's temperamental outbursts. They admitted that those same antics had first brought her into public attention. She had immediately registered as a new and different personality—a madcap who was forever tilting with imaginary windmills. Her fits of temperament combined with her fine acting had brought her to a point where she could get almost anything she wanted from the producers. They looked upon her as an absolutely free soul. If they didn't give in to her whims, they were afraid that she might walk out on them.

"Break of Hearts" was a failure simply because people didn't like the picture. Katharine's success later on in "Alice Adams" proved that Katharine, the moody, the changeable, the never-tamed, still fascinated her fans.

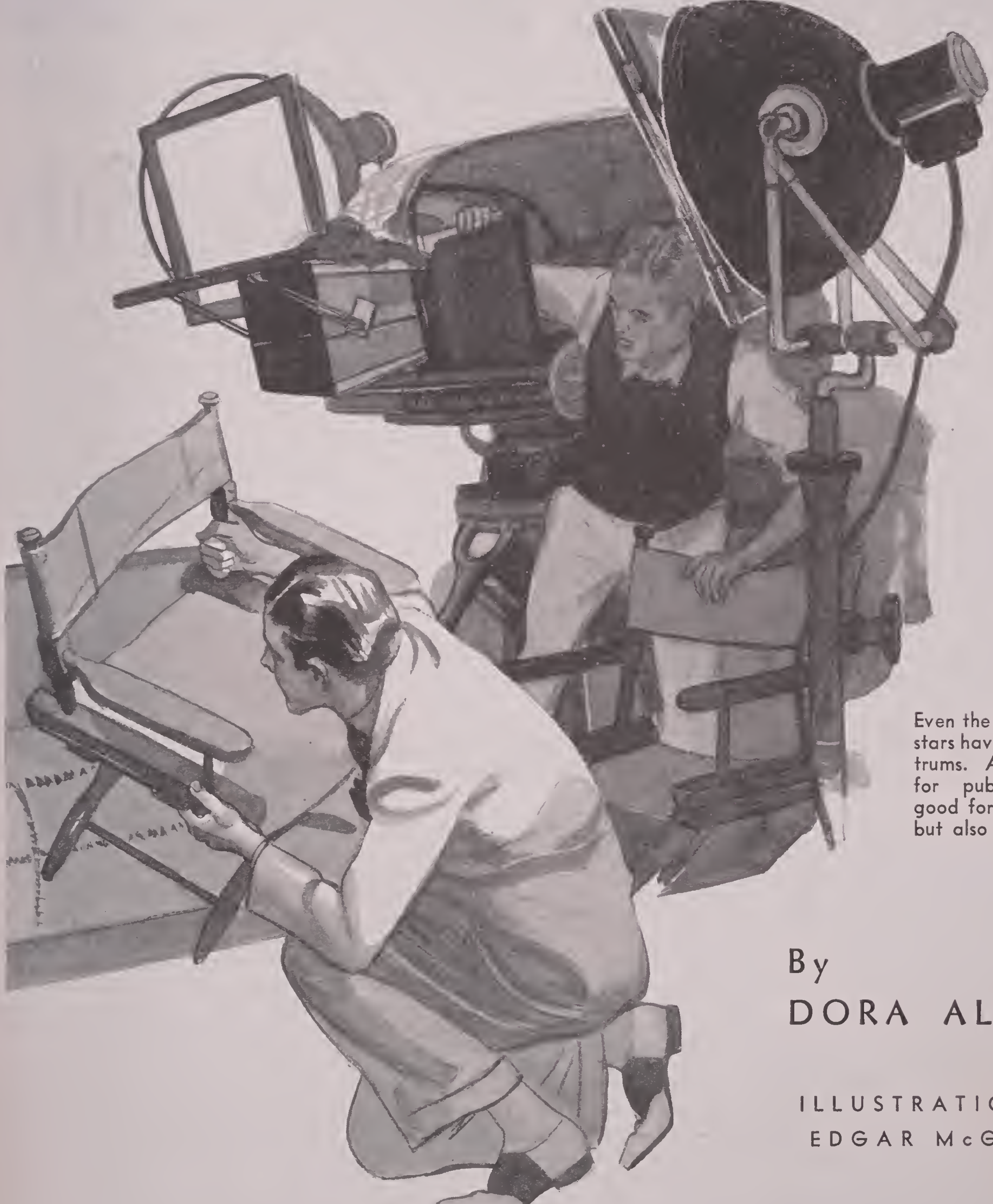
By way of contrast, there is Helen Hayes. She enthralled moving picture fans when she first appeared in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." I was in a preview room at the M-G-M Studios in New York when that picture was shown, and when it ended there wasn't a single dry eye in the audience. We said, and believed, that Helen Hayes would make every other actress look like a painted doll. She would steal every picture in which she appeared.

At first our predictions came true.

Helen stole "Arrowsmith" from so accomplished an actor as Ronald Colman. She gave one of the most exquisite performances I have ever seen in "A Farewell to Arms." And best of all, so said her friends, she remained the same simple, unaffected person she had been when she was triumphing in plays on Broadway. She showed no signs of going Hollywood. She listened to advice. No one ever saw her go into a tantrum. She was courteous to the press.

As time went on, it became evident, however, that Helen Hayes, a great actress on the stage, would never become a movie star of the first magnitude. She would be eclipsed at the box office by such actresses as Joan Crawford and Janet Gaynor. Why? Because apparently the camera sees deep into the soul of the star it photographs. On the stage Helen Hayes found it easy to portray people entirely foreign to her nature. On the screen, she gave some great performances at first, but as time went on, she grew weary of fighting for the roles she wanted and bewildered by her own mistakes. As the fight went out of her, the glamorous quality went out of her pictures. She became resigned. And that is fatal to a great artist. If she had only been angry enough or stirred up sufficiently, her work on the screen would have showed it.

Bette Davis once said to me, "The maxims we relied upon as children don't work in Hollywood or in the theater. People don't judge you by those qualities we were taught were so precious, virtue and honesty. Stage managers don't say, 'So-and-So is an awfully nice, honest girl. Let's give her this part.' You might be the (*Continued on page 71*)



Even the quietest of stars have their tantrums. And it isn't for publicity; it's good for business—but also for acting.

By
DORA ALBERT

ILLUSTRATION BY
EDGAR McGRAW

Humphrey Bogart, Leslie Howard and Bette Davis are superb in the strong drama of "The Petrified Forest."

"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" (Sylvia Sidney, Fred MacMurray, Henry Fonda, Fred Stone) is a real triumph.

Movies of the Month

The reliable guide to the recent talkies with one check (✓) for good ones, two checks (✓✓) for those that are outstanding

✓✓ The Petrified Forest (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, Genevieve Tobin, Dick Foran, Humphrey Bogart, Charles Grapewin and Porter Hall.*

It's About: *A defeated man who, by the sacrifice of his life, accomplishes his mission and proves his love.*

For the intelligent and imaginative who have yearned to see a New York stage hit, this picture is a gift from heaven. It is truly a gem of artistic perfection, studded with fine performances and brimming with emotional suspense and drama. Leslie Howard, who created the stage role, scores again in the picture.

Laid in a combination gas station and lunchroom in the Arizona desert, the play concerns the love story of a beaten and discouraged intellectual (Leslie Howard) and the waitress daughter of the lunchroom owner (Bette Davis). She wants to run away "to life" with him, but he recognizes in her a suppressed genius that he feels unable to foster except by his death—and an insurance policy that will enable her to study art in France. When a hunted killer makes the lunchroom his rendezvous, Howard bargains with the badman to kill him so that he may fulfill his mission in life.

Leslie Howard and Bette Davis give a memorable dual performance comparable to their triumph in "Of Human Bondage." Charles Grapewin, as *Grandpa,* lends a superb air of comedy while Humphrey Bogart will chill you with his *Killer Duke Mantee.* Dick Foran should gain much by his excellent portrayal and Genevieve Tobin, Porter Hall and Joseph Sawyer complete a cast that achieves a high level of acting.

Your Reviewer Says: Highly recommended. An artistic triumph worthy of success.

✓✓ The Trail of the Lonesome Pine (Paramount)

You'll See: *Sylvia Sidney, Henry Fonda, Fred MacMurray, Fred Stone, Beulah Bondi, Spanky MacFarland, Robert Barrat.*

It's About: *Two warring mountain clans and two boys in love with one girl.*

All the things promised in "Becky Sharp" come true in this daring amazing Walter Wanger all color film. Color is supreme, but so artful is its application that, while you will enjoy it terrifically, you will at the same time be scarcely aware of the color, only knowing that your enjoyment of a swift, true and very stirring story is enormously heightened. Later you will realize that it is the addition of color to the fine acting, great story, magnificent direction, which thrilled you.

The story concerns two mountain clans who hate each other and kill on sight. When a mining engineer comes to buy coal lands, the little mountain girl falls in love with him and forgets the mountain lad she is to marry. That's the plot. Mixed in is the swift conflict of man against man, of nature, of love, even of tragedy. The outstanding performance is that of Henry Fonda as the mountain boy, but Sylvia Sidney, Fred MacMurray and Fred Stone, in fact the whole cast, are excellent too.

Your Reviewer Says: Easily one of the finest pictures that this year will produce.

✓Strike Me Pink (Samuel Goldwyn)

You'll See: *Eddie Cantor, Ethel Merman, Sally Eilers, Harry Parke, William Frawley, Gordon Jones, Jack LaRue and Brian Donlevy.*

It's About: *A scared little guy who, with the aid of a "Strong Man" course, beats the tough villains and wins the beautiful girl.*

For Eddie Cantor fans, this should be the answer—it has hilariously funny moments—but for dyed-in-the-wool comedy fans who demand fast action and no let-up, it may prove a bit slow.

Story concerns a typical Casper Milquetoast who is chosen to run an amusement park and keep the racketeers

Ethel Merman both sings and vamps in "Strike Me Pink," which is one of Eddie Cantor's greatest comedy riots.

Promising newcomer James Stewart, Margaret Sullavan and Ray Milland approach perfection in "Next Time We Love."

Three pictures you must not miss this month: Harold Lloyd's starrer, "The Milky Way," the maddest, merriest comedy of months; "Next Time We Love," Margaret Sullavan's picture, as touching and true a love story as ever filmed. In this you'll discover James Stewart, an exciting addition to the ranks of new leading men. And you really must see "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," an all-color picture with a great story and superlative acting by Sylvia Sidney, Henry Fonda, and Fred MacMurray.

Ruth Waterbury

from putting in slot machines. He gets the job only because he has just completed a course in "Man or Mouse" which, for the moment, makes his purpose and courage a reality. His love for a famous night-club singer gets him in a jam and, thinking he can save the girl from a murder charge, he agrees to allow the boys to set up the slot machines. Then comes the big chase—which is a howl—from roller coaster to balloon. Of course, Eddie has loved the wrong girl all along and finds it out just in time to make the right clinch in the end.

The production is full of trick photography, beautiful show girls, some good tunes and fine dancing. Eddie Cantor is just as funny as always; Ethel Merman sings a couple of tunes; Harry Parke, (*Continued on page* 84)

PICTURES in the CUTTING ROOM

Advance Tips on Tomorrow's Talkies

COLUMBIA

Devil's Squadron. Richard Dix and Karen Morley in an aviation film.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN

These Three. Merle Oberon, Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea take the leads in this dramatic screen offering. Ought to be grand.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Wife Versus Secretary. Jean Harlow is the secretary, Clark Gable the husband, and Myrna Loy the wife in this triangle picture.

● ● ●

The Great Ziegfeld. An extravagant, colorful musical based on the life and loves of the great glorifier of American beauty, Flo Ziegfeld. William Powell, Luise Rainer and Myrna Loy have the leading roles.

PARAMOUNT

Preview. Reginald Denny, Frances Drake and Gail Patrick lead the cast in this studio murder story about the mysterious death of an important director.

RKO-RADIO

Follow the Fleet. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in another song-and-dance hit. When Fred splits with his small-time vaudeville dancing partner, Ginger, he joins the Navy. Gobs of fun!

● ● ●

Silly Billies. Wheeler and Woolsey "go west" in this comedy of early gold rush days. The dental equipment they take along, but do not know how to use, furnishes some hearty laughs, they say.

20TH CENTURY-FOX

A Message to Garcia. Wallace Beery, John Boles and Barbara Stanwyck bring to the screen this familiar story of the gallant soldier bent on a secret mission for his government. John is the message carrier, while Wallace and Barbara do the sacrificing to aid him.

● ● ●

It Had to Happen. George Raft is an Italian emigrant who overcomes his obstacles to find respect and love in America. Rosalind Russell is the girl.

UNIVERSAL

Don't Get Personal. This romantic comedy brings Sally Eilers and Jimmy Dunn together again. Out of college and broke, Jimmy and Pinky Tomlin auction off their services. Sally is high bidder and the fun begins.

● ● ●

Dangerous Waters. Jack Holt, Diana Gibson and Grace Bradly in a melodrama concerning a ship captain's struggle for true love.

WARNER BROTHERS

Anthony Adverse. The lengthy novel by Hervey Allen comes to the screen at last with Fredric March in the title role. As one of the pet pictures from this famous studio, it should have everything—plus.

● ● ●

The Singing Kid. Al Jolson is back in this singing musical comedy. Edward Everett Horton, Sybil Jason and the Yacht Club Boys also are in the cast.

The True Story of a Nation's Hidden Shame

TORTURED

BY A NATION
FOR HIS ACT OF MERCY!

Tricked by fate into helping an assassin, an innocent man is torn from the woman he loves...shackled... condemned to a living death on a fever island where brutes are masters and sharks are guards!

THE STARK DRAMA
of "I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang"

THE MIGHTY POWER
of "Les Miserables"

THE PRISONER of SHARK ISLAND

Starring WARNER
BAXTER
with
GLORIA STUART
CLAUDE GILLINGWATER
ARTHUR BYRON
O. P. HEGGIE
HARRY CAREY
AND A CAST OF ONE THOUSAND

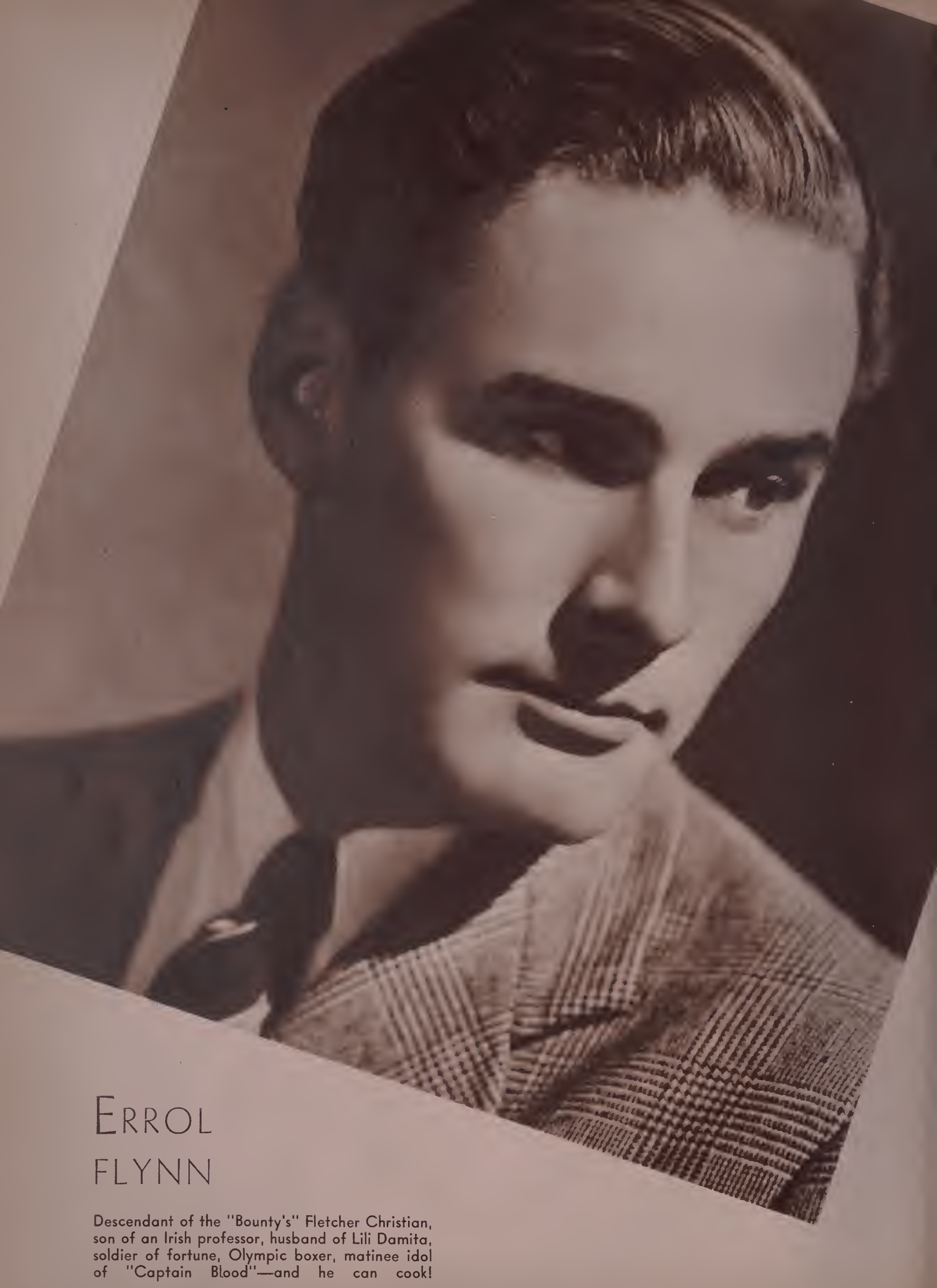
A DARRYL F. ZANUCK
20th CENTURY PRODUCTION

20th CENTURY FOX

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Directed by John Ford
Associate Producer and Screen Play
by Nunnally Johnson
Based on the life of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd

MOVIE MIRROR'S PERSONALITY PARADE

Newcomer Fred MacMurray is the busiest man in Hollywood, going from one important picture to another, with not even time out to celebrate his recent engagement to Lillian Lamont. You'll see him next in the all-Technicolor "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and "13 Hours by Air."



ERROL FLYNN

Descendant of the "Bounty's" Fletcher Christian, son of an Irish professor, husband of Lili Damita, soldier of fortune, Olympic boxer, matinee idol of "Captain Blood"—and he can cook!

JANET GAYNOR

When she was loaned by 20th Century-Fox to M-G-M for "Small Town Girl," by Ben Ames Williams, Bob Taylor was her personal choice as co-star—and now there are rumors of romance.

PRESTON FOSTER

Hollywood knew him as a capable character actor and "heavy." Then came his sympathetic portrayal in "The Informer" and stardom from a grateful RKO. His latest is "Muss 'Em Up."

GRACE MOORE

Her new film is based on Fritz Kreisler's lovely operetta, known as "Cissy" when Jeritza was considering it as a Broadway stage vehicle, though Columbia hasn't chosen a title yet.

HELEN VINSON

"King of the Damned" is her second GB film. She'll probably make more pictures in England, if husband Fred Perry's busy tennis schedule gives them that precious time together there.

RONALD COLMAN

He's a "Beau Geste" legionnaire again in 20th Century-Fox's "Under Two Flags," which also stars Vic McLaglen—and Claudette Colbert, as Cigarette, one of Theda Bara's most famous roles.

The GHOST that Guides

A tender, spiritual influence gives inspiration to Miss Williams of Montana

THIS is the story of a woman who walks with a ghost, of a woman whose whole life is ruled by a voice from the grave. It is also the story of an enduring love, and of a faith that worked miracles, but it is not the kind of love you ordinarily read about. For it is not romantic love, but the love of a daughter for her father. It is the real reason behind Myrna Loy's career.

Four years ago when Myrna hired a new secretary, she said to her, "Carol, I don't want you to feel that you are my employee. I want you to be my friend. That is why I am telling you this. I want you to know the most important thing about me and to love my father's memory as I do, for only in so doing can you understand me. I am only a creature of his faith and it will always be the best part of me."

This is the story behind that story.

Up to the time she was twelve years old, little Myrna Williams of Helena, Montana, daughter of those two incurable romanticists, David and Della Williams, never knew what unhappiness meant. Theirs was perhaps one of the gayest, most charming households in all of Helena. Though there were many families far wealthier than they, there was a pleasant sense of peace and security which reigned in their little household. Myrna's life was divided between visiting her grandmother Annabelle, with her eight-year-old-brother David in tow (and what an epoch-making, cookie-baking grandmother Annabelle was!), playing at home with her books and her toys, and going on short trips with her father. For Myrna's father was more than just a father to her. He was, in every sense of the word, a real pal. He read books with Myrna, went horseback riding with her, and listened sympathetically when she told him about her ambition to become a real dancer.

He never treated her, however, as though she were just a child of twelve, but rather as an individual with a mind and will of her own. When he took her on business trips, he even talked about his affairs just as though Myrna were a grown person. And she would look up at him with those strange green eyes of hers fixed so understandingly upon him that he would say to himself, "Darn it if I don't believe that child knows what it's all about just as much as I do."

There was only one time during her childhood when he even threatened to punish Myrna. It was when she was only four years old. He had forbidden her to leave the house, for it was a cold, windy day. But Myrna walked out anyway. Mr. Williams followed her and said, "Myrna, come back!" She turned around, and he picked up a straw, and shook it threateningly at her. Just how severely he could punish her with a straw Myrna didn't stop to think or consider. Frightened by this show of authority, she rushed back into the house.

There was discipline in that lovely, spacious home, but it was not the kind that is wielded with a strong fist or a cat-of-nine-tails. Rather it was the discipline of love. Little David and Myrna always knew that they could come to their father and mother with all of their childish troubles. It was a reassuring thought. When Myrna played the part of "Beauty" in a childish production of "The Sleeping Beauty" and the couch on which she was lying collapsed, she rushed home heart-broken with the gibes and the laughter of her schoolmates ringing in her ears. At home she was sure that they wouldn't laugh at her, but would sympathize. When Myrna said she'd like to be a dancer, her father promptly enrolled her with Alice Thompson, the leading dance instructress in Helena.

Such was Myrna's life till she was twelve years old. Then, suddenly, America found itself in the grip of an influenza epidemic. The epidemic swept through Helena. Myrna was stricken ill.

Horror gripped that household. Myrna—freckle-faced, laughing little Myrna—was in danger. With the epidemic

Lovely memories of the home life in her childhood and their mutual love for a splendid man have bound Myrna and her mother closely together.

MYRNA LOY

By JULIA GWIN

raging in Helena, there were few nurses available. Someone had to take care of Myrna. Mrs. Williams went about her work in that fear-stricken household with trembling hands. There were so many things to do, and there wasn't enough time to do all of them.

"Don't worry, Della," Mr. Williams promised. "I'll take care of Myrna."

Della, his wife, thought of the past. Her mind went back to the day of their marriage when a raging blizzard stormed over Helena. David's father, who was ill, had begged his son to marry Della before the end came for him. And because of his father's wish, David had gone down to the preacher's home in the midst of the blizzard and there had married Della. Then he and Della had traveled fifty miles to his father's ranch, to tell him that his last wish had been granted.

David had always been like that, a man on whose strength you could lean. Now when trouble visited their household, Della Williams was more conscious of that than ever.

Day and night he sat by little Myrna's bedside, holding her frail hand firmly in his strong, rough one, taking the place of the nurse they couldn't get during those grim, terrible days.

"David, you'd better get a little rest now," his wife told him, fear clutching at her throat like an icy hand. "I'll take care of Myrna."

"No, you need the rest yourself, Della," he said.

Not until the doctor finally said, "Myrna's out of danger now," did he allow himself to be put in a room adjoining Myrna's. But by that time it was too late! For he himself had been stricken with the flu. Gradually Myrna recovered, but for David, who had risked his life to save his daughter, there was to be no recovery.

(*Continued on page* 99)

Since her father's death, Myrna has taken charge of the little family, with advice and encouragement for her brother, David, who is interested in sculpture, as Myrna herself once was.

DETECTIVE JAVERT IN "LES MISERABLES"

DR. MOREAU IN "ISLAND OF LOST SOULS" (LEFT)

CAPTAIN BLIGH IN "MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY"

The MARTYRDOM

Revealing for the first time the extraordinary reason for his uncanny skill in portraying cruelty

"THEY'RE uglier inside than I am outside. Their minds are ugly."

This thought, like an exorcism, was Charles Laughton's one solace in childhood, for he was a child whom others called ugly. The fingers of his fellows were continually pointing him out in cruel derision. "You're ugly," they cried, heedlessly brutal.

Much too early in life, Charles Laughton learned through savage youthful cruelties the truth of man's inhumanity to man. Indignities were heaped upon him wherever he went. In English public school, gangs of marauding hoodlum boys would drag him from his bed for the pleasure of torturing him. In the name of hazing, his naked body was painted with barbaric designs and symbols amid the delighted laughter of the ringleaders. "But it is human nature to kick around someone unlike yourself," Laughton says today.

These stupid brutalities from which he constantly suffered in youth had a far reaching effect. He became a man who hates all ugliness with an almost consuming hatred. He started upon one of the most diabolically clever crusades of which you have ever heard.

You know him as an actor who has given us a series of unforgetable screen portraits of cruel characters—Captain Bligh in "Mutiny on the Bounty," Javert in "Les Miserables," Father Barrett in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," Dr. Moreau in "The Island of Lost Souls," Nero in "Sign of the Cross," to name only a few. What you do not know is that each and every one of these roles was purposely, thoughtfully brutalized in a one-man revolution against the world's conscious brutalities. He sought to make you hate the men he acted and through them form a hatred for all for which they stood. No retribution for his own suffering could be more diabolically clever.

This is the previously untold story that reveals the man

AS "HENRY VIII"

MOULTON-BARRETT IN "THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET"

With his wife, Elsa Lanchester, he has found the understanding so seldom given him by the rest of the world. They're in England now where he's making "Cyrano."

# of Charles Laughton

By JACK GRANT

and explains his uncanny portrayal of hateful characters.

"My childhood was horrible," he says quietly. And it was.

In his boyhood, he was a person apart. He knew he was unhandsome. And he was overly sensitive. Outside of his own small family circle, the boy Charles found no understanding, found no kindness that might lead to understanding.

Sociologists tell us that unhappy childhoods have been the cause of more criminal careers than any other single factor in our social structure. Hatred bred by the cruelty of companions develops into a hatred of all society and a vow to be revenged for wrongs, real and fancied. But Charles Laughton was blessed with a keener power of discernment. He was able to differentiate between acts of cruelty and the perpetrators. Even when his suffering was most acute, he did not hate mankind. His hatred was for brutality and ugliness whatever its form.

He sought and found a reactionary course. He became a worshipper of beauty. He created strange shrines to beauty in nature, literature, art, music. He admired the attainments of his fellow human beings when they approached perfection. His father's sure hands in carving roasts at the dinner table awakened such admiration.

No weakling, despite his martrydom, he began to develop his intellect as the one valid defense against the world he lived in. He was an excellent scholar with a brilliant, penetrating intelligence. And it was while in school that the turning point of his life occurred. He took part in a school play.

He was then a chubby sixteen-year-old in Stonyhurst College in Lancashire. The play the school was to do contained the role of a lodging-house keeper. Charles was cast because his own father owned a hotel in which Charles had clerked during vacations. He was a hit in his first performance and it decided his career.

After Charles was graduated from college, his father sent the boy to Claridge's in London to learn the hotel business. Inwardly rebelling against the idea, Charles obeyed. He spent all the time he could away from the hotel in theaters.

Then came the war and Laughton enlisted to serve as a private. You can imagine the horrors this boy of eighteen experienced, for he learned more of man's brutality. The whole business of war, shooting and (*Continued on page* 111)

Lightning
STRIKES TWICE!

Janey loves to play scenes like this with Jackie Searle in her new film, "Gentle Julia."

"LIGHTNING never strikes twice in the same place," the copybooks tell you.

"Forget the copybooks!" they'd probably retort at Fox.

For lightning's struck twice on that lot—two brilliant flashes, each revealing unsuspected treasure in the shape of a child.

First came Shirley Temple, whose baby charm and natural talents set a whole world worshipping. Then came a picture called "Bright Eyes," in which they needed a foil for Shirley.

The foil was in a tough spot. She had to bully and torment the darling of your hearts, until by all the rules of the game you should have loathed her. But you didn't loathe her. How could you do anything but like that vivid little face, those droll antics, the gusto and abandon and—yes, the good humor, paradoxical though that may sound—with which Janey Withers threw herself into the part of the meanie and played it for all it was worth! You fell for the imp, hook, line and sinker. You raised such a shout that all the Fox executives came running to the spot where lightning had struck a second time, blessing them with another juvenile star.

Not that Shirley and Jane are rivals. Beyond the fact that they're both attractive children, they have nothing in common. Shirley's the eternal cherub, Jane's the lovable scamp. Jane could never oust Shirley nor take her place. She's done better than that. She's clambered sturdily to an eminent place of her own.

To her sensible mother goes a lion's share of the credit for that climb. Like so many girls, Mrs. Withers, before her marriage, yearned for a stage career. Like so many girls whose yearnings are unfulfilled, she made up her mind that her daughter should be what she herself had failed to be. How can a mother wish her child into being an actress? I'm sure I don't know, but the fact remains that when Janey was about eighteen months old, the miracle made itself apparent.

Seated at a window with some sewing one day, while the youngster played in the garden, Mrs. Withers was distracted by a pitiful "Miau—miau—miau." Lifting her eyes, she beheld her daughter gazing through the bars of her play-pen at a visiting gray kitten. "Miau," remarked the kitten, cocking its head. "Miau," answered Janey, cocking hers. And which was the baby and which the cat you could never have told with your eyes closed.

Soon she was mimicking other things—the sounds, gestures and oddities of human beings and animals—giving to her mimicry just that hint of exaggeration, that touch of diabolic humor which distinguishes the true creator from the journeyman; doing all this joyously and naturally at the age of three, without training or prodding of any kind, but entirely of her own accord. Call it prenatal influence, wish transference, pure crazy accident; call it what you like, the fact remains that Janey was the one in a million, born with the gifts her mother had prayed she should have.

That was all Mrs. Withers asked. The rest she and Janey would do for themselves. Stage and radio work brought the child a local reputation, which was all right as far as it went. But her mother's heart was set on Hollywood.

Mr. Withers, employed by the Goodrich Tire Company in Atlanta, was less confident than his wife but unwilling to put any stumbling blocks in her way. He agreed to the plan. "It's a chance in a million," he warned her. "Don't count on it, and don't be too disappointed if she flops."

"If she gets the chance to show them what she can do," Mrs. Withers told him, "Janey won't flop."

But her faith in her daughter made the parting moment no easier. To keep the tears in her eyes from splashing over, she waved from the train platform to her husband and friends, crying, more bravely than she felt, "You won't see us again until Jane comes back with a contract."

"Yay, contract!" yelled the crowd encouragingly.

And six-year-old Jane, catching the excitement of the moment, though she didn't know what they were yelling about, thrust a chubby arm upward and squealed in amiable rseponse, "Yay, contrat!"—on which auspicious note the train pulled out.

From security to uncertainty. From the warmth of home and friends to a town where they didn't know a soul, and where hundreds of mothers were trying to get for their children the same chance Mrs. Withers wanted for hers. Jane, squatting on the sunlit porch outside her playhouse, raised dark blue eyes at this point in the story. "Mommy," she contributed, "said she felt like sitting down on the sidewalk and bawling. But," she remarked matter-of-factly, "I told her to never mind, so she didn't."

They couldn't even get in to present the letters they'd been given by radio and theatrical people in Atlanta. "Mr. So-and-so's in conference—" "Mr. So-and-so's out of town—" "Mr. So-and-so's sick in bed." Whatever the reason, Mr. So-and-so remained invisible, a phantom hedged around by a wall of human spikes. They went to Central Casting Bureau, and were told that no children had been registered in two years. Under the blazing California sun, through the streaming California rains, they tramped from studio to studio. "Leave your name if you like," was the warmest encouragement they ever got. Usually they were turned away with a chill: "Not interested in children."

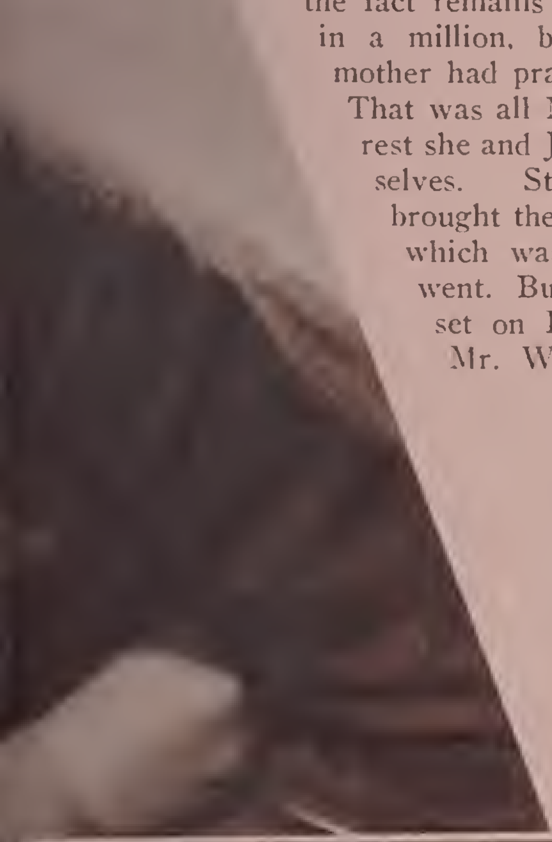
"But this child's different," Mrs. Withers finally wailed in despair.

"Sure," came the sardonic retort. "They're *all* different."

ONCE there seemed to be a nibble. Another letter from another Atlanta enthusiast, and the locked gate of one studio clicked to let them through. At last they were on a lot. At last they sat face to face with a casting director. At last it looked as though something were about to happen, for the casting director was obviously pleased with Jane. He sat tapping his fingers thoughtfully with a paper knife, while Mrs. Withers' heart pounded in her throat. Then he raised his eyes. "I'd like to take Jane," he said slowly. "But I've got no place for her. We're using only pickaninnies in this show."

Well, there was no comeback to that one. They said "Thank you" and "Goodbye" and "If anything turns up—" and all the usual things one stammers on such occasions, and

(Continued on page 75)



It was the faith of her courageous mother, who brought her to Hollywood for her big chance, and of her father, back in Atlanta, that gave this talented youngster to the screen.

Revealing and heart-warming is this story of impish Jane Withers—the screen bad girl who made good

By IDA ZEITLIN

The LIFE and LOVES of Jeanette MacDonald

By WALTER RAMSEY

At eighteen, Jeanette was the sensation of "The Magic Ring"—as a dancer! At the same time, young romance first entered her life.

NED WAYBURN was the first of a long and illustrious series of Broadway producers to see Jeanette MacDonald as a dancer or a comedienne rather than as a singer.

Usually, an odd-looking girl is chosen to take the falls or play stooge for the comedians; sometimes it is a "cute" character type who is elected to take the custard pie in the face. But Ned Wayburn chose fourteen-year-old Jeanette to sit in the middle of the stage dressed as an Indian and get hit in the head with a coffee can.

Nor was this bit of casting quite as fantastic as it might have seemed. Jeanette, it is true, had a young, fresh loveliness; yet she had none of the allure or sex-consciousness that usually accompanies beauty of her type. To backstage Broadway, "the kid" was almost a character. She wore cotton stockings and no make-up. On rainy days, she sailed along Broadway under a black, cotton umbrella, flapping galoshes reaching almost to her knees. If her dress should hike up so much as a fraction of an inch, a petticoat was sure to show. She showed up for rehearsals in voluminous bloomers and a middy blouse, accompanied either by her mother or sister. So, Jeanette was something new and laugh-provoking to Broadway; a cotton-stockinged chorus girl. And because this anomaly was funny to the producers and dance directors, they ignored her promise of beauty and cast her in skit after skit as a stooge. At least Wayburn did, until three weeks later the now radio famous Major Bowes, owner of the theater, disagreed so heartily with him over something, that Wayburn and everyone in his show found themselves suddenly jobless.

Never taking into consideration the possibility of the play's closing, the MacDonald family had closed their Philadelphia home and moved to New York to be closer to the scene of their daughter's great triumphs. That the triumph was so quickly a memory was deeply discouraging, but Jeanette was not daunted. Her determination to justify the whole-hearted co-operation her family eagerly gave her was unchanged. This set-back was not to end her career. There began the ever dreary trek from one manager's office to another. But after a not too desperate time the fourteen-going-on-fifteen youngster was again rehearsing in the chorus. This time for a Dillingham road show which opened in Rochester.

A certain crossroad signpost now loomed into view. The eager youngster had been trying to do the impossible. Trying to go to school in the daytime and do her career stint in the evening. Matinees interfered with the school schedule, naturally. There was scant understanding of such a situation in the minds of those responsible for school rules. There was less understanding in the minds of her envious fellow pupils. There was also the strain of such widely divorced study on the energies of the ambitious girl. Dance rehearsals, history, language lessons, geometry, music lessons, chemistry, singing lessons, civics! A weary child rebelled at that weariness but plodded along. Her innate common sense and the earnest advice of her mother made her realize that she had to choose between her desire for customary education and her determination to have a footlight career. The career won. The first of many sacrifices for a career had been made by Jeanette MacDonald.

There must have been times when the girl wondered over her decision, times when she missed the unharried school associations. Her fellow chorus girls weren't too kind, certainly not at all eager to help her.

The show she landed in was "Night Boat" and Jeanette had landed in the second row of the chorus for the first two days. Ambition would not permit her to stay there. How she worked! Long hours after all the second-row girls had left the theater, her tiny feet were tapping, tapping, tapping in lone rehearsal. She was promoted to the first row, and still she worked on. Before the second week was over, she hounded them into letting her understudy the prima donna. But when that hardy thespian refused to get ill, so that

(Right) Jeanette with Grace Adele Newell, who has been her vocal teacher since those early days on Broadway, not so long ago.

Jeanette could ". . . rush in and save the show . . ." she switched over to the job of understudying six show girls with lines to speak, in the fond hope that their constitutions might be less sturdy. Before the month was over, she had learned every role in the show, but nothing ever happened to a single one of the troupe. They were, to Jeanette, a disgustingly healthy bunch.

Her life in the chorus was no bed of roses. She had few friends. She was constantly the target for jokes played by the sophisticated ladies of the ensemble who looked upon her as a sort of chorus girl freak. Even if Jeanette had wanted to accompany them on any of their gay midnight frolics, her mother would have vetoed the idea. And those girls who rather liked her treated her with such patronizing solicitude that she felt like a little kid. It hurt to be called "The sixth little Pepper" or "Elsie Dinsmore on the 'Night Boat'," but she was not to be goaded out of being herself. She didn't wear that very sensible Scotch name for nothing!

So the Rochester engagement was work, work, work, with no further promotion, with little difference to mark its days from each other except the occurrence of one experience which was never to be completely erased from her memory. An experience that changed the trusting youngster into an adolescent skeptic. Standards of behavior are very high among the hard working members of the theater. Occasionally, however, some stupid male finds himself in a position to urge his attentions upon a disinterested girl.

In this company one of the assistants to an assistant to an assistant held authority over the members of the chorus. Most of the girls were flattered by any attention he might give them. Jeanette's naivete—her indifference to anything but perfecting herself in her work, and most certainly her complete unconsciousness that politics meant anything to her job—attracted his attention. his interest and (*Continued on page* 78)

Famous as a dancer when most girls her age were in school, Jeanette — spurred on by the memory of her father's last words: "It's the sweetest voice I ever heard"— could not forget her ambition to sing.

Continuing the inspiring, lighthearted biography of the lovely redhead who triumphed over all odds—extreme youth, miscasting, heartbreak and malice

THEIR FAVORITE SCENES

Here's Joan Crawford's favorite from "Dancing Lady" with Clark Gable, because it's "just the way I would have done it had that circumstance happened in my own life." The wedding from "It Happened One Night" (Claudette Colbert and Walter Connolly, right) is her choice, too, "because it's gay with an underlying pathos."

Grace Moore's singing in the Italian cafe in "One Night of Love" (far left) was "an unforgettable moment" to Gladys Swarthout. Her favorite from her own "Rose of the Rancho" was this one with Sam Blum, because she had so little time to learn the dance—and the director approved the very first take! "And was I glad?" says Gladys.

Cary Grant prefers this scene with Fredric March from "The Eagle and the Hawk." He says, "I always wanted a semi-villainous role to show I could play other than drawing room lovers." And he admires Henry Walthall's (extreme right) courtroom speech in "Judge Priest."

Victor McLaglen considers Janet Gaynor's performance in "Seventh Heaven" (left, with Charles Farrell) "the finest acting I've ever seen."

And Janet thought Vic's acting in this scene from "What Price Glory?" with Barry Norton (right) "the best the screen has given us!"

Scoop! Some of Hollywood's greatest stars tell you what moments from their own movies and other memorable films they liked best—and give the reasons!

"It was one of the most enjoyable scenes I've ever played," says Clark Gable of this one (far left) from "It Happened One Night" with Claudette Colbert. His other favorite is the one in which Franchot Tone greeted Spring Byington in "Mutiny on the Bounty," because "it's one that lingers with you long after you leave the picture theater."

This Christmas morning scene from "The Thin Man" is the choice of both Bill Powell and Myrna Loy. She enjoyed making it, she says, because "the situations were so carefree and yet humanly natural." Her other favorite is this one between Garbo and Freddie Bartholomew in "Anna Karenina" (far right), because it touches the emotions with its theme of mother love.

Jean Harlow's pet is the scene from "Blonde Bombshell" in which she tried so hard to impress Mary Forbes, C. Aubrey Smith and Franchot Tone, because the dialogue was "delightfully gay." Jean will never forget this scene of Garbo as Queen Christina.

Fred Astaire won't give any reason for choosing the "Top Hat, White Tie and Tails" number from "Top Hat" (left). He's a Cagney fan.

Ginger Rogers likes best the character disguise she wore for "In Person"—and Jessie Matthews (right) in "Evergreen" for "its glamor."

SUNDAY in Hollywood

What do the stars do on their day of rest, that precious time when they're off-duty and out of the public eye? Well—

By DIXIE WILSON

IN a horseshoe of the mountains, the ocean on its open side, is the city, the little Empire of Hollywood.

White boulevards bind together its busy air-ports, its radio towers, its office buildings, its mansions, its estates. There are avenues of palms, there are pungent-sweet orange groves, there is a paradise of sunshine, of fruit and flowers, but all glory to California, the Hollywood the world knows is the Hollywood of studios and stars.

Fantastic and unreal, the world of costume, camera and spot-light, the world from Monday morning until Saturday night, of your lords and ladies of the screen. *But then comes Sunday!* And if you have been inclined to suppose that Hollywood with its glamor has no Sunday, may we suggest that, quite to the contrary, Sunday is the realest day Hollywood knows, the day when the lovely Colbert, the exotic Shearer, the gallant Gary Cooper may do exactly as they please.

We give you a handful of stars, in Hollywood, on a Sunday.

SUNDAY?" said Claudette Colbert. "Well, I'm afraid I'm pretty lazy about Sunday. I sleep until half-past ten and have breakfast in bed—grapefruit juice, toast strawberry jam and coffee."

(In white silk night-gown, sheets and silk covers of lemon yellow, in a room of pale gray-blue, with half a dozen wide-open French windows . . .)

"Sunday paper with your coffee?" I suggested.

"Oh, yes, indeed," she said. Whimsical laughter danced across her eyes. "Which I never even unfold," she added. "When breakfast's done, I get into house pajamas, usually yellow ones, and I'm all ready to do nothing. And on Sunday I never wear any make-up. I just wash my face—and there it is!"

She dresses in the afternoon, in white flannel slacks, and plays hostess, assisted by Smoky, her black French poodle, who is clipped in good story-book tassel style. For afternoon tennis and dinner, Miss Colbert has guests, though never more than half a dozen.

"I don't give big parties," she said, "but Sunday evenings a little crowd of six or eight is always around to play silly games like 'Murder' and 'Twenty Questions' and 'Coffee-Pot.' That's Sunday for me *every* Sunday," she smiled, "and I love it."

AND here's tap-dancing Miss Keeler's Sunday itinerary: up at nine, a cold shower, white flannel skirt and sweater, breakfast of tea, toast and orange juice, church at ten, luncheon at her mother's Toluca Lake house, with sister Marjorie and brother Tom, Country Club for golf, perhaps an accidental bumping into husband Al Jolson somewhere on the course, perhaps not.

But it's home for both of them in time for their son's afternoon playtime. In the evening a theater—usually a picture show—and that's Sunday for one gray-eyed girl with a smile you can't forget.

ANOTHER Sunday breakfast-in-bed (hash, this time, with marmalade, toast and coffee), is served to Mr. William Powell, served with the paper. "Which I read," he assured me, "from the first word to the last."

Hands in dirt-smudged linen pockets, he surveyed the young magnolia, which on this particular Sunday he had just finished transplanting.

"Now in this morning's personals," he said, "I found out that Agnes will apologize to Aunt Emma if John will come home. Last Sunday John was asked to come home, but Agnes wouldn't agree to apologize."

After breakfast Bill Powell putters around outdoors until luncheon, then his Sunday penchant is to change the furniture arrangement of the entire house, beginning with his own distinctly masculine quarters and ending with the gay bath-house adjoining his swimming pool. You may be sure that in the end, nothing will be where you have ever seen it before, except perhaps the trees on the lawn and (as witness the magnolia) you can't even be sure of that.

"I hear," I said, "that on Sunday you prefer not to have company."

He lifted those intriguing eyebrows, smiled that smile so entirely his own.

"I like very much indeed not to have company," he said, "except, of course, Jerry."

The dachshund is Jerry, and after sundown Jerry and Bill are off together for a five-mile tramp, seldom knowing or caring what their destination is to be. (*Cont'd on page* 109)

Jeanette MacDonald (extreme left) starts her Sunday with a bit of tennis and a swim in her own pool. Next, Bill Powell spends the day puttering around his new home with his beloved dachshund, Jerry, at his heels. Above, the Edward G. Robinsons devote their time to their home, too, and Eddie gets himself acquainted with his two-year-old son, Manny.

Like Bill's Jerry, Claudette Colbert's French poodle, Smoky (above, center), plays an important part in the Sunday regime. Like typical married couples everywhere, Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson (above) finish their holiday at the neighborhood theater. And Norma Shearer (left) is another of the fresh air and sunshine devotees at her Santa Monica home.

CLAUDETTE'S HANDICAP *of Laughter*

By
GEORGE
MADDEN

(Left) Claudette on the set with her mother in the days before she had turned her gaiety into an asset. (Below) Ten years ago, when she was on the stage—about the time she laughed herself right out of a Broadway play.

LITTLE Lily Chauchoin and a small boy, aged four and five, climbed out through a second-story window upon the tiny balcony that decorated Lily's home in France. As the balcony was purely decorative and therefore unsafe, it was a forbidden spot for play. Because it was restricted territory, it was, of course, twice as inviting to the children.

Crash! The rickety structure was torn away by their weight and fell, carrying with it the two disobedient tots. Terrified parents rushed from the house to find the boy sitting among the debris crying at the top of his lungs and little Lily screaming—with laughter.

Neither had suffered more than minor bruises although Lily was perhaps the more painfully hurt. Yet she laughed. "It felt so funny falling," she explained.

Lily, better known to all of us as Claudette Colbert, was a laughing baby from birth. Everything seemed to amuse her and she greeted even the slightest efforts of entertaining grown-ups with gleeful chuckles. She seemed to regard all the world as created for her particular pleasure and she determined to enjoy it.

When first she began to walk and the uncertainty of her baby feet brought her many tumbles, she laughed at her own antics. She was impervious to the ordinary hurts of childhood for, in each mishap, she discovered an element of humor. Not even fright, which accounts for more tears than actual injury in the lives of most children, caused Claudette to cry.

There was an experience when she was six and living in a charming Paris suburb beyond the Bois de Boulogne. It was Corpus Christi Day which, as you know, is an occasion for feast and frolic throughout all France. The streets were gay with fairs, and Claudette, unrestrained, wandered away and was lost.

Her parents were frantic and appealed to the police. A quick survey of nearby police stations revealed the fact that many children had been lost that day. The gendarmes described a dozen little girls about six years old who had been apprehended and were being held until relatives would come for them.

"They weep so piteously for their mothers," said a kindly magistrate.

"All of them?" asked Claudette's family in union.

"All of them," affirmed the magistrate.

"Then our baby is not among those children. Find us a little girl who laughs."

And so they found her being amused by and amusing an entire station of gendarmes. She had been picked up fast asleep in a park before a Punch and Judy show that had closed for the night. She had not been frightened at being lost nor at the face of the fiercely moustached policeman who awakened her to carry her away to jail. It is truly an extraordinary child who laughs, rather than cries, under such circumstances.

You have read countless stories that review the handicaps our motion picture stars have overcome before winning stardom. These handicaps run a lengthy gamut between self-consciousness and crossed eyes. But in the case of Claudette Colbert, the greatest handicap to her career has been her amazing sense of humor. Thousands of times, she has burst into laughter when the occasion called for complete sobriety. Moreover, she still does.

But when she was finally able to capitalize on her flair for the humorous, she became a top ranking star in such comedy hits as "The Bride Comes Home," with Fred MacMurray who is surely an ideal sparring partner.

Believe it or not, but Miss Colbert's sense of humor cost her more jobs than you can count

A stuffed shirt has little chance of remaining stuffed around this laughing girl. Quick to sympathy when facing the tragedies of others, her laughter is never cruel. But let some pompous, strutting show-off attempt to impress her and she petrifies him.

I remember the Hollywood visit of such a man. He was an important person whom the studios were forced to entertain. In the course of his stay, he spent a day at Paramount.

"Take him everywhere he wants to go," whispered the publicity man in charge of the tour, "except to Claudette Colbert's set."

"Why shouldn't he meet Claudette?"

"Because she will see through him in a minute and laugh in his face."

Claudette can't help it. If anything strikes her as funny, she laughs. People who know this proclivity of hers, sometimes take advantage of it. Roles which she never would have played, personal appearances she did not want to make and numerous other things her sound judgment has told her not to do have been forced upon her by those who knew that although she could not be talked into agreement, she could easily be laughed into doing almost any task.

"Oh, all right," she will say, weak from the outburst of her humor. And once her word is given, it is never broken. It is better than a gilt-edged bond.

Claudette's laughter signals its coming. Possibly the recollection of the many times it has gotten her into trouble causes her to try to stifle it. But that is impossible. Laughter is her life and without that insane sense of humor, she would not be the Claudette Colbert you love.

(Continued on page 82)

THESE THREE

The Samuel GOLDWYN film starring Merle OBERON, Joel McCREA, Miriam HOPKINS fictionized by ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

The dramatic story of three young people whose lives were ruined by the lies of a scheming, spoiled child

THE CAST

MARTHA DOBIE	MIRIAM HOPKINS
KAREN WRIGHT	MERLE OBERON
DR. JOSEPH CARDIN	JOEL McCREA
Mrs. Mortar	Catherine Doucet
Mrs. Tilford	Alma Kruger
Mary Tilford	Bonita Granville
Rosalie	Marcia Mae Jones
Evelyn	Carmencita Johnson
Agatha	Margaret Hamilton
Helen Burton	Marie Louise Cooper
Taxi Driver	Walter Brennan

Directed by WILLIAM WYLER
Screen Play by LILLIAN HELLMAN
Copyright 1936 by Samuel Goldwyn Productions

KAREN WRIGHT and Martha Dobie had gone through college together. On graduation day they received diplomas testifying they had mastered their individual shares of those things which we learn from books. However, there were other things these girls had learned together which are included in no required subjects as they lived through the experiences which had brought them to their adult years.

They had learned the reassurance there is to be had from a friendly hand; and often known need for such reassurance. They had learned when one wept it wasn't sympathy the other needed to offer so much as some amusing or diverting idea. And so there was a bond between them.

"We're almost there," the taxi man told them. "The old Wright place is just around that bend."

"Goodness knows what it will be like," Karen Wright said. "No one has lived in it since Grandmother died and willed it to me." In her grave brown eyes was hope and fear.

The reassurance Martha Dobie was about to offer died stillborn on her curving red mouth. They came to a halt before the old Wright place. Weeds guttered the brick walk. Winter storms and summer suns had turned the house, originally white, a bleak gray. Shutters hung drunkenly at leering broken windows. In one place at least the roof had given way.

"Behold," said Martha, her blue eyes suspiciously bright, "What was to have been the Wright-Dobie School for Girls! Hail and farewell to our dreams of pleasant days and beautiful independence that school was going to earn for us."

"No doubt," said Karen, "these front steps have been broken down by Sunday motorists who hoped to find a priceless old paisley or quaint love letters in the attic."

When Karen took this tack she was hard hit. And she had reason to be for things were really desperate with her and Martha. After Martha had given her Aunt Lily Mortar—who had, unexpectedly enough, arrived at the graduation exercises—ten dollars because, as usual, she was strapped between engagements, and they had paid their way to this New England village, they had slightly less than fifty dollars between them.

"As long as we're here," Martha said, "it might be a good idea if we looked around."

When they reached a rear wing they heard hammering. Following this sound they came upon a young man lying flat on his stomach on top of the roof, with a veil tied over his hat and face, and wearing gloves. He was hammering away at the shingles while hundreds of bees swarmed around him.

When he became aware of them and pulled off his hat and veil Martha said, in the gentlest of tones, "The bees! Aren't you afraid they'll sting you?"

He laughed. And while Martha's eyes rested on him his eyes went seeking Karen. For this was the way it was then and forever after.

The young man was Doctor Joseph Cardin. He was engaged in laboratory experiments at the local hospital. All of which he explained while he shared his luncheon of sandwiches and hardboiled eggs. Then the girls told him how having graduated from college and needing some way of earning their living they had hoped to establish a school in this old place.

"Why," asked Karen, bewildered, "are we talking to this man this way? As if we'd known him all our lives."

Joe Cardin smiled. His voice was warm. "That happens sometimes," he said.

He got out pencil and paper, then, showed them how they could borrow money at the local bank to renovate the house, assuring them it really wasn't in such a bad state.

The end of the week found them camping out in the old house and up to their knees in laths and wall paper, paint and plaster. Joe Cardin was a convincing talker. Besides neither Karen nor Martha had any other place to go.

Whenever Joe was free from the hospital he worked with them. He helped Martha mix paint for woodwork and furniture. He held teetering stepladders while Karen hung curtains. And he used his car to haul lumber from the local yard.

It was on one of the days Karen came home riding on top of the lumber that they met the majestic Amelia Tilford.

"I've heard about the school you and Miss Dobie plan," Mrs. Tilford told her, "and I want you to know that we may be able to arrange for my granddaughter, Mary, here, to be with you. Your grandmother and I were dear friends.

"Mary," she said, turning to the ten-year-old beside her, "this is Miss Wright, dear."

Mary regarded Karen hostilly. "But you said," she protested to her grandmother, "that I might not have to go to another school, that I could have a teacher at home."

"Rosalie," she began, "Mary says there has been a lot of talk in the school about Miss Dobie and Dr. Cardin. Mary further says you saw—well, certain acts between Miss Dobie and Dr. Cardin that weren't—weren't right."

She turned, aware of his regular breathing. He was asleep, his overcoat hunched up around his shoulders. "Asleep, Joe?" she asked gently, lovingly. She touched his coat.

But Karen was too excited to give much heed to Mary. She knew what a social leader Amelia Tilford was in her community. What she did others did also, to the best of their inferior ability. With Mary Tilford for a pupil success was assured. She and Joe couldn't wait to get back and tell Martha.

Brightness came into her eyes as she heard them.

"And now you listen to my news," she said. "Aunt Lily is here! To stay. She thinks it would be nice if she taught elocution. It seems her company—"

"Disbanded, quite unexpectedly," interrupted Karen, laughing.

"Exactly," agreed Martha.

Karen turned to Joe. "Madame la Duchesse started out simply as Martha's aunt," she explained, "but, meeting her some years ago, I decided she was too much aunt for any one person so I took over a half interest."

"The only good part about Aunt Lily's arrival," Martha said, while her eyes sought Joe's eyes which were intent upon Karen, "is that I'm convinced the heavy work really is over. Dear Auntie never has been known to arrive anywhere while anything remained to be done."

"That," said Joe, "reminds me!"

He unwrapped a flat rectangular parcel he had laid on the table and held up a shingle sign which read "The Wright-Dobie School for Girls."

"Joe," said Martha. "You darling, you!"

"Joe," said Karen, "you are sweet!" whereupon Joe beamed.

HALTINGLY Rosalie Wells translated Latin. Martha listened carefully. Rosalie was such a shy child it sometimes was difficult to tell whether her hesitancy came from uncertainty regarding her lesson or uncertainty regarding herself. In the rear of the room Helen Burton was fussing in her desk.

"What's the matter?" whispered Mary Tilford.

"I can't find my gold bracelet," Helen whispered back.

"Who could have stolen it?" Mary asked, managing somehow to imply it was Helen herself who considered it stolen.

Becoming aware of this commotion Martha called upon Mary to translate.

"'They skirt the shores of Circe's land,'" she read glibly, "'where the rich daughter of the sun . . .'"

"That's lovely," Martha interrupted. "But tomorrow, Mary, I'd like your own translation even if it's less perfect. So leave your pony upstairs."

"Oh-h-h, you got it," Evelyn Munn, who roomed with Mary and Rosalie, said. "Oh-h-h, you got it, all right."

"Hush," Mary told her. "And see if I don't use a pony tomorrow. I'm not afraid of her. Or Miss Wright, either. But they're afraid of my

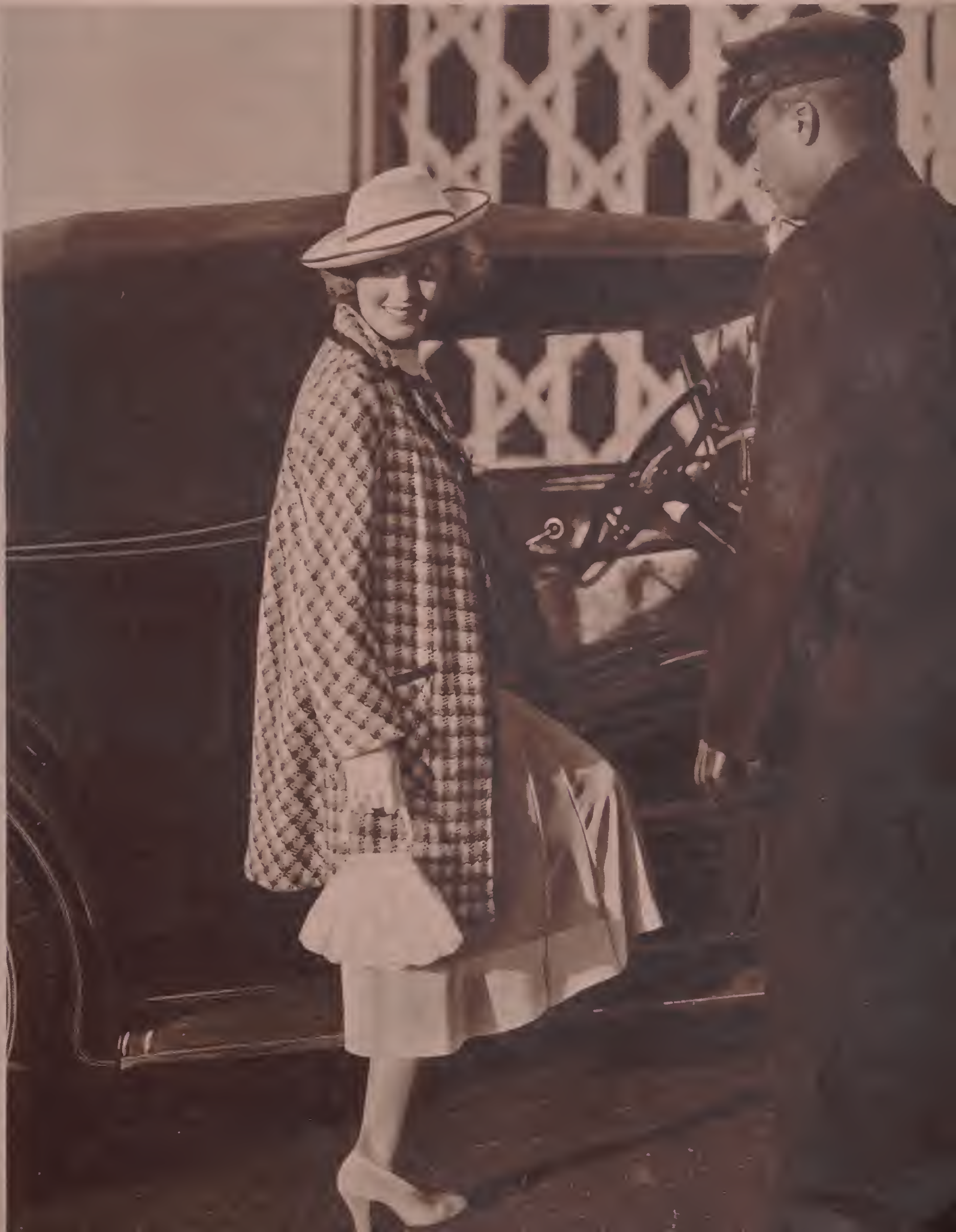
(Continued on page 88)

They went on the merry-go-round. "Darling," he called above the music, "I want to tell you something. Important! Ask something important, too."

Bette Davis, excited and enthusiastic about new spring styles, goes on a shopping tour in a costume as golden as the California sun, with navy blue for contrast. Her soft woolen frock has a bias-cut blouse that buttons smartly across the shoulder line; the neck drape falls forward to form a half-moon collar which partially covers a spaghetti tie of navy wool. Her hand-loomed swagger coat of diagonal checks outlined in navy (like her sombrero) swings from the shoulders.

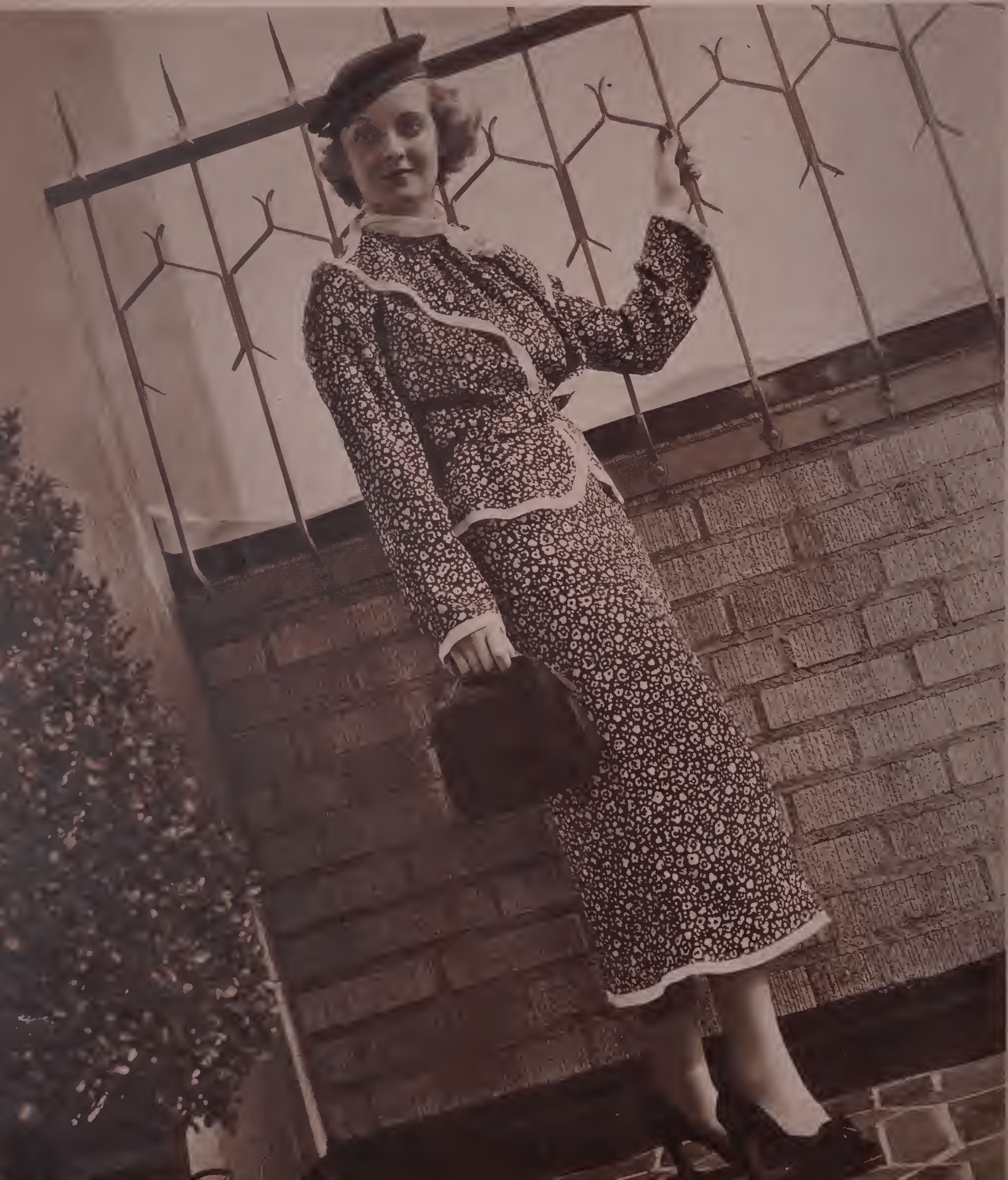
Star Fashions

BY GWENN WALTERS

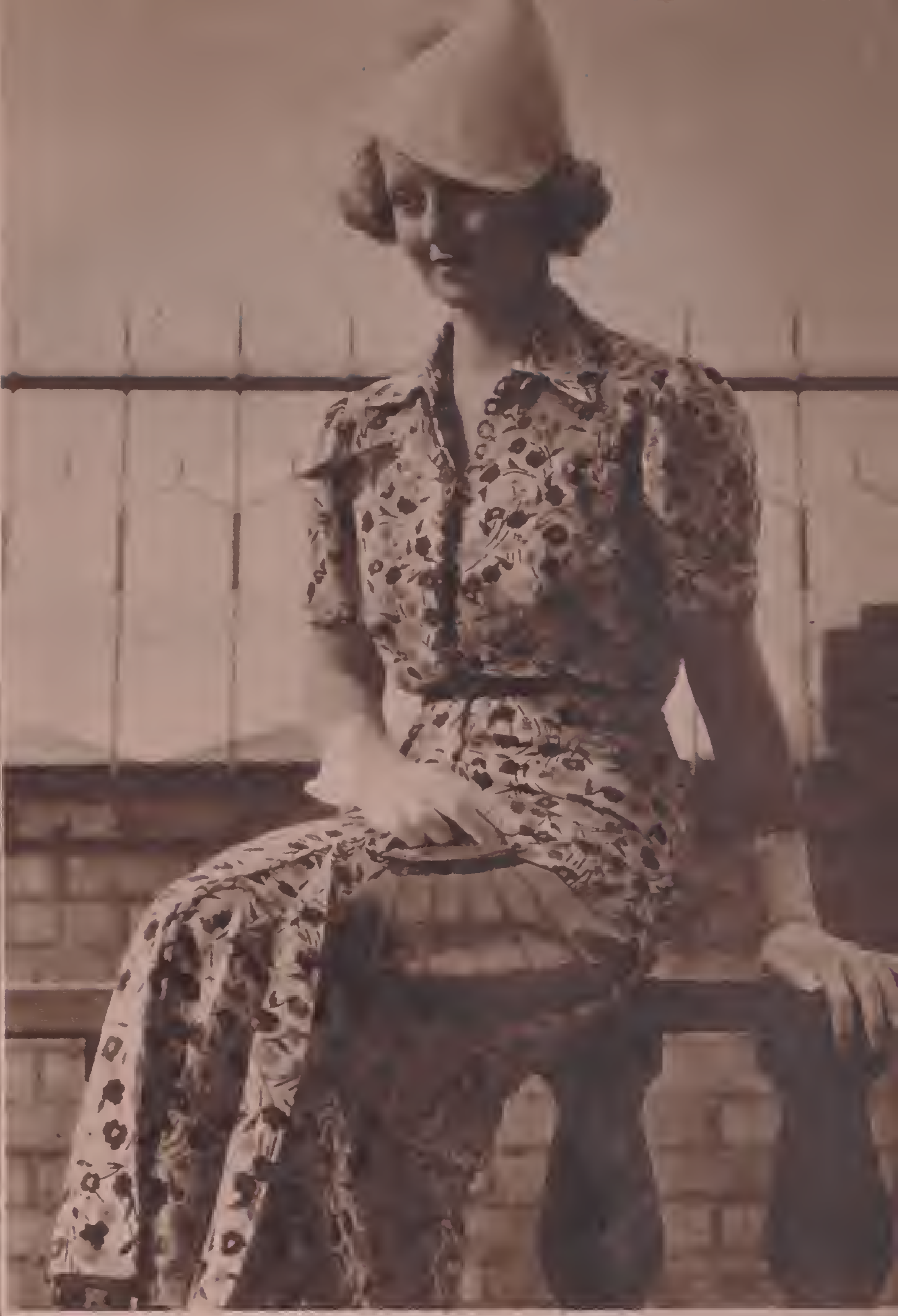


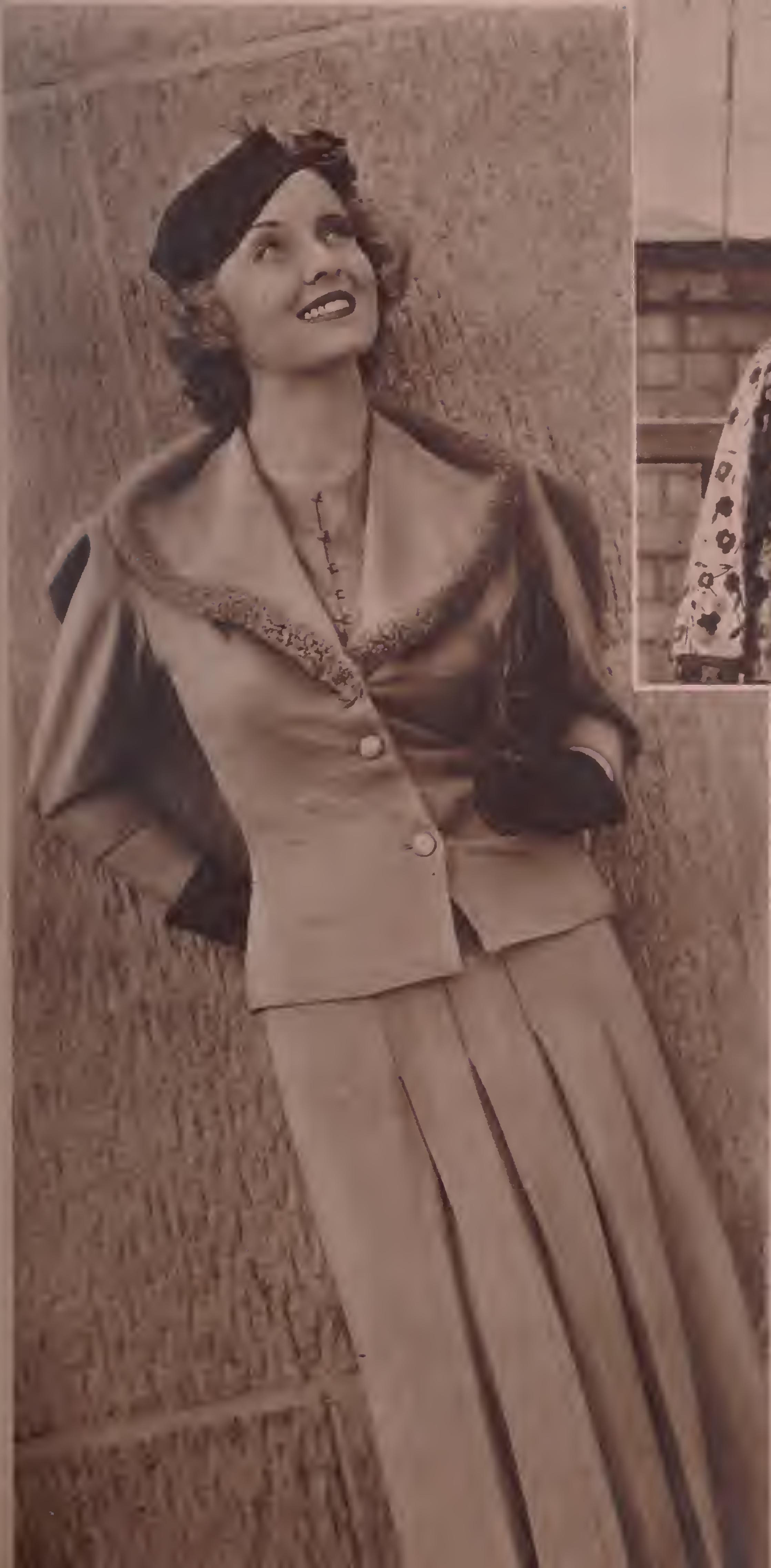
Bette's choice for smart daytime wear is a floral print of bright blue and white silk crepe. White pipings edge the slightly flaring skirt and the peplum jacket. The front fullness of the blouse is held in place by tiny shirrings at the neckline. Her sailor hat of shiny blue straw has a matching grosgrain band.

If you would like a special spring fashion chart from Hollywood, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Gwenn Walters, MOVIE MIRROR, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.



PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
SCOTTY WELBOURNE

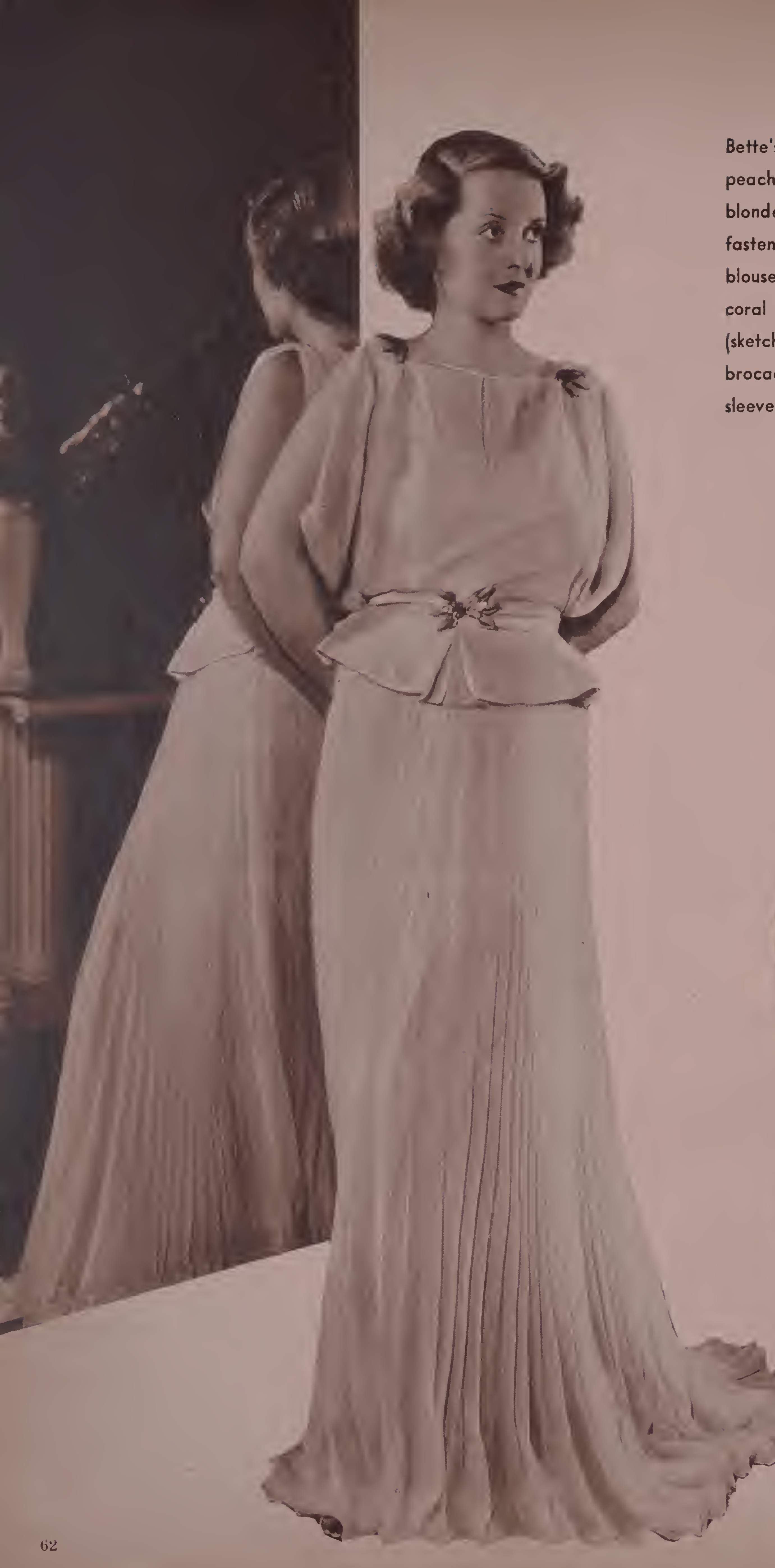


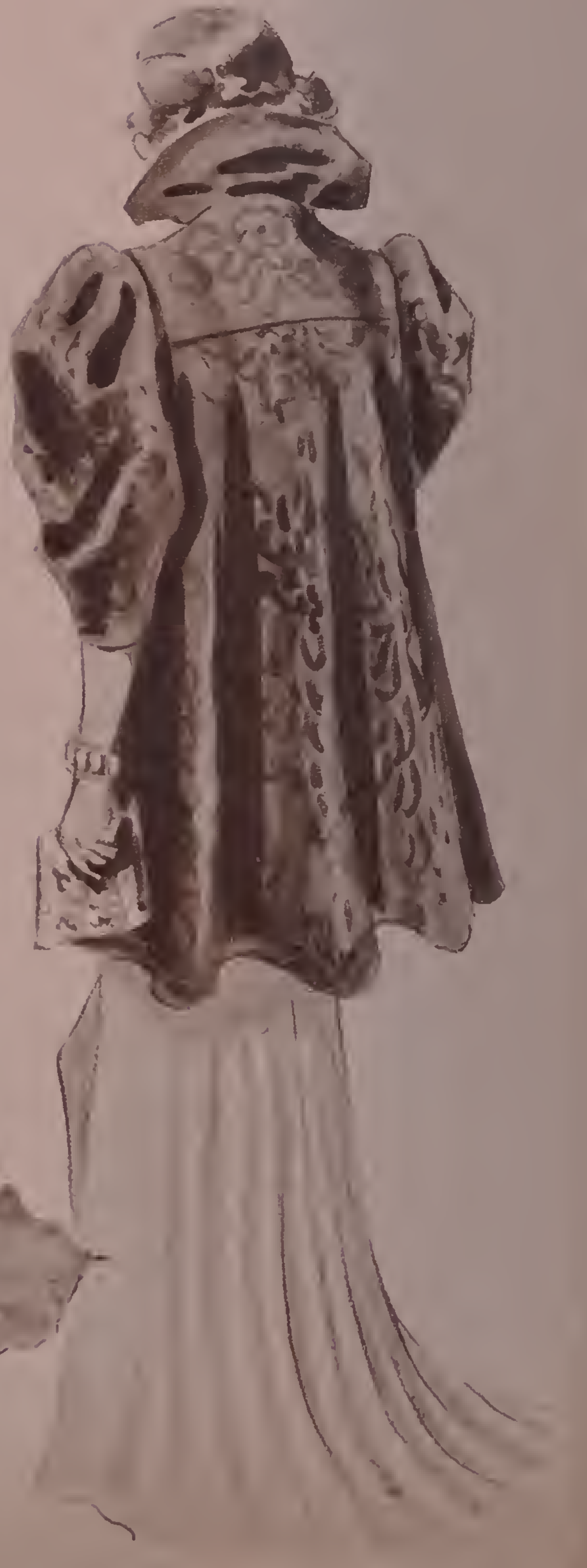


(Above) The 1936 version of the popular shirtmaker is Bette's next selection. A wild field print of crinkly crepe fastens with a row of looped red buttons. Wide cuffs finish the tiny puff sleeves. (Do notice the treatment of the double inverted box pleat on the skirt!) Bette's oddly shaped, stitched bag is of red patent leather, to match her narrow frock belt. A Pierrot pompom trims her cone-shaped hat of heavy silk and her linen handkerchief adds a final red note.

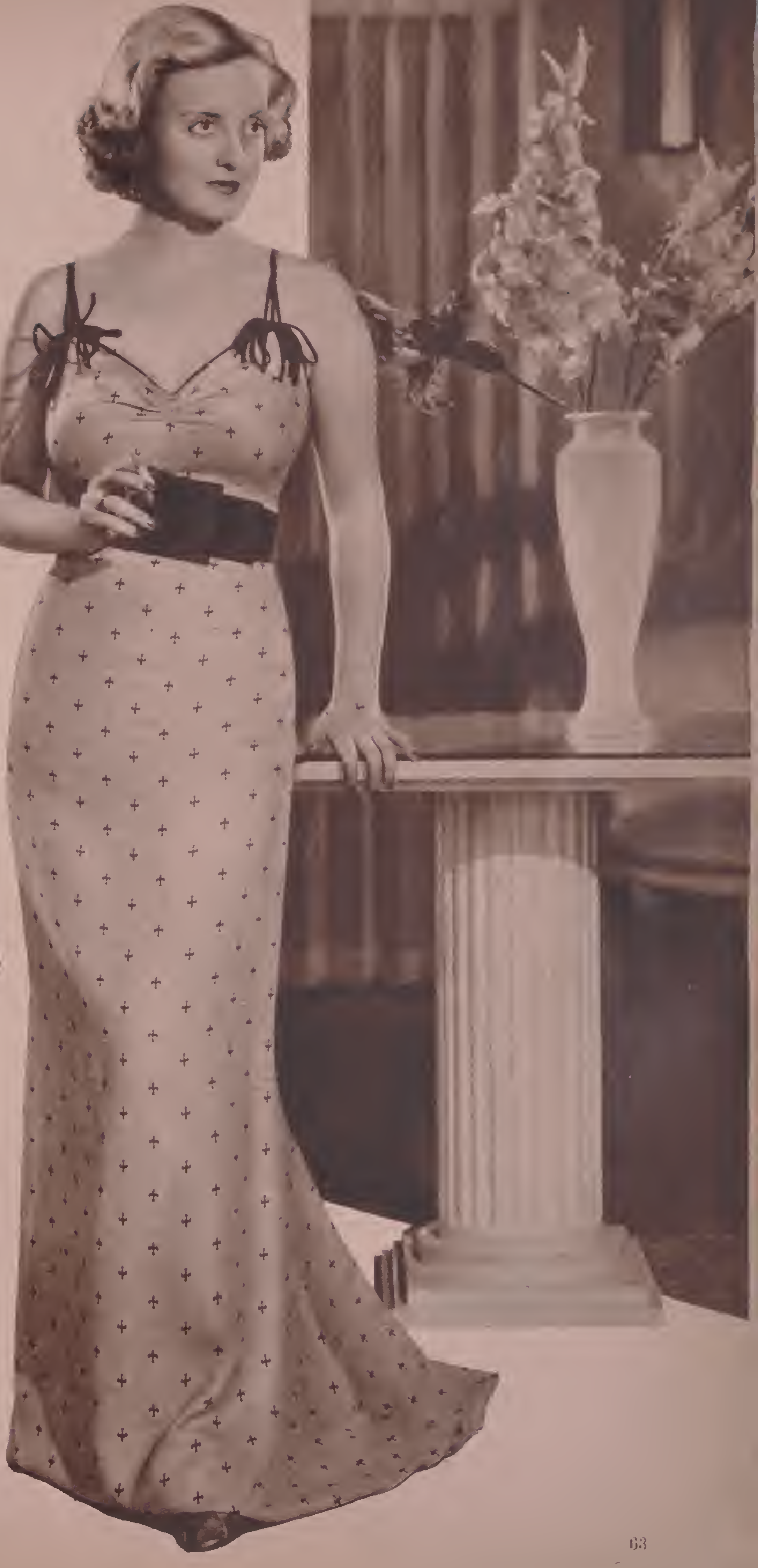
Sheer turquoise woolen fashions Bette's dressy costume at left, which is interestingly trimmed with heavy chenille fringe the same shade as the dress. Clever hook and eye fasteners close the blouse of the frock, which has front fullness achieved by three inverted pleats. Tucks and folds in the jacket sleeves give a nice feeling of shoulder width. Bette's square-crowned turban is anchorage for a jaunty cluster of flowers which harmonize with her brown accessories. You'll be seeing her next in Warner's "Golden Arrow," again teamed with George Brent.

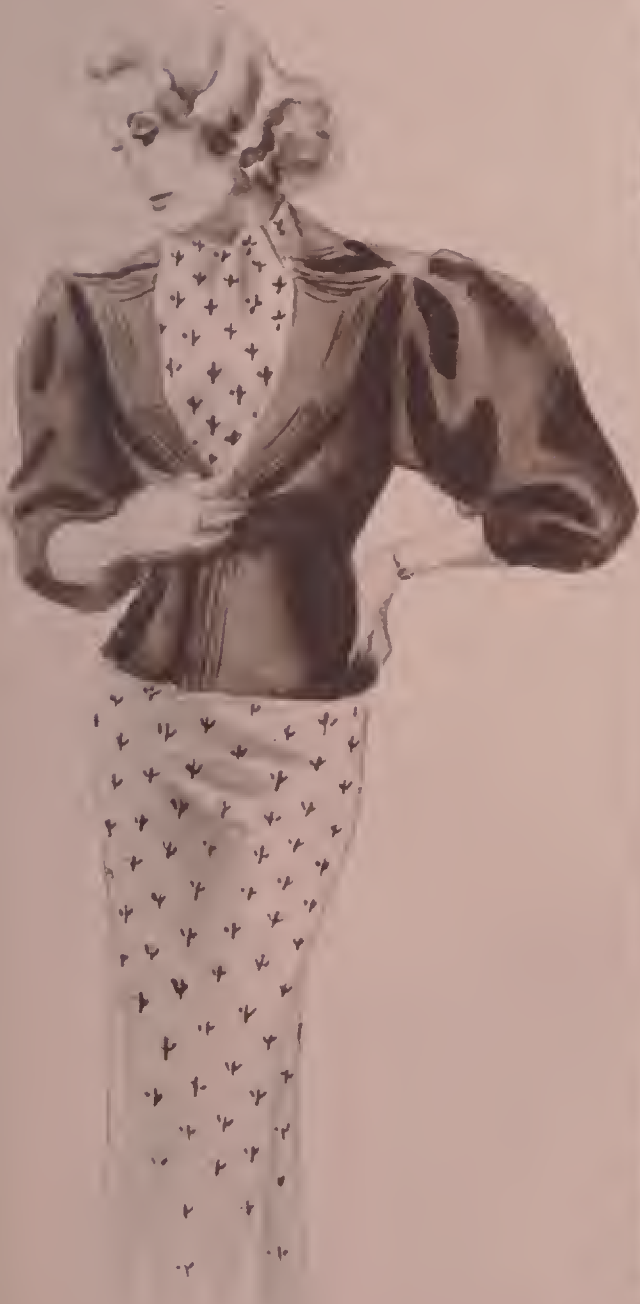
Bette's formal dinner gown of pale peach chiffon is perfect with her ash blonde hair. The butterfly skirt is fastened to a draped peplum overblouse ornamented with gold and coral clips. Her swagger wrap (sketched) of exquisite upholstering brocade has semi-leg o' mutton sleeves and a large petal collar.





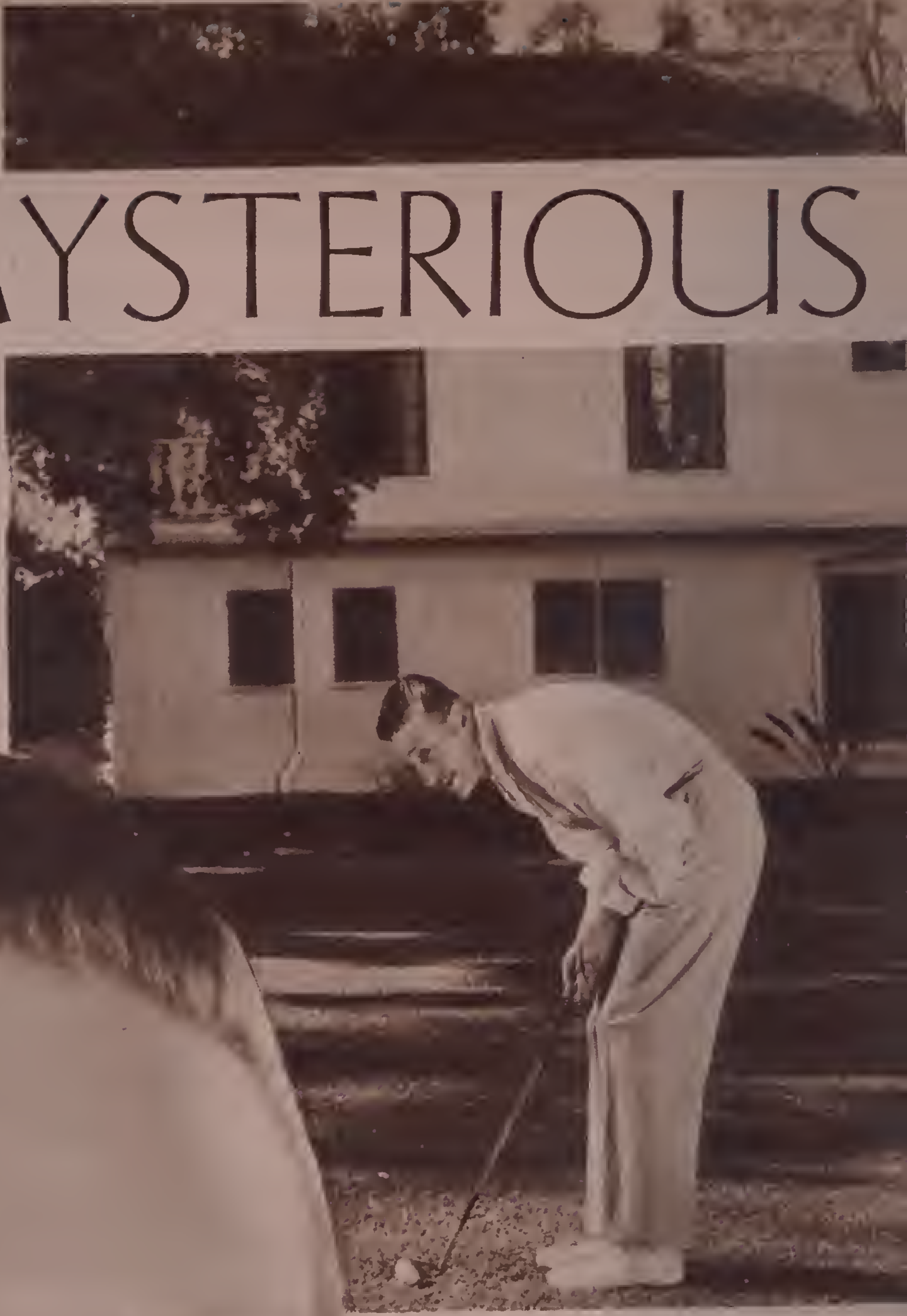
This smart dinner suit of pearl gray challis is included in Bette's wardrobe. Her wide belt, shoulder straps and jacket are the same shade of dubonnet as the fleur de lis pattern in her frock material. Her fitted woolen jacket (shown in the sketch) with elbow sleeves, has an ascot to match the dress.





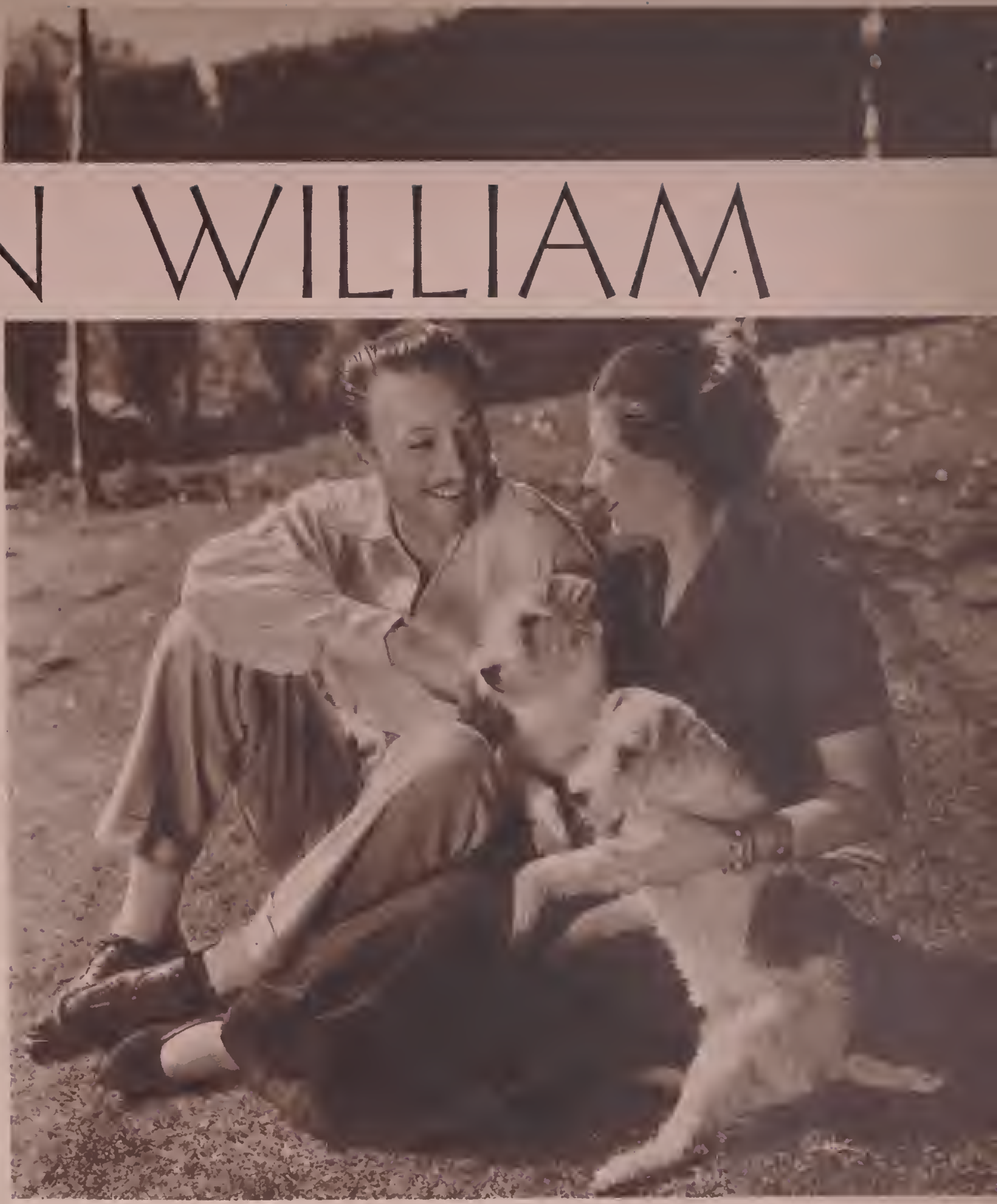
THE CASE of the MYSTERIOUS

It almost takes a Perry Mason to solve the mystery of this contradictory gentleman, but we did it!



The gadgets (Warren's an amateur inventor in his spare time) protecting the entrance to his estate might belong to a trap-door castle in a melodrama, but inside you'll find a comfortable home with golf-course (above), swimming pool and tennis courts. Opposite page—he may be a sophisticated heartbreaker in movies, but he's been happily married to the same girl for years!

WARREN WILLIAM



By JOHN CHATTERTON

WARREN WILLIAM has a special name for that series of mystery stories he does before the camera. He calls them "Who-Done-Its." In them, he is invariably tracking down the unknown murderer until the last reel when, posing as *Perry Mason,* he unmasks the culprit for the multitudes. So far, he has cleared up "The Case Of The Howling Dog," "The Case Of The Curious Bride" and "The Case Of The Lucky Legs."

The only remaining mystery is Warren William.

Mr. William has an unusual noise he makes when accused of being a sort of male Garbo. It seems to be a cross between a snort, a slight razzberry and a very gruff "Ha!" He insists his life is an open book that could go through the mails into any home (" . . . well, almost") and that he is a thoroughly simple soul with a yen for puttering in his garden, inventing gadgets and collecting his paycheck at Warner Brothers. He further declares that if there be any truth in the charge that no one knows anything about him, then it must be because no one is interested. Which isn't true.

It has for some time, however, been a matter of speculation and interest with me just how it was possible for a man to be worth so much as a star (around $3,000 weekly) and yet be worth so little as a private-life personality. As the box-office bait of the extremely popular Erle Stanley Gardner screen mysteries, he is as consistent a draw as any offered by the astute Warners. But if I were suddenly to ask you to tell me all you know about Warren William, the man, what could you say? The only statement I remember his saying in print is: "I wish they would stop comparing me to John Barrymore—and so does he!" This he uttered when he first arrived in Hollywood and it spoke well for the William brand of humor.

Only there was no follow up. Apparently, Mr. William lapsed into a silence after that one nifty, a silence broken only by the dialogue he uttered into the microphone. How he lives, where he came from, where he expects to go and even what he is like off screen, have been matters resting in his own keeping and far outside his eight-hour studio day.

The natural deduction has been that the man was either a cleverer hermit than Colman or Garbo or else he was irredeemably dull. After a solid week of research and two interview appointments devoted to solving the mystery in *The Case of the Curious Movie Actor,* I am promptly reporting both assumptions as false.

I believe the reason you know so little about Warren William is that he is one of the most inconsistent personalities in Hollywood. That, I think, is the key to his particular riddle.

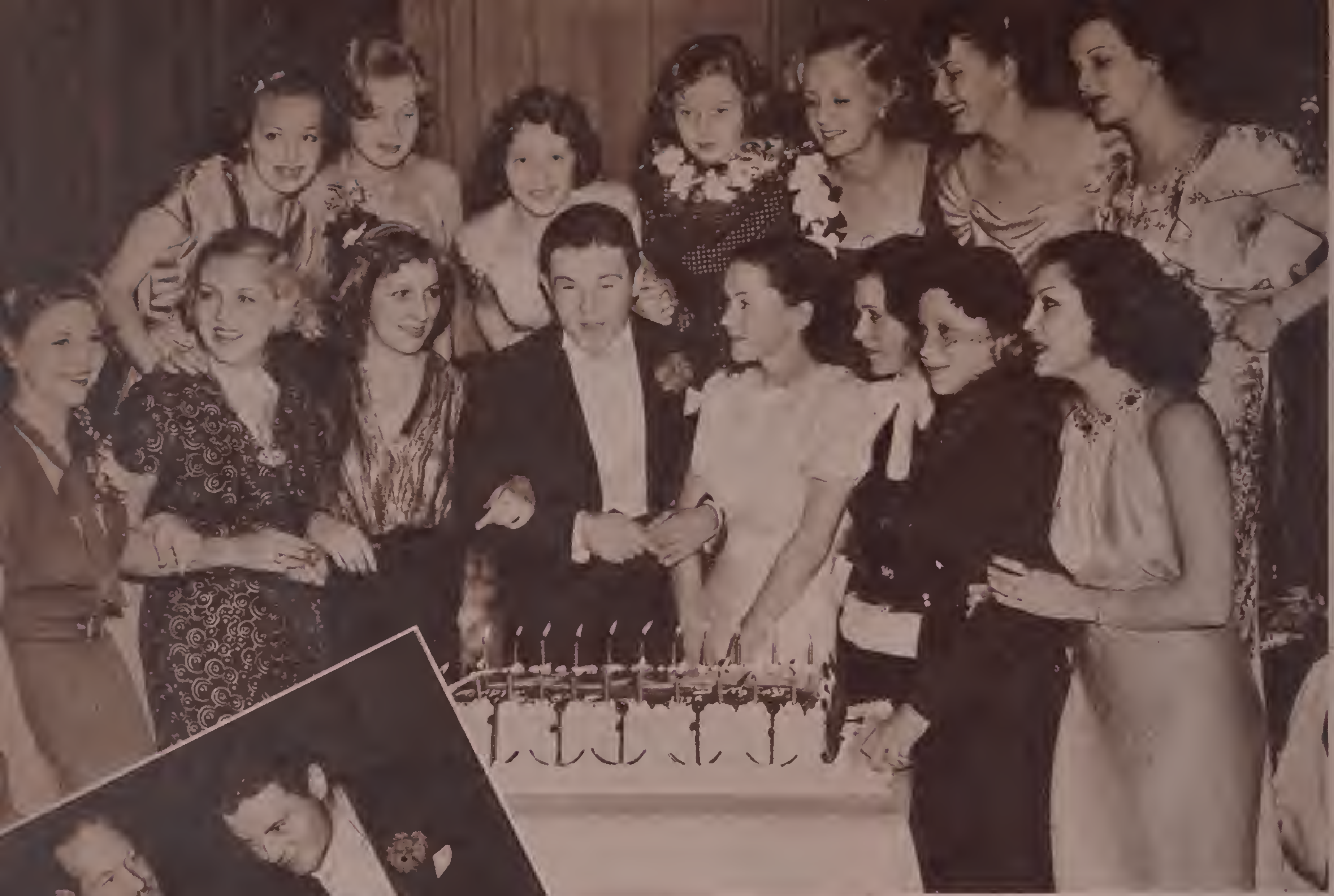
No doubt he will be surprised at that deduction coming from me. Certainly, he was cordial when we met quite casually in the studio publicity department. He was a very charming host during our luncheon in the studio Green Room. Later, in the publicity offices again, when I suggested an interview at his home, he stretched his extremely long legs on top of a desk, tilted his hat on the back of his head and assured me he was "bad copy."

"My off-screen personality is not in character," he said slowly. "My personal life and background do not fit with my professional picture. The only thing you'll get by coming out to my house is a good lunch."

Close up, he gives every visual indication of being the weary about towner that his screen shadow has tricked you into believing is the real Warren William. He is tall, thin of face and, despite all contrary assurances, Barrymoresque. But the poor guy can't help it if he *looks* like a typical bachelor with a natty Japanese valet and a little red book filled with blonde telephone numbers. Because, as a matter of fact, he has been married to the same girl for fourteen years, his servants are Mexicans and to the best of my knowledge, no extra girl has ever been bothered with Warren William trouble. He loves his home and his wife, he loves his ranch, he enjoys cultivating his own orange trees and inventing small gadgets.

You get the picture? A truly homespun sort of fellow who, though a carpet-slipper-walker at heart, is quite happy creating glamor for shekels before the camera. Well, hang on a minute while we round this last corner before arriving at the William ranch in San Fernando Valley. An enormous gate blocks the entrance and, try as you may, rattling gets you nowhere. You try yelling for a caretaker; that's no go, either. Just about the time

(*Continued on page* 95)



SURPRISE PARTY!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

(Left) At last he's old enough to vote—and Tom, seated between Pat Ellis and Natalie Draper, receives the hearty congratulations of both Jimmy Gleason and Pat O'Brien.

On his twenty-first birthday, these movie celebrities (top) surprised Tom Brown at the Knickerbocker Hotel. Back row, left to right—Anne Shirley, Nan Grey, Jaqueline Wells, Cecilia Parker, Grace Durkin, Natalie Draper, Gertrude Durkin; front—Phyllis Fraser, Pat Ellis, Gertrude Michael, Tom, Maureen O'Sullivan, Maxine Doyle, Mary Carlisle, Raquel Torres. Above, Tom with his father and mother.

(Right) Caught strolling during a lull in the evening's festivities are Jimmy Cagney, Pat Ellis, Marsha Hunt (Paramount's new find) and Mister Brown himself.

The Girl who Married your Husband

Have gnawing fears and worries withered the bloom of her romance? Or did she discover "Lysol" in time?

LIKE every woman, you started out with certainty that *your* marriage would be different. No misunderstandings. All harmony.

Some marriages *do* succeed in preserving those ideals. You might be surprised to know how often they owe much of their success to "Lysol".

Doctors know that back of *most* marriage failures is the old, old story of a woman's fear—bred of misinformation and half-truths about marriage hygiene. Fortunately, more and more women today are learning the *facts*...that much of their fear is needless. "Lysol" has *earned* the confidence of the millions of women who have used it.

Two special qualities of "Lysol" make it exceptionally valuable in antiseptic marriage hygiene. First, it has the property of *spreading*, of reaching germs in folds of tissue where ordinary methods do not reach. And second, "Lysol" *remains effective in the presence of organic matter* (such as mucus, serum, pus, etc.)—when some other antiseptics lose their germ-killing power partly or even totally. Yet the dependability and gentleness of "Lysol"—in the solutions recommended—are such that leading doctors commonly use it in the delicate operation of childbirth.

You will find that the use of "Lysol" brings you a reassuring sense of antiseptic cleanliness. But more important—it relieves your mind of that constantly recurring worry, fear and suspense, which no husband ever *really* understands.

A booklet of valuable information on this important subject, is yours for the asking...just mail the coupon below.

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. SAFETY..."Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2. EFFECTIVENESS..."Lysol" is a *true germicide*, which means that it kills germs under practical conditions...even in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, pus, etc.). Some other antiseptics don't work when they meet with these conditions.

3. PENETRATION..."Lysol" solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus virtually *search out* germs.

4. ECONOMY..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.

5. ODOR...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears *immediately* after use.

6. STABILITY . . ."Lysol" keeps its *full* strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol
Disinfectant

Lysol
Lysol

NEW! LYSOL HYGIENIC SOAP... for hands, complexion, bath. A fine, firm, white soap, with the added deodorant property of "Lysol". Protects longer against body odors, without leaving strong after-odor. Washes away germs and perspiration odors. Get a cake at your favorite drug counter.

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. MM4
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant
Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

*Name*____________________

*Street*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

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I WANT TO BE A STAR!

Which is guilty—her sweetheart or her brother? Judy learns you can't build happiness on borrowed love

By DORA MACY

Illustrated by Stephen Grout

THE officer stared at Jack.

"Well, you certainly were in a hurry to commit murder," he snapped. "I have been following you the last sixty miles for speeding. Who are you?"

"My name is Jack Pine."

"Gee!" the state trooper whistled softly. "I have seen your picture. Are you all motion picture people?"

Rene's voice broke in on the question.

"For heaven's sake why don't you do something for Bert?" she moaned.

She had lifted Bert's shoulders in her arms, and her face upturned was tearstained.

"Why don't you do something? Why do you stand there? You're supposed to be a doctor, aren't you?"

All of us stared at Dick. Suddenly I knew—knew like a flash that Dick had shot Bert—that Jack wasn't guilty!

Dick's head went up slowly and his eyes were dull and out of focus. He walked over to the divan, bent over Bert and started to strip back the upper clothing. Bert groaned.

"He's alive!" I cried. And from sheer relief began to sob.

I felt someone nudging me and looked up to find Jack handing me a lighted cigarette. He was cool and possessed and his eyes flashed a message to me. He was trading his own career for Dick's life. I knew he was saying: it's better for an actor to go down than a doctor. I caught hold of his hand.

Dick straightened with apparent effort and turned to the trooper.

"Will you help me take him into a bedroom? I can give some temporary relief. I would like to phone Dr. Phipps. This man will have to have a quick operation. The bullet punctured a rib. I don't believe it penetrated the left lung. He couldn't stand a trip to a hospital. He must have an immediate operation here."

We stood in helpless silence while the trooper and Dick carried Bert out.

I turned to Jack.

"Don't say a word!" he whispered tersely. "Let me do the talking. Telephone Victor for me, will you?"

Already the trooper was coming out of the bedroom and heading for the phone. His eyes measured us individually. He called Dr. Phipps and offered to have his car met by police escort to hurry him through. He hung up as Dick came to the doorway.

"Dr. Phipps said he wanted you to assist at the operation," the trooper said.

Dick went pale.

"We could be getting things ready," he decided slowly, "if somebody would help me. We'll need lots of linen."

Rene crossed over to him.

"I'll do anything. Show me what to do."

Dick and Rene went to work. Jack and I stood listening to the officer reporting the accident over the phone. From time to time he turned to Jack to get each of our names spelled correctly.

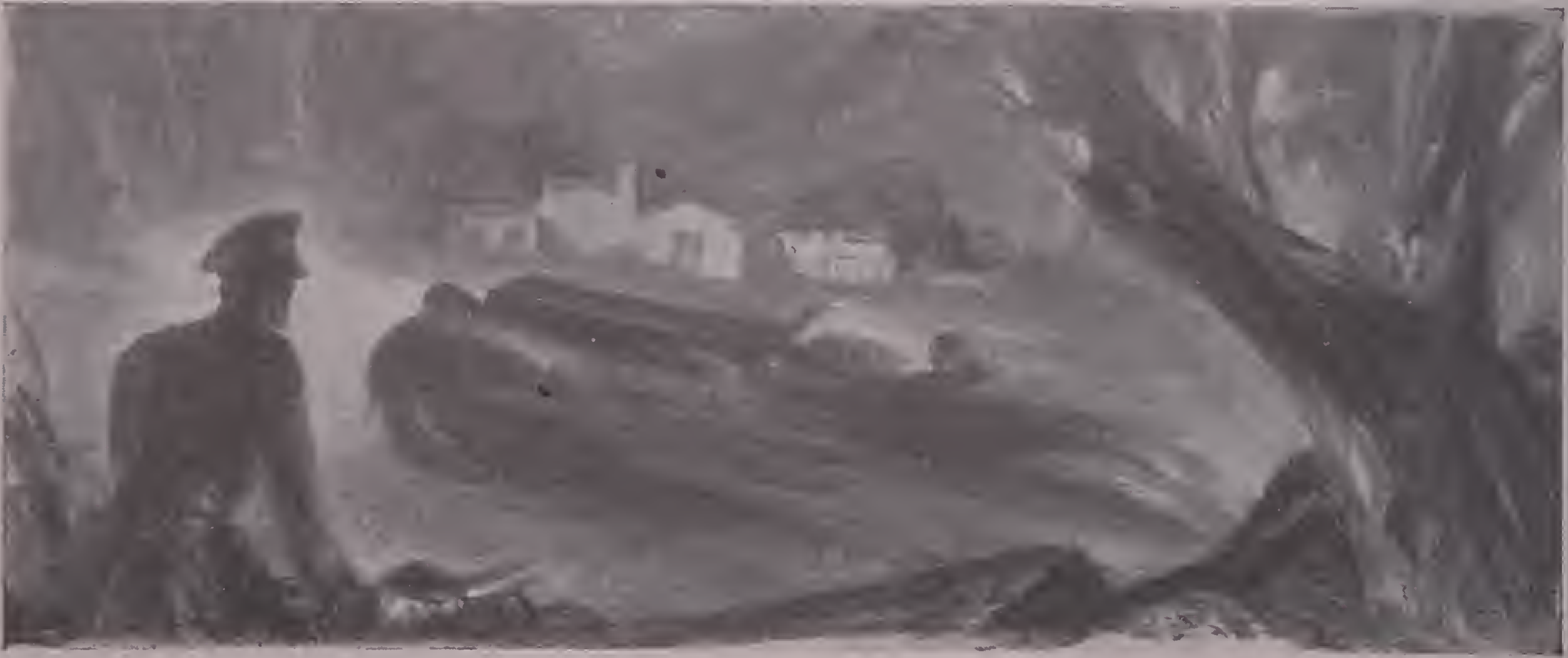
All the while I sat, trying not to tremble, wondering what had happened that both Dick and Jack had come out here together, remembering how unsteady Dick was when I had left him.

"Now I want to hear your story," the trooper crossed over to Jack.

"I want counsel." Jack insisted.

"Counsel, nothing," said the (*Continued on page* 103)

"I didn't give the flivver a chase. About forty-five minutes later a Packard roadster went shooting by clocking ninety miles right up the grade. I chased that all the way from the crossroads to here and it was this guy's car."



"I've found a simple beauty care that really works"

LORETTA YOUNG
Star of the 20th Century-Fox Production
"Lightning Strikes Twice"

"LUX Toilet Soap guards against Cosmetic Skin..."

"USE ROUGE AND POWDER? Like most girls, I do," says lovely Loretta Young. "But I *never* risk Cosmetic Skin."

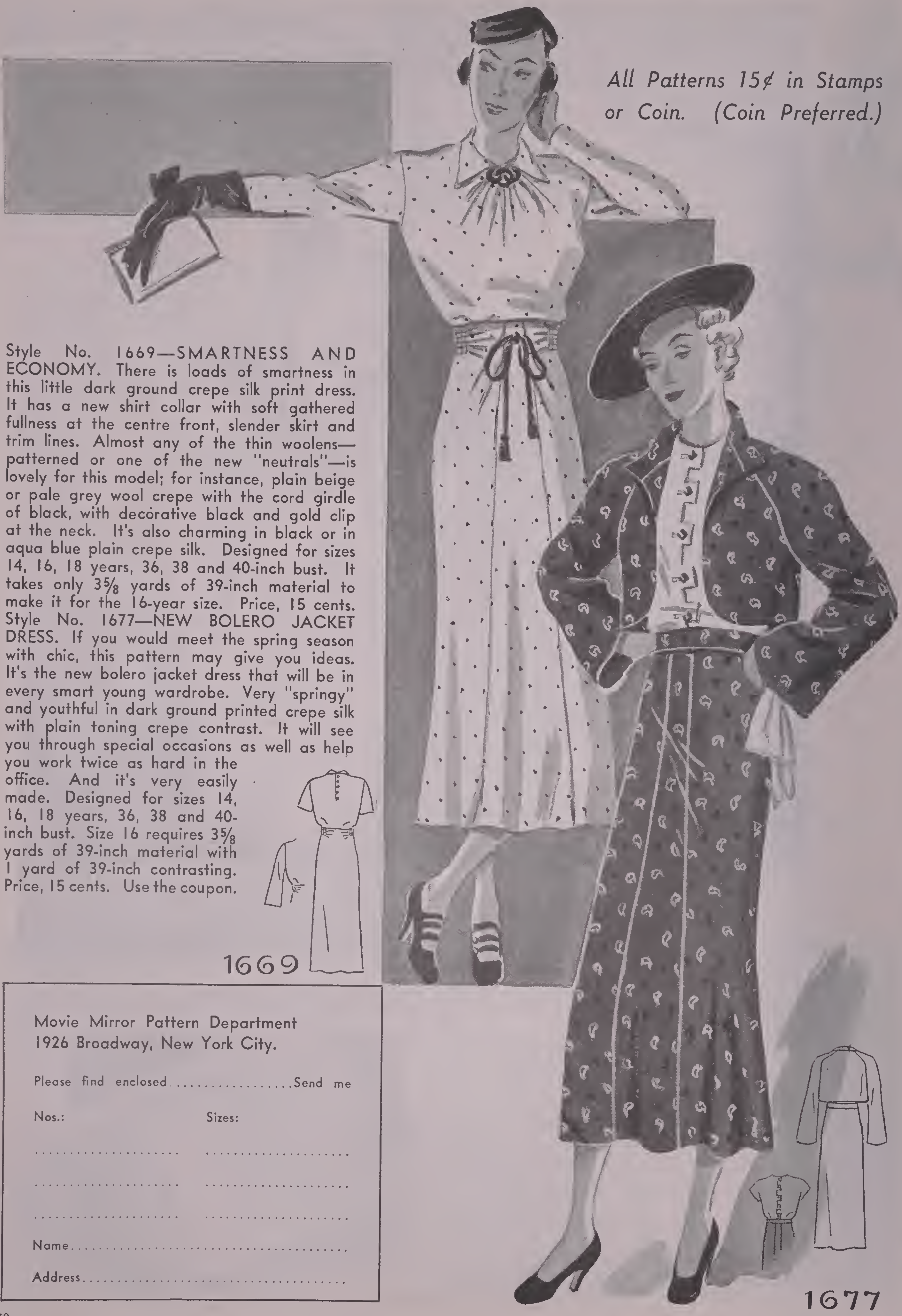
Avoid dangerous pore choking Loretta Young's way. Use the soap with ACTIVE lather that goes deep into the pores—removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Then you guard against Cosmetic Skin—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores.

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed, use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. This simple care keeps skin lovely—as you want *yours* to be.

LUX
LUX
TOILET SOAP

MOVIE MIRROR'S PATTERN DEPARTMENT

All Patterns 15¢ in Stamps or Coin. (Coin Preferred.)



1669

1677

Style No. 1669—SMARTNESS AND ECONOMY. There is loads of smartness in this little dark ground crepe silk print dress. It has a new shirt collar with soft gathered fullness at the centre front, slender skirt and trim lines. Almost any of the thin woolens—patterned or one of the new "neutrals"—is lovely for this model; for instance, plain beige or pale grey wool crepe with the cord girdle of black, with decorative black and gold clip at the neck. It's also charming in black or in aqua blue plain crepe silk. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. It takes only 3⅝ yards of 39-inch material to make it for the 16-year size. Price, 15 cents.

Style No. 1677—NEW BOLERO JACKET DRESS. If you would meet the spring season with chic, this pattern may give you ideas. It's the new bolero jacket dress that will be in every smart young wardrobe. Very "springy" and youthful in dark ground printed crepe silk with plain toning crepe contrast. It will see you through special occasions as well as help you work twice as hard in the office. And it's very easily made. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards of 39-inch material with 1 yard of 39-inch contrasting. Price, 15 cents. Use the coupon.

Movie Mirror Pattern Department
1926 Broadway, New York City.

Please find enclosed ....Send me

Nos.:	Sizes:
....	....
....	....
....	....

Name...

Address...

You've Got to Be Temperamental!

(*Continued from page* 31)

most hard-boiled, double-crossing, crooked dame in the world and still they'll hire you if you've got what it takes. They'll try to cheat you and swindle you and double cross you and if you outwit them they'll admire you for it.

"The actress who gets along best in Hollywood is the one who realizes that other people are trying to outwit her and who outwits them instead. She's not a meek little angel. She's the girl who's suspicious and hard-boiled in her professional relations."

If Bette Davis had gone on playing the kind of ingenue roles that were foisted on her when she first came to Hollywood, she would either be a weak little ingenue today or she would be out of pictures altogether. But she fought like a wildcat for decent roles. When no one else had the courage to undertake the role, she begged for the chance to play the part of the snobbish, cheap, sexy little waitress in "Of Human Bondage." And made the role something no one could ever forget. It took temperament to fight for what she wanted. Temperament and courage.

THAT'S why Merle Oberon is likely to last in Hollywood. She frankly confessed to me that her whole life has been one long series of temperamental outbursts. "When I was working with Alexander Korda in England," she told me, "we used to fight continually. And the words that flew about when we fought! No outsider, watching those quarrels, would ever have been able to guess that, in spite of all our quarrels, I worshipped Korda. Our arguments were not like those that usually take place between stars and directors. They were more like rows between members of the same family, where the most terrible things are said, but where they are quickly forgotten afterwards."

Korda appreciated the intense emotion behind Merle's outbursts, and realized that the same emotion harnessed would make her a great actress.

You read a great many articles which try to whitewash Hollywood by pointing out that Hollywood stars are human beings just like you and me and the next door neighbor. Personaly, I think that is nonsense. There are, it is true, certain actors and actresses in Hollywood who are just like you and me and the next door neighbor, but they are rarely the most successful ones.

No one ever called Leila Hyams temperamental. She was known as one of the most capable leading ladies on the M-G-M lot. And for years she remained just that; a leading lady. She always let the men she appeared with get the lion's share of the glory. Where is she now?

In her place there's Madge Evans, young, beautiful, piquant. She is known as one of the most capable leading ladies on the M-G-M lot. And she, too, always lets the men with whom she appears get the lion's share of the glory. You never hear of her being temperamental; of storms on the M-G-M lot when she is around. She just isn't that kind of girl. I doubt if she

"Dolly . . . you've started a lot of gossip!"

1. **"Look at these panties,** Mother. They've got everybody on the block talking about dolly and you."

"Why, what's the matter? I wash dolly's clothes right in with my regular wash."

2. **"I told 'em** you do—and that nice new lady up the street said *that's* the trouble. She's afraid your washes have tattle-tale gray like hers used to. Even though you work hard, your soap leaves dirt behind and the clothes show it."

3. **"Dear me!** Is that all the new neighbor said?"

"Nope! She said you ought to change to Fels-Naptha Soap same as she did—'cause its wonderful *golden soap* and *heaps of naptha* chase out every teeny speck of dirt—and clothes look a million times whiter."

FEW WEEKS LATER . . .

4. **At the new neighbor's house.** "So Mother tried Fels-Naptha Soap just like you told me. And now her clothes look so swell she baked you this apple pie."

"Well! Well! Tell your mother that Fels-Naptha is a wonder for silk things, too—and maybe she'll bake me a big chocolate cake!"

© 1936, FELS & CO.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" *with* FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

• *"Listen—you're my twin and best pal—but it'll be a cold day when I go traveling with you again! Crab—whine—boo-hoo . . . all the way home! I know what you need though—watch me unpack our suitcase and get it!"*

• *"Now stop your whimpering! I know you're chafed and hot and cranky—I don't feel any too comfortable myself. I am hurrying, aren't I? I'll find it if I have to dig clear through to China!"*

• *"There you are! Now will you take back what you said about me? Sprinkle yourself with that soft downy Johnson's Baby Powder and smile for a change. And then give some to Sister!"*

• • •

• *"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder—I'll defend your baby's skin from chafes and rashes . . . I'll keep it soft and satin-smooth—I'm that way myself! No gritty particles in me as in some powders—and no orris-root. I'm made of the purest, finest Italian talc. (Your baby will like Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream, and Baby Oil, too!)"*

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

will ever become anything more than just a fine leading woman.

I've met a dozen girls at parties who were like Mary Brian or Leila Hyams, but I have never met a girl who was like Greta Garbo or Joan Crawford or Katharine Hepburn or Kay Francis, no matter how much they arched their eyebrows or painted their lips to resemble the exotic ones. I occasionally meet men who are as nice as Richard Arlen or Chester Morris but there isn't in my circle of acquaintances anyone with the unholy charm of Leslie Howard.

Leslie Howard is supposed to be wholly without temperament, I know, but that, when you stop to think of it, is one of the silliest bits of fiction ever launched. Twice in his life Leslie Howard has absolutely and completely withdrawn from pictures because he was dissatisfied with the roles he was given in Hollywood. Both times he swore he would never make another picture, yet both times he came back. That change of mind is illustrative of Leslie's temperament.

AT times Miriam Hopkins has fought tooth and nail with producers whom she thought wrong. I remember one time when I was sitting in her dressing room in a Brooklyn theater where she was making personal appearances. That evening, she was expected to appear in a radio act. But she considered the writing in the script hopelessly amateurish. She showed me the script, and pointed out how weak the dialogue was. She called up everybody in creation and told them that she would not act in that script. Finally she went through with it only because the sponsor threatened to sue her if she did not appear.

Though apparently she had lost out, she had actually won. You might imagine that after her temperamental outbursts she would never be asked to appear on the radio again. But it didn't work out that way. She did appear over the air again, and from that time on no producer dared offer her a script unless it was first rate! Since then she has appeared in such fine things as "Seventh Heaven."

Then there is Jeanette MacDonald. Jeanette was fighting mad. Her future in the movies was at stake. She was being starred at Fox in a series of mediocre comedies, and she knew that word was flying about that she was slipping and slipping fast.

What could she do? Everything looked dark and hopeless to her. She had never known what failure meant, and the humiliation of it seared her now as though she had been branded with a hot iron.

She saved her career by being temperamental.

Jeanette MacDonald is a fighter. She has been a fighter all her life. Any story which paints her as sweet and simpering is off the track. At Fox she made the lives of everyone around her miserable by complaining constantly about her roles. They refused to do anything about her complaints and told her that they were better judges of the right parts for her than she was.

The climax came just after she had made "Good Gracious, Annabelle." One day a still photographer at Fox came to her and suggested that she pose in a pair of shorts. She looked at him perplexed. "Why shorts?" she asked in honest bewilderment. "Oh," he said casually, "your new picture is going to be called 'She Wears the Pants,' so they want you to pose in shorts as a publicity stunt."

This was the first time Jeanette had heard of the new title for "Good Gracious, Annabelle."

At once she realized that the title was all wrong for that particular picture. If it was released under that name, another failure would be chalked against her. The kind of people who'd be attracted by that vulgar title would expect a different picture and go away disappointed; and the kind who might like the picture wouldn't go near the theaters where it was being shown because they'd be repelled by the cheapness of the title.

Into the front office Jeanette stormed and confronted the executive responsible for the title change.

"Over my dead body," she flamed, "you'll call it, 'She Wears the Pants'."

When he refused to change the title, Jeanette went over his head. A board of directors' meeting was called, and she won her point. But some of the people at Fox were so bitter against her from that time on that they gladly released her from her contract. She went to M-G-M, where she was cast in roles more to her liking. Immediately she shot up to stardom!

I HAVE often wondered how a seemingly placid girl like Irene Dunne could achieve the tremendous success she has, for in an actress temperament seems to be the outward expression of an inner conflict. Unless an actress is seething with emotions how can she express them realistically?

Recently I found out that Irene Dunne is temperamental, though she has schooled herself in self-control. Occasionally she slips up.

"Only recently," she confessed to me, "while I was rehearsing for 'The Magnificent Obsession,' I lost my temper so completely at something the director had said, that I threw a hairbrush. I was horribly ashamed of myself. I had always promised myself that whatever I did, I would never indulge in a prima donna fit of temperament. And there I was, behaving like the worst prima donna who had ever walked the earth.

"Frankly, I have to hold on to my temper continually. The number of trying things that happen around the studios is amazing. For instance, one day you may be in just the right mood to make a scene on a hilltop in Paris. You play the scene perfectly, and at the end of the day you go home conscious of a day's work well done.

"Suppose the next day the laboratory prints the pictures all wrong, and you have to shoot the scene all over again. But this time you're no longer in the mood. To save your life, you can't properly play that love scene on the hilltop in Paris. That may sound like a little thing, but actually it is maddening."

Obviously it wouldn't be maddening to a star who had no temperament.

There are some movie stars who begin by believing that if you show temperament you will ruin your career, but sometimes they learn before it is too late how wrong

Watch him grow...

HE'S A CLAPP-FED BABY

THOMAS MALEK
OF WESTFIELD, N. J.

Tommy—aged 3 months
He approves this modern idea of starting babies early on solid foods. At 10 weeks he started Clapp's Strained Wheatheart Cereal, Spinach and Carrots. Now he's having all of Clapp's strained vegetables and soups.

Tommy—aged 7 months
He has gained 4 pounds and grown 2½ inches in 4 months on Clapp's foods. He agrees with doctors that the texture of Clapp's foods is ideal for babies—finely strained, smooth, yet not too liquid.

Tommy—aged 11 months
He doesn't give a thought to the vitamins and minerals that pressure-cooking keeps in Clapp's foods . . . He just knows they taste good. But pearly teeth, firm baby flesh, and a record of steady growth testify that he's found the foods he needs on the Clapp baby menu.

Mothers—Read this Astonishing Story! A careful study of a group of Clapp-fed babies, in one community, has recently been made.

During this test, covering each baby's first year, a check-up and photographic record has been made at frequent intervals.

Not one baby has failed to show uninterrupted favorable progress.

FREE—a booklet containing the picture story of *every baby* who has completed the test to date, together with valuable information on vegetable feeding. Simply send your name and address to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., Dept. M4-36, 1328 University Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

16 VARIETIES

SOUPS: Baby Soup (Strained), Baby Soup (Unstrained), Vegetable, Beef Broth, Liver Soup.

FRUITS: Apricots, Prunes, Applesauce.

VEGETABLES: Tomatoes, Asparagus, Peas, Spinach, Beets, Carrots, Wax Beans.

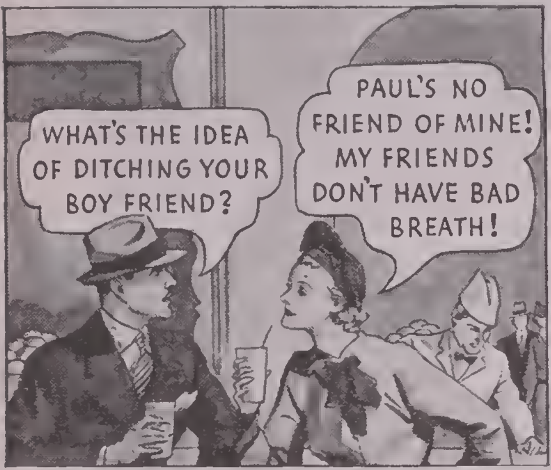
CEREAL: Wheatheart.

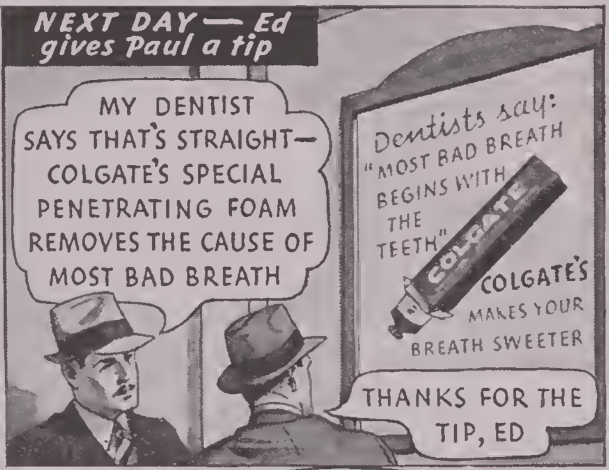
Accepted by American Medical Association and Good Housekeeping Institute

CLAPP'S ORIGINAL BABY SOUPS AND VEGETABLES

Paul wins the ring and the Girl

EXIT
ED, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ALONE A MINUTE


WHAT'S THE IDEA OF DITCHING YOUR BOY FRIEND?
PAUL'S NO FRIEND OF MINE! MY FRIENDS DON'T HAVE BAD BREATH!


NEXT DAY — Ed gives Paul a tip
MY DENTIST SAYS THAT'S STRAIGHT— COLGATE'S SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE OF MOST BAD BREATH
Dentists say: "MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH"
COLGATE
COLGATE'S MAKES YOUR BREATH SWEETER
THANKS FOR THE TIP, ED

AT THE NEXT OUTING
YOU TWO GO ON! PAUL'S GOING TO CATCH A BRASS RING FOR ME
AND I HOPE A GOLD RING, TOO!
THANKS TO COLGATE'S

BOY! MY MOUTH NEVER FELT SO FRESH ...AND MY TEETH NEVER LOOKED SO BRIGHT!

Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MAKE *sure* you don't have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes *all* the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.

20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
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RIB
Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

they are. For instance, there's George Raft. When I first met him a few years ago, he had not yet achieved any sort of fame and had made only one or two pictures. However, I had heard rumors that he was turning down certain types of parts and demanding others.

When I asked him about it, he was quite indignant. "What," he said, "me tell the studio what to do? Listen, I'm just hired as an actor, and it's my job as an actor to play any kind of role they give me."

He seemed absolutely sincere, and undoubtedly he was sincere at the time. But some time later, when he was asked to play in "The Story of Temple Drake," he refused to play the role, claiming that the part was that of an unmitigated scoundrel, and that he would lose the sympathy of every fan who had ever come to his pictures. Paramount was furious at his refusal, yet he turned out to be right. Jack LaRue, who played the role, sank into oblivion.

Of course, there are apparent exceptions. There are actors and actresses whose ornery actions get them disliked by grip boys and electricians alike. And in their work you sense the fact that the characters they play are at variance with their own. Without explaining it, you resent the unreality of their portrayals.

FOR instance, there was one actress who was generally hated, even on her own lot. I remember one time when she played a scurvy trick on a poor little salesgirl. By mistake the salesgirl sold this actress a dress worth many times that amount for about $17. When the salesgirl discovered her error, she got in touch with the actress, and begged her to return the dress or to pay the additional amount. Otherwise this poor girl would have to pay for it, and that would be impossible out of her salary. The actress refused to listen to the girl's plea, and told her that since she was the one who had made the mistake, she must suffer for it. The girl lost her job.

The story soon went the rounds of the employees at the studio where the actress worked, and where the girl had gone to plead with her. Here it came to a happy ending, for the executives at the studio gave the girl a job.

As time went on, the actress made more and more enemies for herself. Rumors about her drifted out of the studio, and the public grew to dislike her.

But it wasn't temperament that ruined her. It was downright meanness. The Katharine Hepburns and the Margaret Sullavans of Hollywood are temperamental without taking their temperaments out on girls who can't defend themselves. They are popular with their stand-ins and with the people who work on their sets.

Instead of criticizing stars who possess temperament, we ought to compliment them for it. For they bring a touch of glamor into dull lives. They dare to live as we would like to live; they dare to do the things we would like to do; they dare to talk to their bosses the way we would like to. And because a fire that will not be quenched burns inside them continually, because they are always aflame with the torture of unfulfilled desires and dreams, because they seethe with rebellion and discontent, their work is all the finer.

Lightning Strikes Twice

(*Continued from page* 47)

took their dejected way down a long corridor to the exit door. Suddenly Jane brightened. A figure was approaching, familiar to her through the films she'd seen. Whether to cheer her mother, or because she's naturally a friend to all the world, she hailed it with a comradely, "Hello, Mr. A-a-ates."

Mr. A-a-ates stopped. "You from the South, honey?"

"From Atlanta, Geo'gia," she told him. "But I know a song about Mississippi."

"Will you sing it for me?"

It happened to be lunchtime. As the childish voice rose high and clear, a crowd gathered. One man, more intent than the rest, made his way to Mrs. Withers' side.

"Can you wait till I get back from lunch?" he asked her.

"I can wait till the crack of dawn," she assured him grimly, "if it'll do me any good."

It developed that he was the director of the Musical Shorts Department. He tried Jane out and promised her a part in his next picture. A few days later the studio shut down for six weeks. When work started again, the Musical Shorts Department had been moved to New York.

THUS more than two years passed. Like nine-tenths of the people in Hollywood, Mrs. Withers lived for the ring of the telephone. The telephone remained silent—obdurately, maddeningly, heartbreakingly silent. "Sometimes," she confessed, "it was all I could do to keep from stamping my foot at it and yelling, 'Ring, why don't you?' " A person less determined, with a faith less intense, would have cried quits and gone home. That idea never entered the head of Jane's mother. The child hadn't had her chance. Until she got it, they weren't budging.

One day a kindly neighbor came in. "They're testing for children at Fox, and I'm taking my boy. Why don't you bring Jane along?"

They scrambled into their best clothes, and tagged along. Mrs. Withers even took an extra dress or two for Janey. The picture was "Handle With Care," the director, David Butler. "That's a cute kid," he said, with his eye on Jane. "Take her name and address."

In spite of which, they went home disheartened They'd known of course that Jane wasn't the only child in Hollywood, trying to crash the movies. But knowing by hearsay is one thing, and seeing with your own eyes is something else again. So many, many children, all waiting for what Janey was waiting for, all boasting that priceless asset which she lacked—screen experience. What chance had she among them? One in a million.

A few days later Mrs. Withers, pressing a dress for Jane, was startled by a sound—a sudden, incredible sound, a shrill, sweet ringing. The long-silent telephone bell had found its voice at last. She made a dash for it. "Bring Jane to the Fox lot at nine tomorrow." Had she heard straight? "Bring Jane to the Fox lot

Now they whisper *to* her
...not *about* her

Fragrantly feminine
..SO DESIRABLE

since she uses this lovelier way to avoid offending . . . Since she bathes with exquisite, scented Cashmere Bouquet Soap

SUCH a lovely, *feminine* way to guard your personal daintiness!

Your luxurious bath with this fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap keeps you so immaculate. Its deep-cleansing lather frees you so *completely* from any danger of body odor.

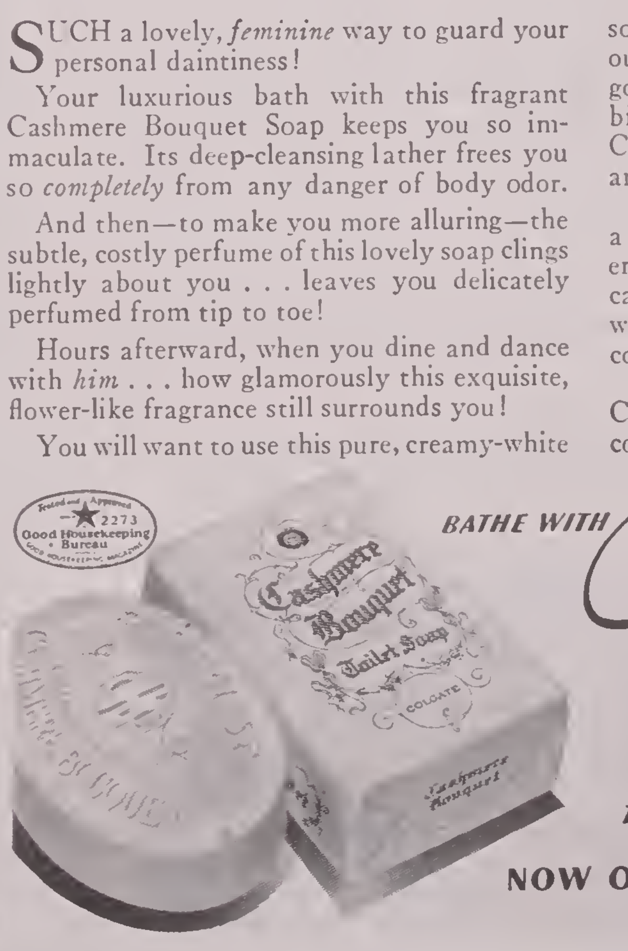
And then—to make you more alluring—the subtle, costly perfume of this lovely soap clings lightly about you . . . leaves you delicately perfumed from tip to toe!

Hours afterward, when you dine and dance with *him* . . . how glamorously this exquisite, flower-like fragrance still surrounds you!

You will want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its rich, luxurious lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it goes down into each pore and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics. That's why Cashmere Bouquet complexions are so radiantly clear, so alluringly smooth.

And Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢ a cake. The same superb soap which for generations has been 25¢. Exactly the same size cake, hard-milled and long-lasting... Scented with the same delicate blend of 17 rare and costly perfumes.

Why not order at least three cakes of Cashmere Bouquet today! Sold at the beauty counters of all drug, department and 10¢ stores.



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As swift as light—

The Magic of the

LINIT BEAUTY BATH

⁂ Modern life demands much of women—in business, in the home, the club—and in social duties that are a part of her daily life. To meet every occasion, with a consciousness of looking her best, the smart woman tirelessly strives to cultivate every feminine charm. Today, one of the outstanding essentials of charm is a soft, smooth skin.

⁂ For many years, fastidious women have relied on the Linit Beauty Bath to give their skin the feel of rare velvet.

⁂ To those who have not tried the Linit Beauty Bath, why not do this today: Dissolve some Linit in the tub while the water is running. Bathe as usual and, after drying, feel your skin. It will be delightfully soft and smooth. And the Linit bath does away with the damp or semi-dry feeling of the skin that usually follows an ordinary bath.

⁂ Make it a habit to use Linit in your tub water and join the thousands of America's loveliest women who daily enjoy its refreshing luxury.

The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin

LINIT IS SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

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● Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package—recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.

LINIT
FOR THE BATH
Makes Your Skin Feel Soft and Smooth

at nine tomorrow." She stood rooted to the floor while the words went spinning round and round in her head, till the odor of a dress burned beyond redemption brought her to her senses.

Jane played one of a group of children in "Handle With Care." She was spotted well and even given a close-up, and Mrs. Withers sent a dozen excited letters speeding to Atlanta. "Don't miss 'Handle With Care'." "Look for Jane in 'Handle With Care'." "Watch for Jane's close-up in 'Handle With Care'." But something happened to Jane in the cutting-room. "And when the picture came out," says Mrs. Withers with her rich Southern chuckle, "you had to look real fast or you couldn't see Janey at all."

But at least they knew now on the Fox lot who she was. At least Jane Withers was no longer just a name to them, but a bright-faced youngster who could read lines easily and act without any trace of self-consciousness. Someone remembered that and, after they'd been trying for two weeks to cast the pest in "Bright Eyes," the phone rang again.

Mr. Butler, again the director, interviewed Jane while Mrs. Withers waited in the office of the casting director, where presently a boy entered with Jane in tow. "Mr. Butler likes her," he announced, "and says for you to stand by."

THEY stood by until Jane grew weary of inactivity and approached Mr. Ryan's desk. "If you're not too busy," she volunteered politely, "I'd like to show you some of my impersonations."

Having seen her do Garbo and ZaSu Pitts in "Ginger," you can understand why Mr. Ryan watched, agape, why he cried, "Does Dave know you can do these things?"—why he grabbed her hand and shouted, "Come on! We'll show him," and why he was still in a state of some excitement when he returned and told Mrs. Withers not to take anything else until she'd heard from him.

"As though there were anything else to take," she commented dryly.

At home Mr. Withers, who had been transferred to Los Angeles to be with his family, bade her keep cool. "Forget about it," he advised. "You know how these things go. If it comes, O. K. If it doesn't, O. K. too."

"A chance in a million?" she teased.

"Well," he conceded, "nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand."

That was a Friday. On Monday Mr. Ryan's secretary phoned. "They're going to use Jane, Mrs. Withers. You're to come in tomorrow at eleven to sign the contract."

What Jane contributed to "Bright Eyes" I needn't tell you. What "Bright Eyes" brought Jane includes gifts too numerous to be itemized—trumpeting newspaper notices, hailing her the find of the year, a long-term contract, a host of fans won through a single picture, acclaim from both press and public that sent her stock scooting skyhigh on the home lot so that she was removed from the casts of both "Dante's Inferno" and "Redheads on Parade" because the parts were too small for her; so that a special picture was ordered to fit her special talents; so that bids from other studios for Janey's services were all turned down, since there seemed small sense in farming out their own little golden goose; so that now she's billed as a star.

Jane takes it all calmly. A sane, sound youngster, she's no more impressed by her present status than she was oppressed by the struggles preceding it. She loves to act, but acting to her is so much a matter of course, and there are so many other things to love besides, that she's hardly likely to lose her balance.

She loves dolls and stamp collecting and drawing. She started using crayons about the time she started conversing with the kitten. Would she rather draw than act? "Well—" She considers a moment, head cocked thoughtfully, then the small face puckers into a rueful grin. "You've got me there—" she admits.

She loves cooking and rainy weather and animals. She was discovered on the set one day, knitting a little pink sweater for her live duck, Blubber, presented by Jackie Searle, who played with her in "Ginger'" and whom in the picture she scornfully nicknamed Blubber until he'd reformed from a sissy to a regular guy. Incidentally, she also loves Jackie, who's a champion horseman and is teaching Janey to ride. "He's my best b-b-b-" she stuttered deliberately, with an impish glance at her mother, "friend. I don't say boy-friend because Mommy says it's silly—just friend is enough. There's one scene in the picture," she went on, "where we were going home in the car—a gorgeous big chauffeur-car—and he put his arm around me—" A small arm crept round my own neck and a pair of confidential lips whispered in my ear, "That's the scene I liked better'n' any of 'em."

SHE loves swimming and photos of movie stars, with which her bedroom is plastered, and she adores houses. Indulging this passion one day while they were out driving, the Witherses stopped to inspect an old Spanish house now preserved as a museum. Before they departed, they were asked to write their names in the visitors' book. Janey did better. "Dear Mrs. Caretaker," she wrote. "I like your house very much. I think it's colossal."

"Would you put something in the paper for me?" she asked suddenly, as I rose to go. "Would you tell them I'm not really a meanie? The reason is," she explained a little wistfully, "they write letters and ask, and maybe if they see it in the paper, they'll know it's true."

With pleasure, Jane. To Whom It May Concern: This is to testify that Jane Withers is not a meanie, not anything at all like the brat in "Bright Eyes," but a child whom everybody loves because she's one of the friendliest, happiest-tempered, most agreeable children in the whole of Hollywood. And if my testimony doesn't suffice, you can have it confirmed by anyone on the lot—from the head producer whose eyes brighten as he lifts her up with a "Hi, Jane!"—to the gate-keeper's dog whose tail waggles in a frenzy of devotion as she passes through with a "Hi, Pooch!" Though their language differs, their meaning is the same: "You're a good guy, Jane, and we're *for* you."

At certain times it is far from wise,
To be unrestrained before female eyes,
Or say what you really want to say,
With adequate words in a colorful way!
So try to pretend that you still like dogs,
That there isn't a tear in the Sunday togs—
Be calm . . collected . . pull down your vest,
Let the yellow package put nerves at rest,
It costs you no more to enjoy the best, *to* . . .

Compose yourself
with
Beech-Nut
the **QUALITY** *gum*

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PEPPERMINT
5¢
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CANDY COATED GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
ALWAYS REFRESHING
BEECH-NUT GUM

IF Perspiration were a TIGER

—you'd jump to protect yourself from its ravages! Yet the insidious corroding acid of perspiration can destroy the under-arm fabric of your dresses as surely, as completely, as the searifying claws of a tiger's paw!

Answers to thousands of questionnaires revealed the astounding fact that during the past year perspiration spoiled garments for 1 woman in 3! What appalling wasteful extravagance, when a pair of Kleinert's Dress Shields would have saved any one of them at trifling cost.

And this *surest* form of perspiration protection is now the *easiest* also! Kleinert's Bra-form is a dainty uplift bra equipped with shields—always ready, *without any sewing*, to wear with any dress at any moment. A supply of two or three solves the perspiration problem for the busiest woman and they're as easily swished through the nightly soapsuds as your stockings and lingerie!

Just ask for "Kleinert's" at your favorite notion counter—shields, 25¢ and up; Bra-forms, $1.00 and up.

Kleinert's
T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
DRESS SHIELDS

Kleinert's

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping as advertised therein

The Life and Loves of Jeanette MacDonald

(*Continued from page* 49)

regrettably, his determination. Subtly he set about attracting her. He applauded her ambitions, offered to help her study, listened to her read the parts she had so painstakingly learned. His compliments on her ability were extravagantly expressed. While Jeanette didn't believe she was as great as he said she was, those compliments were the only applause she got for all the playless hours she had made her portion.

One day he asked her to read a new play, a very famous play in which he assured her he would make her a star.

Trembling with eagerness, face shining, a thankful little prayer beating in her heart, she hurried to his office. Less than five minutes later a bewildered, frightened little figure rushed across the stage and out the door, her hand stinging from its impact against his face. Gone the eagerness, the shining face, the little prayer. The memory of his anger, the tattoo of his bitter, biting words—"Get out and go back to your church socials, you little brat. You'll never get anywhere here—you're fired!" whirling in her brain. She'd worked so hard. He couldn't fire her! He *couldn't!* But he had! Her notice was mailed to her that night.

Gone was a certain wide-eyed young radiance. Though she got another engagement quickly, Jeanette, with the pendulum-swinging mental process of youth, regarded all Broadway males with wide open eyes of suspicion and doubt. If such a thing were possible, she hugged her mother's chaperonage even closer and militantly carried her cotton umbrella to all interviews, even on the brightest days! She accepted the oft repeated suggestion of her devoted dad to call for her every night after the show. She did not dare tell her family why she suddenly wanted them with her more than ever. She knew that they would instantly put an end to her professional activities.

FINALLY she was cast for a song and dance specialty in a road show of "Irene." The Chicago run of "Irene" turned out to be her longest engagement to date. It pleased her to have a chance to sing a little; but the length of the run was even more conducive to joy for another reason: it gave her an uninterrupted chance for many months of study. She worked more earnestly than ever on her vocal lessons and enrolled again in a language school to study French. Much of her time, though, was spent with a dance coach for, by now, Jeanette was beginning to share the general opinion that dancing was her forte.

Jeanette stayed in Chicago almost a year. Then, back to Broadway she went to begin the pavement pounding quest for an engagement all over again.

One day, she was going up in the elevator of the Loew's State Theater Building on her way to see Max Hart, an agent. A very small odd-looking man kept staring at her. Suddenly he cleared his throat and blurted: "Do you sing?" "Yes," replied Jeanette with surprise. He then barked: "What is you name?" She told him. The little man said, "Where are you going?" Jeanette was amused by his questions and when the elevator reached her floor, she gave him one of those smiles one bestows upon children and simple-minded people and stepped out of the car. But the little man followed.

"Hold on, young woman," he said, delving into his pocket. "My card."

She saw that his name was J. Baldwin Sloan, which meant exactly nothing to her.

Mr. Sloan was becoming very excited. "I am producing a show in Greenwich Village and the girl in the piece is bad—terrible—so terrible! She's from Kansas City," he almost shouted, "but I think you can do it. I think you can. It's a hunch."

By now, Jeanette was sure that her "elevator producer" was slightly daft. Here was an excited, almost hysterical little man standing in the corridor of an office building, waving his arms and fairly shouting an offer to a perfect stranger. Of course, a lead in a Greenwich Village production might not be Broadway stardom at its most glamorous—but a prima donna was a prima donna.

HER heart leaped with excitement—an excitement quickly stifled. The man was an utter stranger. He invited her to step into his lawyer's office.

"Oh no, indeed," she said firmly, tossing her flame-topped head in a real prima donna manner, a wise little look darkening her eyes. "You bring your lawyer out here!" she commanded.

When that worthy legal gentleman had been coaxed into the hall, he confirmed everything that Mr. Sloan had said. For not only was the offer utterly authentic and *bona fide,* but the Greenwich Village role started her on the high road to success on Broadway. The play itself was not too good; but, believe it or not, Jeanette made a personal hit singing a hot torch song called "I've Got the Blues," but it was her dancing which attracted plenty of critical attention. Enough attention to secure for her an engagement in Henry Savage's production of "The Magic Ring" on Broadway. And she was the hit of the show! She had definitely "arrived." But (and this "but" dimmed her triumph) she had "arrived" as a dancer. Even though she was making headway and knew it, even though she was fairly happy in her niche as a dancer, the old authentic desire to sing began to torment her. She felt she was taking the easy way, that her acceptance of a dancing career would be a compromise. And compromise was a word long since eliminated from her vocabulary. She decided to make Broadway recognize her voice. She started its very, very serious cultivation. She told no one. She was now, as far as she was concerned, really beginning! Daily, under the guidance of the first person who had really encouraged her about her singing, Grace Adele Newell, Broadway's newest star worked long and earnest hours in secret devotion to her determination to reach the goal she had set for herself.

Jeanette was now eighteen. The freshness of her youth had become definite beauty. She was a personality envied on

Broadway but she had never been even mildly interested in a man, much less in love!

It was just a bit ironical that the ex-cotton-stockinged chorus girl, the earnest devotee to determination, should have met first love in that highly sophisticated spectacularly gay setting, the Beaux Art Ball in New York.

NATURALLY, with the coming of Broadway success and a few added years, Jeanette had discarded the cotton stockings as well as her blue serge complex. Many of her casual acquaintances had suggested that she should go out more—meet different people, make some contacts. So when one of the girls suggested she make a fourth for the ball, she accepted, accepting also the escort invited for her by her friend.

"As it turned out," Jeanette recalled, "he wasn't at all the sort of person I would have selected for myself. I think he found my lack of interest definitely dampening to his intention of having a very, very gay time indeed. Anyway, he decided I wasn't to interfere with his evening's enjoyment and after our first dance he muttered a vague excuse and wandered, not only away, but out of my life.

"Clad in my 1860 costume, all beruffled and be-curled, I sat against the wall. Here I was, at the brilliant Beaux Art Ball, to which I had looked forward so eagerly, a wallflower! In the midst of that gay throng of people intent upon the pursuit of pleasure, I sat soberly surveying the scene—an outsider. It never occurred to me to fortify myself with a visit to the punch bowl, even though everyone I saw rather obviously had done so. Truly, I felt more alone than I've ever felt in my life.

"Just as I decided to go home, a familiar face appeared; a charming man I had met casually, a doctor, came up and asked me to dance. Before we had got more than a few steps, however, a man tapped the doctor on the arm and said he was cutting in. The doctor introduced him to me and as we danced away, called: 'Take care of her, Thorn.'

"My new partner was tall, blond and handsome, just about the handsomest man I've ever seen. A divine dancer, too. My evening was saved. He was very protective of me, not allowing any of the men to cut in. I liked him, liked the fact that he hadn't visited the punch bowl either. We laughed at our finding each other in that great gaiety-pursuing crowd. Laughed at the swirling mob and laughed because we both knew that we would see each other again and often. You know how you know things—like that?" she snapped quick fingers. "He took me home, and I said 'yes' when he asked to call the following day. So started our romance, a romance that should have ended in marriage. But it was not destined to end that way, I guess.

"He told me all about himself. He was still in college and he hoped to be a great architect. He would be graduated next year. Then he asked about me."

When Jeanette told him she was an actress, he was amused. It seemed he had the college man's idea of an actress, an idea which Jeanette did not personify in the slightest.

"If you really are an actress, you are the most *unusual* actress in the world," he kidded. If Jeanette had been thoroughly honest, she might have added that she was an actress who was beginning to fall in love with him, which might have seemed even more unusual to the tall handsome college boy.

Fall in love they did; head over heels, forever and ever and all the other phrases of undying devotion that go with a first romance. She discovered that his family was one of the most socially important in New York but if he had been a ditch digger's heir, it would have made no difference to Jeanette. They were together every moment she could spare from the show and he could hardly study his lessons for trying to think up new and different excuses for leaving school for a day or two. Separations were like operations on their hearts.

THE greatest happiness and the greatest tragedy in her life thus far happened almost simultaneously. No sooner had Jeanette found romance than she lost a deep love and guiding friendship: her father died. His death was a deep, cruel blow to Jeanette, to her mother and sisters. The MacDonalds were more than just a family, they were a clan united against the world. Her father had lived to see her success as a dancer, but it is one of her greatest regrets that he could not wait to see her much greater success as a singer. In one of the last days of his illness, he begged her to keep on with her

Melt ROUGHNESS
BRING OUT NEW FRESH SKIN —SMOOTH FOR POWDERING
HATE TO MEET TOM WITH THIS ROUGH SKIN
GRAND! POND'S VANISHING CREAM FIXES THAT
1 SECOND LATER
WE'LL HAVE A SWELL TIME. SKIN'S HEAVENLY NOW

Miss Mary Augusta Biddle: "The minute Pond's Vanishing Cream touches my skin—roughness goes!"

EVEN when your skin is rough "just in spots"—it's enough to spoil your whole make-up. And ruin your evening, too! You feel so self-conscious—you just *can't* be your own gay self.

Yet you can *melt* rough spots smooth!

That roughness is only a dead layer hiding the smooth skin beneath. Look at skin magnified—you see the flaky particles sticking out. Really old dead skin cells!

As a leading dermatologist says: "Surface skin is constantly drying out, thickening with horny cells. Yet, once the old dead cells are melted away, the young underlying cells become the surface skin—smooth and soft. This melting can be done with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream)."

Try Pond's Vanishing Cream to see this melting principle in action. The instant it touches your skin, roughnesses melt away. New skin comes out—smooth, nice to touch! This shows why Pond's Vanishing Cream is such a perfect powder base.

Outer Skin The epidermis, magnified many times, to show how dead surface cells on top make skin rough, uneven.

For a smooth make-up—Put on Pond's Vanishing Cream—just enough to film your skin faintly. You can't help but like the new pearly softness of your skin—and the smooth way powder clings!

Overnight for lasting softness—After cleansing, leave Pond's Vanishing Cream on overnight. Greaseless, it won't smear the pillowcase. All night long, it brings your skin a finer softness, a more youthful look.

8-Piece Package POND'S, Dept.D135,Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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"—don't try to get well in a day..."

no appetite? nervous?
losing weight? pale?

— there is usually a definite reason for these

Don't try to get well in a day . . . this is asking too much of Nature. Remember, she has certain natural processes that just cannot be hurried.

But there is a certain scientific way you can assist by starting those digestive juices in the stomach to flowing more freely and at the same time supply a balanced mineral deficiency the body needs.

Therefore, if you are pale, tired and run-down . . . a frequent sign that your blood-cells are weak—then do try in the simple, easy way so many millions approve—by starting a course of S.S.S. Blood Tonic.

You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

Much more could be said—a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road of feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food . . . sound sleep . . . steady nerves . . . a good complexion . . . and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two sizes. The $2 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the upread today. © S.S.S. Co.

S.S.S. TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again

voice. "It's a grand, beautiful, lovely voice, my daughter."

Then quietly, softly, he told her, "It's the sweetest voice I ever heard."

After he had gone, those words gave her the courage to continue her study and the inspiration to apply herself to singing as never before. As time passed, the wound healed and her love for Thorn brought a depth of expression to her voice that had never been there before.

Jeanette and Thorn planned to be married. But they planned for too long. There was always something to delay them. There was always this or that to be accomplished first. In the beginning, it was Thorn's graduation from school and the time it would take for him to get a start at the career of architecture. By the time this was accomplished, Jeanette was away on a tour with one of the Savage musicals.

About this time, too, Jeanette faced her first real discouragement because of the small success she had attained as a singer. She now had confidence in her voice. She knew she could score a success if someone would only give her an opportunity. But plead as she might, they were always recruiting some established singer for the prima donna role and casting Jeanette as the leading dancer.

But even when she was away from him during the long tours, Jeanette was glad for her romance with Thorn. "Other girls had more fun, lots of masculine attention, but they had lots of heartaches, too! I cherished the thought of Thorn. I was proud of our love, faithful to our promise to be true to each other even though circumstances kept us apart. I was desperately lonely, yet I did not even want to go out with anyone else, and never did. My mother accompanied me on all my tours and I spent my time away from the theater in study."

A long, long year went by in this fashion. Then Jeanette came back to New York for a dancing spot in "Tip Toes"—came back to Thorn. But something had happened to their shining romance. They knew it but tried to hide it from one another when they were together. When Jeanette was alone, she tried to discover why the flame they had shared had simmered down to just a steady flicker of companionship. Thorn had not changed. He was still the same tenderly strong, handsome and devoted suitor he had been that first night they had met. Then the answer must lie with her. But how?

She blamed it, finally, upon the discouragement she felt because of her apparent lack of success as a singer. She admitted to herself that her singing was for her the real means to a secure happiness; maybe she had forced love into a back seat. She didn't know the reason for their romantic failure, really, but she did know that there had come a lull in her career. She wasn't getting any place. True, her salary had advanced until she was earning $350 weekly as a dancer in "Tip Toes;" but she would gladly have forfeited that magnificent sum for just one chance to sing! She *knew* she could sing. And she felt that if she didn't sing soon she would die of disappointment and depression. Somewhere in this ambition versus love mix-up, love and romance were slipping out of her grasp no matter how sincerely she tried to hold them.

Jeanette and Thorn talked it out one evening in a hotel lobby, of all places! It was the most difficult, heart-breaking thing that either of them had ever faced. They were bewildered and hurt, yet they both knew it was all over. Something had happened to their love story. They both realized they were making the only possible gesture; yet, at the same time, they knew they were going to walk out of that hotel lobby rather empty hearted when their little farewell was finally said. At last, they bewilderedly shook hands and parted forever.

The only thing that kept Jeanette from going to pieces that season was hard work. Now and then, trying to find solace, she would attend church or perhaps a lecture on philosophy. Her mother had taken her to one particular lecture that impressed her a great deal. The gist of the talk had been: "If you want anything in life *hard enough*, you can have it. But you must be sure you want it, then believe you will attain it."

One evening, when she was in a deep mire of the blues, she stood looking out the window of her hotel room and down onto the brazen lights of Broadway. Well, what did she want?

Her adored dad was gone.

Love had somehow eluded her.

Broadway seemed but a rut in which she danced from one show to another.

"I know," she said, simply, to all the myriad of lights fanned at her feet. "I know! I want to sing! I want to sing until my heart breaks—or until it stops breaking!"

There was no answer to that dream from the street below. And there was no way for Jeanette to know that the real answer to her prayer was three thousand miles away—somewhere in the dim future in Hollywood.

Don't miss the exciting developments in this great singing star's career, to be continued in next month's Movie Mirror, *on sale everywhere March 25th!*

GINGER ROGERS' ADVICE TO WIVES WHO WORK

Just how does a busy film star, who combines her career with a happy marriage manage her household? How does she meet those irritating emergencies, those every-day problems, which requires personal attention whether one has servants or not? Well, let Ginger tell you how she runs her home on a business-like basis, how she and Lew Ayres divide their expenses—it's a simple plan which a working housewife can put into effect with good results, in the

May MOVIE MIRROR, out March 25th

MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

MOVIE MIRROR awards $20 for the best original puzzle submitted in January to Mr. Phillip Poburka, 1345 Bauwans St., Chicago, Ill. Why not try your luck? You may win the same amount. You must create a new and original puzzle. No trick words, no phoney definitions, please. We cannot return puzzles. No award is paid for solutions of published puzzles. Address Puzzle Editor, Movie Mirror, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

▨	L	O	M	B	A	R	D	▨	P	▨	Z	▨	N	O	M	A	D	I	C	▨
C	▨	R	A	L	P	H	▨	S	O	▨	A	M	▨	L	E	M	O	N	▨	C
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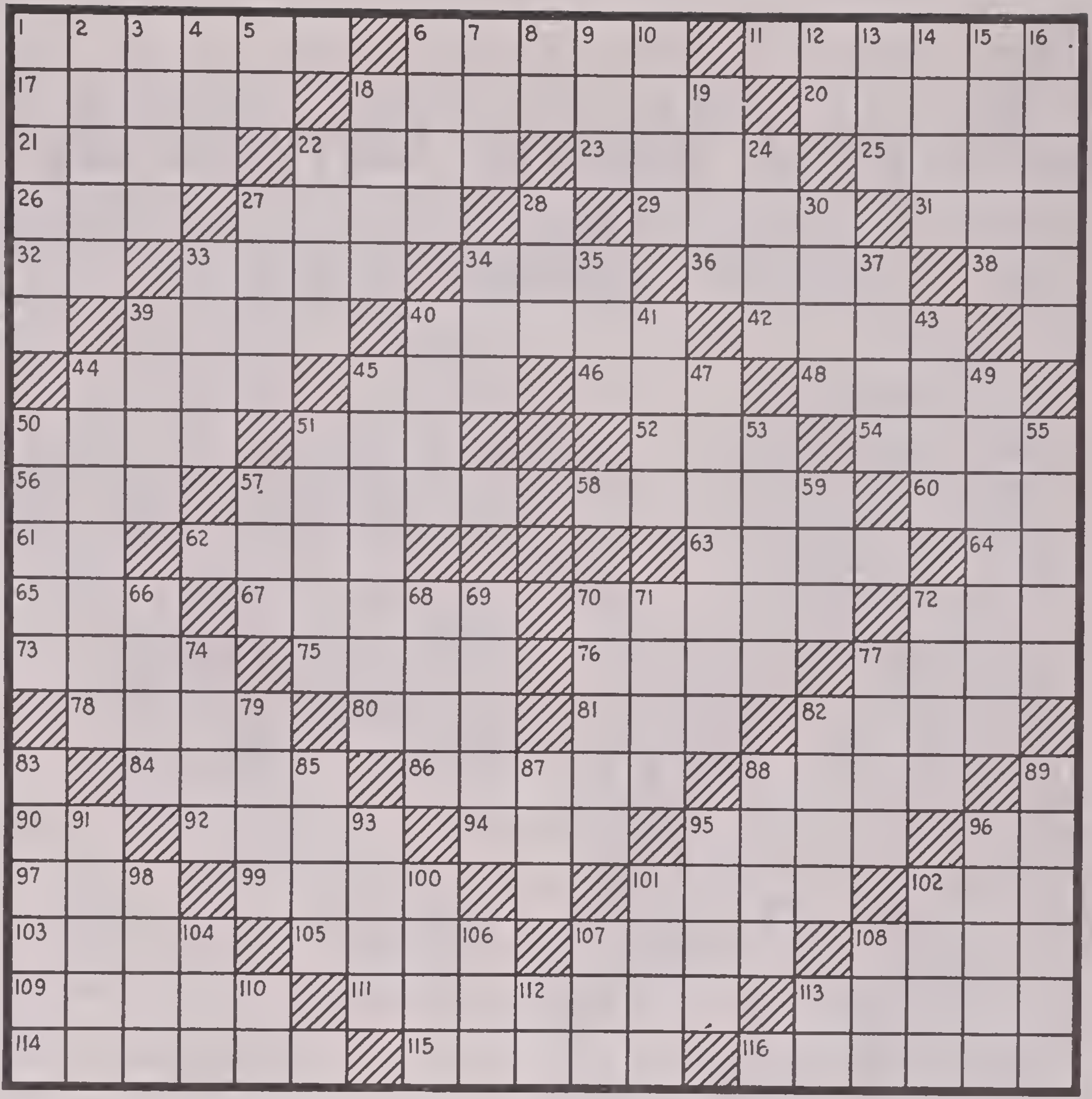

HORIZONTAL

1. He is to play Romeo in "Romeo and Juliet"
6. Joe Keefer in "Let 'Em Have It"
11. A ballet dancer who flopped in movies
17. Teammate of Guy Kibbee
18. He was in "The Mummy"
20. Silent film star whose last name was Dana
21. She is noted for her fan dance
22. He married Sandra Shaw
23. She was a maid in "Charlie Chan in Egypt"
25. She is playing in "Frisco Kid"
26. "—— Night of Love"
27. She was killed in an auto accident
29. Her name means saucy
31. "—— of Madelon Claudet"
32. Lead (abbrev.)
33. She sued Edward Norris for divorce
34. He is noted for his large mouth
36. Close
38. Featured in "Strike Me Pink" (init.)
39. Bessie ——
40. He starred in "Mutiny on the Bounty"
42. Soil
44. Starlet in "Gold Diggers of 1935"
45. Container
46. Restrain
48. He is noted for his stuttering
50. Mrs. Sydney A. Smith
51. Hawaiian food
52. Died during filming of "Strike Me Pink"
54. James ——
56. Beverage
57. One of the Swanny sisters in "Every Night at Eight"
58. He was Rene in "Folies Bergere"
60. She led "The Redheads on Parade"
61. "Born —— Gamble"
62. "The Little Minister"
63. Comedian in "Love Me Forever"
64. Dancer in "Millions in the Air" (init.)
65. Globe
67. "Anna Karenina"
70. In "The Goose and the Gander"
72. Prefix
73. He was in "The Keeper of the Bees"
75. Dregs
76. Soil
77. President (abbrev.)
78. —— Summerville
80. He played in the "Penthouse Murder"
81. "—— These Our Children?"
82. Den
84. A Paramount comedian
86. He plays in cowboy films
88. He played Lochinvar in "The Big Broadcast"
90. Order of Merit (abrev.)
92. Nip
94. A small deer of Europe
95. She played in both George White Scandals
96. Company (abbrev.)
97. "She Goes to ——"
99. He plays in "The Crusades"
101. Sharpen
102. California (abbrev.)
103. Jo in "Little Men"
105. Fat
107. Pierce
108. A child actress
109. Check
111. The mad king of Bavaria
113. He played "Song of the Nile"
114. She'll be in "Charlie Chan at the Circus"
115. He starred in "The 39 Steps"
116. He will be in "The Spanish Cape Mystery"

VERTICAL

1. His next is "The Milky Way"
2. Charlie Chan
3. A fermented drink
4. "Sorrell —— Son"
5. Concerning
6. He starred in "Murder at the Vanities"
7. "——thing Goes"
8. One of Hal Roach's players (init.)
9. Over
10. Voyage
12. Four
13. Mae West was known as "Diamond ——"
14. Murderess in "School for Girls"
15. She'll be in "Snowed Under"
16. Made her debut in "Escapade"
18. Eskimo actor
19. Russia's gift to movieland
22. Star of "Behold! My Wife"
24. God of War
27. A Ziegfeld star considered most beautiful of all actresses
28. A new sensation in "Broadway Melody of 1936"
30. Star of "Air Hawks"
33. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"
34. Polish tenor
35. Old age
37. Her first husband was Ralph Forbes
39. Lew Ayres's ex-wife
40. In the "Big Broadcast of 1936"
41. Not difficult
43. Genuine
44. She played "Evangeline"
45. She has a million-dollar doll-house
47. She has the shapeliest legs in Hollywood
49. She played a boy in "West of the Pecos"
50. Wand
51. —— White, heroine of early movie serials
53. Rampart
55. He was in "China Seas"
57. A small barrel
59. Insect egg
66. James Cagney's brother
68. East Indian tree
69. Flower
70. Loretta Young's sister
71. Unusual
72. The designer in "Top Hat"
74. Little white — —
77. Step
79. She was in "Storm Over the Andes"
82. Mrs. Frank Lawton
83. "The Broadway Gondolier"
85. Shubert in "Love Time"
87. Age
88. "Ginger"
89. She is teamed with Charles Ruggles
91. Deceased star often teamed with Polly Moran
93. G-Man in "Public Hero No. 1"
95. Wallace ——
96. She divorced Nick Stuart
98. Frosty
100. Want
101. A very tough guy
102. Lethargy
104. Insect egg
106. "I Dream —— Much"
107. Snake
108. Preserve
110. "Four Hours —— Kill"
112. A Polish actress (init.)
113. Royal order (abbrev.)

Do you know anybody who deserves this tag?

She
needs
MUM

MEN avoid her. Girls refuse to bother with her.

"*A careless, untidy person who is unpleasant to be with*"—that's the way they think of the girl who carries the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

Too bad. For she misses so many good times. Her real friends would like to tell her what the trouble is, but after all, they feel, the girl of today should be alert to the danger of underarm odor in herself.

She should know that the underarms need *special daily* care. Soap and water alone are not enough.

And the modern girl knows the quick, easy way to give this care. Mum!

Half a minute, when you're dressing, is all you need to use Mum. Or use it after dressing, any time. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

And you should know this—that Mum prevents every trace of perspiration odor without affecting perspiration itself.

Don't label yourself as "*the girl who needs Mum.*" Use it regularly every day and you'll be safe! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM

USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO and you'll never have a moment's worry about this source of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

Claudette's Handicap of Laughter

(*Continued from page* 55)

First her huge brown eyes begin to twinkle. Then one eyebrow or the other cocks impertinently. Her nose crinkles and her under lip trembles. The corners of her mouth lift gradually in a smile so faint it can barely be noticed. To this point, she is the master of her laughter. The next moment she loses control and a full-throated, musical laugh rushes forth, impervious to consequences. The consequences have sometimes been grave, for Claudette has laughed herself out of more jobs and into more trouble than anyone of whom I have ever heard.

In the very first job she ever had, she laughed at the wrong moment and was fired. Claudette came to America when she was eight and began her schooling in New York. She graduated from an art school as a designer of fashions and went to work in an exclusive women's wear shop. There is a story current that she began as a messenger girl. This is untrue, although, as the youngest member of the firm, she was required to serve as a general handyman, fetching and carrying bolts of material, hooking up the models and performing other odd tasks. "Never once," Claudette says, "did I draw even a line."

THEN one day, as the models paraded before a wealthy customer, Claudette's laughter could be heard from the back room. The reason for her mirth was asked and she explained, "It's that funny-looking fat woman to whom you are trying to sell these beautiful gowns. I just thought of how absurd she will look in them."

Unfortunately Claudette spoke too loudly. The fat customer overheard her and left in a huff. Claudette was dismissed.

She tried selling some of her original sketches as a free-lance artist. At least twice, her sense of humor spoiled sales, for Claudette regarded some of the assignments given her as funny, and said so. They probably were. Most women's fashions are more or less amusing.

While Claudette as an artist doubtless missed her calling—she should have drawn comics—an artist's tea led to her meeting Anne Morrison who was instrumental in helping her obtain a bit on the stage. A bit exactly describes it. Claudette Colbert in her debut spoke three lines as a guest at a party.

"That is, I was to speak three lines," Claudette explains. "I was perfect in rehearsal. But on opening night when my cue came, I blew up completely. The other actors covered up for me and my fault escaped detection. I was so ashamed that for once I couldn't laugh at myself."

The failure, however, steeled Claudette in one resolve: she would be an actress and a good one. Her only handicap in pursuing her career was that ever-present sense of humor.

There was the time when she was called upon to try out for a role she badly wanted. Given a script of the play, she was to read the part from the stage. Halfway through, she started to laugh.

"What is it that amuses you, Miss Colbert?" asked a man's voice from the darkened pit of the vacant theater.

"This line," she gasped. "It is so utterly ridiculous. No woman would ever say such a thing."

A momentary dead silence and the man spoke again. "Thank you for coming, Miss Colbert, but I am sure you will not do." He was the author of the play.

Another famous anecdote about her concerns her engagement to play the scarlet woman in the problem drama "The Pearl of Great Price"—a character who is accused and berated by a character representing righteousness.

The actor playing this role was of the old declaiming, vigorous school. When he gave a performance, he gave one, throwing everything into it. He had the misfortune to wear a false plate and one night his denunciation was so violent that the false teeth fell out.

Making a neat catch, he replaced them and continued without the audience having noticed the accident. But Claudette noticed and her sense of humor again overcame her. She shook with laughter, then suddenly switched to a pretense of sobs. As formerly played, the woman was disdainful of her rebuke from the righteous man but the crying went so well that evening that the business was left in the show.

IT is only within the last year and a half since she has been in pictures that Claudette has been able to overcome her strange handicap of laughter. She found that she unwittingly offended some people who did not share her keen sense of the ridiculous. She literally forced herself to stop laughing out of turn. She learned to disguise her mirth.

"I haven't completely overcome it yet," Claudette says. "Even today I occasionally slip. But I am improving.

"Humor, particularly such a perverted sense as mine, is not a thing you can order at the corner drug store like a cold cream. You either have it or you don't. I came by mine quite honestly. My whole family have identical senses of humor.

"I like to recall my late grandmother and an experience she had when she was eighty-four. I went to the kitchen one day to find her mounted on a stepladder busily engaged in cleaning the top shelf of the cabinet.

"'Don't scold me,' she said before I could say a word. 'Modern servants seldom clean higher than their employers can see. It does no good to tell them. Only way is to do it yourself. Now get out of here and don't bother me.'

"I said something about being careful not to fall and left her. No sooner did I leave the room than there came the most frightful racket. Mother and I ran back to the kitchen. There was Grandmother sitting on the floor. And laughing.

"'I'm not hurt.' She continued to laugh. 'Not at all hurt. You just told me I would fall and it is so funny that I did.'

"Grandmother hadn't even been bruised, despite her eighty-four years, and as soon as we assured ourselves of this fact, what do you suppose we did? Mother and I sat down on the kitchen floor and laughed with her."

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you'd never again take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic!

Be sure the laxative YOU take is correctly timed

You don't need to be a professor of physiology to figure this out. When you take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic that races through your alimentary tract in a couple of hours, you're shocking and jolting your system. No wonder its violent action leaves you weak and exhausted.

Unassimilated food is rushed through your intestines. Valuable fluids are drained away. The delicate membranes become irritated. And you have stomach pains. Drastic purgatives should be employed only upon the advice of a doctor.

What a correctly timed laxative means:

When we say that Ex-Lax is a correctly timed laxative, this is what we mean: Ex-Lax takes from 6 to 8 hours to act. You take one or two of the tablets when you go to bed. You sleep through the night . . . *undisturbed!* In the morning, Ex-Lax takes effect. And the effects are thorough and complete, yet so gentle and mild you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

No stomach pains. No "upset" feeling. No embarrassment during the day. And Ex-Lax is so easy to take—it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

Good for all ages

Ex-Lax is equally good for grown-ups and children . . . for *every* member of the family. It is used by more people than any other laxative in the whole world. The next time you need a laxative ask your druggist for a box of Ex-Lax. *And refuse to accept a substitute.* Ex-Lax costs only ten cents—unless you want the big family size, and that's a quarter.

When Nature forgets — remember

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How Pepsodent Antiseptic helped 774 Illinois people to

GET RID OF COLDS TWICE AS FAST!

The people lived together, worked together, ate the same kind of food

Half gargled; the other half did not!

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

reduced number and duration of colds!

● A Doctor made this famous test—he proved that Pepsodent Antiseptic did reduce the number and duration of colds!

He worked for two full winters, with 774 people in all. The people lived together. They worked together. They ate the same foods. Half of them gargled with Pepsodent Antiseptic twice a day. The other half did not.

The doctor's report

Those who did not gargle with Pepsodent, had 60% more colds than those who used Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

Those who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, and did catch cold, got rid of their colds twice as fast as the others.

That's proof! Pepsodent Antiseptic actually reduced colds! And cut the average length of a cold in half!

Goes 3 times as far

To kill germs, ordinary mouth antiseptics must be used full strength. But Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs in 10 seconds, even when it is diluted with 2 parts of water!

For "Breath Control"—Pepsodent keeps breath pure 1 to 2 hours longer

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 33*)

as *Parkyakarkus* is very funny indeed but we think Sally Eilers steals most of the honors for sincere acting. Cantor sings two songs. Funniest scene: Eddie playing "ghost poker."

Your Reviewer Says: It's tuneful and gay and beautiful.

✓✓ Anything Goes (Paramount)

You'll See: *Bing Crosby, Ethel Merman, Charles Ruggles, Ida Lupino, Grace Bradley, Arthur Treacher and Robert McWade.*

It's About: *A young business man-playboy who finds love amid laughs, music and machine guns aboard ship.*

The title is right. Anything *does* go. Plenty of fast action and suspense, lots of swell music and Bing to sing it. The laughs are almost as important as the singing, though. It's a good show.

The story is only a more or less insane method of holding the laughs together and separating the songs. Mostly, it's about a young playboy who is left in charge of the big office while the boss goes to Europe. He sees a "kidnapping" on the way to the dock, however, and decides to stay on board to protect the kidnapee—a blonde. Without a passport, things look rather glum for Bing until a parson offers him an extra one. The parson turns out to be a public enemy and the extra passport is really for another escaped bad boy. So, singing, laughs and romance result.

Bing Crosby has never been better. His voice is grand and his comedy scenes are almost as good. Charlie Ruggles, the public enemy disguised as a parson, and Arthur Treacher get all the laughs the law allows. Most of the time, though, you'll be listening to Bing and Ethel Merman warble. Little Ida Lupino looks very pretty. The music is familiar but you'll be glad to hear it again.

Your Reviewer Says: If you like belly laughs and real crooning, go see.

The Lady Consents (RKO)

You'll See: *Ann Harding, Herbert Marshall, Margaret Lindsay, Walter Abel, Edward Ellis, Hobart Cavanaugh and Ilka Chase.*

It's About: *The age-old triangle in which the lady consents (to divorce) only to find her husband returning post haste.*

A better than average programmer. Story concerns a young doctor and his wife, happy until a beautiful patient makes a play for the husband. When he tells the wife about his "love for the other women," she is thoroughly modern; in other words, the lady consents—to divorce. Marshall doesn't realize how different women can be until he marries the second time. Everything is changed. The new wife takes little if any interest in his career and everything she says or does merely shows him his terrible mistake.

Ann Harding, victim of some unflattering photography, is not seen to the best advantage. Mr. Marshall faces the same handicap but fares a bit better. The high note of the play, though, is Edward Ellis, who plays Marshall's crotchety father. The rest of the cast is adequate, with Margaret Lindsay best.

Your Reviewer Says: A pretty good evening of entertainment.

✓ King of the Damned (GB)

You'll See: *Conrad Veidt, Helen Vinson, Noah Beery, Cecil Ramage, Peter Croft, Raymond Lovell, Edmund Willard, Allan Jeayes, Percy Walsh.*

It's About: *A prisoner's revolt on a penal island in mid ocean.*

Brutal realism and enormous suspense are in this hair-raising story. Idealistic Convict Number 83 (Conrad Veidt) leads three thousand convicts to a revolt against the inhuman treatment and back-breaking work ordered by the new commandant Montez (Cecil Ramage) to enrich himself. Noah Beery is Number 83's confederate. When Helen Vinson visits her father, who is ill, she falls in love with Veidt, and in the end goes with him back to face a new trial.

Particular praise should be given the direction of the mob scenes, and to the excellent cast and photography.

Your Reviewer Says: See it by all means, but leave children at home.

✓✓ Captain Blood (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Lionel Atwill, Basil Rathbone, Ross Alexander, Guy Kibbee, Henry Stephenson, Robert Barrat, Hobart Cavanaugh, Donald Meek.*

It's About: *A doctor, sold into slavery as a traitor, who escapes with other slaves and becomes a pirate to avenge his wrongs upon the world, only to find that romance cures revenge.*

Introducing a handsome new heartbreaker headed for sure stardom: Errol Flynn.

Of course, you know the story of young *Dr. Blood* (Errol Flynn) who is wrongfully charged with treason against King James II and sold into island slavery. A beautiful girl (Olivia de Havilland) buys him for ten pounds. When pirates raid the city, *Blood* and a few pals escape in the pirate ship and start out on a career of piracy for themselves. Before leaving the island, though, *Blood* admits to his owner that his real reason for hating her is that she is beautiful and he is a slave. Later on, *Captain Blood* buys his former owner from another pirate (Basil Rathbone) for twenty thousand pounds and romance finally comes into its own.

A terrific picture. You will undoubtedly make Errol Flynn a star overnight by your enthusiasm. You will adore Olivia de Havilland, hiss at Lionel Atwill, laugh with Guy Kibbee, and applaud the excellent performances of Basil Rathbone and Ross Alexander.

Your Reviewer Says: See a new star in one of the year's finest pictures.

✓✓ Rose Marie (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Allan Jones, Reginald Owen, James Stewart, Alan Mowbray, Gilda Gray, George Regas.*

It's About: *The love story of an opera* *singer and a Canadian Mountie set to music in a North woods atmosphere.*

This gorgeous outdoor musical will thrill you with the breath-taking beauty and majesty of its North woods background and will serve to enshrine Jeanette Macdonald and Nelson Eddy even more securely in your heart.

Jeanette MacDonald plays a famous opera singer who flies to the aid of her wayward brother, who is hiding in the Canadian woods after a sensational prison break. Because he has killed a Mountie, the best man on the force (Nelson Eddy) is sent to capture the badman. Of course the opera singer and the Mountie try to trick each other—the singer to lead the Mountie astray and the Mountie to find the girl's brother. Even though love intervenes, the code of the force compels the Mountie to turn the brother in to the law.

Jeanette MacDonald, more beautiful than ever, comes close to equaling her performance in "Naughty Marietta." Her voice is gorgeous. Nelson Eddy outdoes his fine work in their first picture and looks handsome in his Mountie uniform. The cast is excellent throughout.

Your Reviewer Says: Thrilling songs, beautiful atmosphere and exciting story. See it.

Brides Are Like That (First National)

You'll See: *Ross Alexander, Anita Louise, Joseph Cawthorn, Kathleen Lockhart, Richard Purcell, Gene Lockhart and Kay Hughes.*

It's About: *A girl who chose love-and-a-dime with a fun loving playboy rather than marry a successful doctor who thought marriage a serious business.*

An unpretentiously-produced little comedy, without a single big name. And one of the small names may soon become a really big name if he keeps on at this pace. We mean Mr. Ross Alexander.

The story is about average people in not too glamorous surroundings. Although Anita Louise loves Ross Alexander—who would rather play golf than work to fit himself financially for marriage—she becomes engaged to a successful young doctor, who bores her with platitudes. Alexander finally talks so fast about the dangers of marriage that the doctor breaks off with his bride-to-be. This gives the playboy a chance to marry the girl and in the end he proves even more successful than the dour doctor.

Ross Alexander rises to real acting heights. Joseph Cawthorn gets many laughs as Alexander's rich uncle and Richard Purcell plays the sanctimonious doctor for all it is worth.

Your Reviewer Says: Take a tip: this picture is better than most programmers.

✓✓ Next Time We Love (Universal)

You'll See: *Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, Ray Milland, Grant Mitchell, Anna Demetrio, Robert McWade, Ronnie Cosbey.*

It's About: *A young couple, so separated by cares that they never have time for one another, who discover love stronger than time.*

Certainly one of the most poignantly

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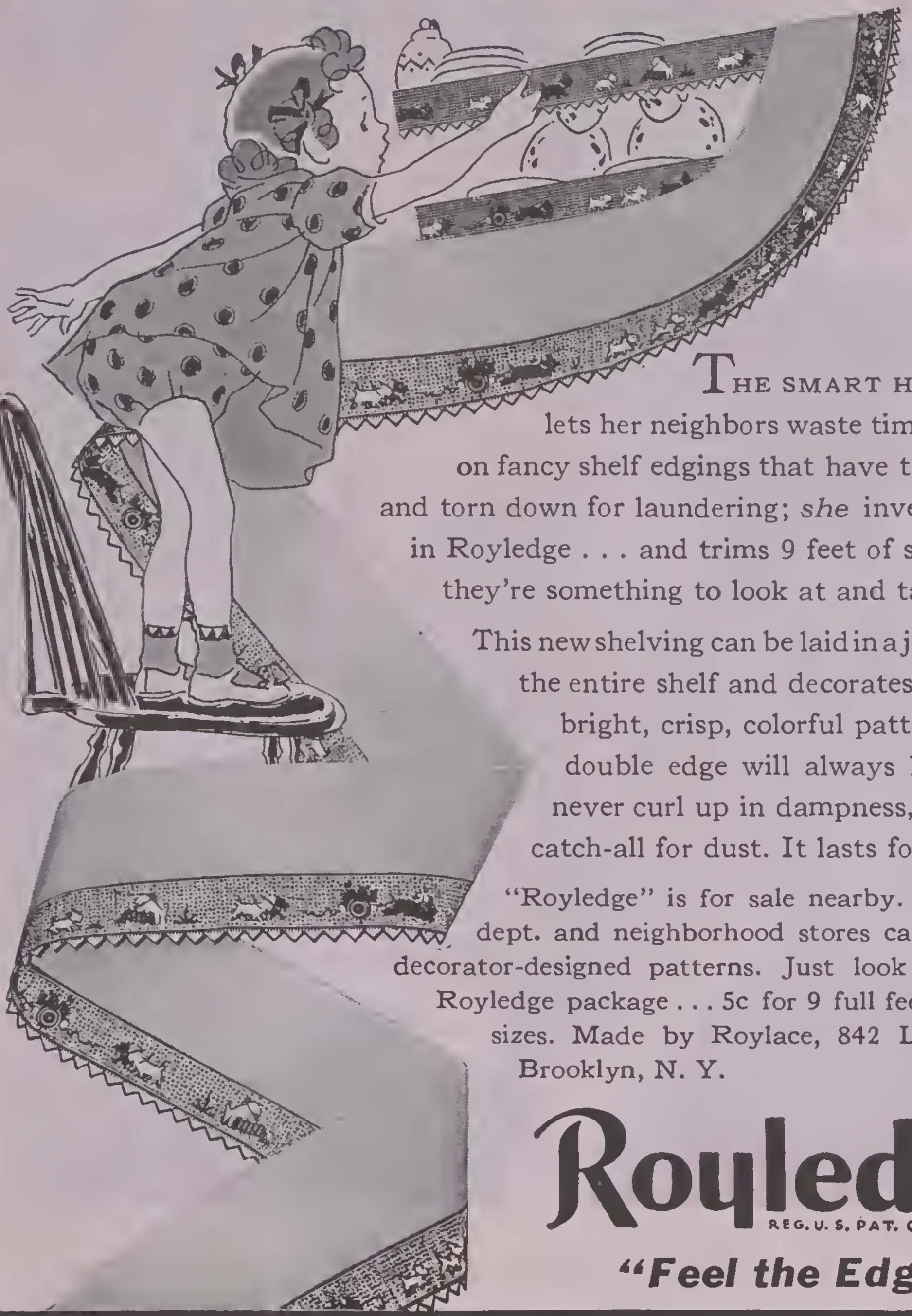

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CREOLIN *banishes* Bathroom Odors

"I KNOW . . . THAT NASTY BATHROOM ODOR— SOMEONE SHOULD TELL HER ABOUT CREOLIN."

beautiful films of the year. Acted with consummate skill, directed and paced to perfection, this Ursula Parrot story should thrill you with its sincerity.

The story concerns a young married couple very much in love. He is a cub reporter; she wants success on the stage. Hard work soon brings him his big chance—foreign correspondent. And they separate for the first time. He loses his job when he leaves his post to be with her when their baby is born, but his next big job is another foreign post and again they are separated. All through this the girl becomes more successful on the stage. How they finally work out their terrific problem will leave you limp with emotion.

Margaret Sullavan, looking more beautiful than ever, portrays the girl to perfection, although a bit dramatically at times. James Stewart rates nothing but raves for his exceptional performance as the husband. He steals the show. Ray Milland is a handsome and not too heavy "heavy."

Your Reviewer Says: Exceptional screen entertainment.

✓✓ The Milky Way (Paramount)

You'll See: *Harold Lloyd, Helen Mack, Adolphe Menjou, Veree Teasdale, William Gargan, Dorothy Wilson.*

It's About: *A milkman who becomes lightweight champion through the funniest series of accidents you ever saw.*

At last, after what seems years, Harold Lloyd has returned. And what a picture! We think it's his best. In fact you may have to see this picture twice to get all the fun.

Good story too; all about a mousey little guy who drives a milk wagon. He's been bullied so much as a kid he's learned the art of ducking. Thus, when he comes up against a tough guy molesting his sister on the street, he accidentally ducks at the right time and gets credit for knocking out the champion. The champ's manager in order to regain his fighter's lost prestige builds the milkman up for a return match. Through all this runs love.

Harold Lloyd as the milkman is better than ever and that's saying a whole lot. Adolphe Menjou and his wife, Veree Teasdale, play the manager and his wife and we know you're going to rave about their comedy. Helen Mack is sweet and lovely as Lloyd's sister and Dorothy Wilson is the girl he falls in love with. Bill Gargan as the champ heads a good cast.

Your Reviewer Says: If you really like to laugh, here's the tops in fun.

✓ Colleen (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Jack Oakie, Joan Blondell, Hugh Herbert, Louise Fazenda, Berton Churchill.*

It's About: *The romance between the rich man's nephew and the poor but proud bookkeeper, set to music, dancing, and laughs.*

Offering little novelty of plot and few hit tunes, this musical picture is so replete with exceptional comedy that a medium high level of entertainment is reached. Joan Blondell, Jack Oakie and Hugh Herbert wrap it up and walk away with it.

The goofy rich man's lack of common sense keeps him in hot water most of the time and his nephew is the only one who can cool him off. However, while nephew is out of town uncle falls for a chocolate dipper and buys her a gown shop. He also hires a fast talking playboy to write his biography. When the dipper and the fast talker get together the nephew tries to close the gownshop only to discover that the bookkeeper is a beauty and in the end he marries the girl.

Joan Blondell is a sensation; beautiful figure and a keen sense of comedy. Oakie as the fast talker will have you in the aisle. A grand take-off on Astaire and Rogers is the high point of the show. Hugh Herbert is so funny it hurts. Miss Fazenda as "the prettiest deb of the McKinley Administration" gets a few laughs. Ruby Keeler dances well with Paul Draper and Dick Powell sings a few songs.

Your Reviewer Says: See this one to laugh, not for the music or singing.

✓✓ Timothy's Quest (Paramount)

You'll See: *Eleanore Whitney, Tom Keene, Dickie Moore, Virginia Weidler, Elizabeth Patterson, Sally Martin, Bennie Bartlett, Esther Dale, Irene Franklin.*

It's About: *A small boy who runs away from an orphanage to search for a mother for his little four-year-old sister.*

Here is a picture for the whole family, bringing all the charm and sweetness of the famous Kate Douglas Wiggin story.

The story concerns a little boy and his sister, the last remaining children in a notorious "shelter" from which children are sold into farm slavery. When *Timothy* learns that his small sister *Gay*, is to be farmed out without him, he runs away with her. His "Quest" is for a real mother and a nice home for *Gay*.

Elizabeth Patterson is marvelous as the frost-bitten old maid who has to be won over to the children. Dickie Moore, as *Timothy*, is fine and Sally Martin plays little sister *Gay*. We think, however, that the real kid honors belong to Virginia Weidler. Tom Keene and Eleanore Whitney carry the romance.

Your Reviewer Says: A grand picture.

✓✓ The Ghost Goes West (London Films)

You'll See: *Robert Donat, Jean Parker, Eugene Pallette, Elsa Lanchester, Everley Gregg, Ralph Bunker, others.*

It's About: *A penniless young Scotchman and his troublesome ancestor, the inconvenient ghost of Glourie Castle.*

This delightful English film, produced by Alexander Korda, directed by Rene Clair and starring Robert Donat, is the hilarious story of a phantom whose penchant for kissing games starts trouble when the castle he haunts is transported from Scotland to Florida.

Donat plays the dual role of the ghost and the ghost's descendant, Donald Glourie, forced by his creditors to sell the haunted ancestral halls. When the bewildered specter materializes in mid-Atlantic, he becomes the storm center of a controversy between Congress and Parliament. Add to this the love story of an American girl, who is confused when both Donald and the phantom make love to her.

Donat acts with the distinction which is always his. Jean Parker has never looked lovelier, and Eugene Pallette has the most nearly perfect role of his career.

Your Reviewer Says: Out-of-the-ordinary, imaginative and highly comic.

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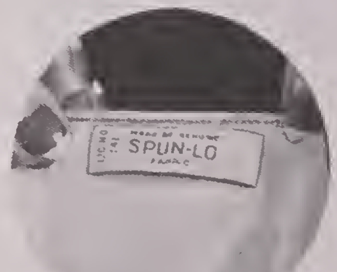

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These Three

(*Continued from page* 58)

grandmother. They know how rich and important my grandmother is."

"That's Rosalie's drawer you're rummaging in," Evelyn said.

"I know that, stupid. I'm going to take one of Rosalie's sweaters. She has two and I left mine somewhere."

Suddenly Mary's face, old for its few years, grew shrewd and scheming. Under the underwear in Rosalie's drawer her hand met something round, and hard. Here, she knew at once, was Helen Burton's lost bracelet. She pulled the sweater over her head and looked out of the window. "There they go off again," she said. "Dr. Cardin and Miss Wright. I believe they're sweethearts."

Joe Cardin hoped he and Karen were sweethearts. And he had determined to find out before the day ended. Wondering always if Karen cared—even half as much as he did, it would be preposterous to expect her to care as much as he did, he felt—worried him in spite of the new happiness within him. And so instead of bringing home their parcels at once he urged her to go with him to a country fair.

THEY went on the merry-go-round. "Darling," he called above the music, "I want to tell you something. Important! Ask you something important, too."

Karen shook her head. She couldn't hear.

When they started to leave the fair grounds it was growing dark.

"What's wrong with you?" Karen asked him suddenly. "You're so. . . ."

"So in love!" He yelled it for everyone to hear. "With you!"

They stood stock still where they were. Karen's face was very quiet, her eyes were deeply grave, and on her mouth there was a trembling smile.

"Are you?" she asked. "Really? How much—oh, how much?"

"I can't ever tell you," he answered. "That's the frightful part of it. There aren't words enough. But if I say it in very simple words and old words that have been used before, will it do?

"I love you, Karen my darling. I love you with all my heart."

"If," said Karen in the hushed voice people use in church, "I make mine very simple, will it do, too? I love you, Joe I love *you* with all *my* heart!"

There they stood in the middle of the fair grounds. But he took her into his arms. And they didn't think there was anything unusual in what they did because for them there was no one else in the world.

After that, of course, Joe was around more than ever. He ran in whenever he could get away, sometimes just for a minute to say good-night.

One time when he came Karen was in town and Martha was in her room which she was arranging more as a sitting-room than as a bed-room. She was painting a small table.

"Sit down," she told Joe, "and watch me work. Karen will be back soon now. She went for supplies but I guess she stopped to see a movie."

He threw himself down on the daybed, the only spot in the room not piled with books and curtains. Gingerly he brought his arm around the bowl of fruit which stood on a little table.

"It's nice and quiet," he said gratefully. "Is it late?"

Martha shook her head. "No, but the girls are in bed. And Aunt Lily is resting, worn out from doing nothing."

Cardin laughed. "Understand she showed the girls how to play 'King Lear' the other day. That ought to come in handy later in their lives."

Martha laughed too. "I'm waiting for her to do Portia, standing on a chair. The way Sir Henry taught her. Said it was the test of a great actress."

She turned, aware of his regular breathing. He was asleep, his overcoat hunched up around his shoulders. "Asleep, Joe?" she asked gently, lovingly. She touched his coat with her fingertips. Then she pushed some curtains off a chair and sat down to watch him and pretend that this was a domestic scene which would go on forever.

"This," she thought, "can't hurt Karen."

The church clock chiming eleven awakened him. Recklessly he threw out his arm. The fruit crashed to the floor.

"I was asleep," he said.

"But doctors never sleep," Martha teased.

LILY MORTAR stood in the doorway. "I thought," she said spacing her words dramatically, "I—thought—I—heard—a crash."

"I," Joe told her, "was wrestling with myself."

"Don't go." There was something like pleading in Martha's tone. "Karen'll be back any minute." But he would go.

"He's so in love with Karen." Lily Mortar sighed, watching Martha carefully. "It will be hard on you when they marry, I suppose. But Karen says she intends to keep on with the school. So you'll probably see Joe even more often. . . ."

A flush spread up from Martha's neck. And after her aunt had gone she sank into her chair and covered her face with her hands. She didn't hear the tip-toe foot-steps in the hall. She wasn't aware of Mary Tilford, also awakened by the crash, who stood watching her.

About a month later it proved necessary to take Mary to task. She had grown more and more troublesome. This morning she reached the elocution class only a few minutes before the period was to end. Lily Mortar reproved her.

"I went to get you these flowers," she said, producing a small bunch of spring flowers from behind her back. She winked at the girls. They tittered. Already they all were aware Lily Mortar was a fool. "I walked *so* far just to find them for you."

Mrs. Mortar beamed. "That was sweet, Mary."

Karen came in and Lily showed her the flowers. "She walked *so* far," she explained, "just to find them for me."

Karen's eyes were disapproving. "It wasn't necessary for you to do that, Mary," she said. "There was a bunch exactly like that in the garbage can this morning."

She kept Mary after class.

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"Why do you do these things?" she asked her. "Why do you lie to us? We do our best to understand and help you."

Mary was defiant. "I got those flowers near Conways' cornfield."

"You leave me no choice," Karen told her. "You'll have to be punished. You'll take your recreation periods alone and you won't leave the school grounds."

"I've got a pain!" Even while Mary whimpered she watched Karen shrewdly. "Oh, it hurts here. It's my heart! It's stopping or something. I can't breathe!"

She began to choke and to gasp. She fell to the floor.

Karen called Martha. "Get Joe."

Joe examined Mary carefully. But it was evident he was sure there was nothing wrong but the child's very nature.

Martha had fairly to drag her aunt away. For she insisted upon advising Joe, which irritated him.

"You don't resent your aunt being snubbed," Lily Mortar protested.

"I think it would be nice if you went to London," Martha said wearily. "You've wanted to go for some time. And now I can spare the money."

LILY'S eloquent hands fluttered. "Turning me out! Because you're upset over him. Oh, I know. And I am shocked. Poor Karen! I'm glad she doesn't suspect."

"Be still!" Martha trembled. *"Be still!"*

"Explain then," the woman interrupted, "what Joe Cardin was doing in your room that night—dishevelled. . . ."

Tears sprang into Martha's eyes. "It's as if," she said, "people were hungry for evil."

A little thud sounded outside the door. When Martha opened it there were Evelyn Munn and Rosalie. Rosalie was picking up the book she had dropped.

"I believe you girls were listening," Martha said reproachfully. "You wouldn't have once, you know. I'll have to separate you and Mary, I'm afraid. Rosalie, move your things into Helen Burton's room. Mary, you go with Lois Fisher."

Mrs. Mortar stalked out. "Don't worry about me," she flung back at Martha. "I'll be gone before it's dark."

Rosalie and Evelyn and Mary met upstairs. They gave her no time to tell about her faint. "Miss Dobie and Mrs. Mortar had an awful fight," they began

"Go on," she urged them. "What about?"

"Well," began Evelyn, "Miss Dobie wants to get rid of Mortar."

"Because," Rosalie was breathless, "Miss Dobie is in love with Doctor Cardin and Mortar knows about it. And Mortar said that funny things happened one night when Doctor Cardin was in her room late."

Mary looked wise. "I think," she announced, "that I'll go home. How much money have you Rosalie? I'll need some for my taxi."

"I won't give you my money again," Rosalie announced, terrified, grabbing an armful of her clothes and running towards the room she was to occupy. Mary grabbed her arm and jerked it back expertly. The clothes dropped to the floor, and a bracelet rolled into the corner.

"Isn't that Helen's bracelet, the one that was lost?" Mrs. Mortar asked from the doorway.

"I—was—just . . ." Rosalie began.

Mary picked up the bracelet and said, "No, ma'am, it's Rosalie's bracelet."

However, immediately Mrs. Mortar's back was turned she let Rosalie know that she knew better. "Now I guess you'll give me the money all right," she threatened. "And what's more you'll come home with me."

It is doubtful that she analyzed why she wanted Rosalie along at the time. But a few hours later, having a difficult time convincing her grandmother that she had been treated unfairly, and that her heart attack had been serious, she had reason to be grateful that Rosalie was waiting in the library.

"It's because I'm scared that I don't want to go back," she wheedled her grandmother. "Things happen there. Funny things. All about Miss Dobie and Doctor Cardin." She spoke slowly, guarding the effect of every word.

"It's because Mrs. Mortar knows that Miss Dobie sent her away. And that's why we have to move our room, I'll bet. Because she's frightened we'll hear things, too."

"What *things* are you talking about?" demanded Mrs. Tilford.

Mary ran to her, threw her arms about her neck tensely. "I can't say them out loud, Grandma," she went on. "I've—I've got to whisper them. They're bad." And so she whispered while her eyes turned cruel.

"Do any of the other children know about this?" Mrs. Tilford demanded.

"Yes, oh yes," Mary insisted. "Rosalie and Evelyn heard Miss Dobie and Mortar fighting. And Miss Dobie caught them and she was so mad she hurt Rosalie's arm. Wait, Grandma, if you won't believe me! Wait, I've got Rosalie downstairs!"

She flew down, and fairly dragged the girl back to her grandmother's room. "See, Grandma," she cried, triumphantly. "See how they hurt Rosalie's arm. Now do I have to go back to that awful place?"

SADLY Mrs. Tilford shook her head. "No," she said, "you don't have to go back now, Mary. And Rosalie had better stay here, too, I think, since her mother's in New York."

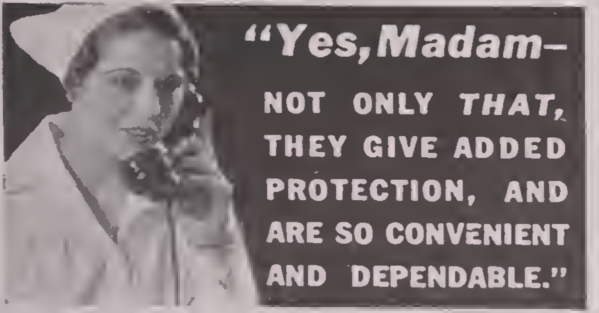
Later Mary made sure Rosalie would remain her slave, whatever happened. Her eyes shone and her voice vibrated with her excitement.

"Say 'From now on, I, Rosalie Wells, am the vassal of Mary Tilford.'"

"I won't!" Suddenly Rosalie's eyes had life in them. "Why, that's the worst oath there is."

Mary started for the door. "All right! I guess I ought to tell Grandma anyway. About the bracelet. Then she can tell the police and . . ." her voice sank to a whisper ". . . and you'll spend the rest of your life in prison and when you're very old they'll let you out, maybe, with a sign on your back saying you're a thief and you'll beg on the streets!"

Hurriedly Rosalie repeated the words, tears misting her spectacles: "From now on, I, Rosalie Wells, am the vassal of Mary Tilford, and will do and say whatever she tells me under the solemn oath of a knight."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PAR-I-O-GEN Tablets are non-caustic, stainless, greaseless. They provide an effective deodorant although practically odorless. It is a long-acknowledged fact that they offer the practical, common-sense answer to the problem of

FEMININE HYGIENE

The Price of the Regular Size Tube of 12 Tablets Is $1.00

FREE OFFER: If you can find a Druggist who does not have PAR-I-O-GEN Tablets when you ask for them, *send us his name and address* and we'll send you a trial package FREE. Simply address:

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NERVE TROUBLES

Do symptoms of **Constipation, Indigestion, Dizzy Spells, Sweating** and **Sleeplessness** keep you irritable, exhausted and gloomy? Medicines, tonics or drugs probably will not relieve your weak, sick nerves. My wonderful book "*Watch Your Nerves*", explains a new method that will help you regain healthy nerves. Send 25c for this amazing book. Money back guaranteed **ROBERT HOLMES, 14 Fuller Bldg., Jersey City, N.J.**

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$1.00 PROFIT ON EVERY RING!

Many say Portrait Ring worth $5.00 to $15.00. You take dozens of orders at sensational price of only $2.00. You collect and keep $1.00 cash profit, in advance. Every order brings 2, 3 and more.

Send Ring Size for Sample Ring NOW

Rush ring size and favorite picture for sample, made to your measure and hand tinted. Regular $3.00 value. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just pay postman $1.00 plus postage. **SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.** If not delighted, return ring in 5 days and we return your $1.00. By enclosing $1.00 *you save postage*. Hurry — SEND YOUR RING SIZE AND PICTURE NOW.

PORTRAIT RING CO., Dept. HD-31
12th and Jackson Cincinnati, Ohio

YOUR RING SIZE: Wrap strip of paper around second joint of finger, trim so ends meet. Measure strip down from top on this chart. Number at end is your size

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13

It was the chauffeur who was sent for Evelyn Munn who explained where Mary and Rosalie had gone and why the other pupils were being called home.

"Mrs. Tilford's been calling up all the mothers," he announced with a familiar grin. "Seems she found out one of you ladies has been carryin' on with the other's beau and she don't think it a fit place for kids."

The girls sent for Cardin. They went together to see Mrs. Tilford, who was not friendly.

"No amount of words we can exchange can do any of us any good now," she protested.

"You're not playing with paper dolls," Martha told her scornfully. "We're human beings. It's our *lives* you're fooling with. Our *lives*! This is serious business for us. Can you understand that?"

Karen said, "Our school meant things to us. It meant self-respect and bread and butter and honest work. And now it's gone. Please let us talk to Mary, see if we can't discover what is wrong?"

Mary wasn't at all abashed when Joe Cardin questioned her. She backed up everything she had told her grandmother.

"And the night you were in Miss Dobie's room late," Mary said, "I saw you. I was in the hall all the time."

MARTHA'S voice was still when she asked, "How could you see us if the door was closed?"

"I was leaning down . . ." Now Mary wasn't so sure of herself. "Down by the keyhole . . . and. . . ."

"*There is no keyhole in my door!*" said Martha.

Mrs. Tilford stood up. "What?"

"It wasn't her room, Grandma," Mary protested quickly, excited. "It was the other room, I guess. Yes, that's it. It was Miss Wright's room. She was out, you see and. . . ."

Now Karen spoke. "My room is on the first floor. It would have been impossible for anything that went on there to have awakened Mary as she insists it did."

Mrs. Tilford took Mary by the shoulders. "I want the truth. All the truth. Whatever it is," she said.

"Everybody is yelling at me," Mary complained hysterically. Suddenly her face changed. She became bright again. "Anyway," she said, "it really was Rosalie who saw them. I didn't want to tattle on Rosalie. You ask her now."

When Rosalie was brought in Mrs. Tilford took her by the hand. "Rosalie," she began, "Mary says there has been a lot of talk in the school about Miss Dobie and Dr. Cardin. Is that true? Mary further says you saw—well, certain acts between Miss Dobie and Dr. Cardin that weren't —weren't right."

Rosalie looked horrified. "Oh, I didn't," she wailed. "I *never* said such a thing."

Mary moved towards her, menacing.

"But, Rosalie," protested Mrs. Tilford, "didn't you tell me that Miss Dobie injured your arm when you heard the fight between her and . . ."

Martha and Karen and Cardin exchanged desperate glances. They saw themselves trapped with lies.

"I never said that." Rosalie was crying now. "Why, I couldn't. . . ."

"You did," Mary told her coldly. "*It*

YOUR SKIN'S SO LOVELY DARLING!

TO CLEAR UP SKIN TROUBLES

Try This Improved Pasteurized Yeast That's EASY TO EAT

IN case after case, pimples, blotches, and other common skin troubles are caused by a sluggish system. That is why external treatments bring you so little lasting relief.

Thousands have found in Yeast Foam Tablets an easy way to correct skin blemishes caused by digestive sluggishness.

Science now knows that very often slow, imperfect elimination of body wastes is brought on by insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer function properly. Your digestion slows up. Poisons, accumulating in your system, cause ugly eruptions and bad color.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B complex needed to correct this condition. These tablets are pure yeast—and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. This improved yeast should strengthen and tone up your intestinal nerves and muscles. It should soon restore your eliminative system to healthy function.

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Force . . . or understanding?

Which is best for your child?

Yes . . . you can *make* your child take a nasty-tasting laxative by sheer physical force.

But is it wise? Is it good for him?

Doctors say forcing a child to take a bad-tasting laxative can upset his entire nervous system.

The easy way is to give him a laxative with a pleasant taste—a laxative he'll take willingly—FLETCHER'S CASTORIA.

FLETCHER'S CASTORIA is made especially for babies and little children. There isn't a harsh or harmful thing in it. FLETCHER'S CASTORIA is safe—and gentle, too. Its one and only purpose is to thoroughly clear the wastes from your baby's system.

Use only FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. For your baby—for your other children . . . all the way up to 11 years of age. We suggest that you get the Family-Size bottle. Not only because it lasts longer . . . but because you get more for your money. More than 5,000,000 mothers depend upon FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. Get a bottle today at your drug store.

Chas H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The Children's Laxative

from babyhood to 11 years

was the day Helen Burton's bracelet was stolen and nobody knew who did it."

Rosalie stared at her, fascinated and fearful.

"And," Mary went on very slowly, "Helen said if her mother found out she'd have the thief put in jail."

Then she played her trump card. "Grandma," she began, "there's something I've got to tell you. It's about . . ." She paused, to give Rosalie her chance. Rosalie took it.

"Yes, yes," she screamed, throwing herself on the sofa. "Yes, I did see it. I told Mary. I said it, I said it."

Mary patted down her dress, well satisfied. Mrs. Tilford looked at Karen and Martha and Cardin, regretfully justified. There was nothing for them to do but file out.

When they got back to the school they talked things over and decided to sue for slander. They were so sure they would win. Martha seemed to forget how she had said to her aunt that it seemed to her as if people were hungry for evil.

Their jury brought in a verdict against them. And the judge reprimanded them publicly, pronouncing it shameless that two innocent children should have been dragged through a story they never should have known about at all. And Joe Cardin's superior at the hospital asked him to resign.

JOE went to Karen immediately. "We're going to Vienna," he told her. "I'll buy you coffee and cakes for a wedding present." He tried to sound gay.

He drew her into his arms. "Karen, what's the matter with us these days? Look at me! Your face is the way it was that last day in court. Ashamed—and sad at being ashamed. What is it? You don't believe that Martha and I . . . Karen! Karen! Martha and I have never even thought of each other."

His voice became desperate. "Can't you believe me?"

She put up her hand and touched his temples. "People don't believe, darling, because other people tell them to believe," she said. "It's only that . . .that I'd never *know* . . ."

"You mean," he said, "you'd never know whether you could believe in *me* again. I understand."

"Go to Vienna," she told him. "I can't come with you—now. And goodbye."

He caught up his hat. "If ever you can believe me again," he said touching her arm, "anywhere, any time, I'll be there for you."

Karen didn't hear Martha come to the door. Softly, to herself almost, she kept saying over and over, "Goodbye, my love. Goodbye, my love."

"What's happened?" Martha cried. "Where's Joe? Karen, whatever has happened—it concerns me, too."

"I told him," Karen said dully, "that I had thought that the two of you"—Martha caught her hands. "Listen," she said. "Listen, Karen. We may as well pull down what's left. I love Joe. I always have. But he never knew it. He never even thought about me."

"I'm sorry," Karen said. "Sorry for all of us. Because we're disillusioned."

The station taxi stopped outside. Lily Mortar was the fare.

"Will you pay the driver?" she asked Martha.

Martha ignored her. "Wait," she called to the driver. "Mrs. Mortar and I will be going back with you. We're catching the six o'clock train."

"Why," Karen demanded, "didn't you come when we cabled you to return and testify for us? Didn't you read in the papers that a great part of the case was based on remarks made by Lily Mortar, actress, against her niece?"

"But," protested Lily Mortar, prettily, "here I am, ready to stand shoulder to shoulder with you, ready to help."

When they were seated in the train, Martha said, "I have one thing to ask, Aunt Lily. I'd like to forget. Please don't discuss what has happened—ever."

Lily Mortar moved in her seat. "Very well, Martha. But let me say this now, I always knew that Mary Tilford was a bad child. Why, she had poor Rosalie Wells under her thumb. I've believed for months she made her steal Helen Burton's bracelet. Anyway the day *you put me out* they were acting very queer. And then I read how in court Mary said you hurt Rosalie's arm when I saw her do it myself. It's hard to fool me for long, I must say. And I just bet that was Helen Burton's bracelet the day I . . ."

"I'm getting off this train at this station we're pulling into now," Martha said tensely. "You go on into the city. I'll join you in a day or two."

That same night she and Karen and Rosalie Wells were with Mrs. Tilford and Mary in the Tilford library. Martha had Rosalie sit beside her on the sofa.

"Why," she asked gently, "did you say I hurt your arm when it was really Mary who did it? And what is all this about a bracelet?"

"She made me do it," Rosalie cried, pointing at Mary whose face was very red and whose eyes were very defiant. "She told me they'd put me in jail. But I didn't mean to keep the bracelet, really.

"And on the day we had to go to court when I'd made up my mind to tell the truth Mary came over when I was eating my breakfast and told me her grandma had the policeman all ready to take me away unless I said things she told me to say. She made me do everything."

"Don't believe her, Grandma!" Mary shouted. "Don't believe a word she says. She lies all the time."

"I'm telling the truth," Rosalie wept wildly now. "I am, I am. She even kept the bracelet. It's in her room behind a book."

It was Mrs. Tilford herself who found the bracelet where Rosalie said Mary had hidden it.

"You," she told her granddaughter, "have made me make the first dishonorable mistake I've ever made in my life. I want you to go upstairs to your room and stay there. I have many things to say to you. One day I pray I'll be able to forgive you. And that Miss Dobie and Miss Wright and Dr. Cardin will too."

Not once did Mary look back.

Mrs. Tilford turned to the girls. "There is no way I can take back what I've done to you," she said. "The damage suit, of course, will be paid in full tomorrow together with anything else you will be kind enough to let me do for you. I'll make a public apology, naturally. But I know all of this really fixes nothing. I know what I must have done to the three of you."

MARTHA put out her hand to say goodbye. "I think," she said, "in the end you will have been punished most. I'm sorry for that."

Karen simply touched her hand in passing.

Outside they walked to the corner silently.

"Feels warmer out now, doesn't it?" Karen asked softly.

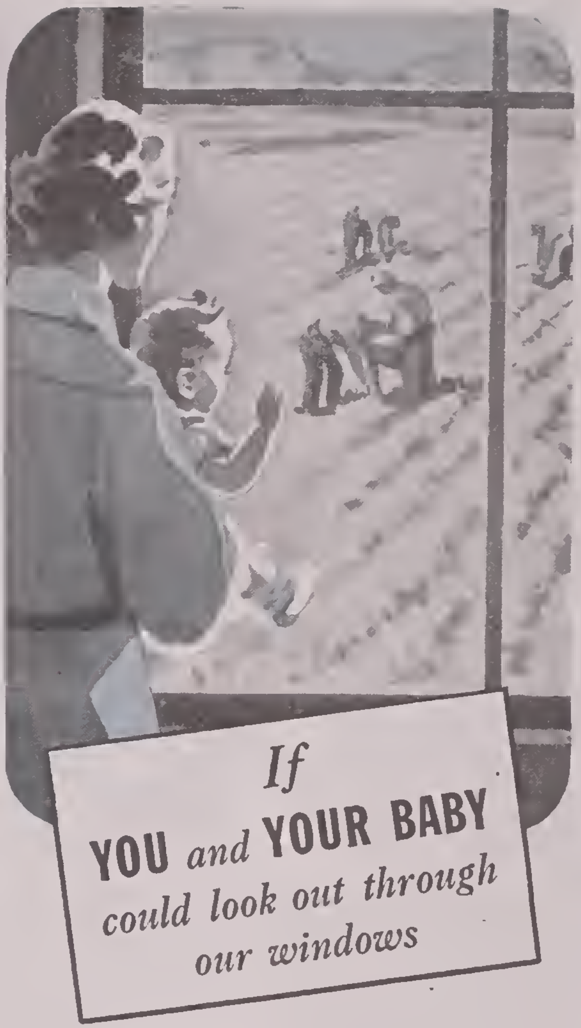
"Much warmer," said Martha smiling. She touched Karen's arm. "We didn't say goodbye before, at the school, and now I'm glad. For we can say a clean goodbye."

"Martha," Karen said, "don't go, please . . ."

Martha shook her head. "You go back to Joe. Wherever he is. Tell him you do believe in him. I'll go my way."

But now once more they looked at each other with understanding and friendship. Now once more they had the bond that had grown between them in college to warm their years. Now they had hope and faith back again and they knew, having lacked these things, how rich this made them.

The Doug Fairbankses, father and son, had a reunion in London on the set for "The Amateur Gentleman," in which Elissa Landi co-stars with Doug, Jr.



You would see some of the fields where the vegetables for Gerber's Strained Foods are grown—fertile gardens under our own control to produce the finest possible specimens for feeding your baby. Raising "Home Grown" vegetables is not enough. Harvested exactly when they offer the highest food value, they are rushed to our kitchens to prevent the loss of vitamins that occurs when vegetables are exposed to the delays of transportation and storage. And every one of our farms is less than an hour's trucking distance away!

Add to this care in growing, a process that protects the essential vitamins and minerals, and you have the reasons why Gerber's wins the praise of experts on baby feeding. Ask your doctor about Gerber's.

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For the same reason that you stir food as you heat it, every can is shaken during the cooking process to insure thorough, even temperature throughout the can, thus permitting a shorter cooking time and giving Gerber's a fresher appearance and flavor.

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STRAINED TOMATOES, GREEN BEANS, BEETS, CARROTS, PEAS, SPINACH, VEGETABLE SOUP. ALSO, STRAINED PRUNES AND CEREAL.

Your Baby Will Enjoy the New Gerber Doll

Send 10c and Three Gerber labels for this little sateen, stuffed Doll. Specify whether boy or girl doll is desired.

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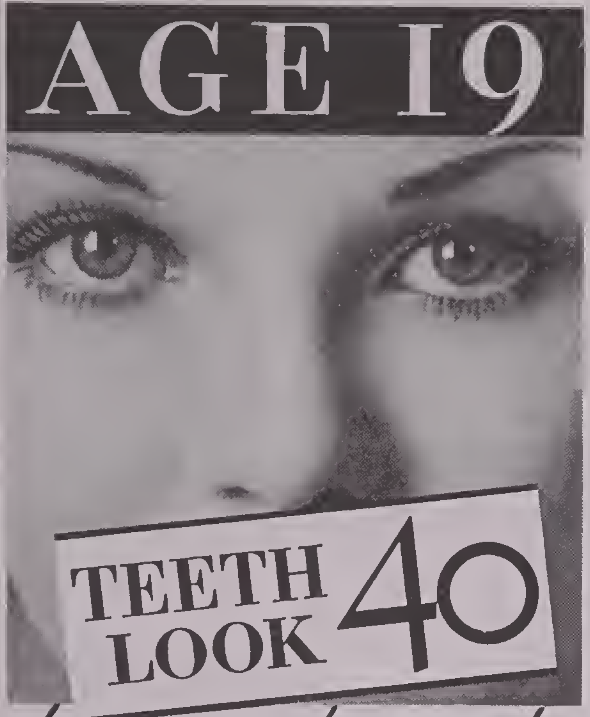
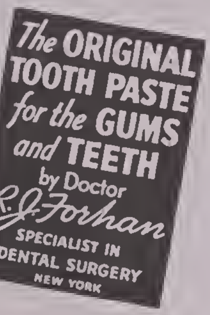
"Mealtime Psychology", a booklet on infant feeding sent free on request. "Baby Book", on general infant care, 10c additional.



because she used a HALF WAY tooth paste

Don't waste another day on half way dental care. Superficial cleansing may keep your teeth white—*for a while!* But when your neglected gums grow soft and tender, all the half way measures in the world won't preserve your teeth.

Now—while your teeth are still firm and sound—replace half way care with the tooth paste that does both jobs. Forhan's whitens your teeth and fights the menace of spongy gums at the same time.


The ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE for the GUMS and TEETH
by Doctor R. J. Forhan
SPECIALIST IN DENTAL SURGERY
NEW YORK

Why quit half way in caring for your teeth when Forhan's gives *two-fold* protection at the price of most ordinary tooth pastes? Be safe. Get Forhan's today!

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DOES BOTH JOBS { CLEANS TEETH / SAVES GUMS

"IT'S FUN TO LOOK YOUNGER AGAIN!"

..and so easy to Safely Tint

GRAY HAIR

Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brownatone does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-four years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page 23*)

Frank McGlynn. You've seen McGlynn in many pictures; he always plays the role of Abraham Lincoln. During this entire period, he has never played the scene of the assassination. The other day, though, he finally heard John Wilkes Booth's shot ring out in a scene for "The Prisoner of Shark Island." Frank McGlynn stood up slowly, removed the mole from his right cheek, pulled off the false whiskers and allowed the sad expression to leave his eyes forever. "That's the end of Lincoln for me," he said in triumph. "I've been waiting years for this assassination and now I'm a normal citizen for good and all!"

* * *

DOTS RIGHT DASH IT!

TERRIFIC competition these days between the two boys who show the tourists around Beverly Hills; they're beginning to cut prices and now you can see one hundred stars' homes for $1.49. . . . Mrs. Joe E. Brown and her husband just celebrated their twentieth wedding anniversary . . . Dixie Dunbar, the cutie in "King of Burlesque," has signed a spinsterhood pact for two years, dash it . . . H. B. Warner, who has always played such fine gentlemen on the screen, has his first nawsty role in the "The Garden Murder Case" in which he will be a suspect . . . Lionel Barrymore once knocked out John L. Sullivan (honest), so we'd advise Maureen O'Sullivan to watch her step around Lionel while they're making "The Voice of Bugle Ann" . . . Ronald Colman is the latest escort seen with Marlene Dietrich and they make a rather nice looking couple they do . . . Boss L. B. Mayer of M-G-M bought Robert Taylor's first few suits because Bob didn't pick too well and now, one year later, Bob's not only buying his own but gets on a world-wide list of "The Ten Best-Dressed Men" . . . The electrical department at Warner Brothers reported a bicycle stolen from near the studio cafe and it was later returned by (guess) Leslie Howard, who had been on a slight tour of the lot . . . Plenty of rumors are flying around Hollywood that Arline Judge and Wesley Ruggles will be saying it to the judge (real one) . . . Lyle Talbot and the newly-divorced Lina Basquette are like this . . . Ditto for Dick Foran and Paula Stone . . . Miriam Hopkins took her vacation plans seriously and when they announced a hurry call for her to start "These Three" she had to diet like everything!

* * *

HOW would you like to start a real new idea in your town? You can scoop the rest of the gals by just following Marlene Dietrich's little idea. With the demise of trousers for women, Marlene conceived the idea of having a skirt suit made by a man's tailor and using the usual male lines for the coat. She bought ten suits! Now such gals as Harlow, Crawford, Colbert, Hepburn, Lombard and a lot more are doing likewise!

SANTA ANITA NOTES

HOLLYWOOD really goes for the hoss races in a big way. At least twenty stars, directors and writers actually have their own stables running for them now. Bing Crosby has the most bang-tails but he doesn't have much luck with them. Connie Bennett has beautiful stable colors, but nothing much happens.

The day that Beverly Hills ran, half of Hollywood put the bankroll right on his nose. Clark Gable, listed in the program as owner, was the center of attention prior to the race. After poor Beverly Hills had finally crossed the finish line (and he was so late he almost won the *next* race) it was kind of pathetic to watch Clark wandering around the Turf Club alone. No one was paying any attention to him then at all!

The gals really go to town for their race-day togs. Connie Bennett looked stunning in her loud checks the day she showed up with millionaire Vanderbilt. Arline Judge always wears her new fur coat over a suit and Carole Lombard prefers gay colors.

* * *

GABLE'S a bachelor now! Which should be good news to all the millions of girls throughout the country who have palpitations of the heart over him. As might have been expected, Clark has weathered the storm of reaction (pro and con) following his recent separation from Mrs. Rhea Gable only to become an even bigger and more sensational heartbreaker than ever. Clark, running true to bachelor form, hied himself to automobile row and planked down sixteen thousand for a baby-blue Duesenberg roadster.

* * *

YOUR GOSSIP QUESTIONNAIRE

WHICH red-headed actress is giving a certain newcomer-sensation the works with her innocent-looking eyes, and appears to have him over-powered?

What shapely blonde actress is merely waiting for her divorce to become final, she having already said "Yes" to her handsome hero?

What sensational actor of two years ago, who still earns thousands a week, hasn't appeared in a picture for over a year and what is the Hollywood rumor concerning the reason?

Can you name the now famous leading man who, five years ago, played in the orchestra at a Marion Davies party and vowed, at that time, that he would some day be on the inside looking out?

What unmarried actress was recently honored by the men in a famous university when they voted, almost to a man, that she was the most perfect Hollywood choice for a wife?

Name two famous male stars who have never kissed a leading woman in a picture although they both play the love interest.

Who is the well-known leading man who recently received a gold medal from his wife on their fifth wedding anniversary because she had "promised him one if he stuck it out that long?"

Why Hollywood
FEARS
the second day

IT'S no secret out in Hollywood that more than one famous star has lost her job because of constipation.

Movie directors simply can't stand for lack of pep, dull eyes, pimples, sick headaches caused by constipation.

That's why you should follow Hollywood's example and *not let a second day pass* without coming to nature's aid with a beauty laxative.

Olive Tablets are popular in Los Angeles, and everywhere else, because they are dependable, mild and non-habit-forming. And because they gently help Nature restore normal action in the intestines.

Keep a box handy on the bathroom shelf. Three sizes—15¢, 30¢, 60¢. At all druggists.

DR. EDWARDS'
OLIVE TABLETS
THE *Beauty* LAXATIVE

GIANT ZINNIAS 20 COLORS 10¢

Grow our **Giant Zinnias**—We offer a **Rainbow Collection** of over **20** dazzling colors and many pastel shades, which make a gorgeous color display. **Large Pkt.** (over 200 seeds) **10c, 3 pkts. 25c.** *Packet Giant Asters Wilt-Resistant (8 colors) free with each order.* 1936 **Seed Book free**—155 kinds Vegetables & Flowers in colors. **F. B. MILLS Seed Grower, Box 99, ROSE HILL, N. Y.**

Goodbye
GRAY
HAIRS!
(**FREE** Test shows way to end them)

No matter whether your hair is beginning to gray—or is entirely gray, you can bring youthful color to every faded strand. The color will be natural looking. It will match the original shade, whether black, brown, auburn, blonde. Just comb a water-white liquid through hair and gray goes. Leaves hair soft and lustrous—takes curl or wave. Nothing to rub or wash off. This way SAFE.

Test it FREE ~ **We send complete Test Package. Apply to single lock snipped from hair. See results first. No risk. Just mail coupon.**

MARY T. GOLDMAN
3366 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name..
Street..
City........................ State..........
Color of your hair?............................

The Case of the Mysterious Warren William

(Continued from page 65)

you've made up your mind that it's a case for police investigation, your eye is caught by a long rope, hanging from a tree at the side of your car. Obviously, it is not there for decoration. Mentally kicking yourself in the shins for not realizing that the rope probably connects with a switch in the house, you pull it once. Nothing happens. You yank it again. And before you can blink your eyes, a telephone falls out of the tree and dangles right in your face. Search proves that it had been secreted in a little box in the lowest branch. It couldn't have been a better gadget for the start of a murder mystery if Erle Stanley Gardner had written it himself.

After shouting your name and credentials into the mystery-phone, a foreign voice at the other end volunteers the first clue for gaining admittance: "Do you see an iron plate slightly to the left of the driveway? Well, drive your car over the plate and an automatic gate-opener will begin to work. Once you are through the gate, you will kindly drive over the iron plate inside and the gate will close."

And it does.

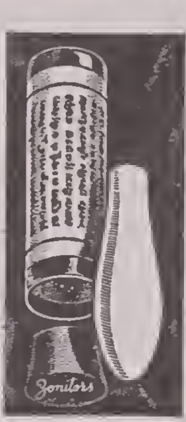
THE ancient trees on either side of the drive obscure what is to come; but by this time I was pretty well sold on the hunch that a trap-door castle lay nestled in this secluded dell. Maybe the trees are to help along the surprise you have when, upon turning the last curve, you come upon a rambling, innocent looking California-type farm house. The house is white and is surrounded by flower gardens and orange trees. The swimming pool and tennis courts don't fit any too well with your trap-door castle idea, either. A white-clad Mr. William waves us to a stop.

For an hour after my arrival, and before we went into the house, I accompanied my bronzed and eager host on a personally conducted tour of his bulbs and crops. By the time we returned for lunch, that mystery telephone in the gate-tree seemed like something out of a long-forgotten murder thriller. And now we were entering what appeared, from the outside, just a rustic, sprawling farmhouse.

Now, I've never been in a luxurious, New York penthouse (I've never been in a penthouse *anywhere*) but I've heard tell; and believe me, if the interior of the William farmhouse isn't like one, I'll quit trying to guess! You wade through carpets up to your ankles into rooms that refuse to be conventionally round or square—in fact they are all slightly off shape, beginning and ending in architectural whims.

The windows, that give onto the orange terraces and the rose gardens, are draped in some heavy cloth the color of old burgundy. The color keynote of the period living room, however, is to be found in a deep orchid colored glass jar that stands on the grand piano. The sunlight seems to splash through the orchid jar and reflect some of its lavender beauty in many of the tapestried pieces of furniture. After a quick look, we climb the stairs to Warren's bedroom (a reconstructed attic) and

You've waited years for a dainty
GREASELESS
way to
FEMININE ANTISEPSIS



Each in individual glass vial

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BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO-RINSE

come face to face with dark blue walls and ceiling made even more vivid by the burnt-orange spread on the bed. And, listen to this one, the back of the bedstead has steps up the sides and if you climb to the top you can walk into a ship's cabin study! Every available square foot of the wall space in the bedroom has been used for some of Warren's built-in this and built-in that. There isn't an article of dress that he hasn't a special place for—he even has the suit hangers numbered so that he will be able to get into the right clothes for a particular scene in case of a retake! The valet keeps a card index of the hundred suits. The books on the large night stand offer everything from volumes on patent law and philosophy to Mark Twain and a small book on modern farming. I found, through later conversation, that Mr. William is rather well up on Popeye and Wimpy, too.

A while after, in an outdoor setting of rural simplicity, we partook of a noontime meal that would have done credit to the French cuisine and service at the Ritz.

APPARENTLY, the private-life Mr. William comes right up through one of his own trap-door inventions arrayed in dungarees and top hat, with a crystal cocktail glass in one hand and a hoe in the other! For, all the time he was ladling artistically prepared food from a solid silver server, he talked of nothing but a new rope-and-pulley invention he had rigged up that would allow him to "pay out" from the peak of a gabled roof and paint the shingles with a spray gun.

However, despite all the evidence to the contrary, he insists his mode of life is not inconsistent.

"I've merely brought with me to Hollywood other experiences and ambitions," he explains. "With the exception of actually working before the camera, I've never found Hollywood sufficiently absorbing to shut out all other interests. I spent years in college studying mechanical engineering. As a youngster, I spent my entire time trying to invent things. When the war came, my inventing dreams were interrupted and I never quite got back to them. As for my great love for this secluded farmhouse with plenty of ground, you'll find the reason back in those stuffy, little New York apartments I lived in right after the war. During those days, I swore I'd sometime lead the life of a gentleman farmer if I ever had the time and money But," he added with a grin, "I like the *gentleman* part just as well as the *farmer*—which is the reason for the luxurious living quarters. The movies, bless them, have merely afforded me the wherewithal to indulge all these left-over dreams and ambitions. It's very simple."

And a more detailed perusal of his life reveals that it *is* very simple—everything considered.

He was born Warren William Krech in Aitkin, Minnesota, about thirty-eight years ago. His professional name is merely a shortened version of his legal one. He came by his self-confessed taste for comfortable living naturally. The family was more than prosperous. His uncle, Alvin William Krech, was a commanding figure in American finance. And his father, Freeman Krech, was a newspaper publisher financially interested in such activities as lumbering, milling and railroading.

By the time he was old enough to choose a career for himself, his father wanted him to become a newspaper man. Warren wanted to be an engineer or an inventor. The war saved the debate; he became, by way of settling the argument, a soldier in France. Instead of becoming a target for German bullets, however, he became an actor. This resulted from his being cast in camp entertainments during the war, and when the Armistice was signed he remained to tour the occupation camps with a traveling theatrical troupe. "I never had any burning desire to be an actor," he volunteered. "The beginning of my career was more a matter of something to do when nothing better offered. Perhaps that is the reason I've never been able to behave like an actor out of office hours."

Returning to America, he encountered no difficulty in continuing his career on the stage. He appeared in such New York hits as "Under Cover," "Expressing Willie," "Twelve Miles Out," "Let Us Be Gay" and "Those Who Love." He left the cast of "The Vinegar Tree" right at the height of the play's success to accept a Warner Brothers contract and has been going great guns ever since. On the screen, I mean; in private life, he still remains the most inconsistent motion picture star in Hollywood.

HE seems at home before the camera, yet he is shy in public and shuns publicity. He has a farmhouse because he likes "rustic surroundings" and then decorates the interior like a Ritz penthouse. He looks like Barrymore but has never been called Caliban. He gives the impression of being an about-towner yet he never goes about town. He could have been a Don Juan but prefers a happy, fourteen-year marriage instead.

"In fact," I said to him as I was walking toward my car late in the afternoon, "the only completely consistent thing about your movie career in Hollywood is that you have the usual swimming pool!"

"Oh! But it *isn't* the usual swimming pool!" he shouted. "I've rigged up a gadget that will pump those forty-five thousand gallons of water out of the pool in case of fire!"

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Have you read "You've Got to Be Temperamental" in this issue? Next month, we'll give you the exciting new angle on the placid career of lovely Madge Evans, once the screen's greatest child star and long one of Hollywood's most competent leading ladies! After several disappointing years, she's making a complete about-face—and those in the know are saying she'll be a star in 1936. Read the whole story of the experiences which brought it all about, in the

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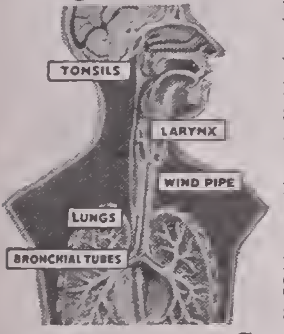

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The "Luck" of Roz Russell

(*Continued from page 27*)

difficulties. She was only fourteen when she managed somehow to attend her first prom. And it was at an equally ridiculous age that she went to her first college football game with a beau. She simply wasn't able to wait for the years into which certain pleasures naturally fall to taste these pleasures. She was, in truth, her father's daughter. She had his zest for things, all kinds of things. She never was a Timid Soul.

One of the pleasantest afternoons I spent during a recent trip to Hollywood was with Rosalind Russell. I learned later she had gotten out of a sick bed to keep our appointment. But not once during the long time we had together was there anything to indicate she wasn't feeling tophole. She'd never make anyone uncomfortable thinking he had put her out. It wouldn't be in the cards for her to start anything she couldn't finish with colors flying.

She told me how she and her two brothers and her older sister Clara—whom they still call "The Duchess" and who is now one of the editors of *Town and Country*—used to start out in the family Ford for the country club dances.

"ALWAYS," she said, "we'd separate at some spot on the road decided upon in advance. There the boys would meet their girls and the Duchess and I would meet our beaus. I suppose it made us feel older and more sophisticated before our friends to arrive in twosomes rather than as a family party. Occasionally, of course, one of my brothers would dance with me but it never was much fun. I can hear them now groaning, 'Gee, isn't anyone ever going to cut in?' They always proved equal to letting me understand that I was hardly a treat. And I still can hear Mother at breakfast on Sunday morning asking, "Were your brothers attentive to you?"

You get the feeling there was a lot of fun in that big Connecticut house. The Russells always seem to have had a sense of humor about each other. Which means they had to have one about themselves. Apparently no member of the household ever was protected through blind family pride and devotion but they all stood or fell as individuals.

"Thank goodness," Rosalind says, "Mother didn't have kittens! We're different in looks and coloring, every one of us. And we've grown up to go different ways and do different kinds of things."

In only one way are they similar, the Russell tribe. They grew up to do things, interesting things, and to do them successfully. The latest member of the family to prove this point is Rosalind's younger sister, Elizabeth, who has recently been signed to a picture contract by Paramount.

Rosalind looked very smart the day I saw her. Her print dress with its little turn down white collar smacked of New York's ultra-conservative and ultra-expensive Fifty-seventh Street. So did her big black hat. There wasn't the least degree of theatrical flamboyance about her, either in appearance or manner. She looked more

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like a wealthy young wife than anything else. But the smugness and indifference to all things outside of a purely personal orbit which characterizes too many such wives was missing. For a hundred things make this starlet's eyes snap, and make her voice keen with enthusiasm.

However, let us get down to some of the specific instances which helped shape her into the all round adequate human being she is today and at the same time make her, in my opinion, the luckiest girl in Hollywood. Lucky first because she isn't likely to be fooled by the glittering things the success she begins to know will bring her or muddled by the problems. And lucky again because when her ride on the merry-go-round of fame is ended she won't be left floundering.

"I had my first lesson in self reliance," she told me, "when I was very young. Father sent all of us to camp for a month while he and Mother travelled in England. Upon their return it was understood we were to join them at the shore. However I adored camp so much I couldn't bear to leave and I wrote home to this effect. There were no sentimental reproaches. I wasn't called an unnatural daughter because I couldn't wait to fling myself into my parents' arms. Father simply said I might stay on if I could manage it myself.

SO I went to the head counselor and proposed to work my way by teaching riding. It happened that I rode well. I did that and stayed. And the following summer I was engaged as the camp riding teacher and earned two hundred and fifty dollars. Pleased, Father rewarded me dollar for dollar. I'll always remember him handing me his check, saying 'Now you realize what I'm giving you. Now you appreciate the time and energy and planning which two hundred and fifty dollars represent.'"

We were in the Russell dressing-room. A dozen times some studio worker or star would pop into the room and grin or wave or call, "Hello there. Roz. How's it coming?" She's tremendously popular in the studios where everyone must prove himself before he becomes a member of the club, so to speak. Because of the forthright way in which she buckled down to work from the moment she arrived on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, asking quarter from no one, aware that while she might have brought her name some importance in the theater she was an amateur on trial in the studios. One of the outstanding things about her, as a matter of fact, is that she doesn't try to kid herself or anyone else about anything.

However, I think it's interesting that once Rosalind made good she demanded every last dollar to which she felt entitled. They tell at the studios how she faced her producers across the wide conference table and talked to them straight from the shoulder, saying in effect:

"You feel that eventually I'll have drawing power at the box-office or you wouldn't be keeping me on. Therefore it seems only right that I receive a salary which increases to represent a fair percentage on every admission paid to see my pictures. Even if it works out to be as little as three mills out of every fifteen cents admission."

It was during the years when Rosalind might have been absorbing the stupidly false notion that it isn't polite or sensitive to talk about money matters that she learned to accept money as one of the most important things in this world and to make no bones about it. For while she still was very young there came a time when she wanted to barge off on a trip. Her father gave her his permission and a certain sum of money which was adequate for the trip she outlined.

"Go on," he told her. "Get out and see things. You'll get in plenty of trouble but you'll get out of it too. You'll have no choice!"

Roz didn't handle that trip any more judiciously than you would expect of anyone that young and impulsive. While still far from home she ran out of funds. She didn't send an S.O.S. to Connecticut, however. She knew better even if her pride would have permitted her to do this. Instead she dug into a tiny furnished room, found a job, and lived alone in a strange city in a manner entirely alien to her until she could put enough by to pay for the rest of her journey.

"When I finally returned," Roz admitted, "Father asked no questions. But I could tell from the way he looked at me the first night at dinner that he pretty well knew what had happened.

"He did me a great favor in letting me go off feeling as completely on my own as if I'd been an orphan. For it's in discovering we can take care of ourselves and that there's a way out of every difficulty that we outgrow fear. And there's nothing, of course, more to be feared than fear itself. It's such a depraved and paralyzing emotion."

The last few years have proved she isn't afraid of anything; that whatever comes she can handle it, head and heart both high. When her father died and she well might have gone to pieces she allowed herself no time to sit with her dark young head in her hands, crucified by the tremendous loneliness she now knew. Enrolling at the American Academy of Dramatic Art, she signed up for an intensive program. And it amounts to something like genius for a girl of her age to know enough to turn to work, to say as she does, "It's work we all need, to fill in the crevices."

AT the graduation exercises of the American Academy Roz played the lead in the school production, "The Last of Mrs. Cheney." And she did it so well that five minutes after the final curtain had rung down the manager of the Stamford Stock Company stood in her dressing-room. He offered her a contract at one hundred dollars a week. She didn't swoon with joy. She didn't even run for a fountain pen to sign on the dotted line. She turned that offer down, cold.

"I know you've made inquiries," she told him, "and discovered I have an extensive wardrobe. And that's an important item in stock work. And if you didn't approve of my acting you wouldn't be here at all. Besides a hundred a week is considerably less than you've been paying. So it seems to me I'd be foolish to go to you for less than one hundred and fifty or one hundred and twenty-five."

Not only did she have the courage of

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her convictions, she also knew her business.

On the other hand when Crosby Gaige tried to engage Rosalind to play an important part in a Broadway production she turned his offer down, too. Not because she counted the remuneration too little this time but because she honestly didn't feel up to the job and said so.

She sees herself with a fine, clear perspective and she has the courage to be honest with herself about herself. Which alone is enough to entitle her to three rousing cheers.

So do you see why I rate Roz Russell the luckiest girl in Hollywood? It's because whatever life may bring she will be ready for it. Conduct, I think, whether it embraces good or bad qualities, is largely a matter of habit. And it was in her formative years, while she still was a little girl that Roz learned to be a square shooter, to stand upon her own feet, to see other people's rights as clearly as her own and also—and this is important—to see her own rights as clearly as other people's, to know happiness when she had it, and to keep her head and heart high when unhappiness came along. Thanks to her father who saw to it that she acquired this beautiful self-sufficiency. And thanks to herself. Because she's her father's daughter and again and again "Hi, Life!" proves her valiant watchword.

The Ghost That Guides Myrna Loy

(*Continued from page* 43)

Evening slipped down. His strength was rapidly ebbing. In a weak and tired voice, he called for Myrna. Myrna, still too weak to walk, was carried in to her father. Something in her choked at the sight of him lying there so weak and quiet. Her father, who had always been their bulwark of strength against misfortune.

Gently, Myrna's tawny head upon his arm, he tried to prepare her for what he knew was coming. She was only twelve, but somehow he could never think of her as a child. Not even now, when the shadow of death was so close.

"Myrna," he said, "I'm afraid I'll have to leave you soon. When you grow up, there will be David and your mother to look after. I know you'll always be good to them."

It was a strange legacy for a dying man to leave a daughter of twelve. Yet it was, in its essence, a legacy of faith, his faith in her.

NEXT morning very early Myrna was awakened by the rattle of rain on her window. She sat suddenly erect in bed and clutched at her throat. In that moment she knew surely and inevitably that life had gone out for her father. A sense of doom and death pervaded the room. I don't pretend to be able to explain, but that is how it sometimes is between people who have been very close to one another. When harm comes to the beloved one, they do not need to be told. They know!

Something within Myrna seemed to die. And then—she cannot explain this even to this day—she was conscious of a pres-

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ence in the room. It was as if her father stood beside her, saying as he had so often said to her, "Hardships are a part of life and you must take them—standing up."

Myrna's father had left enough money to take care of them for a few years, but Myrna knew that in the end the responsibility for that little family must inevitably fall upon her shoulders. Her mother had not been trained to make a living. Her brother Dave was only eight. Someone must look after him.

Myrna, David and their mother left for California, for the tragedy of her husband's death had undermined Della's health and they believed that the climate of California would be good for her. For a time Myrna went to school. Afterwards she got a job teaching dancing to a group of about thirty young people at a salary of $25 a month. That salary was, of course, hardly enough to take care of the three of them. Myrna's fingers trembled as she picked up the bills that kept pouring in. Where was the money to come from?

Since the studio where Myrna taught was only three hundred feet away from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios at Culver City, it was only natural that Myrna should dream of breaking into pictures. For days she sat on an oaken bench near the studio, hoping to be called for some extra work. Nothing happened. Finally an executive, noticing her seated there, gave her a day's work to do. When Myrna got inside the studio, she discovered that she had been selected because she had the right figure to fit a red dress which they were preparing for one of the stars. They were not at all interested in her as an individual.

You have all heard of what happened, of how she danced in one of the revues at Grauman's Egyptian Theater, of how a photographer, struck by her unusual, exotic beauty, took pictures of her which led to Rudolph Valentino and his wife taking a motion picture test of her.

BUT when Myrna saw that test, she watched her screen self, horrified. She was, she thought, homely, awkward, impossible. She walked out of that studio blindly, as though she were walking through a mist, and through that mist she saw all her hopes, all her dreams vanish.

For months she heard nothing from Natacha Rambova, Valentino's wife. She might have given up all her dreams then if she had not been ruled by that voice from the grave, telling her over and over again that he believed in her, that the only way in which she could fail him would be by losing courage.

In time she got more work as an extra—anything to take care of her frail, charming mother and her talented brother. At school he was writing poetry, showing a talent for art far beyond any she had ever possessed. She would somehow give him his chance in life, Myrna decided.

She was promised the part of a Madonna, only to have it snatched from her at the last moment because of studio politics. Back to extra roles she went because a casting director, feeling sorry for her, found some work for her to do. Finally Natacha Rambova sent for her. Myrna's test had not been the terrible failure Myrna had visualized. Not dreaming of the agony that Myrna endured, Natacha had been silent until she could produce a picture.

And so Myrna broke into pictures, and David was sent to school to develop his talent for commercial architecture. Myrna has been his guide and his inspiration. She has been both father and sister to him.

Because her father still walks beside her, when any problem comes up in her life she can still close the door of her heart and her mind to all the world and ask herself, "What would Father want me to do?" And his faith is such a strong living force in her life, his memory is so vivid, that she can always find the answer.

THAT is the real explanation of the Myrna Loy no one understands. Hollywood has wondered at the determination and the courage she has showed. It has wondered, too, why Myrna Loy has never married. Myrna has judged men, not only by her emotions, as women so often do, but by the standard which her father set. In Hollywood, where there are comparatively few men, many gorgeous, beautiful women have gone out with men who were petty and tiresome, but Myrna has never lowered her standards.

Once she told an interviewer, "I made myself forget a man whom I adored. I made myself put him out of my life, both for his own sake and for mine. He loved me, after his fashion, but he was gloriously, splendidly beautiful, and women cast themselves at his feet. Why shouldn't he take women for granted? I hadn't read 'Cynara' at the time, but the attitude of Ernest Dowson's character was an exact counterpart of his. He did love me in his fashion. But that was not enough."

It might have been enough for a girl with a different father, a girl whose father-ideal was not based on a man who gave perfect fidelity, perfect love to his family. There are persistent rumors that Myrna Loy may some day soon walk to the altar with Arthur Hornblow, Jr. I don't know whether those rumors will come true or not, but I do know this. When Myrna Loy gives her heart, she will demand in return the love and tenderness that her own father lavished upon those who were dear to him.

For her father's voice and the memory of her father still rule Myrna's whole life.

THOSE WILD, WILD ERWINS

At last, the truth about the hectic goings-on in a typical Hollywood home—the hilarious truth about daily life in the happy household of Stuart and June Collyer Erwin and their two adorable youngsters, Bill and baby Judy. Watch for the story in

MOVIE MIRROR for May, on sale March 25th

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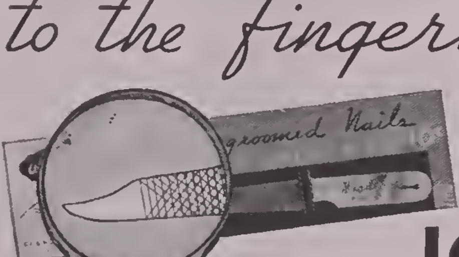

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Cooking Department

(*Continued from page 13*)

individual portions, or serve the whole piece with garnishings, to be cut at the table.

Here's a ginger bread recipe that I'll wager is new to you. It was to me, at least it was two months ago, but I've had to make it so often for my family since the first time, I know it by heart. Try it on your family and let them guess what's in it—of all things, cheese!

CHEESE GINGER BREAD

1 cup molasses
¼ lb. American cheese
½ cup sugar
¾ cup water
2 cups flour
1 tsp. soda
2 tsp. ginger
½ tsp. salt

Grate the cheese, mix with the sugar. Add the molasses and cook in a double boiler till the cheese melts. Mix and sift the dry ingredients and combine with the first mixture, alternately with the water. Bake in greased muffin tins.

I'm sure I don't need to remind you to be careful, in using these recipes, to note whether evaporated or condensed milk are called for. They are both milk, but are prepared differently, and should be used differently in cooking. It is evaporated milk you use in making golden onion rings which go perfectly with meat.

GOLDEN ONION RINGS

To one-fourth cup of evaporated milk add one-fourth cup water. Mix together one-half teaspoon salt and one cup of pastry flour. Add this, beating carefully. Beat an egg and stir this in. Now peel and slice across four Bermuda onions. Shake the slices to separate the rings, and dip the rings into the batter, coating each slice thoroughly. Fry in deep, hot fat till golden brown, drain on absorbent paper and serve immediately. They should be still hot when brought to the table.

Now for a very inexpensive, hurry-up salad dressing, which is especially good on chopped cabbage salad, cole slaw.

HURRY-UP SALAD DRESSING

1⅓ cups condensed milk
1 tsp. salt
½ cup vinegar
1 tsp. mustard

All you do is beat these four things together very thoroughly. Let it stand for a few minutes, and then serve.

To dress up that old friend, the baked potato, give him this little extra attention:

CHEESE BAKED POTATOES

Choose nice, big potatoes to bake, and when they are done, take from the oven, cut in half, and scoop them out. Mash the potato. Heat one-third cup of milk, and add to it one-fourth pound of grated pimento cheese and beat with an egg-beater till smooth. Blend this with the mashed potato, add two teaspoons salt and one-eighth teaspoon paprika, and fill the potato shells with this, fluffing up the tops. Bake in a hot oven for ten minutes.

I could go on and on, but space will not permit so write me and I will send you a full page of recipes.

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Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

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Lost Love Letters of a Great Lover

(*Continued from page 29*)

I want to take care of her, give her every material thing within my limited power to make her happy. I love her to the extent that writing this letter nearly kills me, for you are as a mother to me, more than my own was (for being a woman of the stage I never really knew her and rarely saw her), therefore hurting you is infinitely worse than injuring myself or even Olivia. But, dearest, notwithstanding this affection, I feel duty bound and honor bound to tell you *that I can never live with Olivia again.* Now please. I know what you think. Do not revile me. Abuse cannot change facts. I am as God Almighty made me. I cannot change myself.

MY wife is on an altogether different plane from my own. In your life, your mode of living, I would be as the earth without the sun; whereas my life, the life I was born in and will die fighting in, is to you a mystic maze, intangible, unsolvable. You cannot understand it. The very fact, though the motive came from your heart and I appreciate to the full extent the sweetness of your generosity, that you thought I could ever be happy, coming to Ebenezer, going to a business school, then probably becoming a shipping clerk in a warehouse, shows how little you understand my nature. *There is a gulf between us wider than the heavens, dearest, and one over which no ship can ever pass.*

The things which interest Olivia bore me to distraction while my life—the dreams of my imagination, my work which is my religion, my creed—is to Olivia nothing but an empty, false-bottomed box full of evils and terrors from whence issues but one sound, the word "art," a meaningless, incomprehensible expression. She does not understand. We have no common topic of conversation, in fact, *we have nothing of common interest to each other whatsoever.*

The canary lives in a place in the sun, in a golden cage, flitting from one little perch to the other, trilling sweet songs the day through; an ornament, beautifying a room, happy in its life of simplicty, well fed, well watered, well groomed.

The meadow lark is a thing of the wild fields, vibrant, pulsating, restless. It sings for the joy of singing, for the keen delight of being alive and free, *free, God-free,* to sail from field to field at will, to perch upon the highest crag of a mountain top then fly on to the next and then the next and then the next, knowing no boundary lines, no hemmed in conventionalities. He fights for his food and his water and his very life; but the world is his. He would die in a golden cage. The canary would die in the fields. They are both birds; *but they cannot mate.*

At my feet lies the blame. Mine was the great mistake. It is so easy to make mistakes. Olivia is far too good for me; but this is not a question of character. It is a question of a great wrong which must be righted before it is too late. We are still young, our lives still before us. *In cutting off this unfortunate affair now, we will be saving ourselves worlds of pain in future years.*

For weeks before Olivia left I tried to fight like a man; tried to live up to my marriage vows and hold them sacred. I could not tell her then how I felt, for that would have hurt her, and God knows I do not want to do that. *I sent her home hoping that after she had gone I could take a grip on myself, whip myself into missing her so much that the empty space in my heart would be filled with love, but I failed.*

I cannot go further. *Nor by all the gods should our marriage last longer. It would be simply dragging one weary foot after another through days of purgatory until one of us died, leaving the other, not free to live but free only to follow the other into the grave.*

I know I am a cur, a heinous monster, a typical actor; all Ebenezer will rise against me. Mere mention of my name will bring curses down upon me, blasphemy upon my character. I must face it all.

I am losing all individuality in my work. Worry has preyed upon my mind until at times I fear I am going mad.

You will imagine every spark of manhood has died within me. Perhaps it has; but all the abuse in the world cannot rectify this grave mistake. Nothing but cold, sober thinking can ever help us. You are the mother of four. Please be the mother of five, and look upon me as one of your little brood who has disappointed you dreadfully, yet who loves you with all the love a child can bear for its mother. I want your forgiveness.

The money I owe you I want to pay in installments until the whole is made up.

My decision is final—my heart is breaking—

Goodbye, please understand and help me.

I love you.

JACK

MOVIE MIRROR'S CHILDREN'S PICTURE CONTEST ENTRANTS, ATTENTION!

Next month MOVIE MIRROR will announce the names of the winners of this great contest. Remember the two cash awards—$500 to the child receiving the greatest number of votes, $200 to the runner up—and watch for the names of the lucky contestants in the

May MOVIE MIRROR—On Sale March 25th

I Want to Be a Star!

(*Continued from page* 68)

trooper. "Is this your gun?"

"I told you it was," Jack retorted impatiently.

"Where did you get it?"

"May I make a telephone call in your hearing?" I pleaded.

"Who do you want to get?"

"Victor Munson."

"I suppose so," he answered, plainly impressed by the name.

Shivering I sat at the table and called Victor's number, trying at the same time to listen to Jack as he dodged the officer's questions. I felt he was wrong but I suppose he didn't yet know what story to tell. I was more and more convinced that Dick, and not Jack, was guilty. Victor's voice over the phone was absurdly pleasant—all out of key with the horror of the moment.

"Well, Judy, how goes it?"

"Victor, I'm at Arrowhead, at Bert's lodge. He has been shot. Can you come at once?"

"Shot?" he shouted. "Who did it?"

"Jack says he did. I didn't see the shooting."

"I'll be there as fast as the Cadillac can travel."

He said more but I couldn't hear him, as the sound of a car outside drowned out his words. Then Victor hung up on me. Someone was hammering at the door, Jack walked over and flung it open. Two officers entered and the trooper stood up and saluted.

"Sergeant Wilson," he said tersely.

THEY went through their routine and it gave us time to think, to know what to do. Finally a red-headed officer called Bailey took charge of Dick and his activities with Bert. And the other man, Sergeant Wilson, sat Jack and me on the divan and stood in front of us. Quickly he went through names, occupations, addresses, and relations.

"So," he said to me, looking up from his notes. "You are this young actor's sister and the doctor's fiancée? Is that right?"

"I'm not his fiancée," I corrected. "He is married."

His eyes went up wryly.

"Then what is he doing here?"

"I don't know," I said. "I didn't expect him to come."

"I'll tell you what he is doing," Jack said. "He and I had a couple of drinks together this evening and then we found out that my sister had come up here with Bert Brothers. That infuriated me. I was just tight enough to start off in a rage to stop them. When I got here I saw my sister on that couch and Bert Brothers with her. I didn't know anyone else was in the house. I thought he had brought her out here alone. I saw her go upstairs with an overnight bag . . ."

"And where were you?"

"I was on the verandah outside those windows. I came in and faced Bert and he laughed at me and I shot him. That's all. A moment later Dick came in. I guess he had followed me knowing I was headed for trouble."

So that was it! Only Jack was telling

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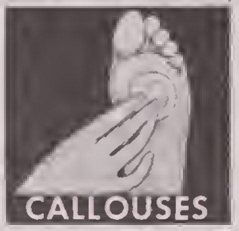

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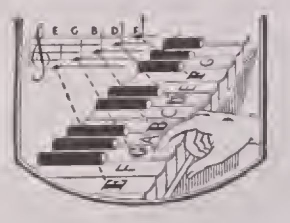

Just see how easy it is! The lines are always E-G-B-D-F. Memorize the Sentence "*Every Good Boy Deserves Fun*"—and there you are! Whenever a note appears on the first line, you know it is e. Whenever a note appears on the second line, you know it is g. And the spaces are just as easy to remember. The four spaces are always F-A-C-E. That spells "face"—simple enough to remember, isn't it?

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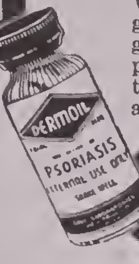

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the story exactly opposite. *I knew.* It was Dick who had learned I had gone off with Bert! Dick who had followed me in a rage! And Jack who had tried to head him off.

The first state trooper turned to the sergeant, apologetically.

"It don't sound right," he said. "I was parked at the crossroad about sixty miles down. A flivver went by—not a very good flivver. It was making about thirty-five with difficulty. I didn't give the flivver a chase. About forty-five minutes later a Packard roadster went shooting by clocking ninety miles right up the grade. I chased that all the way from the crossroads to here and it was this guy's car. When I got here the Ford was parked out front—both men were in the room and this fellow had a gun in his hand. The doctor must have been the one who drove the Ford. He was standing right in the middle of the room. I don't think he arrived after this fellow. I think he was here first."

A whine of sirens cut through their talk—motorcycle sirens and then a shriek of brakes as they pulled up to the door.

"That must be that Dr. Phipps," Sergeant Wilson said.

JACK sat down rather abruptly and took out another cigarette. Dick opened the bedroom door and came to the threshold. He looked transformed. Whatever his own personal difficulties he was at the moment a doctor and obviously he had been working on Bert for some time.

Dr. Phipps and the officers led him to the bedroom.

A moment later he came back protesting that the equipment was not complete. The inquiry stopped and Jack and I retreated to the farthest corner, and the officers pitched in to help. The big living room decorated so gaily for our party was swiftly transformed. Gewgaws and food were piled haphazardly into a corner. In the center of the room they placed the table that was to have been the festive board of the houseparty. The strongest bulbs of the house were screwed into the heavy sockets and all the reading lamps centered around the table. Sheets and blankets were piled on the chair by the window. Jack lit one cigarette from the other trying to conceal his anxiety. If Bert should die? If this were murder?

"Now, I'm practically ready to operate," Dr. Phipps said, "and I'll have to work quickly. Miss Pine, will you please take charge of the hot water supply? I'll need a great deal of it."

"Certainly, Dr. Phipps," I agreed quickly.

"I'm sorry, officer," Dr. Phipps continued, "but this work may completely change your investigation. We have only a slim chance of saving him."

"I understand," the officer nodded.

"And you, young man," Dr. Phipps called to Jack. "Will you stand by as an orderly?"

"Anything I can do," Jack said briefly.

"Go scrub up."

And swiftly Jack shuffled up to the bathroom.

I went into the kitchen and switched on the lights. There was an electric heater for water in the tank. I put extra kettles and pans on the electric range. A moment later the kitchen door opened. I looked up to face Dick.

"Why am I doing this?" he whispered. "Why am I letting him take the blame?"

"This is no time to talk about it, Dick."

"I know," he nodded briefly and closed his eyes. "I guess I was out of my mind. I haven't been myself for months. When I heard you left with him I never dreamed anyone else was here. On the drive up I visualized you two together and then I found you together. When you went upstairs I broke the glass and came in. I don't remember what I said. I remember he held up a chair to ward me off and I shot him."

I went over and took hold of his shoulders.

"Listen, Dick," I said. "Stop thinking about it. "You have a job to do now. Maybe you can save him."

Dr. Phipps' voice called him.

"In a moment, sir," Dick called back and dumped a bunch of hideous looking instruments into one of my pans of boiling water. "Bring those in as soon as possible," he told me and left.

I trembled so I could barely lift the pan of boiling water when it was ready. My mind was a turmoil. Anguish for Bert. Pride in Jack and for the sacrifice he was trying to make. Fear for what might happen to him. Wondering about Dick and wondering if he was half the man I had always thought him.

Jack came in, demanding the instruments and leaving me more things to boil. Rene came with a bowl heaped high with discarded cotton and gauze. She disposed of them and at the sink washed out the bowl. The tears were running down her face but she didn't speak. They called for water over and over again and every time somebody came in to get it I was grateful. My imagination was playing with horror as I stood on guard at the kitchen stove praying for the water to reach a boiling pitch. Finally Rene came in again.

"The operation's all over," she said. She leaned against the kitchen table weakly. "If only he lives," she whispered. "If only he lives."

THE door swung open again and Jack came in. In his hand was a bottle of brandy. He went to the shelf and took down two glasses, poured a jigger in each and handed them to us.

Rene gulped hers down and with a sigh went past us and back into the living room.

"You need a drink yourself, Jack. You are all in."

He took a swallow swiftly.

"He is a good doctor, sis," he said. "And he is terribly in love with you."

"How could he do it, Jack?" she whispered.

"Listen, sis, I know what can happen to a fellow when the breaks go wrong. He had had a terrible time. But you know he is a regular. Anyone knows that who grew up in Carteret. I have always been proud that he loved you but I never understood until now how much he loved you."

"But, Jack, I couldn't bear it if he let you take the blame. Neither of us could let you do it."

"What's the difference?" Jack broke in. "Even as a famous actor I'll only last a few years. It would be a joke on the world to have the Pines out in Hollywood rolling around in Packards and bossing a flock of servants, but that is about all it would be—a joke on the world."

"And if you end up in jail, what will it be?" I asked sharply.

"When I get out, I'll go on an expedition," he smiled.

And I never felt prouder of any human being than of my handsome reckless brother at that moment.

"But if he dies you won't get out."

"He won't die," Jack shrugged. "They have saved him. You wait and see."

We heard the familiar blast of the horn on Victor's Cadillac and I ran hopefully through the living room out to the porch. But I wasn't the only one on the porch to greet him. There were the officers ahead of me. Sonya got out of the car. She came directly to me and put her arms around my shoulders. Victor at the top of the steps snapped out a question.

"Is he alive or dead?"

"We think he is going to live," I said. "They just operated."

Inside we gathered in the sun porch under the direction of the officers. All except Rene and Dr. Phipps. Rene sat beside Bert as he lay in the living room, her eyes never leaving his face. Dr. Phipps had gone to an upstairs bedroom to take a nap. He had left word to be called the moment the patient roused.

NOW there's something wrong with this whole story," the sergeant started. "The time element. The state trooper saw the Ford and saw the Packard."

"There's more than the time element wrong," Victor snapped. "Why should Jack come out here and shoot one of his best friends?"

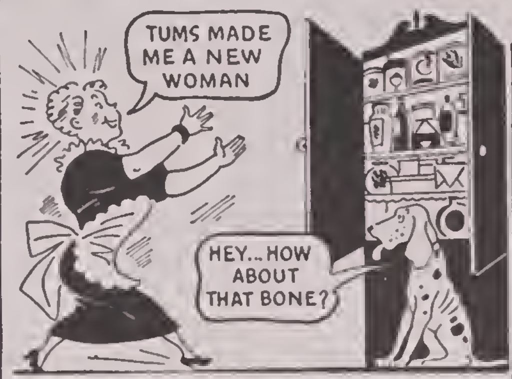
"Now, wait a minute," the sergeant interrupted. "I have questions to ask and I have waited long enough to ask them."

He started on Jack and again Jack recited his story deliberately—very calmly. And then the sergeant turned to Dick.

"So you are a friend of the family? You knew the boy was headed for trouble and you followed him out here to stop him? You followed him out in a Ford that Sergeant Wilson saw on the road fully forty minutes before the Packard showed up."

"He got a head start on me," Jack snapped. "I've explained that already."

"Oh, no you didn't, Jack," Dick stood up. "You haven't explained anything. Now, I'll tell you what really happened. Early this evening I was with Miss Pine. My baby was born around six o'clock. Miss Pine drove me over to Dr. Phipp's house and she left me, saying she was going to a houseparty. That upset me. I phoned a couple of friends we knew and they told me that Brothers and Miss Pine had left for Arrowhead. I didn't believe that. I went over to her bungalow and met her brother. He was packing up to leave, too. He confirmed the fact that his sister and Mr. Brothers had left early that evening. I was infuriated and he tried to calm me down. I had been drinking. I quarreled with him and struck him. Then I left the house. I started off in the car . . ."



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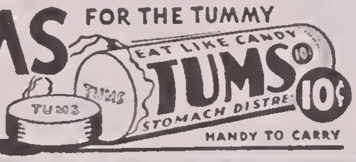

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Write your "last line" in dotted line, tear out whole advertisement, and mail with your name and address to the address given below. If you submit more than one entry, simply write your additional "last line" on a plain sheet of paper. But EACH "last line" submitted *must* be accompanied by the wrapper from a 10c roll of TUMS which you can secure at any drug store.

Elaborateness will not be considered. Only skill with which "last line" is completed, and neatness will count. Every entry will be individually considered and acknowledged with a worth while free gift. No entries *will be returned.* Judges will be chosen by officials of the A. H. Lewis Co. In event of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight of May 31st, 1936. Prize-winners will be notified as soon as awards are made.

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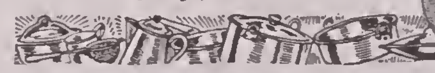
Orange, N. J.

10¢
CHORE GIRL



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AGENTS! No wonder it pays up to $15 a day! Write at once for details and how you may get yours FREE by helping to introduce it.

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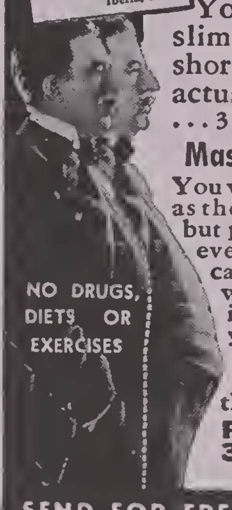

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"... Please send me a Weil Reducing Belt for a 38 inch waist. The first one I got was a 46—this one should be 8 inches smaller."
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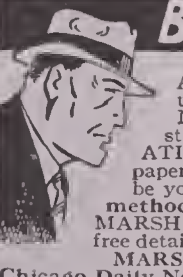

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LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Room MD-8913 Washington, D. C.

The door was flung open and Rene stood facing us.

"Bert," she said, "has come to."

Dick and the sergeant almost collided as they reached the door. The rest of us followed slowly. Dr. Phipps was bending over Bert on the make-shift bed in the living room. He was giving him something. Then Bert rested back on the pillows and on his face was a gentle smile.

The sergeant bent over Bert.

"Will you answer a question for me?"

Bert nodded slowly.

"Which one of these men shot you?"

With a stiff movement of his head Bert glanced in the direction of the officer's finger. He looked at Dick for fully a moment and then at Jack.

"Shot me! How stupid!" Bert breathed heavily. "Nobody shot me. I have no enemies. It's all an accident, Inspector. I was cleaning a gun and it went off.

"That is all I'm going to say, officer," he insisted. "It was an accident. That is all you'll ever hear from me."

Dr. Phipps pushed past the officer to take Bert's pulse. He put his finger to his lips and waved us away.

We started to shuffle off returning to the sun porch when I heard Bert call me.

"He wants you," Rene whispered. "He wants you to sit beside him."

I took her place at the divan and put my hand in Bert's fumbling grasp.

I sat there until brightest dawn. Occasionally Bert's eyes would open and he would smile at me.

It was a houseparty all right, that night. Ten of us staying at the camp but I don't imagine that any of us slept much except Bert and Dr. Phipps. Around six in the morning Rene brought me hot coffee.

"I'm going back to Hollywood," she said. "Victor is going to drive me in. Bert can't be moved for several days. Jack will stay with you."

"What are you going to do, Rene?"

"What is there to do?" she shrugged. "I suppose I'm lucky to have my career. I can't make good in everything."

"I wish you wouldn't go," I pleaded.

"Sorry but I can't bear hanging around. There will be a nurse up in a few hours and if you wish I'll send a housekeeper."

"Okay, Rene," I said.

DR. PHIPPS protested that I must sleep but for all my wakeful night I never felt less sleepy. The doctor insisted that he would wait until the nurse arrived. She could carry on with diets and the changing of dressing. In a week or so Bert would be all right.

"Where's the sergeant?" I asked.

"They seem to have gone away. Mr. Munson talked a lot with them and they finally left. I think they wanted to arrest your brother for speeding or something but it seems to be all fixed."

"Not entirely," Rene added as she put on her hat. "They have to appear but naturally Bert won't press any charge. The whole thing will be dropped. Goodbye, Judy. I can take just so much."

From the kitchen Victor and Sonya appeared. Sonya decided to stay on with me and help out. Victor had too much to do and was driving Rene back to town. He still had to see the authorities and it still would require much handling—this Hollywood shooting that was to be reported in the paper as another gun that went off accidentally while being cleaned.

Dick, it seemed, was sleeping in one of the upstairs rooms. And Jack insisted he should not be disturbed. Finally the others left us alone.

"You are not going to toss Dick over for Bert, are you, Judy?"

"I don't know," I said. "Dick hasn't measured up, Jack."

"But if you hang on to Bert, Rene hasn't got a chance," Jack protested.

"Rene hasn't got a chance anyway and she knows it, Jack."

"You mean that?"

"I'm afraid I do."

"If that is the case she is not going to be out of things—not if I have to marry her. What are you looking so aghast about?" he protested. "She is not so much older than I am."

"No, she is only two years older."

"Well," he said, "if you don't need me I'm going to follow her back to Los Angeles right now."

"Good boy, Jack, I hope you win her."

"I'll win her if I have to work at it as long and as hard as Bert worried you."

Alone, Sonya and I talked at great length. When the nurse arrived Dr. Phipps went home. Both Bert and Dick were sleeping. I went on talking, voicing my thoughts to the one woman I knew would understand. I had been so wrong about Dick. So wrong about Bert. So wrong about Jack. It terrified me to think how adamant we are in our opinions once we think we have sized people up.

AND Sonya let me talk, until I fell asleep.

Late that evening I woke. I made my way out into the hallway where I heard laughter. In the living room was Bert, propped on the divan. Sonya was seated opposite him. They were playing Russian bank.

"Oh, good evening," Sonya greeted me over her shoulder. "Your mail is on the table. After you have read it come and join us."

I took the envelope on the hall table and in front of them read it. I went downstairs slowly, and threw the letter into the fire.

"When did Dick go?" I asked.

"Oh, about two hours ago," Sonya leaned back and yawned. "That is a rotten flivver of his. I hope he makes it to Los Angeles."

"He is going to make it further than Los Angeles," I smiled. "He tells me that as soon as Hazel is well they are going to drive back to the Cape. How are you feeling, Bert?"

"Sick enough to get a lot more attention than I'm getting," he smiled and I felt his forehead.

He took hold of my hand and pressed it against his lips.

"Sonya and I have figured out a wedding date," he told me. "She has lots of perfectly amazing plans—all yellow and green bridesmaids' dresses or something. Personally I don't mind what the color scheme is. I just think you and I have been through enough scandals and Sonya agrees with me. What do you say?"

"Sonya didn't need bridesmaids," I argued. "Why wish them on us? There must be a minister nearby."

THE END

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Hydrosal

Beauty in Disguise

(*Continued from page* 14)

make-up man chose the right colors, which blended with the basic skin tones of her face. He put the foundation cream and the powder on as they should go. He used lipstick and rouge, and the merest touch of pencil eye-shadow and mascara, for this was daytime make-up. Then he did something to the hair around her face.

"There!" he said. "Now turn around and let Miss Mack see how you really look. What you had on your face before was a disguise. This is you."

It was true, too. Carol's careless make-up and the unbecoming way she wore her hair had so obscured her own charm that you couldn't see it at all.

Please take this object lesson as an inspiration to go ahead and experiment with your cosmetics. Take naturalness for your guide and you can't go far astray.

It may not be neglect of make-up that keeps you hovering in the ugly duckling class. It may be lack of confidence and not knowing your own capabilities. This was what held down the girl that Harriet Hilliard plays in "Follow the Fleet." In the picture, an attractive and clever sister (Ginger Rogers) turns to with a will transforming her into a beauty.

Possibly you haven't such a clever sister, but you don't need one. You can do it yourself!

Begin to study your possibilities. Notice people around you. Never copy, but learn to adapt what you see. There is scarcely a beauty problem that some screen actress hasn't faced.

Harriet told me how she solved one problem and unconsciously, but so convincingly, she exemplified the solution of a problem that besets so many girls, especially girls in their teens.

As you see from these pictures, Harriet is lovely to look at. Can you spot the simple trick she used to obviate a small fault? She knew her hairline was unbecoming, that it was too low and too straight, so she just used the tweezers skillfully and achieved this line which sets off her features so attractively. It's a splendid example of what a difference a tiny change makes.

(*Continued on page* 113)

LET GLORIA MACK HELP YOU: Have you had her splendid regime for warding off blackheads and other skin ills? Do you need special exercises to control your figure? Are you tired of the way you are doing your hair, or in doubt about a cosmetic question? Whatever your beauty problem, sit down and write Gloria Mack about it. She will answer you personally and in complete confidence. There isn't any charge for this, but please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you write.

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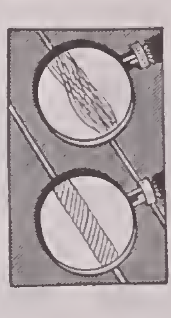

In actual wear test by National Testing Laboratory, SNAG-PROOFED Silk Hosiery out-wore ordinary silk stockings TWO-TO-ONE! Pictures here tell why. Ordinary hosiery thread (at top) is loose, filmy—ready to catch and snag — breaks easily. SNAG-PROOFED thread (at bottom) is tight-twisted—round, smooth, strong—and SNAG-PROOFED by a patented process. Full-fashioned, RINGLESS, luxuriously beautiful and "perfect-fit" Individual Length Service to fit exactly each type customer. SNAG-PROOFED costs only half as much as ordinary hose per week of wear because it lasts twice as long.

Do You Want to Make Money?

Every woman wants exquisitely lovely silk hosiery that is actually SNAG-PROOFED and cuts hosiery cost in half. You just show ACTUAL FREE SAMPLES—and earn big, steady money all year 'round.

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Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page 6*)

At the Oakland Forum Club concert last evening, in that city, it was my great pleasure to be in the audience. Nelson Eddy doesn't let you down; he is as handsome as on the screen, his voice is just as fine, and he has a friendly informal way of getting over to his audience. He was generous and good-natured, after the concert, about giving his autograph to those who sought it and had a smile to go with each one. At the stage door later, it took four big Oakland policemen to get him through the crowd around his car. He came out and said to the admiring group standing in the pouring rain, waiting for another glimpse of him, "You'd better look out, or you'll get wet." And as he climbed into his car and was driven away, he called out a cheery, friendly "Goodbye." No wonder he's popular. He is one swell, regular guy.

R. A. Newcomb,
Berkeley, Cal.

HONORABLE MENTION

Has anyone noticed as I do the humanity and sadness of Leslie Howard, Ronald Colman and Charles Boyer? All went through the War!—U. A. Dahmen, New York, N. Y.

A big bouquet of orchids to the ingratiating Miss Lily Pons and to all those on the RKO lot who gave us this ace of romances, "I Dream Too Much"—William McCauley, Springfield, Mass.

I'd like to choke the next person who gives Franchot Tone a role as a sissy!—Bessie Lu Gunton, Oakland, Cal.

I'm looking forward to seeing Dick Powell and Frances Langford together in pictures—Louise B. Renzulli, Providence, R. I.

Give John Boles more and better singing roles; the best voice in Hollywood hides behind that handsome face.—Lorraine S. Wheatley, Commerce, Tex.

Let's have good historical pictures at regular intervals; they are fascinating and show life in different ages, life that is different historically and economically from ours.—Tenho Hermanson, Swan River, Minn.

I would like to see Jean Harlow in a clean comedy-drama, co-starred with Fred MacMurray.—Mrs. H. W. Brokaw, Great Bend, Kan.

We've had movies, then talkies—why not singies? Grace Moore, Nelson Eddy, Tibbett, Pons, Melton, etc., can give us educational shorts, chock full of lilting songs with a short synopsis of the opera they're from.—Maxine Moss, Terre Haute, Ind.

Thanks to Hugh Herbert, who is just about as goofy as they make 'em, I can still get a laugh when everything else goes wrong.—Jean O. Jewett, Spooner, Minn.

Surely those fans who have in the past preached the doctrine of the original screen story's superiority to filmed novels and plays have deserted all such beliefs after seeing 1935's excellent crop of films.—Mildred Christman, Fort Wayne, Ind.

If young people will not attend church, what better way to reach them than through the medium of inspirational pictures?—Lillian Foster, Hartford, Conn.

I see the day, not far off, when text books in schools and colleges will be obsolete, and history, geography, physiology, and even law and medicine, will be taught by the medium of the screen.—Frank E. Lepper, Chilton, Wis.

Last Minute News

Because of her unique ideas, Carole Lombard was made entertainment chairman of the Mayfair dance—and asked all the women to wear white gowns for a "white party," which was hard on the local dressmakers. Result: Hollywood gals all came in white except Shearer ("Juliet red"), Jeanette MacDonald (orchid) and Mrs. Joe E. Brown (blue).

Romance: Loretta Young appeared at the Mayfair with Lydell Peck, Janet Gaynor's ex-husband.

Scrambled romance: Jeanette MacDonald appeared, apparently, with both Henry Fonda and Gene Raymond!

Marian Nixon has a closely guarded secret (most of Hollywood is still in the dark on this one)—she and her director-husband, Bill Seiter, have adopted a baby boy.

Errol Flynn had an operation for appendicitis "just so he wouldn't hold up future pictures," only to have the doctors discover he missed an emergency operation by a mere six hours! He's getting along fine.

Garbo complains of illness and asks the studio for an additional month's vacation in Sweden; newspapers there are giving her a real lacing for hobnobbing with royalty and forgetting old friends and neighbors.

Mrs. Harold Lloyd threw a huge "stork party" for Helen Mack and Helen got so much plunder she can't buy her expected baby a thing.

Stately Irene Dunne surprises Hollywood by breaking into a tap dance between scenes (in evening dress, too!), but she's too crazy about her new-found art to care about the ribbing.

George Brent has offered his plane for sale because so many friends have been crashing lately. Meanwhile, Carole Lombard has just received her pilot's license.

The Hays office has put a temporary "NG" on two M-G-M productions, "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh" (awaiting an okay from the Turkish government) and Sinclair Lewis's "It Can't Happen Here" (because of the ticklish political situation).

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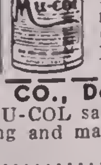

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Sunday in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 53*)

IT'S a day at home, too, for Norma Shearer.

"I accept the prerogative of a Sunday morning," she laughed, "and sleep until ten and breakfast in bed—a boiled egg, crisp bacon, dry toast and black coffee. Then I dress, beach pajamas usually, and every Sunday morning I shampoo the little blond head belonging to Irving, Junior. Sunday luncheon for the three of us, Mr. Thalberg, small Irving and myself, is always outdoors under a parasol, and then we go for a walk along the shore."

And "along the shore" is *home* to Norma Shearer, for built on the tawny band between the Santa Monica cliffs and the sea, is the Thalberg house . . . a miniature Lido; tile steps the entire length of the house, going down into an immediate front yard of white sand and blue pool.

"After our Sunday walk," recounted the ever beautiful wife of Irving Thalberg, "there's a swim in the pool, or ping-pong on the porch. Guests drop in for tea and for dinner, and afterward we run a picture. Sunday for us, just a quiet day, just a quiet, old-fashioned day."

A DEVOTEE of Sunday papers is Freddie Bartholomew, no less, who wakens on Sunday about seven.

"First of all," Freddie said, "I dash to the door for the funnies and the milk. The milk goes in the ice box and I begin to read the paper. Of course, the crinkling of the paper is sure to awaken Cissy and start her talking about a cup of tea, which she keeps on doing until I make her one. After that," he detailed, sitting back in a chair much too large, hands on small grimy knees, "after that, I turn on the bath and feed the dog, whose name is Jupiter, though as a matter of fact he's a girl, and then I forget all about the bath, because there's a part of the paper full of all sorts of amazing stories, the kind of stories in which somebody's sure to be murdered, the kind of stories where all sorts of secrets are told which shouldn't be told!"

"You're still in your pajamas?" I inquired.

"Oh, no," he said brightly. "I'm in nothing at all. And then I hear the bath running over and hurry to wipe it up before Cissy sees, and finish the paper in the bath, and the next thing is breakfast.

"Sunday breakfast," he assured me *"is* a lark! On ordinary mornings I have to eat what Cissy says, but on Sunday I'm allowed to choose what I want, so when I'm dressed as much as my shirt and tie I go to the refrigerator for the best thing in it, and always *hope,"* he said seriously, "that it will be red cherries and ginger ale. Cissy's up by this time, so I brush my hair and find my trousers and socks and shoes and I'm ready for church."

After church, says Cissy, Freddie is allowed to choose the restaurant for lunch.

After lunch, it's the beach, or an afternoon with friends. "And that's about all there is to it," summed up your heart-breaking David Copperfield and Oliver Twist, "unless I'm bitten on a Sunday afternoon by a dog, although *that,"* he said sagely, "has only happened once."

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He breakfasts alone, and entirely dressed, having no patience with a man so lazy he can't get dressed in time for breakfast.

The Sunday paper, then, till Mrs. McCrea (who on the screen is the lovely dark-eyed Frances Dee) joins him, ready for church, after which they're off to the beach.

"In the evening," he said, "we're back in town for a call somewhere, or a movie. And that's Sunday while I'm working on a picture. When I'm not, we're on the ranch at home."

"At home" is the McCrea thousand acres, with its ranch house of white-washed tile, its one-hundred-and-twenty-foot porch, its groves of sycamore and oak, its corrals and wind-mill; its horses and cattle,

"On Sunday there," he says, "I'm up at six riding over the place. I get back to the house to lunch on the porch with Frances. In the afternoon we take a long walk with the dog our next neighbor traded us for ten fence posts. Then home, dinner, a tumble with the baby, and early bedtime for everybody."

JEANETTE MACDONALD'S home is a rarely lovely one in the mood of the old South. Over white trellises are purple and magenta colored fuschia. There are seemingly endless borders of shasta daisies and oriole colored nasturtiums with outdoor furniture to match. There is a pool, the tennis court, and below, in a sunken garden, tangled fern, purple lantana, a profusion of pink Phelia roses and gray rocks, down which a waterfall tumbles into a pool of iris.

"Sunday for me," she smiled, "is open house to my friends who enjoy swimming and tennis. I'm up at eight-thirty. I play my own tennis early," she laughed, "before anyone sees my game. Then I take a swim and dress for breakfast. Sunday morning I usually wear white shantung trousers, and I always have a dozen or more guests for Sunday breakfast, and never change the menu. It's waffles, honey, sausage and coffee.

"In the afternoon they do whatever they like. Other guests come in for dinner, and dinner is formal and is served about nine."

DURING a day of shooting pictures in the famous old Busch gardens of Pasadena, Gary Cooper, in make-up and costume, told me about his Sunday pursuits.

"Well, sir," he said, "darned if I don't wake up at seven on Sunday just the same as every other day. I get up and roam around a while with as little noise as possible while the rest of the house is asleep. Then I take the paper and go back to my room to have some breakfast."

"Wearing what?" I wondered.

"Pajamas," he grinned. "On Sunday morning I want to be independent! I get the paper and go back to my room and have my breakfast, sitting on one easy chair with my feet in another. And on Sunday I cut loose with old-fashioned cereal, orange juice, two eggs and wheats.

"After breakfast I light up my pipe and find out what's happened to Tarzan, then I get heated up with the news from Washington, get myself all upset over the stock market, and get back in a good frame of mind with O. O. McIntyre.

"After lunch my wife beats me at tennis, and then we pack a picnic for the beach. There's a stretch of shore no one seems to know about—just sand dunes and the ocean—and we stay there until sundown, then back to town for a movie."

EDWARD G. ROBINSON breakfasts, on Sunday, in pajamas, robe and slippers in his garden at ten o'clock with Mrs. Robinson and the baby, Manny.

Breakfast consists of fruit, wheat cakes, sausage, and coffee. "But particularly," smiled Mr. Robinson, "it consists of the company of my son. It is the only hour of the week when we can visit together."

For the rest of a Robinson Sunday, there's afternoon ping-pong—then friends drop in—then Mrs. Robinson has a guest or two for dinner which is served about eight o'clock in the candle-lighted mahogany dining room, its distinctive note being a ceiling-high window curtained in chartreuse.

A quiet evening follows dinner.

And Sunday passes.

From your leading lady of leading ladies to your villain of villains, here it is.

Endow your stars with glamor and romance from Monday until Saturday if you will, but on Sunday, church bells ring, shadows lengthen through a lazy afternoon. The stars' Sunday, even as yours and mine!

Author-director Marc Connelly pauses between scenes of "The Green Pastures" to pose with two of his little "angels" on the Warner lot.

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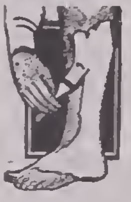

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The Martyrdom of Charles Laughton

(*Continued from page* 45)

being shot at, was a nightmare to many men less sensitive. He himself was injured and gassed. Since the day the war ended, he has never had a gun in his hand except as an actor. Hunting and killing he refuses to regard as sport.

He returned to the hotel, only to chuck it after a time to throw in his lot once and forever with the theater. He entered the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art to learn his trade. Yet not until after he had won his spurs on the London stage, had come to New York to star in "Payment Deferred" and "Fatal Alibi" and eventually landed in Hollywood did he have the opportunity to realize the magnificent culmination of his dreams.

Laughton has been called a mental actor. This must be true, for Laughton spends much time in thinking out his roles and retains a vivid mental picture of every screen character he has ever played.

"Javert in 'Les Miserables' is a bronze monument to the stupidity of humanity," Laughton explains. "I tried to make him a man of bronze, even to suggesting the bronze in my make-up, particularly about the eyes and forehead. D' you see?"

Laughton constantly injects into his conversation "D' you see?" or "D' you know?" So accustomed is he to being misunderstood, he unconsciously makes bids for your understanding.

We could not help but understand his Javert, the policeman who lived so completely in the shadow of man-made laws that he knew no compassion, no compromise that was not written in the book. Surely a man of bronze, for when he was moved to warm-hearted pity, he died—a suicide.

LAUGHTON went on to others in the gallery. "Moulton-Barrett was to me the personification of the bully in the father. I thought of him and played him from a child's viewpoint. D' you know? The way every child views people of normal size, terrifying people who say severely, 'I'll deal with you in the morning.'

"Henry the VIII was more a simple soul than a villain. My conception of him was of a masculine ego running away with itself. He kicked women around when he was young. They kicked him around when he was old.

"Dr. Moreau in 'The Island of Lost Souls' was nothing more than the ambition of every school-boy playing God. D' you know how youngsters want to grow up to be engineers, policemen, firemen? Then ambitions change as they grow older until finally, in school, they are playing God and molding a universe to suit their own fancies. Dr. Moreau was such a boy grown up. He made men of beasts and wanted to make beasts of men."

Asked why he had resigned the role of Micawber in "David Copperfield," Laughton replied, "I don't happen to be an admirer of Dickens. To me he is a very cunning man who created Paradise for fools. I heartily dislike his Micawber, the glorification of the cheat and the

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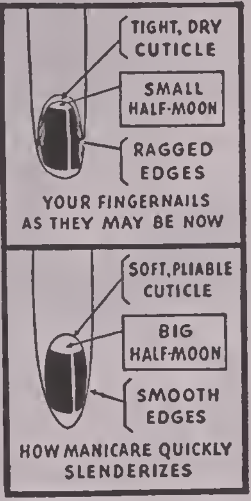

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cheap. I preferred not to play him."

Laughton went to the inconvenience of having his hair clipped short for Micawber. Yet in studying the character further, he could find no motif that would make it worth his while to perform this cheat. Glorifying such a man did not fit into the Laughton scheme. So Micawber was abandoned.

Charles Laughton never lacks the courage of his convictions, nor is unwilling to make sacrifices for them. He turned his back upon a healthy Hollywood salary to play six months of Shakespeare for practically nothing. Another time he spent every cent he had in the world to buy a painting by a master. It fed his love of beauty as had no other painting he had ever seen. He could not afford it. But he bought it.

The way Laughton prepared for his role of Captain Bligh in "Mutiny on the Bounty" is interesting because it illustrates the thoroughness with which he approaches his art. He went down to the wharves and docks where seafaring men gather, "for I am rather much of a landlubber myself." He couldn't find the man he wanted although he studied many.

THEN one day in a story conference with Frank Lloyd, the director of "Mutiny," the man was found. Lloyd really loves the sea. He even stands as does a seaman with knees slightly bent to weather the roll of a ship. He has great, shaggy eyebrows from under which he peers. So Laughton asked permission to copy his own director's characteristics. "Mind you, I said characteristics, not character. Captain Bligh is a pretty black fellow and Frank Lloyd is one of the gentlest of gentlemen."

Laughton continued, "The part I am really excited about playing, however, is my next for Alexander Korda in England. We were talking about a story when last I was in London and Korda suggested 'Cyrano de Bergerac.' I snapped it up.

"Cyrano, he of the monstrous nose and singing heart, is a glorious schoolboy. He is all of us in the dreams we weave when we think. While we may lack his eloquence in love, and merely say 'Gee, honey, you're swell,' we all feel in dreams the beautiful things Rostand got down on paper. Korda wants to film the original Rostand play and is busy clearing the rights.

"Since it was announced that Charles Laughton is to do Cyrano, I have heard and read many criticisms of my attempting the part. They say I am totally unsuited to the character physically. They are used to seeing gaunt actors hiding their handsome features behind a putty nose. It so happens that, with the exception of his nose, I am very like Cyrano in size and weight and formation of face.

"In Cyrano, I have a role I can love, not hate. There is a passage of Rostand's in which he describes 'the smell of April in Cyrano's nostrils.' Imagine capturing upon the screen the smell of April in those monstrous nostrils!

"So as quickly as possible I am off to England, Elsa and Cyrano."

No account of Charles Laughton would be complete without mention of Elsa—his wife, Elsa Lanchester. She has been a

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tremendous factor in his life since the day they met in a London theater. He admired her from the moment he saw her and she gave him the first full understanding he had ever known from anyone outside his own family.

Their marriage became a thing of beauty and her encouragement has doubtless contributed greatly to the success of this man whom the rest of the world had treated so badly. "I can never be grateful enough," is Laughton's ready tribute to his wife.

That Charles Laughton's life story has been extraordinary is merely because the man himself is extraordinary. His magnificent intellect, his amazing wit, his prodigious strength of character have all been bent toward achieving an end that would appease his hatred of ugliness, cruelty and the brutality of man.

Beauty in Disguise

(*Continued from page* 107)

I asked Harriet a lot of questions about herself. While she is known all over the country for her work on Ozzie Nelson's radio program, she is new in Hollywood, where she has plunged into the complexities of a new profession, and the strangeness of a new environment. She has the same eager interest and the same determination to please her employers that you would have on a new job. Added to that, she is now in the profession which, above all others, intensifies self-interest into monumental selfishness.

Yet with all that, what she really wanted to talk about was *other people.* I said, "Aren't your parents awfully proud of you, of your big radio career, and now this important movie chance?"

The answer came spontaneously. "Yes, I think—I hope—they are, but the thing they *really* are proud about is that I have married such a splendid man. Ozzie is . . ." And I heard a great deal about Ozzie Nelson, her husband, not, mind you, as the famous orchestra leader, but as a fine, courageous, talented person.

And she was the same about Ginger Rogers, whose sister she plays in the picture. Harriet told me, with shining eyes, about the kindness and the practical help she had received from Ginger, not as a member of the cast duly praising the star, but because kindness would receive the same response from Harriet wherever she found it.

I told you she had unconsciously given me the solution of another ugly duckling problem, and this is it: Stop thinking exclusively about yourself. If a girl in Harriet's position can, you can. This self-interest throws a shadow around you, that prevents people from noticing you, even from liking you. Be interested in others.

I feel as if I knew my readers so well, I don't have to add: Write me when you get stuck on something, but just in case you are a new member of our MOVIE MIRROR family, I want to tell you that your letters come to me as if from friends, and are answered personally, and entirely confidentially, so you can feel free to write just as you feel. They won't be published, ever, unless I get your written permission.

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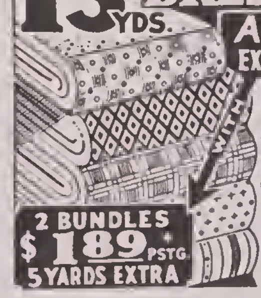

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THE HIDDEN HOLLYWOOD

Giving you the lowdown on what goes on behind the smoke screen of gossip, publicity and rumor

By Ruth Waterbury

That's a real romance between Irene Hervey and Robert Taylor. Will rumors destroy it? This shot was taken the day the papers were filled with Bob's "romance" with another actress.

ONCE upon a time, about ten years ago, a press agent was merely a bright young man who got things into the papers.

In fact, one lad about Hollywood aced himself into a terrifically important job, all due to his planting a story about a star being bitten by a camel. Not that there was ever a word of truth in the yarn.

But pictures have been speeded up since then and press agents today have two functions. One is to keep certain distasteful truths out of the papers, and the other is to get things that might be true, but aren't, in.

There is, for example, the almost sad case of Robert Taylor and Irene Hervey. Those kids are in love. They've been in love for a long time. But they are both ambitious, Bob for himself and Irene for Bob, and the studio tells them it is a better thing for Bob not to be married. In fact, the studio goes further: it gets Mr. Taylor rumored that way about other girls—about Jean Parker a while ago and this month about Janet Gaynor.

Little Jean needed what is called in the inner Hollywood "the romantic build up," and right now Janet Gaynor and Robert Taylor are making a picture together.

You can always take with a great deal of seasoning the romance rumors between players in the same picture. Recall how Garbo gets romantic when she gets into production on a new opus. There was Novarro in "Mata Hari," and George Brent in "The Painted Veil," and even director Mamoulian in "Queen Christina."

Or take Eric Linden and Cecilia Parker in "Ah Wilderness."

That's box office love. But Robert Taylor's and Irene Hervey's isn't anything of the sort; it's real.

But just suppose Bob should begin to believe the things he sees printed about himself; or suppose Irene began to believe them. The picture on this page was taken the night a whole batch of Gaynor romance rumors were printed. Irene and Bob were in the Trocadero that night trying to smile. They held hands under the table, but they looked a little hunted, a little tired.

I don't think it's quite fair.

Among the manufactured loves of Hollywood a real love blooms occasionally. This is one of the genuine loves and it should not be burdened with thoughts of box office rating and expediency.

Another of the loves that was most deep and true was that of John Gilbert for Garbo. From one of the very few people who were in Jack's home as the end approached I know that the one great sorrow he had was his knowledge "that I will never see Garbo again."

I HOPE Jack knows how many true, loyal friends he had in Hollywood. Just a few days after the shocking news of his death had reached us I had lunch with Norma Shearer.

Jack had been a beau of Norma's back in the days when they made "He Who Gets Slapped."

"He did as much for this business as any man who was ever in it," said Norma. "They call him a great lover and they overlook the fact that he was a really great actor. He saved this company (M-G-M) with 'The Big Parade' and those other pictures of his that came after it, and, if only he hadn't had the bad luck to have made a talkie in the days before any of us knew how to use microphones, he would have been a great star now. He was one of the most generous souls who ever lived, but, after that first failure, he was as though he were shut in upon himself. Because he was hurt, he couldn't let people help him; he was too proud. I'm glad that during those last months he enjoyed the friendship of a glamorous woman like Dietrich who had more ability to make him happy than those of us who had been close to him in the days when he was on top of the world."

IT was box office that broke Jack Gilbert and I am wondering what that strange god will do to Robert Montgomery.

Bob has been fighting for better pictures, at least, his idea of better pictures, which means better roles for himself. He didn't want to play in "No More Ladies." He hasn't wanted to play in any picture that has been offered him since. So he has been off screen nearly a year and, meanwhile, Bob Taylor and Errol Flynn and Fred MacMurray and Henry Fonda have come up out of nowhere into the lights.

Julie Haydon, at Paramount, has been going through the same battle. She hasn't liked the roles offered her, so she isn't working, and, when she does get that right part, it may very well be like starting all over again for her.

But—Jimmy Cagney is on strike at Warners. And Jimmy can settle that strike whenever he wants to. Warners are ready. Warners are waiting. They've got a bunch of grand pictures lined up for the belligerent James. And why?

Jimmy is box office. Jimmy has been in the big box office ten for two years. He may stay there two years more, or less, but he's there now. He's got a fine picture before the public.

Jimmy can get away with anything he likes in Hollywood, because he brings the customers in at theaters everywhere.

Which, in a way, is all right, too. It means that you and I and the people like us really rule Hollywood and producers and stars. But I'll bet a lot of spoiled darlings, who dream of their art and take themselves very seriously and won't sign autograph books and refuse interviews and all the rest of that nonsense, get very annoyed when they realize that public favorite number one is Miss Shirley Temple, aged six.

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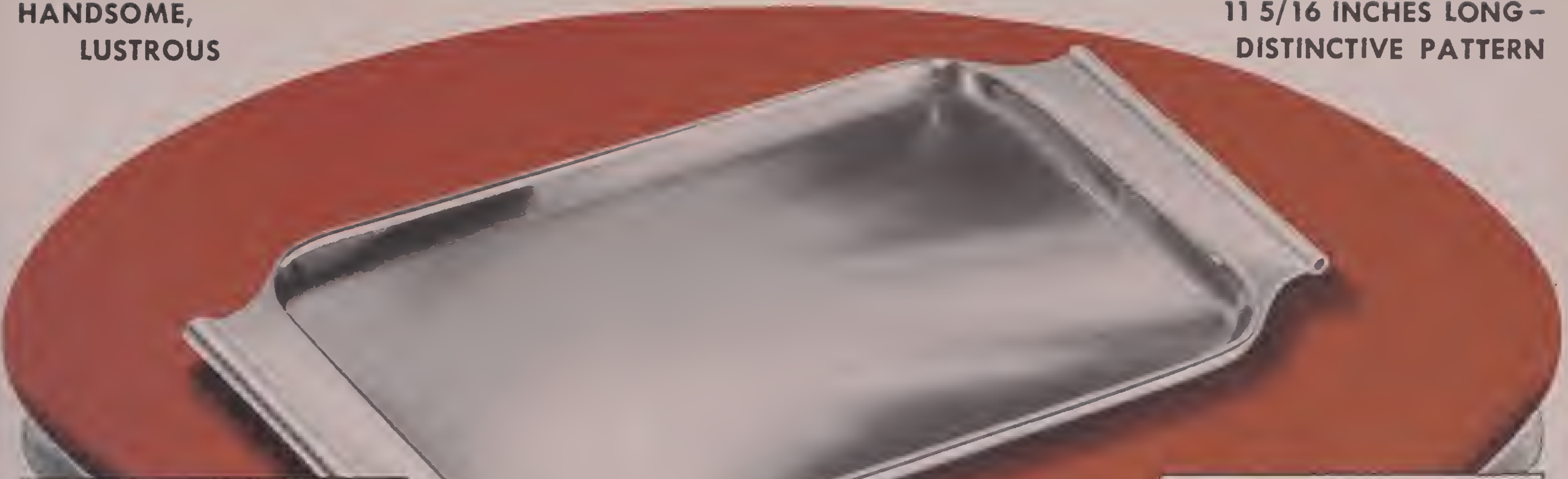

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1 tablespoon water

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WHY LESLIE HOWARD IS LEAVING THE SCREEN

It fell from his lips there in the moonlight . . . that beautiful word that knit their lives together. . . . The dream she had always dreamed was coming true. . . . But it might never have come true had she been a less fastidious person . . . Sensibly, she had long realized that to win and hold a man, a girl must be attractive in *many* ways . . . that above all, the breath must be pure and sweet . . . and that Listerine, the quick deodorant, is the thing to keep it that way.

LISTERINE *quickly checks halitosis (unpleasant breath)*

ROUGH COPY

Siren in Silver

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" makes her evade all close-ups—dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm

You naturally expect to see—from any lovely woman you meet—a lovely smile.

(*A flash of sound, white teeth. A glimpse of firm, healthy gums.*)

You *don't* expect to see—from a lovely woman—an unlovely smile.

(*An unpleasant glimpse of dingy teeth, tender gums.*) And you shouldn't. And you needn't!

The modern dentist knows how to avoid "pink tooth brush." How to correct it. How to treat the unpleasant mouth conditions due to soft foods and lack of massage. He will tell you what to do about it. And it's very reasonable.

Too many soft foods . . . not enough hard, fibrous foods . . . and consequently not enough work to keep teeth and gums normally healthy—these are the primary reasons why "pink tooth brush" is so common nowadays.

EXERCISE KEEPS GUMS HEALTHY

So modern dental practice encourages an oral health measure that's not only effective but very easy and simple—Ipana plus massage. All you do is to put a little extra Ipana on brush or fingertip, and rub it into your gums. Massage them thoroughly. Do it regularly, every time you brush your teeth.

You can tell that your gums are grateful by the healthier, cleaner "feel" to them. New circulation tingles through them. They feel less lazy. More alive . . . Less sensitive.

Make this gum massage with Ipana a part of your daily routine—morning and night. And "pink tooth brush" will probably always remain a stranger to you . . . gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease probably will be just words in a book. And the new whiteness of your teeth, the new brilliance of your smile, will make you wonder why every woman isn't using Ipana plus massage.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
REGISTERED
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK
IPANA plus massage is your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

MOVIE MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN, Eastern Editor
WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Editor

VOL. 8 NO. 6
MAY
1936

Edited from Hollywood

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COVER:

Natural Color Photograph of Shirley Temple by James N. Doolittle

IN THE JUNE ISSUE

(OUT APRIL 24)

A Heartache Put That Throb into Frances Langford's Voice

Once upon a time, this newest singing star was just a little girl in Florida with a big heartache—and no visions of the bright future that lay before her, to bring her happiness. Next month, we bring you the authentic story of Frances' early struggles for success—and that first big romance.

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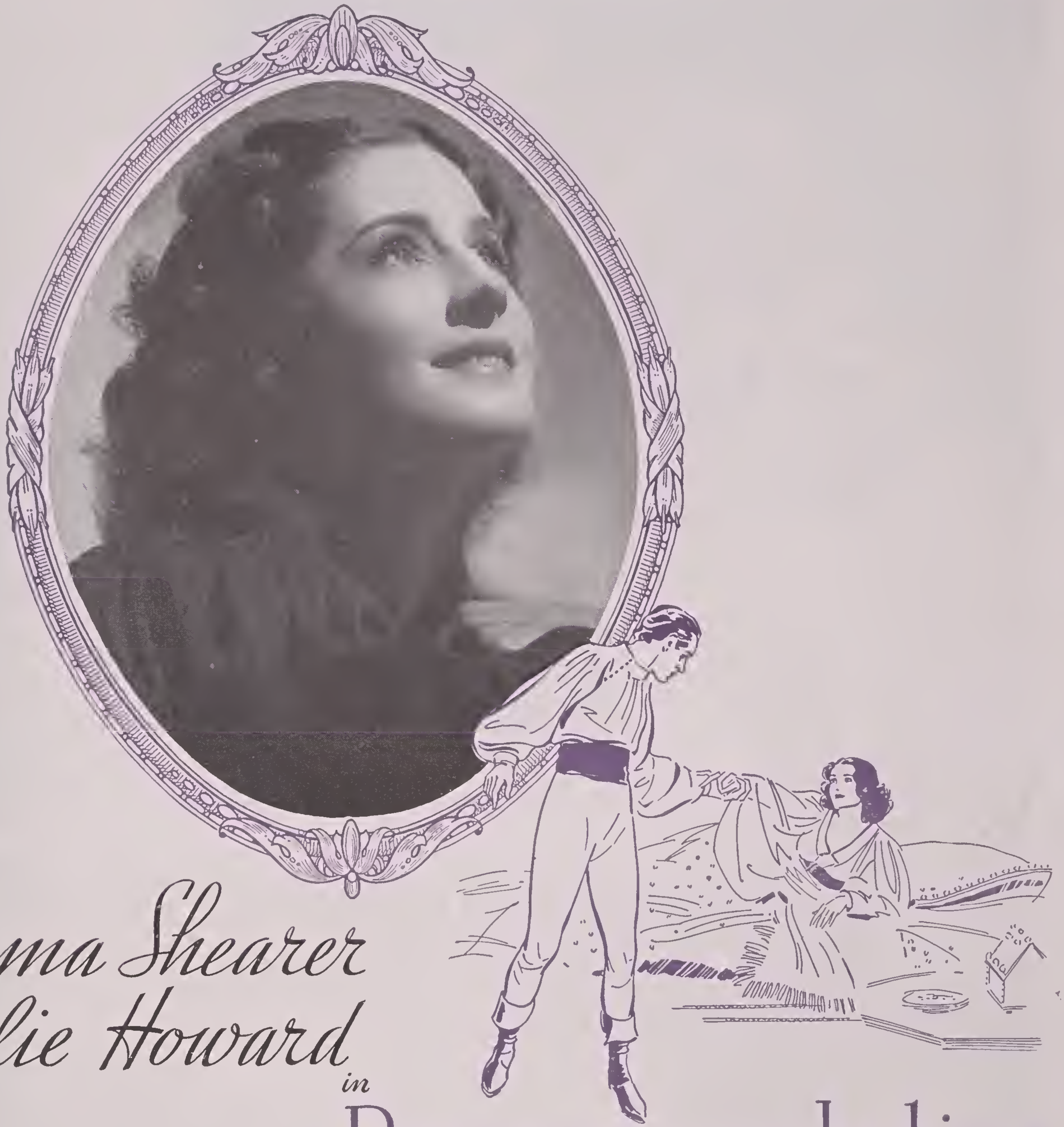
.THE MOTION PICTURE THAT IS EAGERLY AWAITED THE WORLD OVER



Norma Shearer
Leslie Howard
in
Romeo *and* Juliet
with
JOHN BARRYMORE

EDNA MAY OLIVER · VIOLET KEMBLE-COOPER
BASIL RATHBONE · CONWAY TEARLE
REGINALD DENNY · RALPH FORBES
C. AUBREY SMITH · HENRY KOLKER · ANDY DEVINE

To the famed producer Irving Thalberg go the honors for bringing to the screen, with tenderness and reverence, William Shakespeare's imperishable love story. The director is George Cukor. A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE.

THE HIDDEN HOLLYWOOD

Probably no actor in films has had more bad breaks than Dick Arlen, but does he complain? No, sir—he was full of hopeful plans for his trip to England when Hymie snapped this shot of him with Ruth at the Troc.

This month we unearth new proofs that Cinema City is still the most unpredictable town in all the world

By Ruth Waterbury

WHAT a giant brain I am! All month long with the most fatal instinct I've guessed everything wrong! Everything!

It started with the Dietrich preview. There I was with a perfectly good date for the Russian Ballet but along came "Desire" and I chose instead to go to that.

And what did I see. The first picture since the "decency drive" started almost two years ago that to me overstepped the boundaries which the studios automatically laid down for themselves at that time. There was Marlene, wrapped around with those divine Travis Banton clothes, more beautiful than ever, put into a picture smutty, sly and insinuating. Pearls and sables and Marlene and Gary Cooper and the direction all wasted on silly, unsympathetic piffle. I thought of "Tale of Two Cities" and "Captain Blood" and "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and all the other fine pictures recently and just wanted to go home.

CAME the night when they showed the Chaplin preview beginning at twelve-fifteen. And I laughed till I cried at the mechanical eating scene but after that I got bored. But when I came out along about two in the morning, my best friends came up to me and said, "Do you realize you've seen genius—*genius?*" And I certainly didn't.

OR take the afternoon when I thought I could help Claudette Colbert pick clothes. We went to the most exclusive shop in Los Angeles and they modeled a suit in the loveliest pink tweedy material. Claudette raved over the model in it, and we finally got Claudette to put it on. She was ravishing in it. So we said she had to buy it.

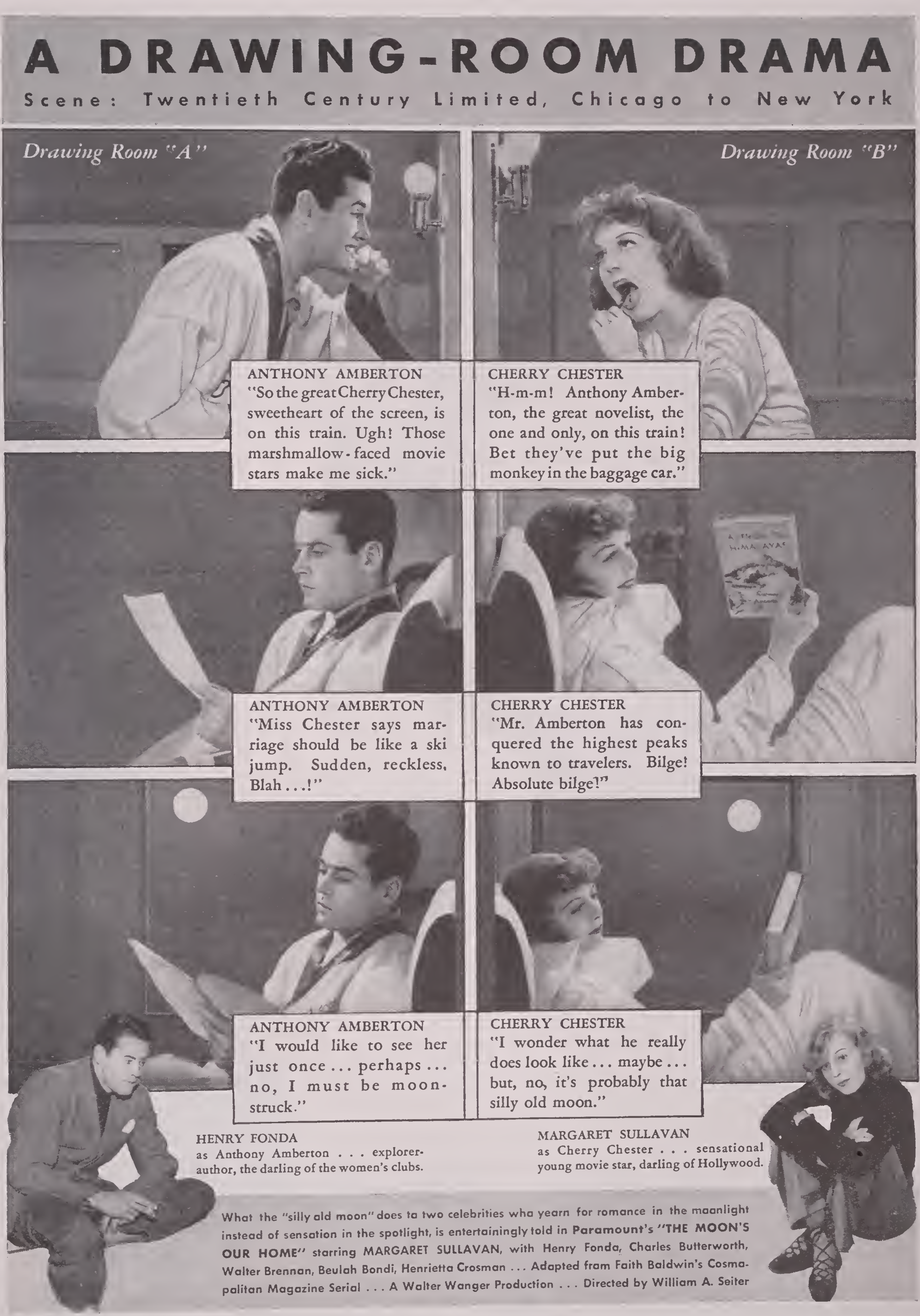
"Oh, I couldn't," said Claudette, "even though it is so lovely." We gazed at her, uncomprehending.

"Oh, I couldn't," said she who has been proclaimed the best dressed woman in Hollywood. "I'd—I'd look so conspicuous in it." Fancy having that face and that figure and that fame and being afraid you'd be conspicuous!

THERE was the Sunday night that I ran into Dick Arlen at the Trocadero. I braced myself for a set of complaints. After all, I hadn't seen Dick since he made that awful picture "Helldorado" at Fox. Meanwhile he'd had another no account picture, "Three Live Ghosts," at Metro. Tough breaks, pictures like those, and no actor's fault if they fail. And Dick is such a swell actor too. And one of the handsomest men I know. So I prepared for the long beef.

So Mr. Arlen proved to me my great knowledge of human nature by being gay and good humored and tolerant. He was going to England on his new contract and he liked the look of it. He told me about the pictures he is making here for Sol Lesser and how happy he is in those. And he wasn't acting. He was out with his wife, Joby, having himself a grand evening. He liked the world and he made me like it too. That grin you see us giving each other isn't any prop grin. We both felt that way when Hymie Fink caught us at that smiling stuff.

AND finally there was the day that Discovery, the Vanderbilt horse, was running at Santa Anita. The papers said it was too heavily handicapped. Everybody I met at the track—and you meet all Hollywood out there—said it was too heavily handicapped! But what I don't know about horses isn't worth knowing. It most certainly isn't worth knowing. But that day I knew so much I sneaked me up to a window when my friends weren't looking and smacked down five dollars to win on Discovery. Five dollars right on the nose, big sport that I am. So that was the day that Discovery came in seventh. He'd have probably come in farther back except that there were only eight horses running.



A DRAWING-ROOM DRAMA

Scene: Twentieth Century Limited, Chicago to New York

Drawing Room "A"

Drawing Room "B"

ANTHONY AMBERTON
"So the great Cherry Chester, sweetheart of the screen, is on this train. Ugh! Those marshmallow-faced movie stars make me sick."

CHERRY CHESTER
"H-m-m! Anthony Amberton, the great novelist, the one and only, on this train! Bet they've put the big monkey in the baggage car."

ANTHONY AMBERTON
"Miss Chester says marriage should be like a ski jump. Sudden, reckless. Blah...!"

CHERRY CHESTER
"Mr. Amberton has conquered the highest peaks known to travelers. Bilge! Absolute bilge!"

ANTHONY AMBERTON
"I would like to see her just once... perhaps... no, I must be moonstruck."

CHERRY CHESTER
"I wonder what he really does look like... maybe... but, no, it's probably that silly old moon."

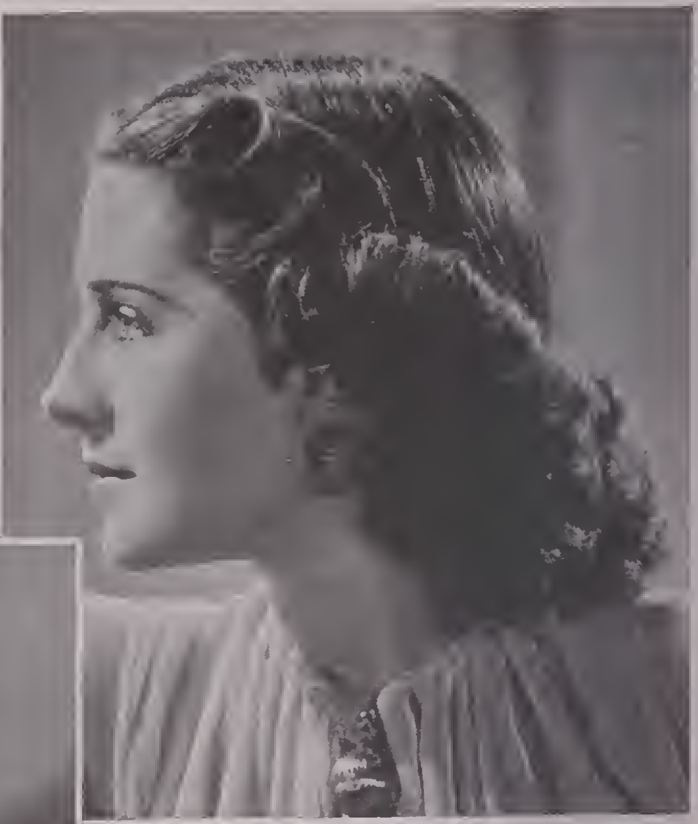
HENRY FONDA
as Anthony Amberton . . . explorer-author, the darling of the women's clubs.

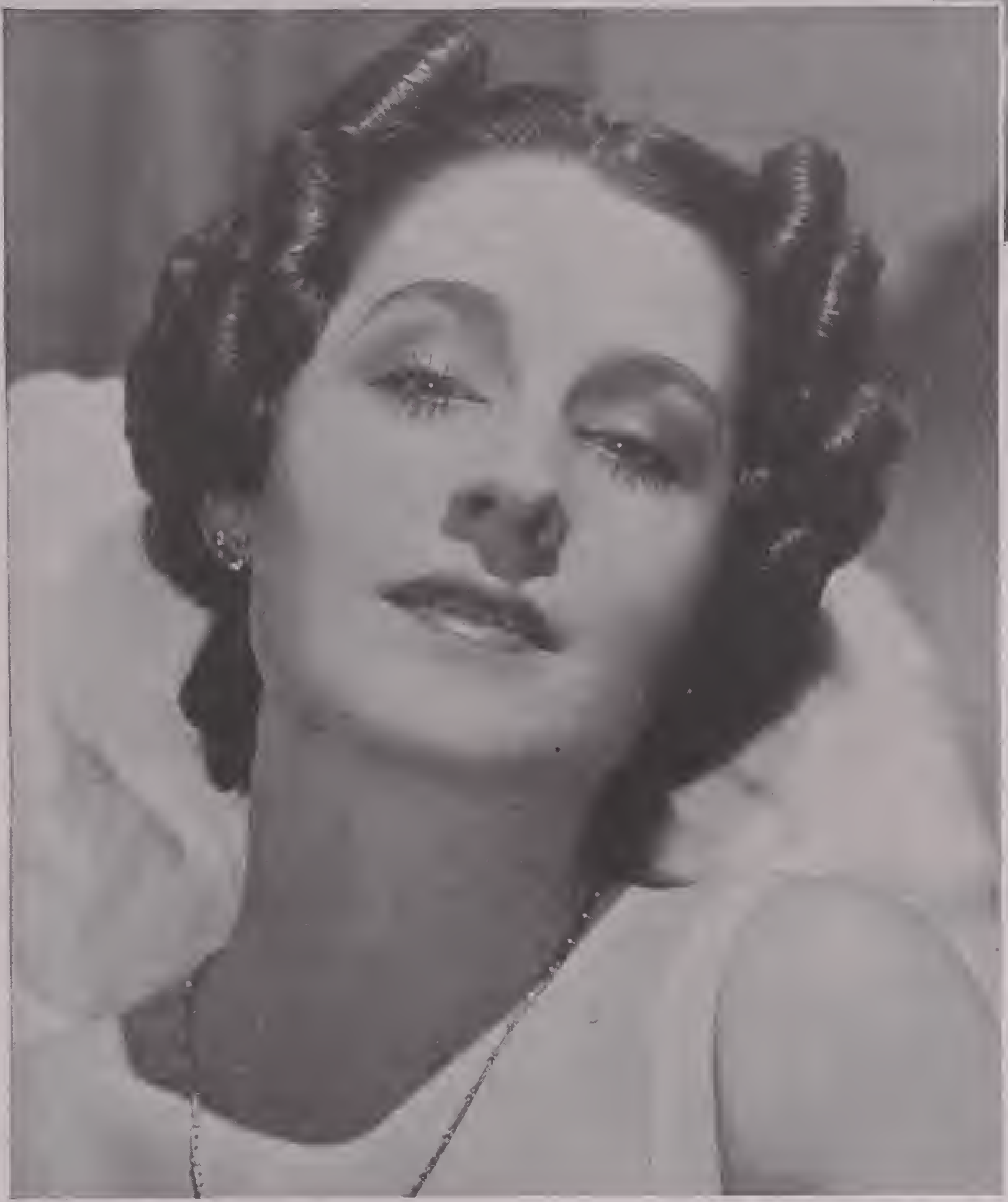
MARGARET SULLAVAN
as Cherry Chester . . . sensational young movie star, darling of Hollywood.

What the "silly old moon" does to two celebrities who yearn for romance in the moonlight instead of sensation in the spotlight, is entertainingly told in **Paramount's "THE MOON'S OUR HOME"** starring MARGARET SULLAVAN, with Henry Fonda, Charles Butterworth, Walter Brennan, Beulah Bondi, Henrietta Crosman . . . Adapted from Faith Baldwin's Cosmopolitan Magazine Serial . . . A Walter Wanger Production . . . Directed by William A. Seiter

Beauty IN THE HEADLINES

By GLORIA MACK





Because she takes such good care of her hair, Norma Shearer can dress it in almost any style. Those formal curls at left, for instance, or the famous Juliet coiffure shown above.

WRITE TO GLORIA MACK: Let her help you with a new coiffure, caring for the health of your hair, combatting dandruff. She will send you, too, if you ask for it, her famous complexion regime, and will advise you about safe reducing. And did you know that certain exercises are invaluable in stimulating a sluggish skin? This is a personal, confidential service, so don't hesitate to write me freely. Gloria Mack, c/o Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. There's no charge at all, but do remember to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

YOUR Beauty Department this month is almost entirely pictures, because that's what you asked for. So many of you wanted to know what's "happening in hair," and the best answer to that is, of course, pictures.

And just to make sure I was choosing them correctly, I went to call on someone I'll wager you'd all like to know. She dresses the hair of Norma Shearer, Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, Garbo and all the other stars at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Her name is Edith Hubner, so the next time you admire a coiffure in a picture from that studio, you can murmur, so knowingly, "Ah that artist, Edie."

For she is an artist, this Edie (as she is affectionatedly called by everyone on the lot). For seventeen years her skilled eyes and clever hands have contributed to the beauty of the screen, and when she talks about hair styles and how to choose them for yourself, you are listening to an expert.

I wanted, specifically, from her, some good, solid, general advice about hair; how to choose a becoming coiffure in the current fashion; and then I passed on to her the request so many of you have made recently for a new, unusual coiffure for parties.

Edie says that, first and foremost, a

(*Continued on page* 8)

The picture of Greta Garbo shows the beauty of healthy hair which has been properly shampooed and brushed.

CARL LAEMMLE presents

EDNA FERBER'S

"SHOW BOAT"

(Version of 1936)

starring

IRENE DUNNE

ALLAN JONES

with

Charles Winninger • Paul Robeson

Helen Morgan • Helen Westley

BEYOND QUESTION THE GREATEST SHOW-EVENT OF THE YEAR FOR ALL AGES

THIS 1936 version of Edna Ferber's superb story of the "SHOW BOAT," compared with which every production of its type pales into insignificance, is characterized by GLAMOUR — FASCINATING ROMANCE — BEAUTIFUL, LONG-TO-BE-REMEMBERED NEW MUSIC, new lyrics plus your old favorites, by the masters of melody, Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II, SCENIC MARVELS and ARTISTS OF RENOWN. We can't enumerate it s multitude of attractions. It will be a striking event in all theatres.

A CARL LAEMMLE, JR. production — directed by JAMES WHALE.

IT'S A UNIVERSAL, OF COURSE!

BEAUTY IN THE HEADLINES

These two views are needed to show you Mary Carlisle's newest coiffure for formal occasions. It's called the Princess Mary and is surprisingly easy to do.

girl should care regularly for the health of her hair, not only because of the beauty of such a head, but also because really healthy hair will respond to almost any arrangement you choose. She mentioned Norma Shearer as an outstanding example of this fact, and we certainly couldn't have a better one! Norma can do the amusing, delightful and beautiful things she does with her hair, because she takes such perfect care of it. Now there aren't any secrets about this. It's just plain commonsense applied regularly, but if you'd like a regular routine to follow, and haven't already had my hints on caring for your hair, write me and I'll be glad to send it to you.

I've used two of Norma's pictures here. Aren't those tight, perfectly placed, sculptured curls close to her head the most alluring things? The other one, of the Juliet hairdress, is important and I'll tell you about it later.

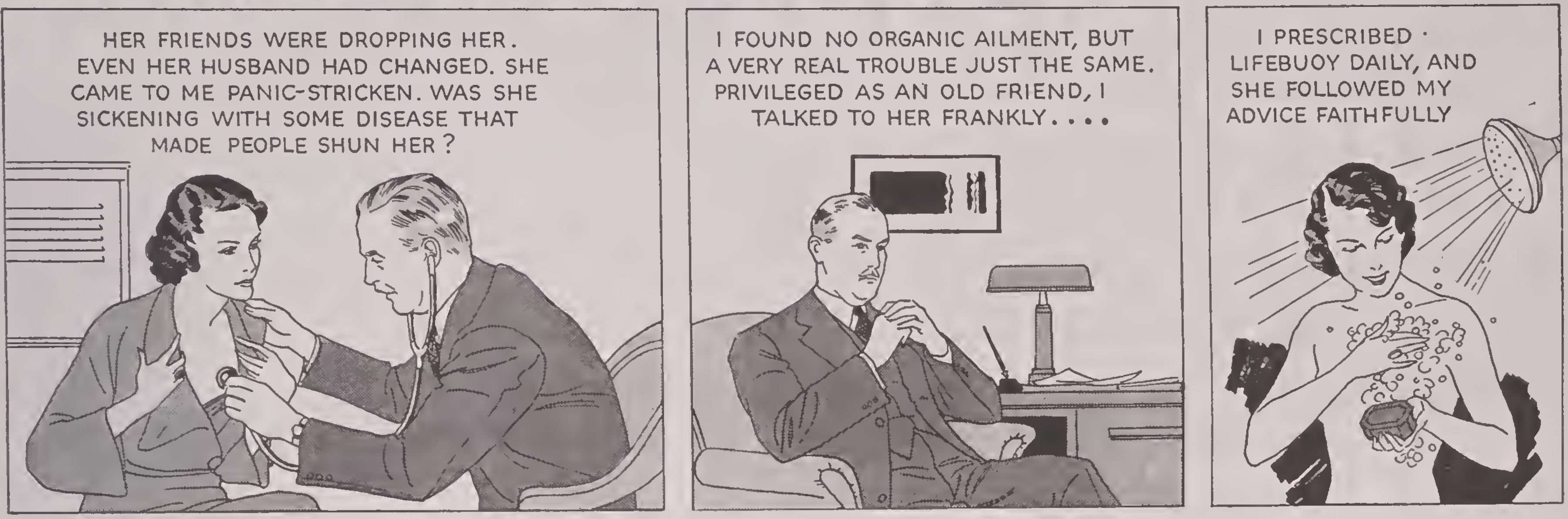
Then there are two things you must do, Edie says, when you are choosing a coiffure—perfectly simple things, but frequently neglected by lots of us. You must criticize it *from* a distance, see how it enhances, or detracts from your appearance in relation to your figure and height, as well as your face. For instance, a long bob may be excellent as you see it seated at your dressing table. It may be very bad, seen in a "long shot," because you aren't tall enough, or are too heavy to carry it. The other thing is always to use a hand mirror and scrutinize your head from every angle, not just the front one. Those curls over your cheeks may be just right from the front, but the shape of your head may make them all wrong, when seen from the side. In other words, see yourself as if you were a moving picture, which you are, instead of as a studio portrait.

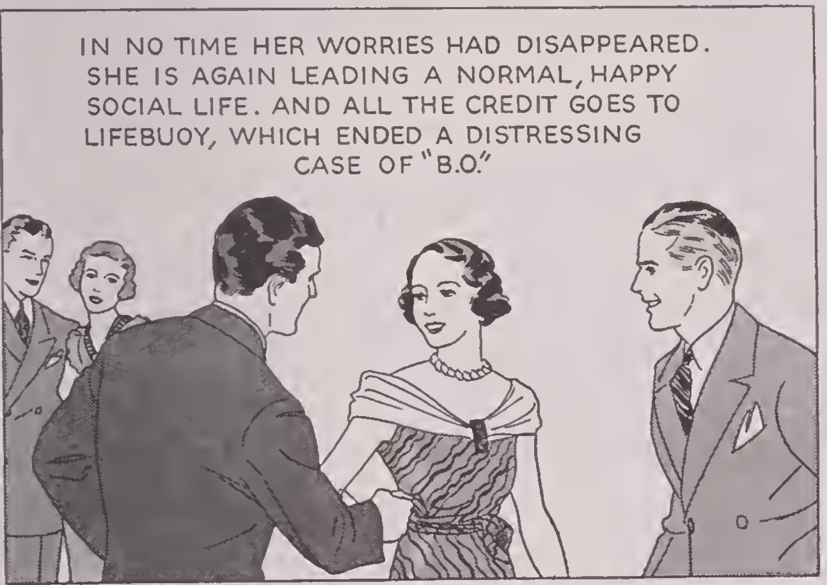
Now about current styles. Edie could speak about this with feeling, because she had just finished the difficult work for the new picture "The Great Ziegfeld," which is laid in the era of thirty years ago. In those days they certainly had "current styles," and no getting away from them for anyone, but today, individuality reigns. Do you like your hair short? Go ahead and cut it. Long? You are just as smart with a bun or a coronet braid. Shingled? Look what Katharine Hepburn did in her latest picture!

You are perfectly free to arrange your hair as you like, and just at the moment you can wear ribbons, clips, combs, even fresh flowers, if you feel that way. So go ahead and experiment. (*Continued on page* 113)

Una Merkel has two specially designed coiffures for the use of an extra braid, or for dressing exceptionally thick hair. Above, with a coronet; right, softly feminine.

DOCTOR, WHY DON'T PEOPLE LIKE ME ? (True "B.O." Experience No. 673, told by a physician)


HER FRIENDS WERE DROPPING HER. EVEN HER HUSBAND HAD CHANGED. SHE CAME TO ME PANIC-STRICKEN. WAS SHE SICKENING WITH SOME DISEASE THAT MADE PEOPLE SHUN HER?
I FOUND NO ORGANIC AILMENT, BUT A VERY REAL TROUBLE JUST THE SAME. PRIVILEGED AS AN OLD FRIEND, I TALKED TO HER FRANKLY....
I PRESCRIBED LIFEBUOY DAILY, AND SHE FOLLOWED MY ADVICE FAITHFULLY


IN NO TIME HER WORRIES HAD DISAPPEARED. SHE IS AGAIN LEADING A NORMAL, HAPPY SOCIAL LIFE. AND ALL THE CREDIT GOES TO LIFEBUOY, WHICH ENDED A DISTRESSING CASE OF "B.O."

A warning to us ALL

DOCTORS, dentists, nurses, teachers—people in every profession, in every occupation have true "B.O." stories to tell. Letters by the *thousands* pour in! The letter illustrated above is from a *doctor.* It's a real warning to play safe! Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Even in hardest water it gives abundant, penetrating lather. It *purifies* pores, stops "B. O." *(body odor).* Its own clean scent rinses away.

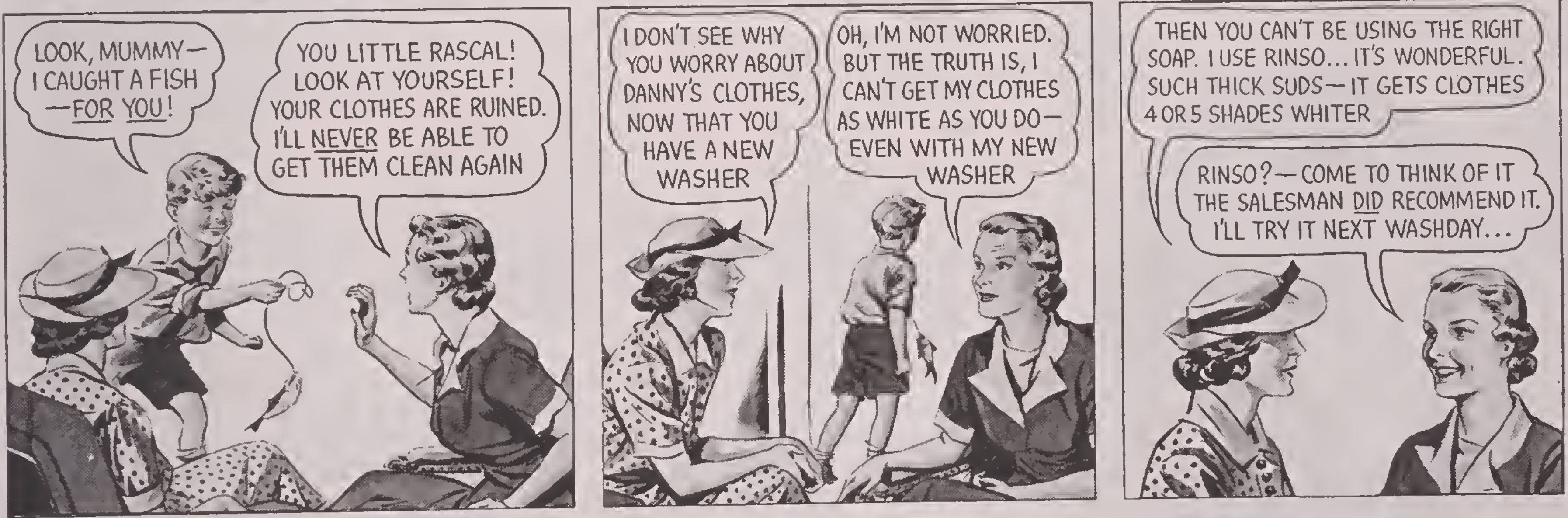
Give your complexion a treat!

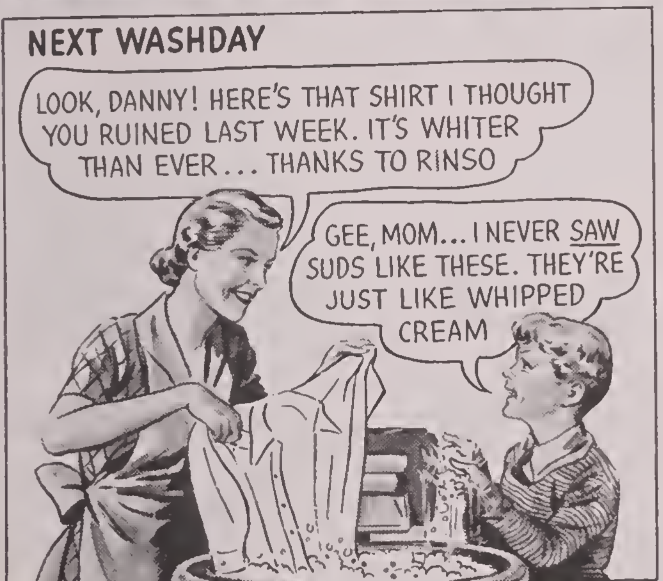
Use Lifebuoy! It rids pores of impurities that coarsen the skin . . . leaves complexions fresh, clear, glowing! Yet "patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show it is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP

A JOY TO SEE SUCH CREAMY SUDS


LOOK, MUMMY— I CAUGHT A FISH —FOR YOU!
YOU LITTLE RASCAL! LOOK AT YOURSELF! YOUR CLOTHES ARE RUINED. I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GET THEM CLEAN AGAIN
I DON'T SEE WHY YOU WORRY ABOUT DANNY'S CLOTHES, NOW THAT YOU HAVE A NEW WASHER
OH, I'M NOT WORRIED. BUT THE TRUTH IS, I CAN'T GET MY CLOTHES AS WHITE AS YOU DO— EVEN WITH MY NEW WASHER
THEN YOU CAN'T BE USING THE RIGHT SOAP. I USE RINSO... IT'S WONDERFUL. SUCH THICK SUDS—IT GETS CLOTHES 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER
RINSO?—COME TO THINK OF IT THE SALESMAN DID RECOMMEND IT. I'LL TRY IT NEXT WASHDAY...


NEXT WASHDAY
LOOK, DANNY! HERE'S THAT SHIRT I THOUGHT YOU RUINED LAST WEEK. IT'S WHITER THAN EVER... THANKS TO RINSO
GEE, MOM... I NEVER SAW SUDS LIKE THESE. THEY'RE JUST LIKE WHIPPED CREAM

"Gives thick suds—safe, economical," say these 33 famous washing machine makers

A B C
American Beauty
Apex
Automatic
Barton
Bee-Vac
Blackstone
Boss
Conlon
Dexter
Fairbanks-Morse
Fairday
Faultless
Gainaday
Haag
Horton
Magnetic
Meadows
National
"1900"
Norge
One Minute
Prima
Rotarex
Roto-Verso
Savage
Speed Queen
Thor
Universal
Westinghouse
Whirldry
Woodrow
Zenith

In tub washing, Rinso gives rich suds—*even in hardest water.* These suds *soak* out dirt without scrubbing or boiling. Clothes come whiter and brighter—*safely.*

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

Rinso
THE GRANULATED SOAP

THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR

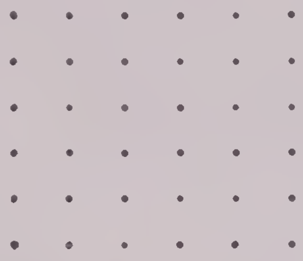
CONDUCTED BY

BETTY TURNER

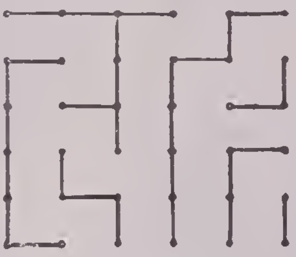
Shirley Temple loves to play games with pencils and crayons with her little friend Mary Lou (above, left). Below is her favorite game, as explained this month.

PRACTICALLY everybody in Hollywood likes to play games. Even when grown-ups go to parties in the evenings, you can count on it that before the night is over several games will be played. The whole movie colony is "game" crazy.

The little boys and girls working in pictures are the same way. They love playing games. Some are games that youngsters all over the country know and play. Others originate right here in Hollywood and go the rounds of the studio youngsters. So, this month I am going to give you exact instructions for playing some of the most popular children's games.



A



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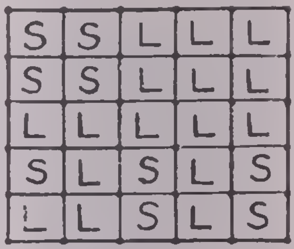


S	S	L	L	L
S	S	L	L	L
L	L	L	L	L
S	L	S	L	S
L	L	S	L	S

C

Many MOVIE MIRROR JUNIORS may already know "dots." This is Shirley Temple's pride and joy. She can beat almost everyone on the 20th Century-Fox lot at it, too. She plays it every spare moment, with anyone who will accept her challenge. She's *that* good.

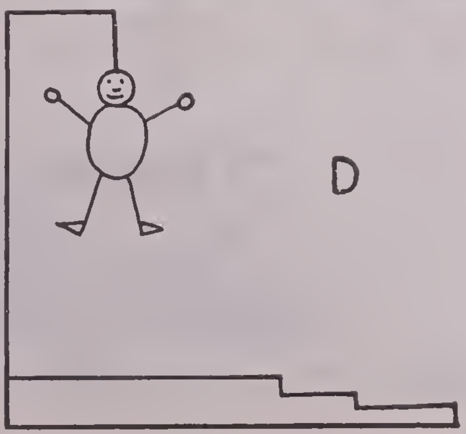
Directions: Make a dot diagram or get your big brother or sister to make it for you, with six lines of six dots each, as shown in the accompanying diagram, A.

It is played this way: Taking turns, each player draws a straight line connecting two dots, either horizontally or vertically. The excitement begins when nearly all the dots have been connected, since the object is to finish a square, but NOT to draw the third side, since that enables the opponent to draw the fourth and thereby make a square. When a player finishes a square, he writes his initial in the center and then has another turn. For each square he finishes, he gets another free turn. Get the point, now? In diagram B you can see how this game appears when any line drawn by the next player will enable his opponent to begin a free run. Diagram C shows a completed game with L the victor, having 16 squares. After one player has finished a square, he has to take a free turn, even though it puts a third side to a square and thereby enables his opponent to start a free run.

Edith Fellows' favorite game is called "Hangman." Here is how she plays it: Two of you can play. One draws a gallows (like diagram D) from which dangles a noose. This person thinks of a word and makes as many short lines beneath the gallows as there are letters in the word. That's four or six dashes or whatever letters the word counts to. The other player must then attempt to guess a letter of this word A. or B. or some letter. If the word includes this letter, the opponent marks

(*Continued on page* 114)

Young Edith Fellows is a pencil game fan, too, and likes to play "Hangman" (left) and the number game below. You'll see her next in "And So They Were Married."

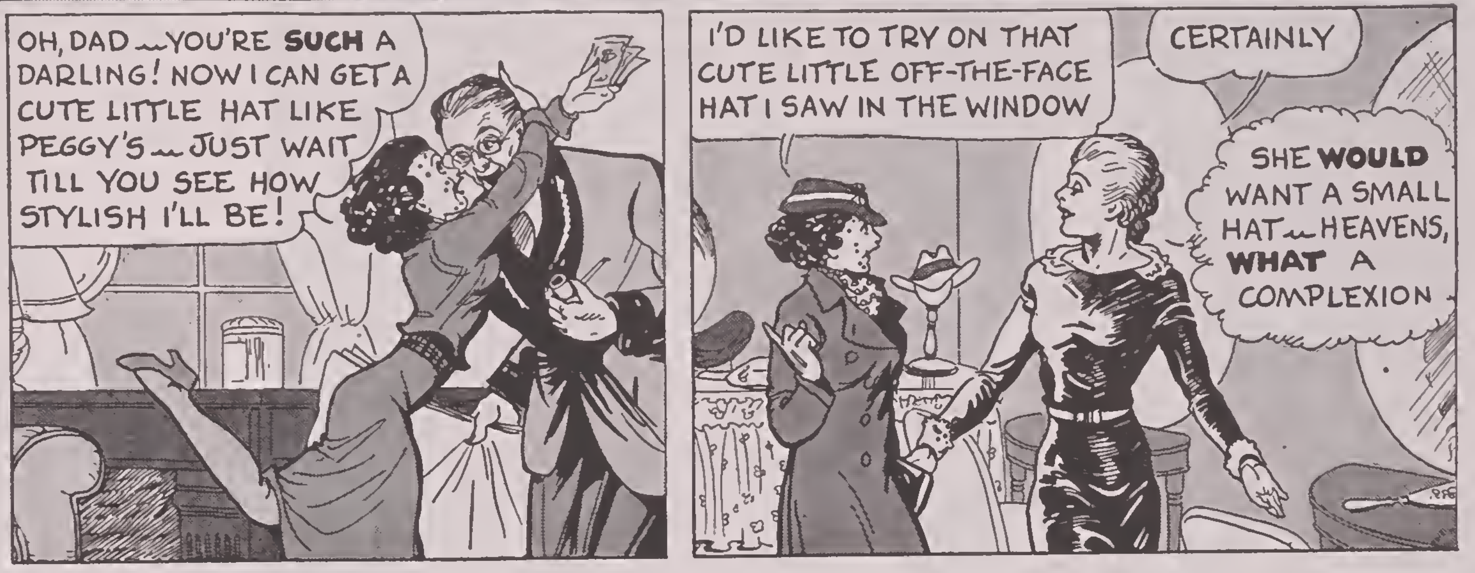


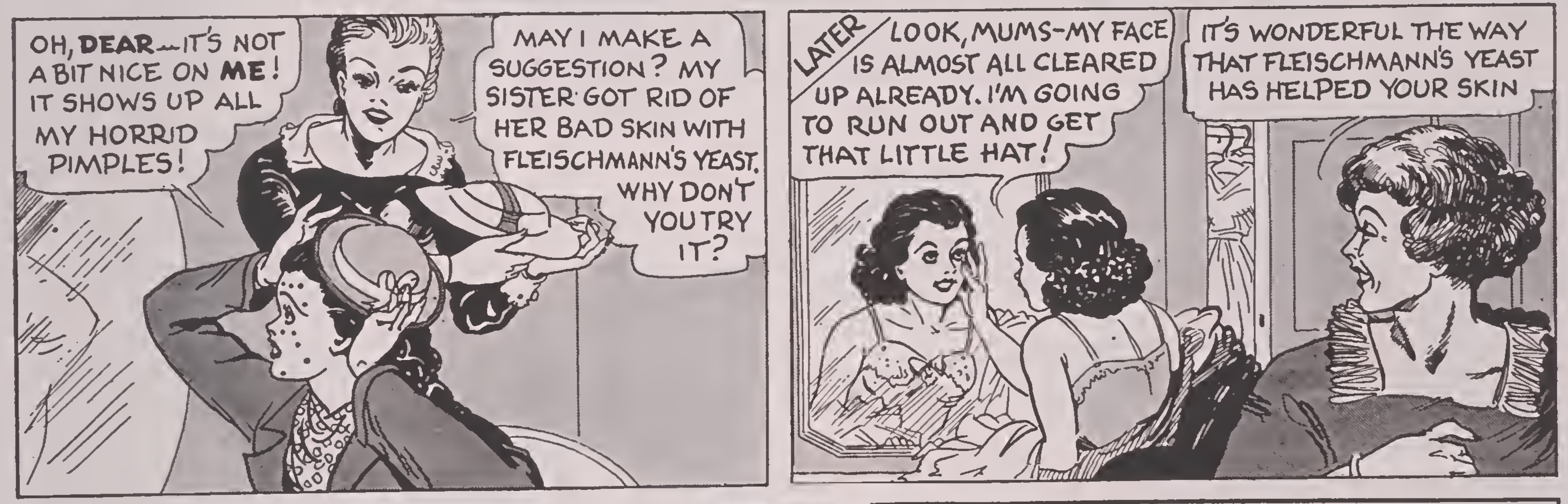
E

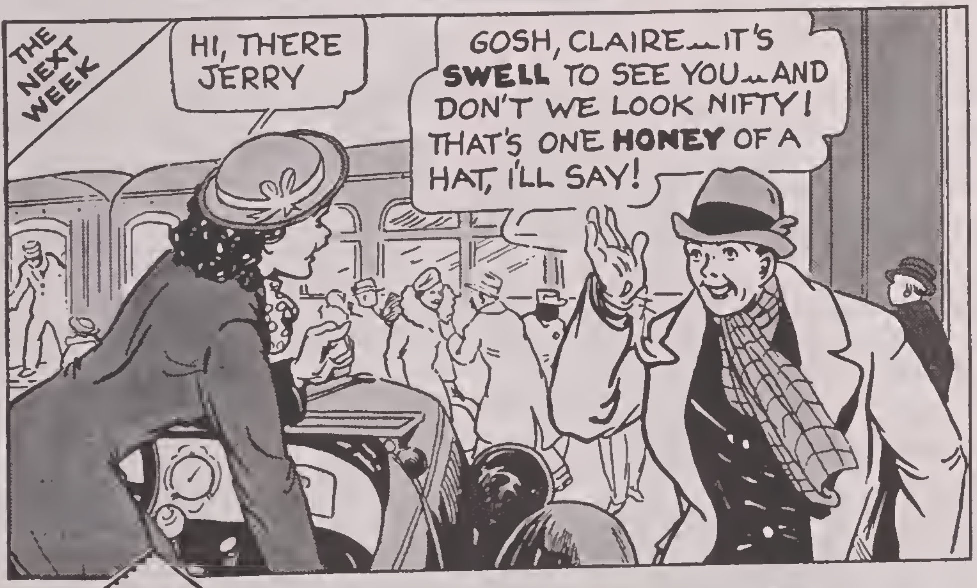
1
2 2
3 3 3
4 4 4 4
5 5 5 5 5
6 6 6 6 6 6
7 7 7 7 7 7 7
8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8
9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9

I WISH I COULD WEAR OFF-THE-FACE HATS!

BUT **NO HAT** LOOKS WELL ON TOP OF A PIMPLY FACE!


OH, DAD — YOU'RE **SUCH** A DARLING! NOW I CAN GET A CUTE LITTLE HAT LIKE PEGGY'S — JUST WAIT TILL YOU SEE HOW STYLISH I'LL BE!
I'D LIKE TO TRY ON THAT CUTE LITTLE OFF-THE-FACE HAT I SAW IN THE WINDOW
CERTAINLY
SHE **WOULD** WANT A SMALL HAT — HEAVENS, **WHAT** A COMPLEXION


OH, **DEAR** — IT'S NOT A BIT NICE ON **ME**! IT SHOWS UP ALL MY HORRID PIMPLES!
MAY I MAKE A SUGGESTION? MY SISTER GOT RID OF HER BAD SKIN WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?
LATER
LOOK, MUMS — MY FACE IS ALMOST ALL CLEARED UP ALREADY. I'M GOING TO RUN OUT AND GET THAT LITTLE HAT!
IT'S WONDERFUL THE WAY THAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST HAS HELPED YOUR SKIN


THE NEXT WEEK
HI, THERE JERRY
GOSH, CLAIRE — IT'S **SWELL** TO SEE YOU — AND DON'T WE LOOK NIFTY! THAT'S ONE **HONEY** OF A HAT, I'LL SAY!

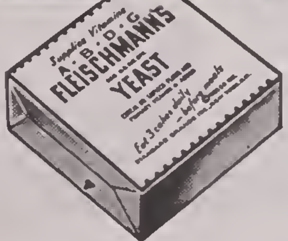
Don't let Adolescent Pimples keep YOU from looking your best

JUST when good looks make such a difference in good times—from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer—many young people become afflicted with ugly pimples.

During this time, after the beginning of adolescence, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin, especially, becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and pimples appear.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast helps to give you back a good complexion by clearing these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—pimples go!

Eat it *regularly*—3 cakes a day, before meals, plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today!


FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—*clears the skin*

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

"HER LIPS WERE REALLY ALLURING"

SAID WARREN WILLIAM

Read why this well known movie star picked the girl with the Tangee Lips

WARREN WILLIAM makes the lipstick test on the set of "The Gentleman from Big Bend", a Warner Brothers Production.

● We presented Mr. William to three lovely girls ...One wore the ordinary lipstick...one, no lipstick...and the third used Tangee. Almost at once he chose the Tangee girl. "I like lips that are not painted—lips that have natural beauty!"

Tangee can't give you that "painted look"—because Tangee isn't paint! Instead by its magic color change principle, Tangee changes from orange in the stick to the one shade of blush rose to suit your complexion. Try Tangee. It comes in two sizes, 39c and $1.10. Or for a quick trial send 10c for the Special 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES** . . . *when you buy. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation . . . there is only one Tangee. But when you ask for Tangee . . . be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *There is another shade called Tangee Theatrical, but it is intended only for those who insist on vivid color and for professional use.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

New FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee color principle

★ **4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET**
THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MA56
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.
Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel
Name ____________ Please Print
Address ____________
City ____________ *State* ____________

Speak for Yourself

MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted: $20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

$20 PRIZE LETTER

A Living Classic

I think it would bring a glow to the great heart of Dickens could he but see his masterpieces so miraculously brought to life upon the screen. I have just seen "A Tale of Two Cities." Blanche Yurka's powerful face and deep voice provide an ideal Madame DeFarge. Elizabeth Allan, Edna May Oliver, Henry Walthall and little Fay Chaldecott were born to play Dickens. The outstanding performances, however, were those of Isabel Jewell as the seamstress and Ronald Colman as Carton.

A series of scenes stand out. England at Christmastide, the carols and the snow; Dr. Manette tapping, tapping at his shoes; Lucie, young and fair in her ruffles, painting china in the garden; Sydney Carton's dark, woeful, compelling eyes and sad rogue's face, the candle dripping dolefully above his drunken head; the marquis' horses plunging upon the starved child; the famished people lapping up spilt wine in the gutters; the knitting women; the jurors; the storming of the Bastille; the little, weeping, frightened seamstress staring at Carton's face for courage; his own face in the shadow of the guillotine; the final whisper: "It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done . . ."

These things are unforgettable.

Mrs. Mary Barger,
Brockton, Mass.

$10 PRIZE LETTER

Bright Lights of Broadway

I suppose I should have been born with a golden spoon in my mouth. Or at least I thought so, until I saw "Hide Out." Ever since I can remember, I have wanted things that were beyond my scanty-salaried father. And then when I became eighteen, I would build air castles all day. Sitting curled up in a chair, not even knowing when Mother would ask me to do some little job about the house. I would dream of just the things Robert Montgomery was doing. Dreaming of entering some

Joan Bennett is riding along the highroad of success at last, with starring contracts for both Walter Wanger and Paramount. And in the latter's "13 Hours by Air," she has two of the most popular new leading men—both John Howard and Fred MacMurray.

famous night club looking like a princess. Broadway, bright lights, gorgeous clothes, foreign cars.

Then I went to see "Hide Out." All these things, I learned, mean nothing. A little country girl who was dressed up in a print dress. She didn't need all the glamorous things to find happiness. So I say produce more pictures like these. It may save many young girls of today having clandestine affairs to achieve those things of the glitter world.

Margaret Santrock,
Ronda, West Virginia.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Oh, "Rose Marie," I Love You!

A few months ago I decided not to see any more pictures with opera stars, because I saw so many like "Metropolitan," "Here's to Romance," etc. They are all the same stories, about a poor singer who, at the end, gets the girl and fame in the opera house, but yesterday a friend gave me and my mother tickets to Grauman's Chinese Theater, so we saw "Rose Marie," with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. This picture to me was just like spring coming to town. Those two delightful voices in one picture! At last here is a picture with wonderful singing in it and still there was comedy, romance and excitement (and it didn't end up in the Metropolitan Opera House). This sure makes me a darn loyal MacDonald and Eddy fan.

Verena Weidler,
Hollywood, Calif.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
A Pound of Flesh or Two

If the producers wish to improve the movies for the eyes of most of the men and all of the women weighing 160 and trying to reduce to 140, they will divert some of their large budgets to feeding the stars. When, since "Whoopee," has there been a picture that wasn't filled with moving feminine skeletons, except "Mutiny on the Bounty?"

If you don't think I am right, take a poll of that beautiful group of girls selected by the directors—namely, their secretaries—and I'll wager they will average 125 pounds or better.

Here's to a picture where the girl's hips don't stick out like oars on a boat and ribs like washboards. Until then, maybe some theater will run "Whoopee."

Charles B. Neal,
Kansas City, Mo.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Real Color Films

Let's try a "colored" musical! I think it would be a great treat. We fans get tired of the same kind of shows all the time. Give the colored movie stars a chance to produce a real rhythm show. The people here (*Continued on page* 101)

"Camay can help you to Discover Beauty"

WINTER PARK, FLA.

Camay does more for one's skin than any woman has the right to expect. And it really can help you to discover beauty.

Sincerely,

(Signed) Harriette Louis
(Mrs. Paul Louis)

August 20, 1935

She's as vital and glowing a young modern as you ever saw—this new Mrs. Paul Louis. And, like so many other young moderns, she has a skin as soft as her own Florida sunshine, and as smooth as those gardenias in her wedding bouquet . . . "And *that's* the Camay touch," says Mrs. Louis.

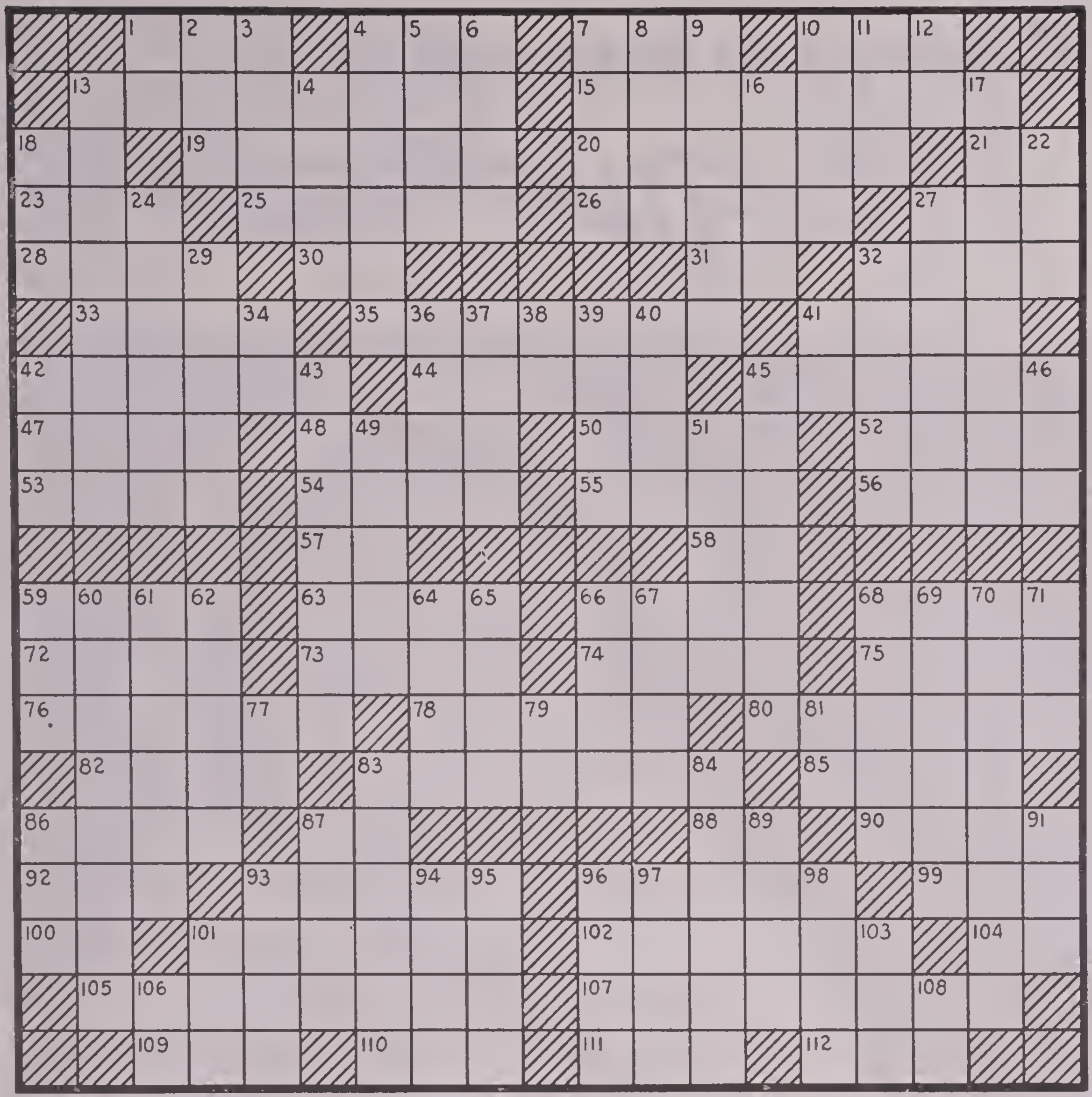
And you'll be equally generous, once you see how very gently and mildly Camay treats *your* own skin.

Those busy little bubbles cleanse more deeply. That's why they lift, and float away, every impurity. And that rich Camay lather brings you new smoothness and softness. Don't wait another minute. Order at least a half-dozen cakes of Camay—now. The price is *very* low.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
CAMAY
CAMAY

CAMAY
The Soap of Beautiful Women



MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

MOVIE MIRROR awards $20 for the best original puzzle submitted in February to Mr. Irving Nemecek, 12509 Harvard Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. Why not try your luck? You may win the same amount. You must create a new and original puzzle. No trick words, no phoney definitions, please. We cannot return puzzles. No award is paid for solutions of published puzzles. Address Puzzle Editor, Movie Mirror, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

H	O	W	A	R	D	▨	C	A	B	O	T	▨	M	I	L	L	E	R
A	L	I	N	E	▨	M	A	N	N	E	R	S	▨	V	I	O	L	A
R	A	N	D	▨	G	A	R	Y	▨	R	I	T	A	▨	L	I	L	I
O	N	E	▨	D	E	L	L	▨	B	▨	P	E	R	T	▨	S	I	N
L	D	▨	L	O	N	A	▨	J	O	E	▨	N	E	A	R	▨	S	E
D	▨	L	O	V	E	▨	G	A	B	L	E	▨	S	L	U	R	▨	R
▨	D	A	R	E	▨	C	A	N	▨	D	A	M	▨	A	T	E	S	▨
B	O	N	D	▨	P	O	I	▨	▨	▨	S	A	M	▨	H	A	L	L
A	L	E	▨	K	E	L	L	Y	▨	B	Y	R	O	N	▨	L	E	E
T	O	▨	B	E	A	L	▨	▨	▨	▨	▨	L	U	I	S	▨	E	W
O	R	B	▨	G	R	E	T	A	▨	B	R	E	N	T	▨	E	P	I
N	E	I	L	▨	L	E	E	S	▨	L	A	N	D	▨	P	R	E	S
▨	S	L	I	M	▨	N	A	T	▨	A	R	E	▨	L	A	I	R	▨
P	▨	L	E	O	N	▨	K	E	E	N	E	▨	J	A	C	K	▨	B
O	M	▨	S	N	I	P	▨	R	O	E	▨	F	A	Y	E	▨	C	O
W	A	R	▨	A	L	A	N	▨	N	▨	H	O	N	E	▨	C	A	L
E	R	I	N	▨	S	U	E	T	▨	B	O	R	E	▨	C	O	R	A
L	I	M	I	T	▨	L	E	O	P	O	L	D	▨	R	A	M	O	N
L	E	Y	T	O	N	▨	D	O	N	A	T	▨	D	O	N	A	L	D

HORIZONTAL

1. --- Munson
4. A duet
7. Organ of hearing
10. He's in "I Found Stella Parrish"
13. Mrs. Franchot Tone
15. She stars in "Miss Pacific Fleet"
18. "-- Wilderness"
19. He stars in "Mr. Hobo"
20. Opinion
21. She's in "The Tale of Two Cities" (init.)
23. Official of a game (abbr.)
25. Quantities of medicine as prescribed
26. Chairs
27. Bebe Daniels' husband
28. Makes a mistake
30. Ginger Rogers' husband (init.)
31. He played in "The Right to Romance" (init.)
32. A very small particle
33. Wheel tracks
35. She stars in "Hands Across the Table"
41. Mister (German)
42. To assimilate
44. Past of bear
45. "Lives of a ------ Lancer"
47. Ardor inspired by enthusiasm
48. Dry
50. A river in Egypt
52. These are used in a game of chance
53. Measures of cloth
54. To satisfy the appetite
55. Paradise
56. Speaks
57. He's in "The Lady Consents" (init.)
58. "Two -- the Dark"
59. Go!
63. The picture "Black ----"
66. Capable
68. Assists
72. A tune
73. Prefix meaning before
74. "Hat ---- and Glove"
75. A bird
76. He stars in "The Tale of Two Cities"
78. A jeweled headdress
80. Regis ------
82. Manner or carriage
83. She recently married Dr. Joel Pressman
85. The central part of a wheel (pl.)
86. Possesses
87. Swedish comedian
88. The picture "-- Nellie"
90. One of Jean Harlow's pictures "Red ----"
92. "The Case of the Lucky ---s"
93. Author of "Silas Marner"
96. A state of insect life
99. Abbr. for slow as the road-signs have it
100. He's in "Grand Exit" (init.)
101. Lionel Barrymore played the part of "------ Lupin"
102. Seas
104. She's in "Strike Me Pink" (init.)
105. He sings in "Metropolitan"
107. She resembles Linda Watkins
109. Thing
110. How many nights in a bar-room?
111. Hot (Scot.)
112. A word having the same meaning as another word (abbr.)

VERTICAL

1. Correlative of either
2. To scold constantly
3. Stricken with reverential fear
4. Pertaining to the back
5. To insist on
6. Short poems
7. Declines
8. On the side opposite the wind
9. Heroine of the serial silents
10. Fifteenth day of March on the ancient Roman calendar
11. American Engineers in France
12. The Cubs are in this baseball league (abbr.)
13. Ex-Mrs. Cary Grant
14. "Dance, ----s, Dance"
16. ---- Naldi
17. He's in "Two Fisted"
18. Exist
22. "It Happened --- Night"
24. Thrifty
27. Lucrezia ------, duchess of Ferrara
29. She starred in "The Wedding Night" (possessive)
32. Repairs
34. She's in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" (init.)
36. Announcement of decease
37. Fashion
38. Actor who turned band leader (init.)
39. She stars in "Chatterbox"
40. Actor who has a hospital dedicated to his memory
41. Pronoun
42. Mrs. Joel McCrea
43. Actress now deceased
45. Mrs. Gene Markey
46. "--- Miserables"
49. He sang in "The Cat and the Fiddle"
51. She played in "Ruggles of Red Gap"
59. A pouch
60. He's in "Annapolis Farewell"
61. Indisposed
62. Domesticates
64. He's in "Two Sinners"
65. He played in "Tarzan and His Mate"
66. A measure of land
67. A wild pig
68. Audibly
69. A poetical foot of two syllables, the first short, the last long
70. Actress lately mourned
71. The heavens
77. A before a vowel
79. He played in "The President Vanishes" (init.)
81. Stan Laurel's partner (init.)
83. A lawyer's patron
84. A menace
86. He teams with Johnson (nickname)
87. Otherwise
89. ---- Lebedeff
91. He plays in "Annapolis Farewell"
93. Commits an error
94. "---- in a Lifetime"
95. Hal Le Roy starred in the picture "Harold ----"
96. Lake (Scot.)
97. A pain
98. Conjunction (pl.)
101. Reverential fear
103. Crafty
106. Suffix of or belonging to
108. He's in "Forced Landing" (init.)

The most tragic triangle of all—

HUSBAND...WIFE *and* FEAR

Back of most marriage failures, say family doctors, is woman's *fear*, born of ignorance and half-truths. "Lysol" would help to prevent many such needless tragedies.

IGNORANCE of proper marriage hygiene, and the "incompatibility" it brings, is estimated to be the cause of more than half the divorces in America today.

The nervous fears of a wife...her natural reluctance to be frank about such a delicate subject...a husband's puzzled resentment. These are the rocks on which thousands of marriages crash.

How stupid—how sad—that this tragedy should go recklessly on—when there is one simple method which has earned the confidence of millions of women who use it regularly...the "Lysol" method.

There are two important properties of "Lysol" which make it valuable in antiseptic marriage hygiene. (1) It has an exceptional *spreading* quality; it reaches germs where many ordinary methods can't reach. And, (2) it remains effective in the presence of organic matter (mucus, serum, etc.) when many products *don't work*. Yet in the proper solution, "Lysol" is dependable and harmless to sensitive tissue. *So* dependable and harmless, it is used in the delicate operation of childbirth.

The use of "Lysol" gives a reassuring sense of *antiseptic* cleanliness. But, far more important, it gives you peace of mind, free from that tension of suspense that leads to so many needless heartaches.

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. SAFETY..."Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2. EFFECTIVENESS..."Lysol" is a *true germicide*, which means that it kills germs under practical conditions...even in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). Some other preparations don't work when they meet with these conditions.

3. PENETRATION..."Lysol" solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus virtually *search out* germs.

4. ECONOMY..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.

5. ODOR...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears *immediately* after use.

6. STABILITY..."Lysol" keeps its *full* strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

•

New! Lysol Hygienic Soap...for bath, hands, and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

Lysol
Disinfectant

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. MM5
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

*Name*____________________________

*Street*____________________________

*City*______________*State*______________

© 1936, Lehn & Fink, Inc.

INSIDE STUFF

By PETER ABBOTT

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Above, Elsa Maxwell (behind the whiskers), famed party-thrower, Doc Martin, Mrs. Donald Ogden Stewart, Countess di Frasso and Carole Lombard at the hilarious formal affair—at high noon!—given for Mrs. Stewart at Jock Whitney's.

Left, a glimpse of Bee Stewart's face as the merrymakers surprised her (she can't go to night parties just now, you see). Above, Kay Francis ('way in the distance, with the tiara), Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Marion Davies, Doug (Senior) and Carole, who arrived on a stretcher—in an ambulance!

HOT NEWS: The **Sinclair Lewis** novel, "It Can't Happen Here," has been shelved by M-G-M. Latest rumors are that it was feared the film might involve the company by reason of its unpopularity in foreign countries.

Fred MacMurray walked out after replacing **George Raft** in "Concertina," but after a satisfactory financial agreement and a new contract he returned to the picture.

Joe E. Brown will invade the Orient shortly with his own semi-pro baseball team.

Marlene Dietrich, quitting her present uncompleted picture, "I Loved a Soldier," leaves Hollywood for England. She promises to return for one picture in the fall.

That famed party stager, **Elsa Maxwell,** will run up a "Red and White" party for **Countess di Frasso.** This will allow **Norma Shearer** and **Jeanette MacDonald** to wear blue. They are two of the girls who wore colors at **Carole Lombard's** recent "White" party.

The only picture showing **Mae West** as "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is owned by **Freddie Bartholomew,** who has refused his bosses request for its use in a publicity campaign for his own "Fauntleroy," since Miss West asked him to keep the picture secret.

Lila Lee is to stage a come-back in "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford," with **William Powell** and **Jean Arthur.**

Clark Gable missed the role of "step grandfather" by two months. **Mrs. Gable's** daughter, recently married in Texas with Clark as a witness, has just entertained the stork.

They call him **Bob Montgomery, "Sr.,"** on the M-G-M lot these days because he now has a Bob, "Jr."

Miriam Hopkins may go to England in the near future to make a picture with **Doug Fairbanks, Jr.**

In celebation of the tenth anniversary of sound pictures, Warner Brothers will remake "The Jazz Singer," again starring **Al Jolson.**

SCENE FROM "SAN FRANCISCO"

JEANETTE MACDONALD pushes aside the swinging doors and timorously enters the notorious Paradise Cafe on the Barbary Coast. As she enters, Clark Gable is planting a kiss on the cheek of a slumming dowager while

All the latest dope on the flicker stars—their laughs, dreams, disappointments and romances!

Gable dancing with Virginia Bruce at Jock Whitney's. His ribbon reads: "The Beatrice Stewart Annual Nervous Breakdown Ball." What a party!

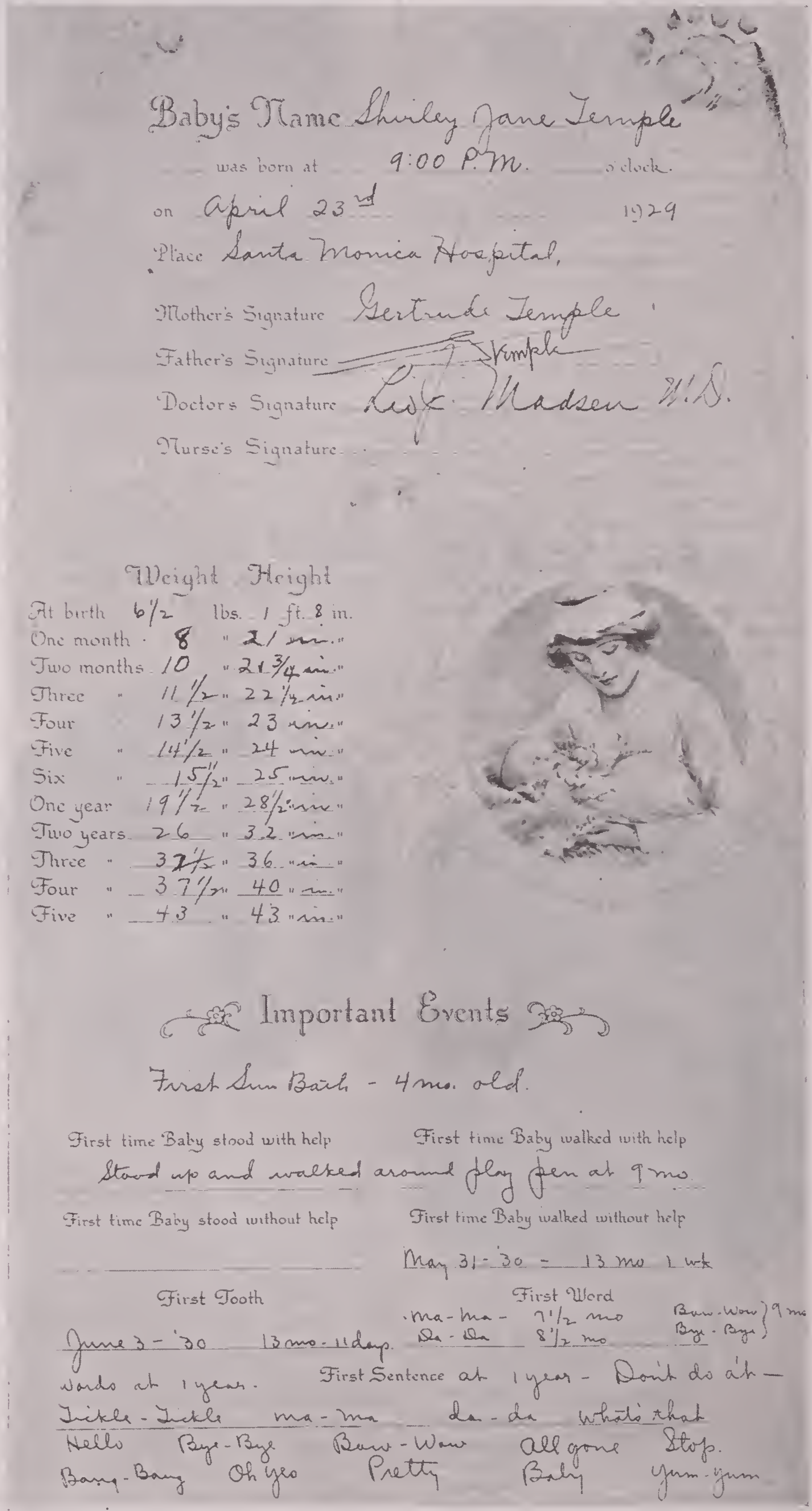
Ted Healy is warbling a merry tune of 1905 vintage. It is New Year's Eve and the swells of San Francisco are ringing in 1906 with song and revelry.

It's a grand scene, but we were particularly anxious to see Spencer Tracy. Spencer is playing the role of a priest in this film and, although he is rated by his fellow actors as the best actor in Hollywood, we have an unreasonable desire to see him in this new role.

Formal clothes didn't keep the stars off the tennis courts—not with sunlight all around them—and here are Clark and Carole, who have Hollywood predicting big romance these days.

Shirley's Baby Book

What is more precious to a mother than her child's first records? In Mrs. Temple's case, the whole world shares that interest, so she graciously permits us to reprint these early pages from Shirley's life. (See Album, page 56.)



Baby's Name Shirley Jane Temple
was born at 9:00 P.M. o'clock.
on April 23rd 1929
Place Santa Monica Hospital,
Mother's Signature Gertrude Temple
Father's Signature G. Temple
Doctor's Signature Leif J. Madsen M.D.
Nurse's Signature

	Weight	Height
At birth	6½ lbs.	1 ft. 8 in.
One month	8 "	21 in. "
Two months	10 "	21¾ in. "
Three "	11½ "	22½ in. "
Four	13½ "	23 in. "
Five "	14½ "	24 in. "
Six "	15½ "	25 in. "
One year	19½ "	28½ in. "
Two years	26 "	32 in. "
Three "	32½ "	36 in. "
Four "	37½ "	40 in. "
Five "	43 "	43 in. "

Important Events

First Sun Bath - 4 mo. old.

First time Baby stood with help — First time Baby walked with help
Stood up and walked around play pen at 9 mo.

First time Baby stood without help — First time Baby walked without help
May 31-'30 - 13 mo 1 wk

First Tooth
June 3-'30 13 mo.-11 days.

First Word
Ma-Ma - 7½ mo
Da-Da 8½ mo
Bow-Wow
Bye-Bye } 9 mo

words at 1 year. First Sentence at 1 year - Don't do it -
Tickle-Tickle ma-ma da-da What's that
Hello Bye-Bye Bow-Wow All gone Stop.
Bang-Bang Oh yes Pretty Baby Yum-yum

IF **Perspiration were a TIGER**

—you'd jump to protect yourself from its ravages! Yet the insidious corroding acid of perspiration can destroy the under-arm fabric of your dresses as surely, as completely, as the scarifying claws of a tiger's paw!

Answers to thousands of questionnaires revealed the astounding fact that during the past year perspiration spoiled garments for 1 woman in 3! What appalling wasteful extravagance, when a pair of Kleinert's Dress Shields would have saved any one of them at trifling cost.

And this *surest* form of perspiration protection is now the *easiest* also! Kleinert's Bra-form is a dainty uplift bra equipped with shields—always ready, *without any sewing*, to wear with any dress at any moment. A supply of two or three solves the perspiration problem for the busiest woman and they're as easily swished through the nightly soapsuds as your stockings and lingerie!

Just ask for "Kleinert's" at your favorite notion counter—shields, 25¢ and up; Bra-forms, $1.00 and up.

Kleinert's
T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
DRESS SHIELDS
Kleinert's
Guaranteed BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

INSIDE STUFF, Continued

It isn't all grim work and soft-footed silence on the great sound stages. For example, take this picture of Eric Blore, Beverly Roberts, Joe E. Brown, Wini Shaw and Director Lloyd Bacon between scenes of "Sons o' Guns," on the Warner lot.

Above, Fred Astaire seems to think he's picked a winnah at Santa Anita racetrack—but that was before the race!

Left, Luise Rainer at the Trocadero with Joe Schenck, on one of her infrequent evenings out. The gal's sensational as Anna Held in "Great Ziegfeld."

WE were out on the set of "A Message To Garcia" the day they backed an ambulance up to the door and carted away a middle-aged actor playing extra in the swamp scenes. They said it was one of the first jobs he had ever had and we became interested in him.

The following day, when we inquired about the extra's state of health, we almost had convulsions at the answer: It seems that the little guy had been so impressed with the realism of the sets that had been constructed to resemble a Cuban swamp that he had been afraid of jungle fever and his illness was the result of an over-dose of quinine.

It was fun on that set. We listened to Barbara Stanwyck's quickly learned Spanish for a few lines and got a laugh out of John Boles with a stubble of beard.

* * *

WE want to warn Gene Raymond that while he is personal appearancing, Jeanette MacDonald is Trocing with Henry Fonda. Better hurry home, Gene, because MacDonald won't stay put.

THE QUESTION IS

What two beautiful actresses have the similar habit of feeding their dogs in the dining room during guest dinners?

Can you name the three so-called bad boys of the movies who are shocking the natives by eating peach Melbas at the Troc every evening?

Try naming at least half of the parents of the eight babies expected in Hollywood within the next eight months.

Can you name the beautiful actress who has been waiting ten years for her future husband's wife to get a divorce, and is getting mighty sick of the delay?

Who is the famous star, now broke, who holds the record (made in 1925) for having spent most cash for a ready-made outfit at Hollywood's most exclusive shop: $1,500.00?

Name the actor who, when told he was in line for the "best performance" award said, "It's silly. I don't deserve mention." Or can't you believe that an actor ever said those words?

Can you name the actor whose future is in doubt because he is *too* good looking?

* * *

SHIRLEY TEMPLE interviewers will have to leave their kids home from now on. Twice, recently, interviewers have brought their own children on the set and each time the visiting youngster has set up a howl during shooting. Maybe they can't keep quiet and watch Shirley demonstrate how easy it is to make $5,000 a week at the same time. At a cost of $1,000 an hour, one yip is costly. Tiny tots please note.

* * *

NEW YENS FOR GENERAL TEA

ALTHOUGH Benita Hume is rumored to be in the mood for reconciliation with her estranged husband, Hollywood can't help smiling. Her recent escort has always been the same man, Ronald Colman.

The biggest yen-fest of the month is the one found on the set of "Small Town Girl" where a studio big shot is pining away for Isabel Jewell, Isabel is wasting away over James Stewart, who in turn has it bad for Janet Gaynor, and Janet is rumored to be toppling in the direction of Bob Taylor who is in love with Irene Hervey.

* * *

ADD FIRST WORDS

THE following few words are important in the history of Hollywood because they are the very first phrases uttered by that newcomer, Paulette Goddard, for the press: "The fact that I was given the chance to portray a gamin in 'Modern Times,' a character totally different from Hollywood's conception of me, leaves a greater scope for me in the future."

P. S.: We called everyone on the telephone immediately to find out just what

THIS IS THE WOMAN WHO SAID:

"What's the difference, all laxatives are alike!"

THE LADY above made a mistake. A grave mistake . . . yet lots of people make it. She said, "What's the difference—all laxatives are alike." And that's where she was wrong!

One day she was constipated, and took a laxative. Picked it at random. It happened to be a harsh, quick-acting cathartic that raced through her system in a couple of hours. It upset her. Nauseated her. Sent pains shooting through her stomach. Left her weak—weary. . . . Such drastic remedies should *never* be taken, except on the advice of a physician.

DON'T SHOCK YOUR SYSTEM

When you need a corrective... and who doesn't every now and then? . . . don't make the mistake of assuming that all laxatives are alike. They're not!

You'll feel a whole lot better when you take a *correctly timed* laxative. One that won't rush through your system too quickly. And yet, one that is completely thorough.

Ex-Lax is just such a laxative. It takes sufficient time—6 to 8 hours—to work. Hence, your system is not thrown "out of rhythm." You aren't upset, disturbed, nauseated. You don't suffer from stomach pains. Ex-Lax action is so mild, so easy, you scarcely realize you've taken a laxative—except for the complete relief you enjoy.

Another thing . . . Ex-Lax will never embarrass you with ill-timed after-effects.

A PLEASURE TO TAKE

With Ex-Lax you say farewell to bitter, nasty-tasting purgatives and cathartics. Because Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. It's a real pleasure to take, not a punishment. Get a box today—only 10c at any drug store. You'll also find a still more economical family size for 25c.

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A GB Production

INSIDE STUFF, Continued

The Trocadero's new oyster bar is Hollywood's rendezvous of the moment. Above, Ann Dvorak, Bob Taylor, Irene Hervey, Mitch Leisen and Chef Harvey Carpenter, oysterman.

At the swanky opening of "Modern Times," Hymie snapped this shot of the principals and their party—Constance Collier, Paulette Goddard, Lady Hayward and Charlie.

the Hollywood conception is—but no one was home.

* * *

TEN years ago, when silence was still golden, Richard Dix followed the lead of most of the famous of that day by hiring his own "set orchestra." The other day, we went out to watch him do a few scenes for "Devil's Squadron" with Karen Morley. The big surprise is that he still uses the set orchestra—and the same boys are playing! It's the only one left.

* * *

WE think it might be a nice touch if Irene Dunne, Claudette Colbert, Mary Astor and one or two others would get together and call on Mae Clarke. What have all these gals in common? Well the group could at least stand under Mae's window and sing: "We who have already married doctors, salute you!"

Yes, Mae Clarke is on the verge of marrying a medico, too. In Hollywood, they turn the old familiar fiction trend the other way around. Long have we read plots where the bachelor falls in love with his nurse; but in the cinema village, the girls go for the doctor-in-charge.

* * *

THE Santa Anita Ball, following the big handicap, is sure running into some heavy competition. They expected, of course, that the guest list would include most of the bigger stars of Hollywood. But the gang are having a party of their own that same night called the

Screen Actors' Guild Ball. Here are some of the reasons we think Hollywood will be missing at the Handicap Ball: Joan Crawford chose the music for the Actors' Guild shindig; Jimmie Cagney is chairman of the entertainment committee, Frank Morgan, Lyle Talbot and Fred Keating are all to be masters of ceremony and, as if those aren't enough reasons, the tickets to the other party are sold for a mere $40.00 a pair!

* * *

GEORGE O'BRIEN has suggested to the stewards at the race track that a special race be held in which all the Western stars of Hollywood will ride their own horses. He also suggests that the studios put up the purse. Now, George, this is no time for jokes!

* * *

BY the time you read this, Dolores Del Rio will probably be on her way to Europe for an extended career in foreign films. Not only will she do the usual English film, but France and Germany are after her for a number, too. It seems that the exotic beauty of Del Rio is well understood by international audiences and, to add to her value, she is quite a linguist.

You might be surprised to learn the names of several big stars who have *not* been invited to make pictures abroad. Some of our best box-office bets are "too Yankee" for international taste.

* * *

EVEN if Norma Shearer hadn't made that controversial appearance at Carole Lombard's all white Mayfair party in an all-red gown, she would still be in the undercover news of Hollywood this very moment for her recently earned title "Hollywood's Lost Lady." She just doesn't seem to go anywhere these days.

Norma and her husband, Irving Thalberg, are usually inseparable, but during this hiding out spell while she is making "Romeo and Juliet," Mr. Thalberg has taken to attending previews and such alone, or with his bridge-playing crony, Samuel Goldwyn.

* * *

WE overheard a famous star complimenting Isabel Jewell for her fine acting in "Tale Of Two Cities" and "Ceiling Zero" and after the famous one had raved for quite some time, Miss Jewell cried:

"But I don't *want* to be a great actress! I just want to be a great personality—like you!"

And she's right! The great personality stars in pictures get five thousand a week while the great actress plays small parts for a fraction of the money.

* * *

AT this writing, the Carole Lombard-Robert Riskin romance is colder than Dutch (*Continued on page* 108)

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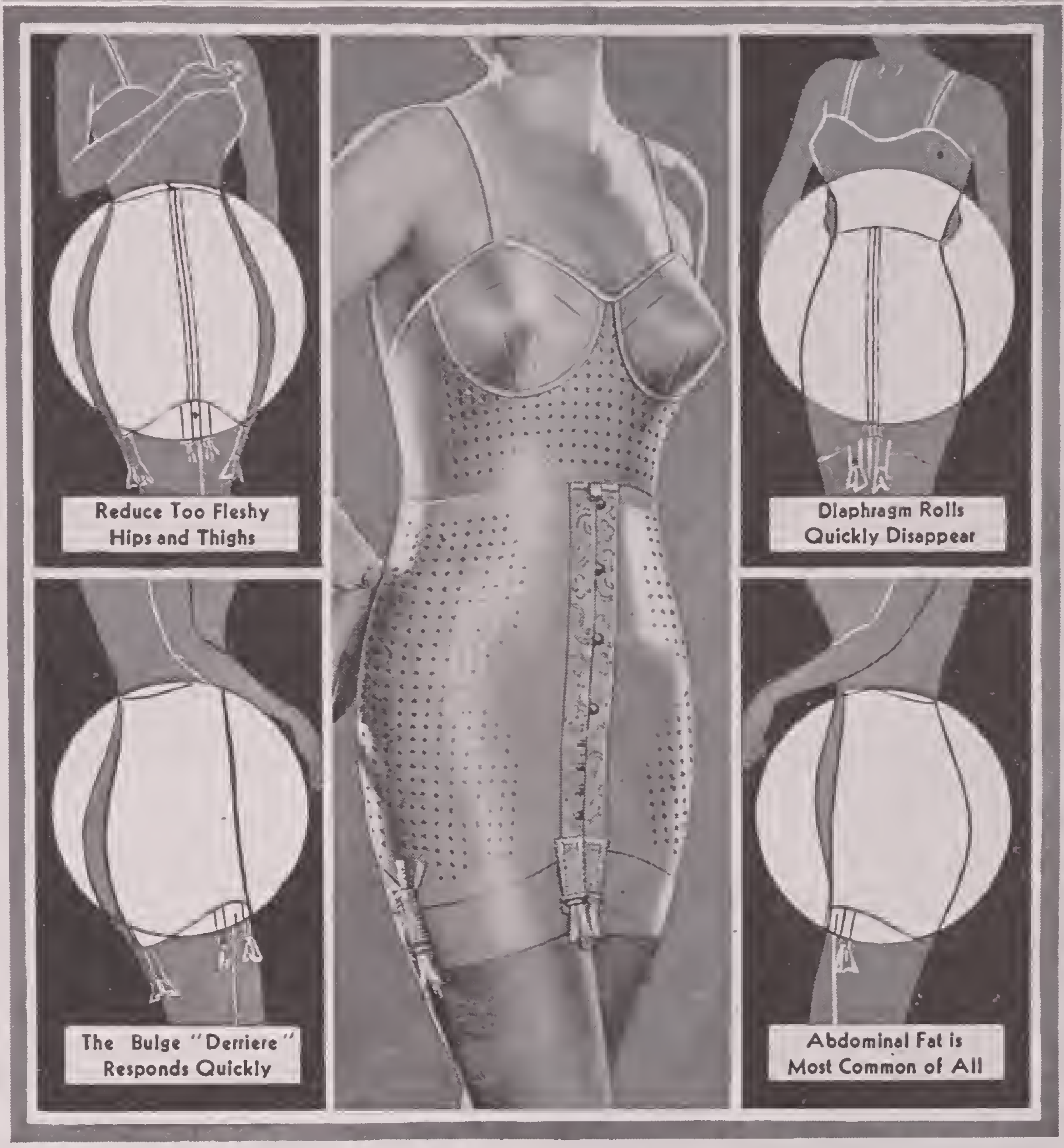
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■ No strenuous exercises to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!

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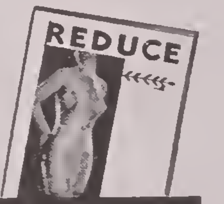

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I LOST THAT DIZZY AND BILIOUS FEELING

TODAY I FEEL LIKE A MILLION!

AND HERE'S HOW I DID IT!

When I went to bed last night, I felt dizzy and bilious. So I tried the FEEN-A-MINT 3-minute way that I've been reading about. I just chewed delicious FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes, and today I feel like a million dollars. What a difference from the harsh, griping action of old-fashioned "all-at-once" cathartics! It's good for the children too. They love its fresh, minty chewing-gum taste. And don't forget—FEEN-A-MINT is not habit-forming. Ask your druggist for FEEN-A-MINT today—15c and 25c a box.

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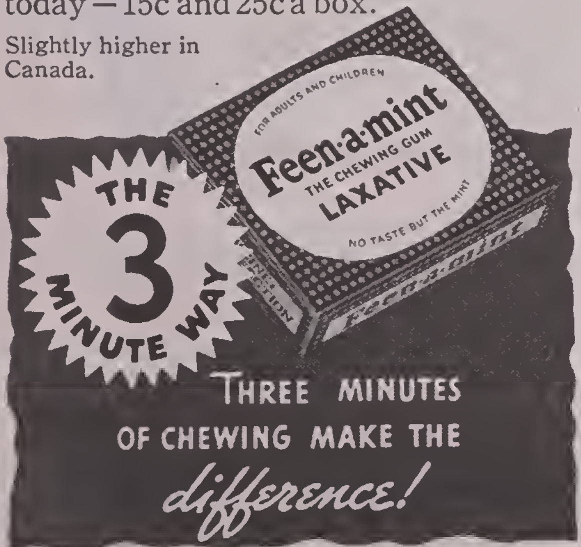

THREE MINUTES OF CHEWING MAKE THE *difference!*

Cooking Department

CONDUCTED BY PAULINE NELSON

MORE ABOUT SALADS! Write to Pauline Nelson for many more interesting salad dressings, including the special reducing-diet dressing, a mayonnaise recipe, and a fascinating list of different flavors to be used in dressings. You should have these to add to your cooking file, and remember, there isn't any charge, just enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you write me. Pauline Nelson, care of MOVIE MIRROR, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

THE right salad for the meal, and the right dressing for the salad. If you pay attention to those two things, your menus will acquire a sophisticated flavor out of all proportion to the amount of work which is involved.

You are always safe in serving a plain, green salad with a simple dressing, but nothing so stamps a hostess as lacking in knowledge and finesse, as a perfunctory piece of wilted lettuce served with a dab of dressing! It looks tasteless, and it generally is.

Salad greens should be washed and set to crisp at least an hour before they are to be served, but since properly prepared salad greens will keep for almost a week on ice, I think the simple way to avoid adding this work to the time for getting each meal, is to fix the salad ingredients as soon as they come from the market.

Lettuce is the most generally used, but the same method applies to escarole, endive and the other greens. To prepare your salad, first cut off the thicker part of the root end, and remove the outer, coarser leaves. Now hold under running water, and carefully separate the leaves, being sure each one is thoroughly washed. This is not only to wash away possible dirt and other foreign matter, but to remove any spray which may have been used while the plant was growing. Shake thoroughly and lay in a piece of cheesecloth that has been wrung out of cold water. Place very near, or on, ice.

Plain salad is generally served with French dressing, but to avoid monotony, take advantage of the many variations of this. For instance, you can change

At right is the buffet salad plate described in this month's article, which combines variety with simplicity. Below, all the ingredients you need for preparing mayonnaise.

the flavor subtly by using lemon, grapefruit or lime juice in place of vinegar. And you should realize the possibilities of flavor in the kind of vinegar you use! Don't keep just a vinegar bottle on hand. Have an assortment and use it cleverly, for there is cider vinegar, tarragon, the red wine vinegar and others. Ask your grocer. I'll wager you'll be surprised at the kinds of vinegar you've never sampled! Really good food is achieved by the clever interchange of ingredients, quite as much as by the recipes used. This applies to the oil you put in your dressings too. Good olive oil is a staple, but don't stop there, even if your budget permits the regular use of olive oil. Discover the slightly different delicious flavors of the many oils which are prepared from sources other than olives, and which are generally less expensive.

With French dressing as a base, you can vary the taste with different additions. The recipes I have prepared to send you this month, include many suggestions along this line which I know you will want to have on reference.

A heavier salad, of meat or fish or a potato salad, can serve as the main dish of an excellent luncheon, in a menu to include a clear bouillon, some extra good kind of hot bread or special crackers, and a dessert. This menu is particularly good as a choice when you aren't sure what time the meal is to be served. The salad can be mixed, the greens put to crisp, the crackers readied for a freshening in the oven, and the dessert and bouillon made early in the day. Getting such a meal on the table is a quick business yet it doesn't smack of the delicatessen.

When you are preparing such a heavier salad, you have a most amazing breadth of choice. Someone remarked recently that she honestly believed anything could be made into a salad, except possibly ice-cream and oysters. I said I could narrow that down, as I had made a good, and certainly unusual salad from oysters!

I shan't attempt to enumerate the endless salad combinations, but I do want to remind you that many fruits, cooked and raw vegetables, fish and meat are greatly improved by being marinated—allowed to stand in a cold place, mixed with French dressing. When ready to serve, drain off the surplus dressing. Salad ingredients are frequently marinated even when other dressings are served with them.

And don't forget the many different kinds of cooked dressings that are so good with cabbage and fruit salads, as well as others.

Mayonnaise! What a bugbear that word is to many cooks, and quite unnecessarily. Of course you can buy the prepared mayonnaise and I hope you will, using the different brands, as each has an individual flavor which should

JITTERY?

It's upsetting to every woman—that haunting fear of embarrassment. It hampers you at work or at play.

And yet—there's no excuse for "accident panic" now. The new Modess is *certain-safe*. It's one sanitary pad that *can't* betray you!

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It stays safe—it stays soft—the new Modess.

No striking through—as with many ordinary reversible pads. Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back. No chafing—the edges stay dry. Wear *blue* line on moisture-proof side *away* from body—and sure protection is yours!

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End "accident panic"—ask for Certain-Safe

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PHIL REGAN and EVALYN KNAPP in "LAUGHING IRISH EYES," a REPUBLIC PICTURE

SPARKLING EYES . . . an invitation to ROMANCE!

SPARKLING, LAUGHING EYES . . . eyes that say more than words can ever express . . . are the eyes that fascinate men, that invite romance.

Now, every girl can have eyes that sparkle . . . eyes that radiate life and beauty. Just a touch of WINX Mascara to the lashes and instantly they appear darker, longer, and more lustrous. It works wonders—brings out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes—enlivens your whole appearance.

Once you try WINX you readily understand why so many smart, well-groomed women use WINX regularly for both daytime and evening make-up. You will like the way its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft at all times.

WINX Mascara is offered in four colors—black, brown, blue, and green—and in three convenient forms—the *new* Creamy WINX (which is gaining in popularity every day), and the old favorites, Cake WINX and Liquid WINX. All are harmless, smudge-proof, water-proof, non-smarting, and easy to apply.

Your local drug and department stores carry WINX Mascara in the economical large size. You can also obtain the complete line of WINX Eye Beautifiers in *Introductory Sizes* at all 10¢ stores.

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WINX CREAMY MASCARA
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he alternated with your own home-made mayonnaise.

But by all means learn to make mayonnaise. I've shown you a picture, taken in my own kitchen, of what you need to begin with, and there's nothing very difficult looking about that set-up, is there? It's all in knowing how, and when you fully understand the process, very easy. Since I don't want to be short of space when I begin to explain making mayonnaise, I'm not going into it here, but will be glad to send it to you when you write me.

The picture of the big "buffet" salad plate shows you an excellent suggestion for variety without elaboration on the many occasions when this is exactly what you want, and avoids all trouble about "Oh, we can't have shrimp salad because Tom won't eat shrimps." Any hostess knows this difficulty when planning to entetrain.

In the center is potato salad, with tender celery tips for garnish and around it a ring of parsley. Right at the back are deviled eggs with pimiento strips. Coming around on the right, are marinated shrimps with mayonnaise, asparagus tips again with mayonnaise. In front are stuffed radishes (something new, for which I'll give you the recipe if you will write for it); then more shrimps and a second portion of asparagus.

You can make up a plate like this for yourself, with your favorite combinations, and two such big plates would supply salad for a large afternoon or evening party and conserve table space too.

This molded salad is such a splendid recipe, I want you to have it. You can make it in a big fancy mold, turned out on a bed of shredded lettuce; in an oblong or square cake tin which makes a loaf that can be sliced to serve; or in individual molds. It is served with mayonnaise.

Ginger Fruit Salad

2 tbls. gelatin
2 tbls. cold water
⅓ cup boiling water
¼ cup lemon juice
2 tbls. sugar
Pinch salt
1 cup orange juice
⅓ cup peeled and seeded grapes, halved, big white ones preferred
⅓ cup minced celery
⅓ cup diced apple
¼ cup diced canned pineapple
2 tbls. chopped, candied ginger

Soften the gelatin in the cold water, and stir into the boiling water. Add the lemon and orange juice, sugar and salt. When this cools, add the other ingredients. Mold and chill till set.

The Star Nobody Knows

All the friends of Ronald Colman think they understand him—none of them agree; maybe you can decide when you have read this revealing analysis!

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

"I HAVE known Ronnie Colman five years," a good friend of his once said, "and I still don't know whether he is extremely intelligent, slightly intelligent, or just charming."

Trying to determine the real Ronald Colman, even at close range, is a good deal like tackling an algebraic equation. You can finally work out what X, the unknown quantity, equals, but X, the unknown quantity, still sticks around in the answer.

"Do you want to know what Ronnie Colman is really like?" replies one friend. "Well, he's just like 'Bulldog Drummond.' Exactly. Gay, nonchalant, slyly witty, whimsical, dashing."

"The real Ronnie?" counters another. "Did you see 'A Tale of Two Cities'? That's Ronnie to a T. A sad chap, really. Moody, sensitive, lonely. A bit out of tune with life, but thoroughly lovable."

One will boom comfortably, "Good old solid Ronnie," and proceed to eulogize a sensible, level headed worthy whose feet never bounce from a firm stance on the ground. Another will sigh his impression of a frail fellow, a dreamer at heart, who lives with his handsome head in the clouds.

But all will say one thing, and that in an earnest, concerned pitch. "For heaven's sake, don't let Ronnie know I said a word about him. He'd be terribly hurt, be off me for life!"

From which you may deduce that the Colman legend in Hollywood is almost as contradictory as the Garbo gag. He seems to be the gentleman whom nobody knows, but whom everybody thinks he knows.

I know this—that he is hyper-sensitive, he is tremendously shy, he is inordinately considerate of others, he is a thorough gentleman at all times, he is capable of delightful charm on occasions, and he is likewise capable of sinking into what one friend calls "brown studies," moods wherein his outlook compares favorably with that of a mole.

I had somewhat sad proof of the Colman brand of sensitivity a few years ago.

It fell to my lot to ghost write a piece for a local Hollywood publication ostensibly from the pen of that talented Irish director, John Ford. Ford had only recently directed Ronald Colman in "Arrowsmith." At the time he was busy with another picture, and when I approached him for material, he mumbled through a mangled handkerchief for me to go ahead and write something—anything—and get out so he could direct his picture.

I wrote something—anything. That was the trouble. During the course of the anything, in a modest attempt to be frivolous, I had Ford say that he had long since discovered the secret of directing. It was to bother his actors as little as possible. Then I had the unhappy thought to make him say that his formula worked especially well now, because "all the actors are British actors and therefore they know more than I do anyway." Or something of the sort.

The day after the article was published, I ran into John (*Continued on page 77*)

Study your handicaps with Nancy Carroll (left) and learn how to correct them. Learn from Kay Francis (below) how to make the most of good points you already have. Let Claudette Colbert (right) tell you what you need more than glamor or sex attraction, to find romance.

Can you be a SCIENTIFIC SIREN?

By LILLIAN G. GENN

EVERY girl desires to know the thrilling experience of romance. It is her God-given birthright and the chief thing which gives meaning and beauty to her life.

Perhaps there's nothing so pathetic as the young girl who stands on the sidelines yearning for romance and never quite grasping it.

Is there anything such a girl can do to win romance? What 'sins' does she unwittingly commit that cause her to be overlooked? Why do girls with no greater endowment of beauty or charm run off with the catch of the season? Just what makes them so sought after and desired?

I took these questions to some of Hollywood's best-known charmers. I felt that their unusual opportunities to know men, and their success with them, must have given them wisdom which they could pass on to those less fortunate.

First I had a chat with Carole Lombard, who always leaves a trail of hearts behind her. Men who meet her are enraptured by her, and in a town which abounds with ravishing looking women, this is more than a tribute to her beauty.

"The chief thing for the girl seeking romance," said Carole, "is to forget herself. By that I mean she must stop thinking of herself and think of the man. If she can learn to listen to him and show that she's genuinely interested in what he says, she will have gone a long way toward winning her battle. Naturally she must be up on her toes in order to get a man to talk about his particular interest.

"Usually such a girl is so anxious to make an impression that she gets jittery. She begins talking like mad. Before she knows it the man has faded out of the picture.

"A girl must be alive, warm and human. She must give of her affection and friendliness to everyone. This will draw people to her. Once that is done, she must make them feel interesting and important. She must give of her vitality, her interest and her enthusiasm.

"In other words, she must have what the French call *joie de vivre*. She must enjoy every moment of life and not permit herself to worry. Men like to be with such a woman. She stimulates them and amuses them. They forget their own cares and worries when they are with her."

Anyone who has watched Carole when she is with her friends, knows that she is so alive and gay that she makes everyone else feel the same way. Even her voice is alive and vibrant. And when she laughs, you know that she is genuinely amused. Her attention is centered on the person she speaks to. No one else exists for her at the moment. Such attention is a compliment to anyone.

"It's a mistake for a woman to make things too easy for a man," Carole continued. "She should rather make them a little difficult for him. When meetings do happen, make him feel gloriously happy. Never let the friendship get monotonous. Be exasperating or spirited or utterly sweet. Or let there be playful quarreling. Play the changes!"

Caprice is, of course, an utterly feminine quality that men find enchanting.

I WAS very eager to hear what Claudette Colbert had to say, for she's a great favorite wherever she goes. And this has nothing to do with her fame or glamor as an actress. It's well known that Dr. Joel Pressman, her new husband, fell

When the right man comes along, will you know how to attract him—infallibly? Six of Hollywood's most popular and alluring girls tell you all you need to know

Carole Lombard (above) will help you achieve that "joie de vivre" so irresistible to men. "'Get your man' is a swell slogan," says Ginger Rogers (left), "but get him by fair means, not foul"—and she tells you how! Jean Harlow (below) agrees with Colbert that beauty is less important in finding romance than such things as—tact.

in love with her when he was treating her for sinus trouble. He had never seen her in one of her pictures. Under such painful circumstances, few women could be alluring, as Claudette herself admitted.

"I don't think it's necessary to have glamor or sex attraction to find romance," she remarked. "It has been played up so much that we've come to think it's the only thing that matters.

"The truth is that men have a much purer, a much simpler idea of love than we credit them with. And they're more idealistic about it, too.

"When a man falls in love he hasn't any idea what the woman really looks like. She will be attractive to him if her face is smudged and she has a cold in her head as any raving beauty. For her personality, her manner, her voice and her moods are so much more real, so much nearer to him than her appearance that he doesn't consciously see her.

"A man likes a woman who makes him feel he is forceful. It gives him faith in himself. She's the one who must be tender and in need of guidance. Let her look up to him and give him admiration and flattery.

"Finally I would tell the romance seeker to maintain the attitude of always expecting the best. Men's attitude toward women, I'm sure, is always that of doing more or less what's expected of them. If a girl receives snubs and insults, she probably invited them, perhaps unconsciously. If a girl receives respect, courtesy, (*Continued on page* 81)

How Will Rogers Still

By KAY PROCTOR

"I SUPPOSE I am responsible, in a way, for what measure of success I have had as an actor," Joel McCrea told me. "But for my happiness and contentment as a human being I have one man to thank—Will Rogers."

We were sitting before the great stone hearth in his rambling white stucco ranch house in the center of his fourteen hundred acres in San Fernando Valley, a house, incidentally, which won a prize last year for one of the one hundred best of its kind architecturally.

Outside a heavy rain pounded against the shuttered windows. The rising wind sent fingers of sound down the chimney. But inside the room all was warmth and light and serenity.

Beside us sat dark-eyed, quiet Frances Dee, who is Mrs. Joel. She was curled up kittenwise in a deep chair, knitting something fuzzy and pink. The babies, Joel Dee, aged one and one-half, and David Thomas, who made his appearance but a few months ago, had been put to bed hours before. A penetrating peace had settled over the household and Hollywood seemed much farther away than the actual sixty miles or so.

Joel stretched his six foot three frame from his favorite cushioned chair, poked the blazing embers on the hearth and added another huge log. Then he slowly relighted his pipe and settled back to comfort.

"Will was a great man," he said musingly. Then, decisively, "He would have been a great man without any of his fame or his riches." He glanced at a photograph of Will's homely face in a silver frame on a near-by table. "Sometimes it seems as if he were still with us here. It seems that way tonight.

"I have so much to thank him for," Joel continued. "All this." He waved his big-boned hand to include Frances, the sleeping babies, the burning logs, the house, the acres, the rich contentment that pervaded everything. "Frances knows what I mean. It is not taking any credit from her, for without Will's advice to me one day, none of it might have been.

"He told me: *'Find the right kind of girl and marry her quick. Have kids. Get back to the soil! That's where you will find real happiness. That's where you'll find life.'*"

Then Joel told me a story well worth the two miles I had to walk in mud half-way to my knees to get. There is no telephone at the McCrea ranch (it is Joel's way of making the place a real retreat from Hollywood when the day's work at the studio is done) so he could not warn me that heavy winter rains of California had left the place mudbound.

This is that story.

It was natural, Joel said, that being a city boy (he was born in Pasadena but grew up in Hollywood where, in vacation time, he helped to pave Hollywood boulevard by skinning mules) his boyhood idol should be some son of the wide open spaces. Bill Hart, the icy-eyed, two-gun champion of women in distress, filled the bill.

From Hollywood high school Joel went to Pomona College to study public speaking, elocution, drama—"anything else that I thought then might help me to follow in Hart's footsteps." Sam Wood spotted him there in a college play in which he was hero to Wood's heroine daughter. Wood liked the looks and manner of the boy and talked to him at length about the theater and the films.

That started Joel on his movie career. For two years he did little more than bits, sometimes even extras. But all the while he was studying, watching others, trying to improve. He gave his heart entirely to the movies.

In "Lightnin'" he was cast in his first important role. It was in 1929 when he was twenty-two, an exciting, exuberant twenty-two. The company was on location at Lake Tahoe. Rogers, you remember of course, was the star in the role Frank Bacon made famous on the stage.

"Will was sitting by himself in a little buggy with an old white horse we used in the picture when the director introduced us," Joel recalled. "Will looked me up and down and then said, 'Set awhile.'

"I clambered up in the rickety buggy that creaked and jiggled perilously with my added weight and 'set awhile.' Will had his slouchy felt hat pulled over one eye and was chewing on a piece of grass. Pretty soon he squinted over at me in a disgusted sort of way. The conversation went something like this:

"'How come a big strappin' guy like you is an actor, anyhow?'"

"'Because that's what I want to be.'

"'What f'r?'

"'Well, to make some money, for one thing. Lots of it.'

"'Uh huh.' Pause. 'An' when you git that money, whatcha goin' to do with it?'

"'Well, I don't know exactly.'

"'You don't, huh? Well I can tell you. You'll git yourself a big yellow automobile, ride up and down Hollywood boulevard and chase the gals.'"

WILL'S prediction was uncannily true. Joel had a tidy sum of money three years later. He also had a big sports roadster that in the course of its speedy perambulations about town went up and down Hollywood boulevard quite often.

As for "chasing the gals," he was doing plenty of that, too. He was, in fact, capturing all honors about that time for being being Hollywood's leading escort. He was handsome and charming and could afford to take the girls to the gay night spots. He squired first this glamorous beauty and then that, picking as he chose. Gloria Swanson and Connie Bennett fought politely for his attentions. So did Dorothy Mackaill and Evelyn Brent. So did the heiress, Florence Hamburger, and other society girls of Los Angeles and Beverly Hills.

It was all very gay and lots of fun but all he had to show for it were some good times and weary bones to drag to work the next day. His screen career was practically at a standstill. He made pictures, of course, quite a few of them but he did little, he later admitted, "but stand around waiting to kiss the lady when she was ready and registering nothing but a calf-like look of love whenever the director shouted."

He stood at the cross roads of his life. Then he met Will Rogers again.

"It was 1932 by this time and we were working together again in a picture called 'Business and Pleasure'," Joel related. "I was tremendously drawn to Will and he seemed to take an almost fatherly interest in me. We used to sit on the ground leaning up against a sound stage, and talk things over.

"At first those talks were strictly impersonal. Will hated, he said, to 'stick his nose in the other fella's shootin'.' But one day he saw the roadster parked near the building and grinned at me.

"'That yours?' he asked. I admitted it was.

"I grinned back. I knew what (*Continued on page* 107)

Rules Joel McCrea's Life

"Will was a great man," says Joel. "I have so much to thank him for." Here is the rich and vital story behind that warm gratitude

Slim Summerville is side-splitting and Jean Hersholt is simply superb in that hit film, "The Country Doctor."

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers are at their hilarious best in "Follow the Fleet," Harry Beresford assisting.

Movies of the Month

The reliable guide to the recent talkies with one check (✓) for good ones, two checks (✓✓) for those that are outstanding

✓✓ Follow the Fleet (RKO)

You'll See: *Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Randolph Scott, Harriet Hilliard, Astrid Allwyn, Betty Grable, Harry Beresford.*

It's About: *Two romantic vaudeville partners and what happens when he joins the Navy leaving her to dance and sing alone.*

Another hit for Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers! Fred has whipped up some grand, original dances. Ginger, looking most beautiful, sings some of the songs Irving Berlin wrote especially for the show and Randolph Scott is the handsome hero.

That's not all. This same picture also brings us a real surprise, beautiful, charming Harriet Hilliard, who has a swell voice and is headed for the top.

Story concerns the former vaudeville team of Rogers and Astaire. They split because Ginger refuses to marry Freddie, who joins the Navy to forget. After a long cruise, however, they find each other again and the dance is on. Randy Scott is Astaire's buddy in the Navy and Harriet Hilliard is Ginger's sister. Together, they carry the love story.

Astaire dances until the house rocks with applause. Never has he created more amazing routines. Ginger sings beautifully and her dancing has improved until she's almost a match for the master. Harriet Hilliard, though, is the highlight of the show for us. Such a fresh, enjoyable personality! Beautiful face, gorgeous figure, lovely voice. The music includes at least three hit tunes: "We Saw The Sea," "Let Yourself Go" and "I'm Putting All My Eggs In One Basket."

Your Reviewer Says: Better go face this music!

✓ Wife versus Secretary (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy, May Robson, George Barbier, James Stewart, Hobart Cavanaugh.*

It's About: *Loy versus Harlow—prize: Gable.*

Every woman will want to see this. You can almost guess what will happen when Myrna Loy and Jean Harlow tangle for heartbreaker Clark Gable. The only hitch is that it doesn't work out that way!

Clark is a big business shot with a beautiful, adoring wife and a gorgeous secretary. But is there a big sex war? No. Everything is clean and neat. Clark keeps the girls well within their respective routines and it is only the unreasonable (get that, *unreasonable*) jealousy of the wife that finally brings things to a head. Gable never once makes a romantic pass in Jean's direction, not even when she takes off her shoes! Nor do the two women have the terrific scene together that you might expect. Thus, while it is good entertainment, there is something missing, something slightly disappointing about the whole thing.

Myrna Loy gives such an excellent performance, brings so much warmth to her role, that what should have been an unsympathetic woman is lovable. Clark handles the two with consummate ease but seems to be in too much of a hurry. Jean Harlow is a real surprise! None of the old hot-cha remains. She really acts.

Your Reviewer Says: Why should I tell you it isn't a hit when you're going anyway?

✓✓ Prisoner of Shark Island (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Warner Baxter, Gloria Stuart, Harry Carey, Claude Gillingwater, Arthur Byron, Francis Ford, O. P. Heggie, Francis McDonald.*

It's About: *A kindly doctor who, after the Civil War, was sentenced to an island prison for life, for unknowingly treating John Wilkes Booth.*

A masterpiece of stern, powerful realism, adhering to a tragic mood, ignoring comedy and romance usually deemed necessary for entertainment.

The story concerns a certain kindly Southern doctor who, without knowledge of his patient's identity, sets John Wilkes Booth's broken leg. Booth's assassination of President Lincoln has so incensed a war-ridden people, that Dr. Mudd is hastily tried and sentenced

Dolores Costello returns to the screen in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," with Freddie Bartholomew in the title role.

"Wife versus Secretary" (with Clark Gable as the prize) shows how grand both Jean Harlow and Myrna Loy can be.

for this humanitarian deed to life imprisonment on the dread "Shark Island," where he spends most of his time in the dungeons until an epidemic of yellow fever hits the island. This provides the drama's climax.

Warner Baxter's ability is tested here and he comes through with a masterly performance. Gloria Stuart underplays her role of the doctor's wife exquisitely and her beauty is the only relief to the picture's realism. Excellent work is also offered by old-timer Claude Gillingwater, Harry Carey, Francis Ford, Francis McDonald (as *Booth*) and the late O. P. Heggie. Great credit should go to director John Ford, and the writing and photography measure up to top.

Your Reviewer Says: An exceptional piece of stark realism.

✓✓ Little Lord Fauntleroy (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Freddie Bartholomew, Dolores Costello Barrymore, C. Aubrey Smith, Guy Kibbee, Henry Stephenson, Mickey Rooney.*

It's About: *A Brooklyn lad who becomes an English Lord and wins the gruff heart of the Earl for both himself and his outcast mother.*

As a complete triumph for all concerned, this famous Frances Hodgson Burnett story has been transferred to the screen without one shred of the mawkish sentimentality you've come to associate with the character of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." While real credit is due writer Hugh Walpole and director John Cromwell, first honors go to Freddie Bartholomew and as fine a cast of artists as we've seen in a single cast for a long time. Too, this picture heralds the return of beautiful Dolores Costello Barrymore, who may justly claim her share of the applause.

Don't let your memory of *Lord Fauntleroy* as a "sissy" influence you to miss this. (*Continued on page* 95)

The best picture of the month or of any month to come: "The Country Doctor," starring the Dionne quintuplets and Jean Hersholt. The person who wouldn't like this is just too bored to live. The must picture for everyone: "Captain January." Shirley Temple is better than ever. Guy Kibbee and Slim Summerville are grand. The snappiest picture: "Wife versus Secretary" with Gable, Loy and Harlow, doing just what you expect, but so hottishly. The grandest musical: "Follow the Fleet" with Astaire and Rogers. Yes, up to the marvelous standard of theirs. Grand songs, scenes, dances, everything. The most charming production: "Little Lord Fauntleroy" with Freddie Bartholomew and Dolores Costello Barrymore. Even if you think you can't bear to see this plot again, go see this version for it's delightful. Greatest disappointment: Mae West's "Klondike Annie." So bad we didn't even bother to review it.

Ruth Waterbury

PICTURES in the CUTTING ROOM

Advance Tips on Tomorrow's Talkies

COLUMBIA

A Gentleman Goes to Town. **Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur should ring the bell with this romantic little comedy about the small town tuba player who inherits twenty million dollars and goes to the big city.**

The King Steps Out. **Grace Moore and Franchot Tone, starring with Von Sternberg direction, in a singing, historical screen romance of Hungarian royalty which Columbia hopes to make Moore's greatest picture.**

M-G-M

Small Town Girl. **Janet Gaynor was loaned by 20th Century-Fox for this film with popular Robert Taylor. This is a new departure for Janet, also, in that she is the vamp in this one.**

PARAMOUNT

13 Hours by Air. **This "Grand Hotel" of the air promises to be a thriller. Most of the action takes place aboard a transcontinental plane. Fred MacMurray is the pilot who aids passenger Joan Bennett on an important mission and falls in love with her.**

RKO-RADIO

Farmer in the Dell. **Fred Stone being introduced for the Will Rogers trade in a film about a farmer who thought his family was taking him to Hollywood to retire, only to discover that his wife wanted their daughter in pictures.**

UNIVERSAL

Showboat. **Edna Ferber's famous story returns to the talkie screen elaborately produced with an impressive cast headed by Irene Dunne, Charles Winniger, Paul Robeson and Helen Morgan.**

UNITED IN DANGER LAUGHTER and LOVE!

Three great stars together . . . in a glorious and courageous venture that decided the fate of three nations!

"Wally" (Viva Villa!) Beery's lovable villainy was never so uproarious!

Wallace **BEERY** · *Barbara* **STANWYCK**
John **BOLES**
in

A MESSAGE to GARCIA

with
ALAN HALE • HERBERT MUNDIN • MONA BARRIE
A DARRYL F. ZANUCK 20th CENTURY PRODUCTION
Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Suggested by Elbert Hubbard's Immortal Essay
and the Book by Lieut. Andrew S. Rowan
Associate Producer, Raymond Griffith • Directed by George Marshall

20th CENTURY FOX

MOVIE MIRROR'S

Personality Parade

The Franchot Tones at home! Just look at those lucky dachshunds (that's "Baby" with Joan and "Pupchen" with Franchot). Joan's resting between films just now; her next for M-G-M will probably be "The Gorgeous Hussy," a tale of early America. The same studio has big plans for her husband, but at present he's on loan to Columbia as Grace Moore's lead in "The King Steps Out."

MARLENE DIETRICH

What does she see in the future? Profoundly affected by John Gilbert's tragic death, she lost twenty pounds and had difficulty completing "I Loved a Soldier," with Charles Boyer. Still under contract to Paramount, she plans a vacation in Europe, where several companies are bidding for her services.

IDA LUPINO

She's a surprisingly talented beauty, until you pause to consider that the Lupinos are possibly the world's greatest theatrical family, famous for almost three centuries in England. Ida gets her big chance opposite Francis Lederer in the first Pickford-Lasky production, "One Rainy Afternoon."

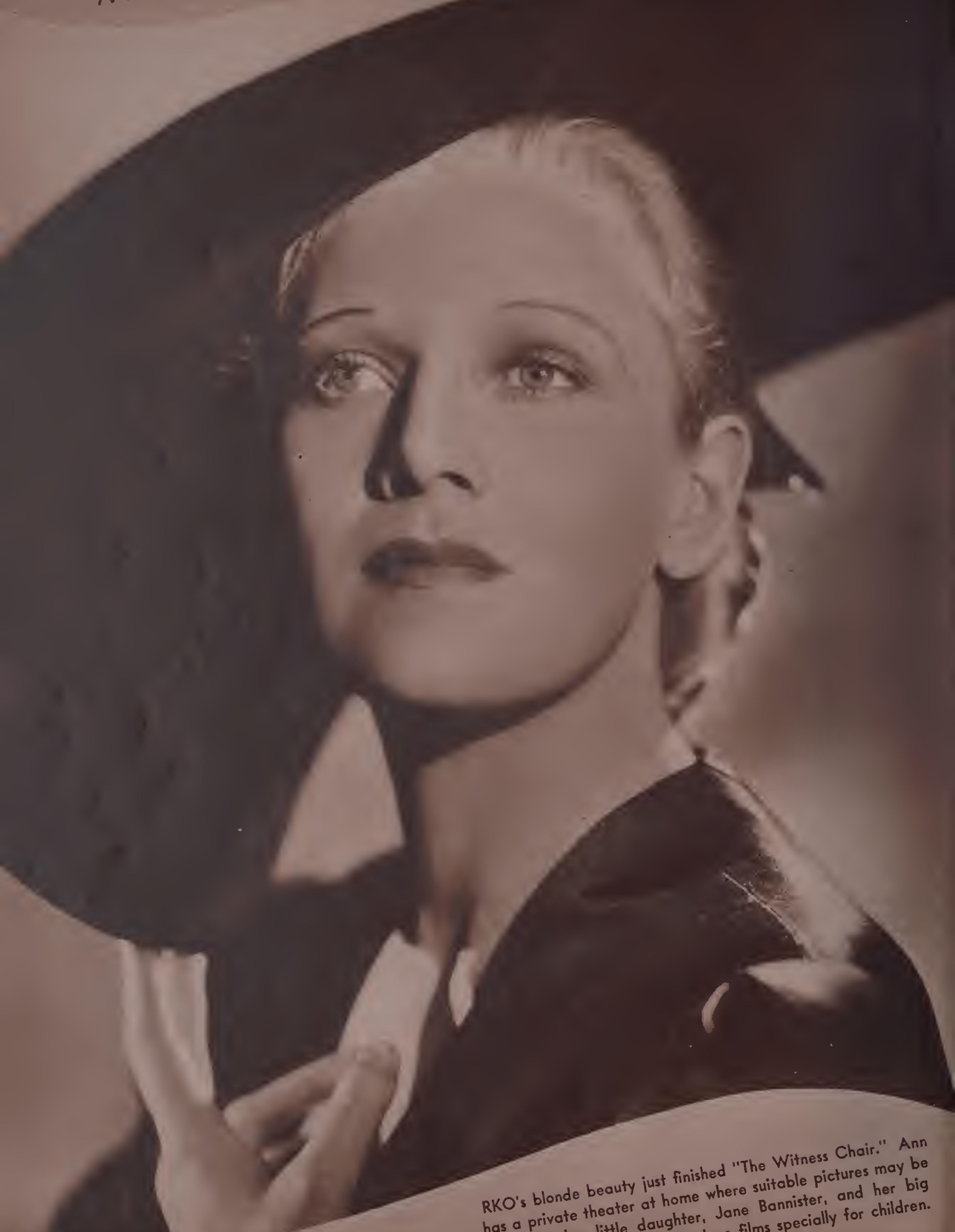
MARGARET SULLAVAN

She went to Hollywood sure it was all a mistake and nobody wanted her, but it took only five pictures to establish her as a star with both fans and critics. Maybe her fine performance in "Next Time We Love," for Universal, was helped by the fact that the story so closely parallels her own life.

FREDRIC MARCH

Undoubtedly the man of the hour in Hollywood, Freddie has just finished the title role in Warner's "Anthony Adverse" and is scheduled to make films for two other studios—"Zero Hour" for 20th Century-Fox (the home lot) and "Mary of Scotland" for RKO, with Katharine Hepburn.

ANN HARDING



RKO's blonde beauty just finished "The Witness Chair." Ann has a private theater at home where suitable pictures may be shown for her little daughter, Jane Bannister, and her big ambition these days is to produce films specially for children.

Why Leslie Howard is Leaving the Screen

By GEORGE MADDEN

Here, in his own frank words, he explains why he is through with the films forever

Leslie says, "I am quitting. I have never enjoyed acting." And here's why—

WITH the completion of "Romeo and Juliet," Leslie Howard will leave Hollywood for New York where he will star in his own, long-awaited production of "Hamlet." The stage cast is already chosen. The sets are designed. These plans are not new.

But here is news:

Following the run of his stage play, the British actor and his family will sail for home and England; as the liner pulls him out of New York harbor, it may be with a salute and farewell to his Hollywood career.

This is the plan of one of the finest and most respected actors the Hollywood screen has ever reflected.

"I am quitting," he said. "I have never enjoyed acting and now I believe the time has come when I can leave it for other fields—for writing, particularly."

The first step in this direction will be made when the star closes the Broadway run of "Hamlet" (which is to follow the completion of "Romeo and Juliet," with Norma Shearer, at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer), sails away to England and produces his own pictures.

"It will be a significant experience for me to guide the destinies of a production in all departments except acting," he said.

Box office bets have flared and died on the screen and faddist stars have had their day and waned into obscurity. But for an artist of Leslie Howard's exceptional prestige to desert a career his fine talent has dignified for so many years, strikes me as being in the same category as would the announcement that Eugene O'Neill had retired from play writing.

Only one factor stands between his future plans and their immediate reality: Warner Brothers hold a contract on his services calling for several more pictures.

"I was signed to make three pictures a year, for three years," the star said. "The three years are almost gone and I've completed but three of the nine pictures. Warner Brothers have willingly allowed me to make fewer pictures because they realized the futility of finding so many stories suited to me. So I am quite sure we shall be able to find a happy compromise. It should be simple, considering that they have no story for me, and I do not care to make any."

If his remarks were startling, he seemed quite unconscious of it. He sat thoroughly at ease in his dressing room on the M-G-M lot consuming a hearty lunch of steak, potatoes, spinach and milk. He was wrapped in a tailored, maroon robe. His shoes, however, were the tall-sides type worn by Romeo and his hair had been allowed to grow long and heavy at the temples.

(*Continued on page* 88)

Ginger Rogers' ADVICE To WIVES Who Work

Lew Ayres looks like a happy, well-tended husband as he pauses with Ginger in the doorway of their new home, doesn't he? That's the result of her careful campaign to keep the home fires burning.

HOLLYWOOD is a suburb of working wives.

You can see them any morning, hundreds of them (if you get up that early) dashing out of their Colonial, French, Spanish and Italian Renaissance doorways, firing last minute orders at patient cooks and nurses as they jump into limousines, town cars and stripped-down roadsters and speed toward their full time jobs at Paramount and M-G-M and Warners and 20th Century-Fox Studios.

There is one of this group you are certain to see any week-day morning, before the early mists have lifted, if you can find your way to a large white rambling house in Beverly Hills. You can't miss her because she always looks so absurdly young and small in sky-blue slacks and a bunchy white top coat. Her hurrying figure is inevitably followed to the smart little coupe waiting in the driveway, by a hurricane of words and a white clad servant.

"Yes, Mrs. Ayres," the white-clad figure assures the sky blue clad figure, "we won't forget to order the ducks. Here's your reminder book, Mrs. Ayres, and your menu book, too. We'll call you at noon. And I'll call the laundry about those missing towels. Dinner at eight, you hope? I understand. Goodbye, Mrs. Ayres."

Ten minutes later, the gateman at the RKO studios opens the door of the smart little coupe and says, "Good morning, Miss Ginger (or Miss Rogers). The director wants you on the set for rehearsals before you make up this morning. And it looks as if you'll be working late again tonight."

And so the day begins for another working wife.

Of course, in other cities, there are wives who labor daily over typewriters, yardage counters and manicure tables who might sniff with fine disdain for the problems of the salary earning Hollywood matron.

But strangely enough, money has never yet rearranged such basic things as the man and woman riddle. The size of a woman's weekly pay check can't change or touch such fundamental forces as a husband's pride, a wife's devotion and patience, or the unified toil of a man and his mate toward the goal of security.

That is why Ginger Rogers, beautiful, famous and richly reimbursed for her full-time job at the studio, faces the same difficulties, dilemmas and deadlocks in her marriage as Mrs. Jennie Jones, who fills up the deep cuts in her husband's salary with eight long hours of toil in a bargain basement.

On a workless Saturday afternoon, the first one she had enjoyed in eight months, Ginger Rogers told me the really amazing story of her struggle to unravel the too numerous kinks that rough up the path of the working wife. She said:

"When I married Lew, I was startled to learn that men demand more comfort, system and good planning in a home than women usually do. The fact that a wife romps home with a pay check every Saturday night will never cover up, for most men, the sins of indifferent meals, badly prepared food or a dusty living room.

"And although I had a gay disregard for all things domestic before our marriage, I quickly realized that I would have to develop my home running ability faster than my screen talent, if I was to enjoy the sort of life I had dreamed about."

Ginger discovered rather early in the game that the prevailing sin among working wives is forgetting things.

"At first," she told me, "I tried jotting down things to remember on bits of paper scattered about my studio dressing room. On half a dozen separate scraps I would scribble reminders to call the plumber to fix the shower, the poultry man for extra-fancy squabs because company was due for dinner, to stop for flowers on the way home."

But somehow these reminding little scraps always managed to lose themselves in the welter of work, and Ginger would arrive home late and weary to an upset household, Lew annoyed because the plumbing was out of order, and the cook in tantrums because the squabs had not arrived and the guests were due any minute.

After three such dismal scenes, Ginger decided that the entire solidity, if not the very happiness of their home, was up to her, career or no career. Love can laugh at plumbers and temperamental cooks, but not too long.

"First I made a trip to the nearest stationer's and bought two reminder books—large, fat businesslike ones, with neatly lined and dated pages," Ginger explained the first steps of her clever plan. "Lew titled these two volumes 'The Side Kicks' because one of them is always on my bedroom desk and the other is never very far from the make-up table in my studio dressing-room, and half the time I'm carrying one of them under my arm during my shopping tours.

Let one of filmland's busiest working wives show you how you can earn your cakes and keep your home too

By JULIE LANG HUNT

"Now 'The Side Kick' that stays home is used for daily menus, and all the household orders, ranging from items concerning new draperies for the living room to tacks for the kitchen shelf oil cloth and anything else I can think to put into it before I go to bed, when I get up or in the very middle of setting my finger wave. I'll tell you later what happens to 'The Side Kick' that stays at the studio. It's an intricate but efficient system and I want to explain it clearly.

"I finally rounded out my collection with the addition of five excellent cook books, each one recommended to me by two famous hotel chefs, two super-superb housewives of my acquaintance and one recognized gourmet, masculine gender, in our film colony.

"And I completed my working-wife system by making the final and supreme sacrifice. I set my alarm clock thirty minutes ahead of its usual early morning ruckus, and actually force myself to get out of bed with the first clang."

When Ginger is working (and she averages eleven solid months out of every twelve) she is up at six-thirty, instead of seven, because she needs that extra half hour to get the wheels of her household turning.

She carries "The Side Kick" down to the breakfast room with her, and from the closely written copy that fills its neatly spaced lines, gives orders to the cook and the houseman for the day.

You see, before she goes to bed at night, and no matter how late the hour might be, she spends another thirty minutes at her bedroom desk writing down menus and orders for the following twenty-four hours in her housekeeping "Side Kick."

If company is expected, one or all the five cook books are brought into the breakfast room conference, so that there will be no risk of a banal or dull dinner.

"THERE was another sacrifice I had to make before my system began to work quite smoothly," Ginger observed. "I had to give up lunch hour engagements on working days. I found I could take care of many things over the telephone during that time, calls to the plumber, the gardener, the painters, and so forth, that help the servants at home accomplish their work more efficiently than they could otherwise.

"And every noon regularly I call the cook, who has my at home 'Side Kick' before her, and we check and recheck the items listed there and turned over to her that morning. She checks off each order as 'done' or 'changed' or 'stricken out' for one reason or another.

"After this noonday home call, I make notations in my studio 'Side Kick' pertaining to such things as social engagements for the week, studio and personal fittings for clothes, as well as carefully listing far in advance all birthdays and anniversaries of friends and relatives that Lew and I wish to remember.

"All this sounds exhausting, I know, but really it works like magic. There's never a forgotten item in our home these days, and certainly the effort it involves is worth the appreciation I see in Lew's eyes and his candid pride in our home."

At this point, I am sure Jennie Jones of the bargain basement is beginning to wonder just how the system that keeps the Rogers-Ayres nine-room establishment running smoothly can possibly apply to her walk-up two-room apartment that is quite bereft of a cook, a houseman or even a weekly charwoman.

I'd like to assure Mrs. Jones that, oddly enough, the Rogers method can be made to function perfectly for the working wife who must supervise the cooking, cleaning and management of a servantless flat. (*Continued on page* 94)

ERROL FLYNN'S Madcap Marriage

LILI DAMITA was insufferable. Of all the conceited, arrogant, impossible people, thought Errol Flynn, boiling with rage.

It had been bad enough when they had been introduced at a smart soiree in Paris. He had recognized her then for what she was, a spoiled, self-sufficient, beautiful movie queen. When she had said "How do you do?" to him he could actually feel the ice in the atmosphere.

They had avoided each other all evening after that, and their good nights were curt and final.

Oh, he'd heard stories about her. How she'd once been engaged to Louis Ferdinand, eldest son of the Crown Prince of Germany. How on another occasion she nearly accepted Carlos, heir to Alfonso of Spain. How Prince George of England risked parental wrath for a visit to the picture colony and Lili.

No wonder she was so spoiled! But still she needn't think that just because she mowed other men down like ninepins, he was going to fall for her movie airs!

Tonight was the limit, though. He hadn't ever expected to meet her again. But he did meet her on the boat which was taking him to Hollywood and to fame. It was in the ship's ballroom that he saw her again, a devastating vision in a green gown that brought out the blonde loveliness of her hair. Not that he was at all impressed by the way she looked! But the music was enticing, and since he had to have someone to dance with, he asked her. Lili just looked him over from head to toe, then turned to powder her nose. "Come back in five minutes!" she exclaimed offhandedly.

Errol strode away, flushing a violent red at her arrogance. Under his breath he swore he'd never come back.

Lili was surprised when the handsome young Irishman didn't show up again. Why, the thing practically amounted to a stand-up. Men never did things like that to Lili. It didn't occur to Lili that she had snubbed him outrageously. She was accustomed to treating men in that high-handed manner.

Her mind went back to their first meeting in Paris. Even then she'd been irritated by Errol Flynn. A highbrow with pretensions! She'd been thankful then that there were other handsome eligible young men present so she wouldn't be stuck with his company. And she was thankful now that after all she hadn't danced with him.

She hoped she'd never see him again. If she ever did, she'd tell him exactly what she thought of him.

Her chance came unexpectedly in Hollywood when they

They met in Paris, the glamorous, vivacious, Lili Damita and the tall, handsome, but very much unknown Irishman—and it was a case of hate at first sight. But just look at them now, in their Hollywood home, after a year of marriage!

met at Warner Brothers studio. They bowed distantly. It suddenly occurred to Lili that he was very attractive. Her chance for revenge could wait. She murmured something about leaving for Palm Springs, and would he call her when she arrived home. He smiled, but he didn't mean it. The sight of her brought back the memory of the humiliation he'd suffered when she snubbed him on the boat.

It was Lili who telephoned him eventually. Very patronizingly she wondered if they might dine together. With steel suaveness Errol retorted, "You might try me again in five minutes!" There was a stunned silence at the other end of the wire, then the way she slammed the receiver almost deafened him. He grinned widely for days.

And then he began to wonder what he was grinning at. He felt strangely lonely and lost in Hollywood. He was restless while waiting for the promised break. Of course his restlessness had nothing to do with that arrogant Lili he'd met. Of course not! Why, he didn't even like the girl. He positively hated her!

Only it was strange how, in spite of the fact that he hated her, he couldn't help thinking of her, of her deep dark eyes like pools of light and shadow, of her lustrous hair and her soft, provocative lips.

Lili, for her part, was frightened. Errol was the first man she'd ever met who had snubbed her. It wouldn't have been so horrible if she hadn't made it quite clear to him that she found him attractive. That invitation to dine with her had obviously been a mistake. No doubt, she thought bitterly, Errol was pursued by half the women in Hollywood, and he thought of her as just another girl. How she hated these men that the women all made a fuss about!

She made up her mind she wouldn't give him another chance to snub her. If she met him again, she'd be cool and oh, so distant.

They met at a party. Errol was surprised to find himself (*Continued on page* 110)

He didn't like her—she didn't like him—so they were married and lived happily ever after!

By BEN MADDOX

A Hollywood NURSE Tells On The STARS

Most of the stars that come to the Hollywood hospitals are human and friendly, but there was one who was something else again. There was the time, for instance, that she kept a great specialist waiting—and got the surprise of her life!

I AM a Hollywood nurse, functioning at one of its leading hospitals. Therefore I have seen stars in a manner strange to most of their public—and most certainly to the star's disadvantage. How do they act, faced with pain and nerves and sickness? Are they as noble and heroic off the screen as they are on? Well, the answer is yes and no. Some of them are regular and some of them aren't. Some of them can take it and some of them can't. In other words, they are just people.

I think it was George Arliss who said no man could be absolutely natural playing a part with a woman who was merely his stage wife. Be that as it may, I claim no actor can look as excited on the screen, when he's supposed to be blessed eventing, as he does when he *actually* becomes a papa. And I speak from personal observation. Practically everyone connected with the picture industry has enlarged his or her family this past season. Eddie Nugent and Douglas Shearer became fathers the same week.

Eddie is one of your favorites. He's such a gentleman. You know—the sort who would drop into the pater's study and say very politely: "Sir, have I your permission to ask your daughter for her hand in marriage?" I bet Eddie would feel horribly uncomfortable if he had to clutch a maiden by the locks and drag her away to a cave, even in a picture. He would probably apologize profusely before and after dragging.

Not that he is a softie. Far from it. But he isn't a roughneck; always looks as if he had just been cleaned and pressed. I've never read any accounts of his being stripped down to the bare essentials by a mob of nit-witted women. But believe me, if I were the sort who collected male apparel by force, I would rather have a single button ripped from one of the nifty Nugent shirts, than a whole sweater wrested from a fur-bearing torso.

Here's the author, Miss Young herself, with Ben Turpin, whom she still considers one of the nicest patients she's ever had.

Mrs. Nugent is perfectly darling; a dainty little blonde with eyes the color of a New Mexican sky in June. She was an angel in the delivery room and a gal who can be sweet and lovely in that little place is "shuah nuff quality folks."

Suzanne, that is Mrs. Nugent's first name, told me she had a little girl so I said, "I suppose you want a boy this time?" To my astonishment she answered, "No, I'd just as soon have all girls." *All* girls! It sounded to me as if Eddie Cantor and Mr. Dionne would have to be looking to their laurels.

The second edition of Nugent, however, was a boy, and a beauty. His proud papa spent hours at the nursery window steeped in admiration. He discussed the relative merits of cod-liver oil, orange juice, etc., with the other fathers, like a regular veteran. Not once did his conversation stray to sets and spotlights. There was no question about who had the center of the stage.

Eddie bore up pretty well while he was waiting for Junior to put in his first public appearance. He didn't clock up more than ninety miles on the

Gloria Glamorous may be a great luminary to the outside world, but she's just another patient (a pretty one!) to her hospital

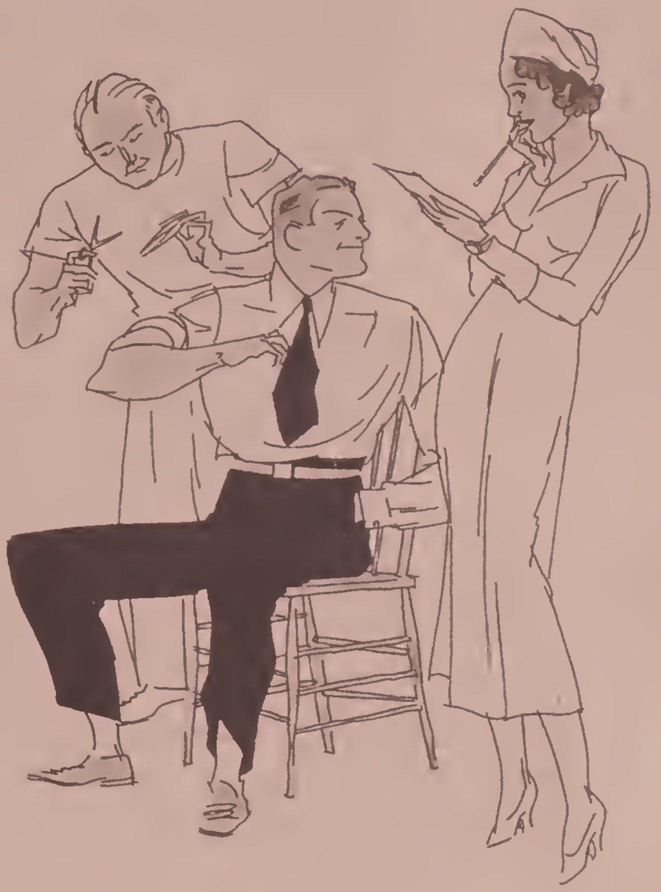
By
IRENE YOUNG

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL PFEUFFER

pedometer, striding up and down the hall. Douglas Shearer, Norma Shearer's brother, made about one hundred and fifty.

He looks a lot like Norma, has the same thick wavy hair and strong features. He photographs marvelously, too, but he's all wrapped up in mechanical what-nots. Acting would probably bore him to death.

The Shearer event was also masculine. He and Junior Nugent tied for the nursery beauty prize. Of course, there was no question of a tie in the minds of their respective parents. Douglas was certain he had created the most wonderful sound effect extant and I suppose Eddie laughed up his sleeve and said, "That's what *you* think."



Ian Hunter was so handsome and so brave when he was treated for an accident that she made a mistake in her report!

A month or so later another famous event took place. As I came down the corridor early one morning, I saw a couple inspecting the infants. I heard snatches of conversation that went like this: "Aren't they cute? Look at that darling one over in the corner. I wonder if mine will be blonde or brunette?"

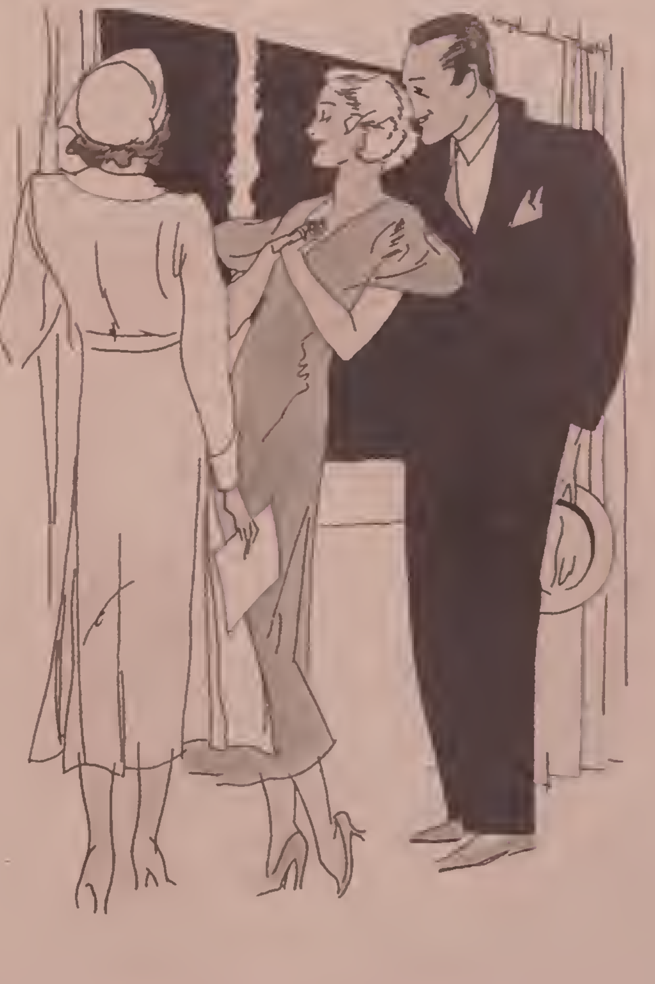
As I drew closer I recognized Mr. and Mrs. Sheekman (Gloria Stuart). Her classical nose was pressed up against the window and she reminded me of a little girl at a toy-shop, trying to pick out a doll.

Miss Sheekman arrived about seven that night. Her parents' interest in the other occupants of the nursery waned instantly. Their daughter was so far superior to any other member of the infantry there was no comparison.

I never saw a man more excited than Arthur Sheekman. He was all for going up on the roof and proclaiming his fatherhood to the universe. It is alleged that he did corral a perfectly strange milkman and explain just how it felt to be a papa.

Before you begin to think the Hollywoodites don't do anything but have babies, I'll go on to other cases. One night—well, the mere memory of it gets me ignited.

I was checking over the supplies this particular evening when I heard springy he-man footsteps in the offing. I turned around and, just like that, the old blood-pressure shot up and bounced against the ceiling. Hoping against hope that the tumult within was not raising heck with my professional calm, I begged the handsome stranger to have a seat and went out to get the emergency book. Then, pulling myself together as best I could, I re-entered the minor surgery and stuttered: "Wh-what is your name?" I wouldn't have cared if it was Ignatz Klotz, but I had to put something down on my report.



When Gloria Stuart, accompanied by her husband, Arthur Sheekman, came to the hospital to have her baby, she was as excited as a little girl in a toy-shop.

With a perfectly devastating English accent the H.S. informed me that his name was Huntah—Ian Huntah.

I felt like a deflated blimp for not having recognized him, but I only get a chance to see about one picture a week, and Mr. Hunter is a recent, but I hope permanent, acquisition to the film colony.

We have to be real nosey with accident cases so I found out that he lived at Malibu; was thirty-five years old; born in South Africa and married. I didn't let this last bit of information throw me because I knew the minute I saw him, no such classy article could possibly be unattached.

He had on a sweater and a rather nondescript pair of trousers. But you know how it is with Englishmen; they can look distinctive in overalls.

By the time I had gathered in the above data the doctor had arrived and I had to get busy. It seems the British menace had been fishing a few days before; had slipped and skinned his elbow. It was still bothering him so he decided to have it looked at. Dr. Jones discovered that a fragment of the rock had broken off and was imbedded in the Hunter olecranon (funny-bone to you). The tissues had grown over it so the rock had to be cut out. We removed the offending bit of masonry without benefit of novocaine, and Hunter, the magnificent, sat there as if he were at an afternoon tea discussing the weather with Lady Plushbottom. So if you see him in any Foreign Legion pictures, where he gets captured by the Arabs and

(*Continued on page 92*)

DIRECTOR'S DAUGHTER MAKES GOOD

From an orphanage to the delightful home of Cecil B. DeMille (left), from the background of a great man's home to a spotlight all her own—what a success story!

Katherine DeMille—the first of Hollywood's adopted children to crash through!

By SHEILA WORTH

THIS story has been lying around Hollywood for years.

The canniest news scouts in the movie village completely overlooked it until a voluptuous brunette named Katherine DeMille smacked them right between the eyes with her performance in "Viva Villa."

If the reporters had been on their toes way back in 1921 when Katherine was taken from a dreary orphanage into the servant-filled mansion of Cecil B. DeMille, the story would have been headline material for every newspaper in the country.

Even the director's own studio was so busy adding fantastic figments to the erratic legend of his eccentricities, it forgot to investigate the amazing incidents that led up to the adoption of a dusky, eight-year-old girl and her subsequent life with the most amazing family in the film colony.

How Katherine came from a Los Angeles home for orphaned children to live with the DeMilles is one of the most dramatic stories in Hollywood.

She was the only child of an Englishman who died serving his country in the World War, and a mother of German-Italian lineage. When her father enlisted in the Canadian Army, her mother moved from their home in Vancouver to Los Angeles because of failing health and, following her husband's death, she was forced to enter a sanitarium and place Katherine in a home.

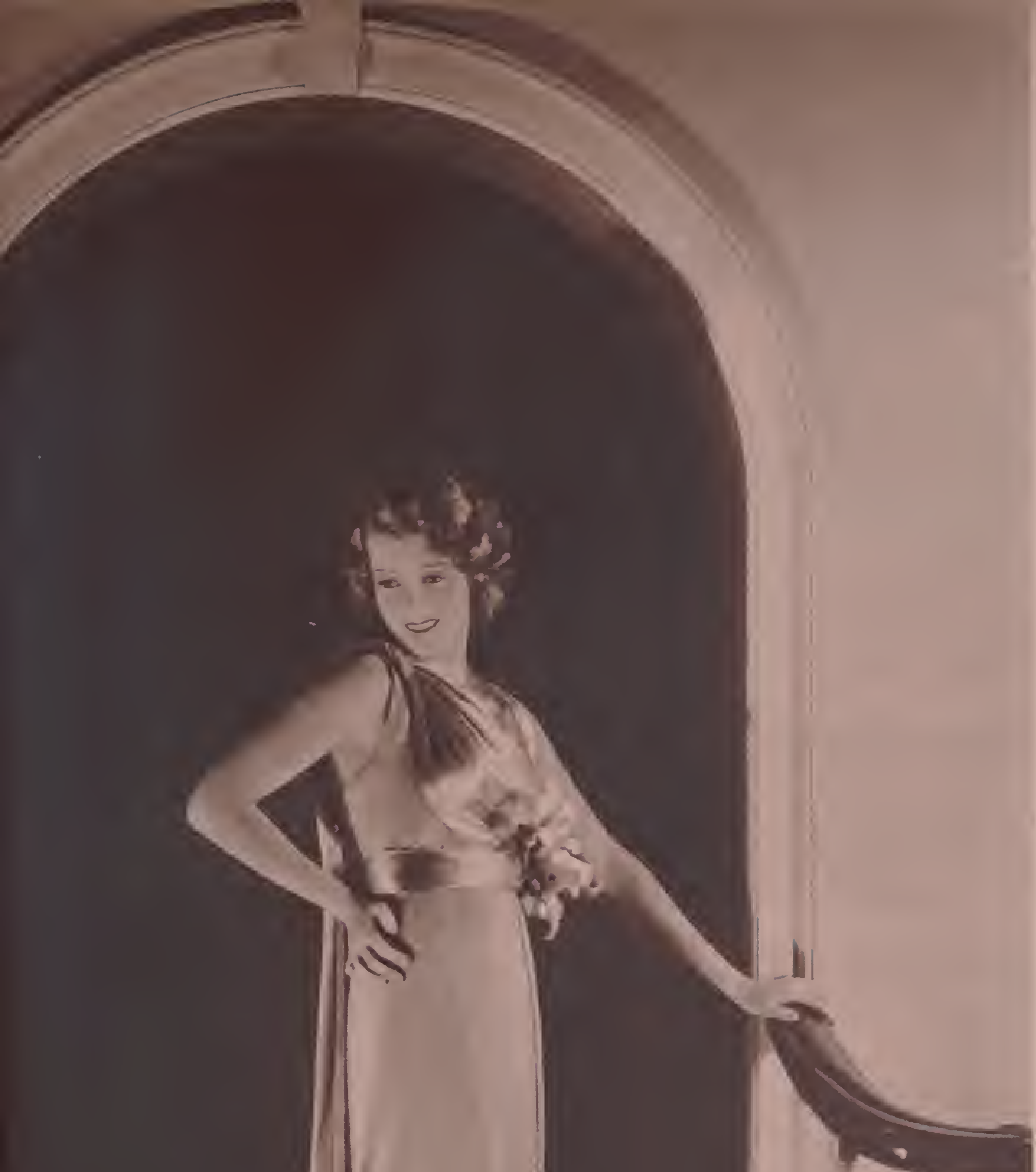
There is only a thready picture of the orphanage left in Katherine's memory. She cannot recall any great unhappiness there except the horrible suddenness of her mother's death. The somber uniforms and clocklike regulations did not seem to arouse any disturbing rebellion.

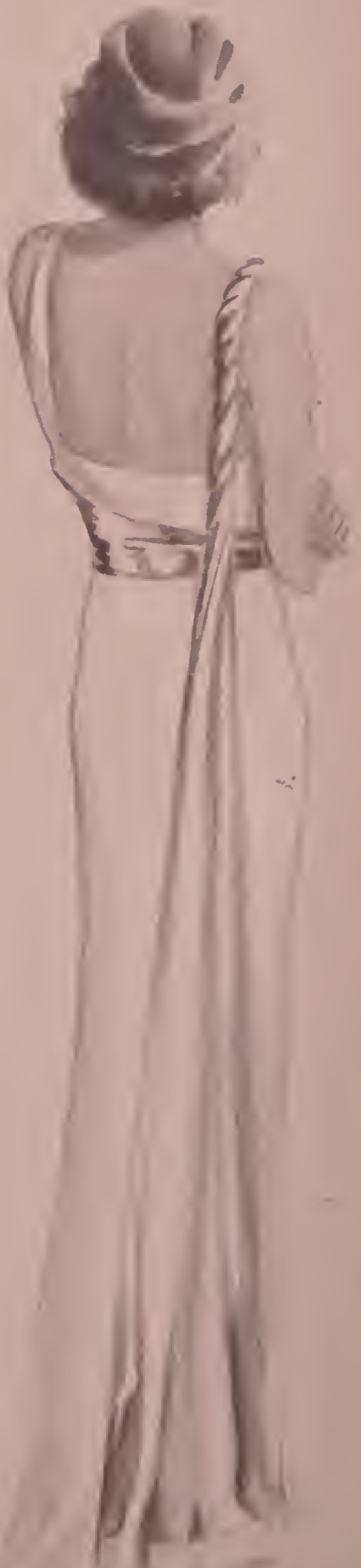
She had been registered in the home for six months, when a tall, beautiful woman stopped her in the dismal corridors one day and asked if she would like to visit her little daughter some week-end.

The beautiful woman was Mrs. Cecil B. DeMille, who had been a member of the orphanage board of directors for years, and it was during one of the meetings that she noticed the distinctly Latin-looking child in the long file of tow-headed children.

(*Continued on page* 90)

Jeanette MacDonald is a vision of loveliness as she greets you in her new spring gown, the same hue as her orchid corsage (which, as you see, she wears at her waistline). Satin-backed crepe—draped, twisted, turned and contrasted — creates this modern version of an ancient Greek style. The sketch shows you the utter simplicity of the left side as compared with the intricate detail on the right. In front, the left side of the skirt is split almost to the knee. Grecian sandals of orchid satin complete a perfect harmony. Note the absence of jewelry!

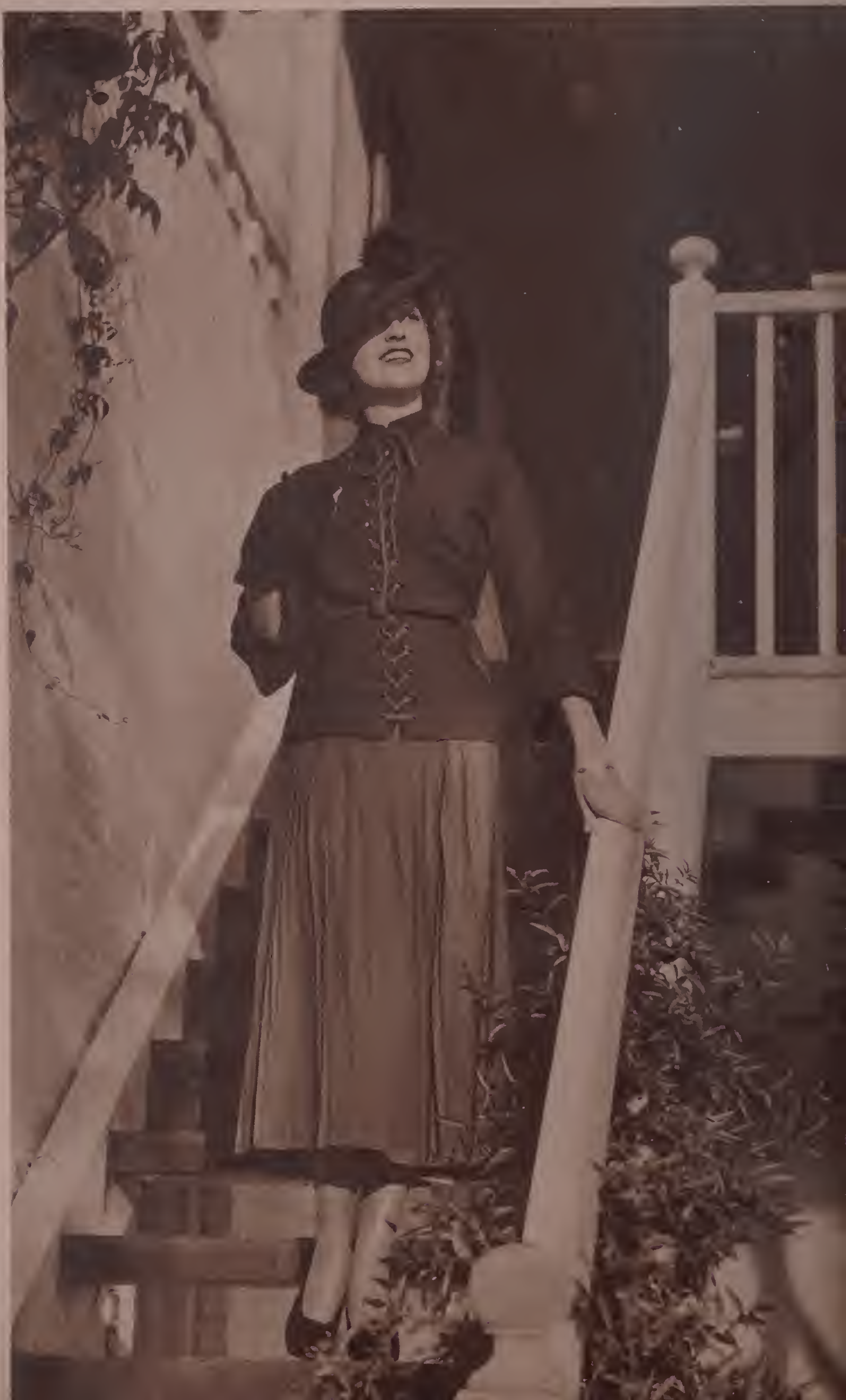




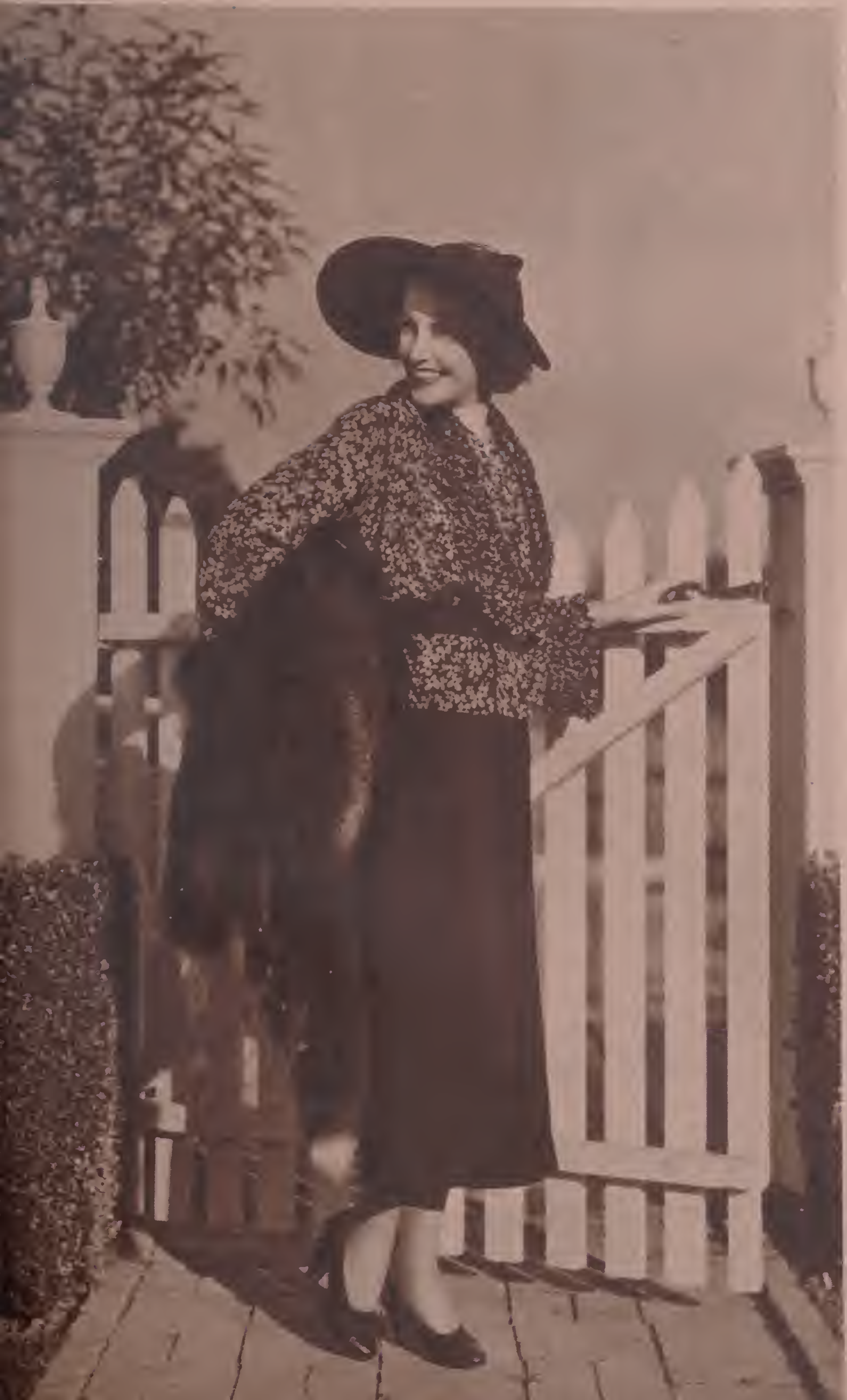
STAR FASHIONS BY GWENN WALTERS

THESE FASHIONS WORN BY JEANETTE MACDONALD WERE PHOTOGRAPHED IN HER LOVELY HOME BY GEORGE HURRELL

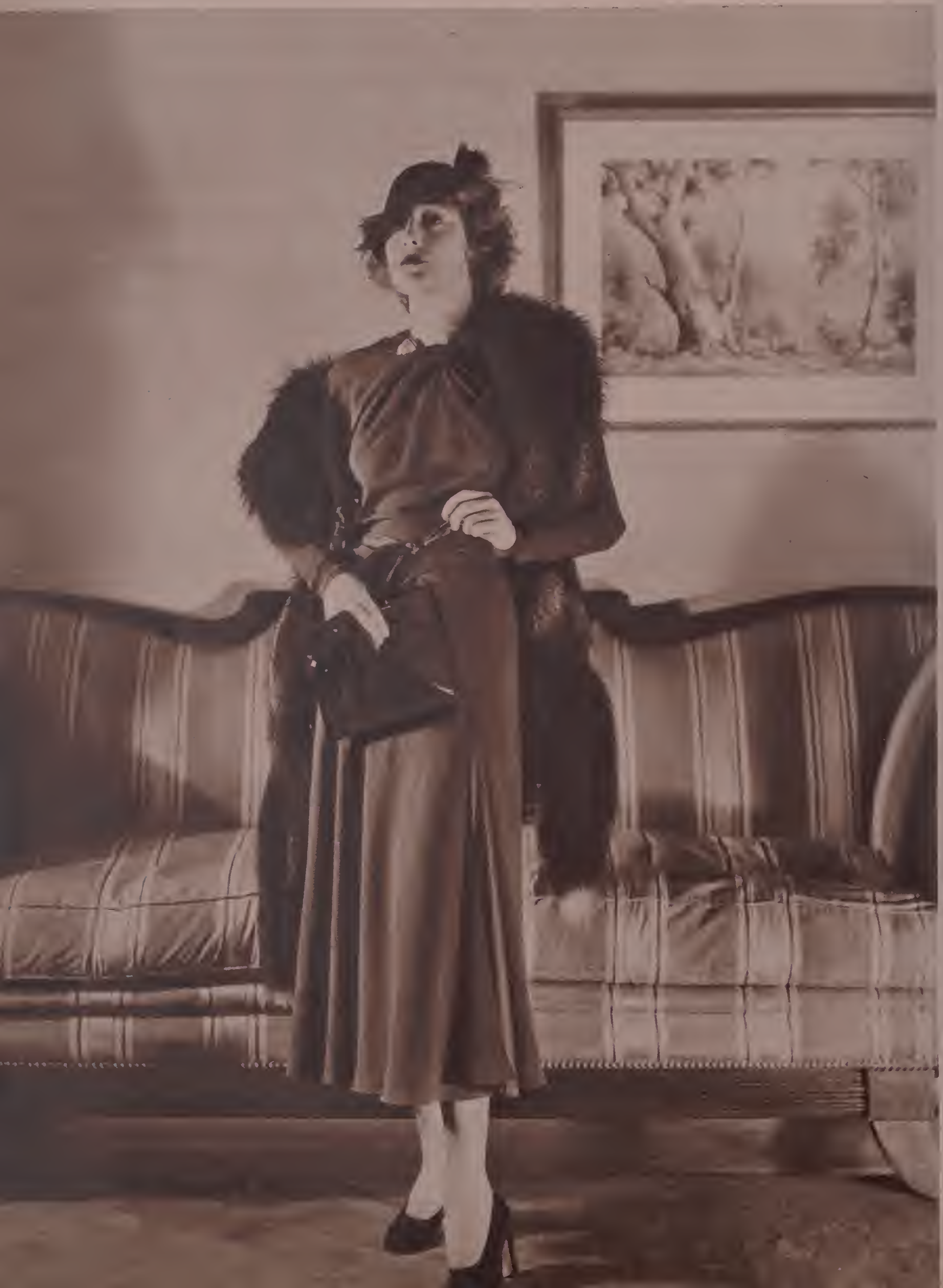
"Don't hope to get into this frock in a hurry," Miss MacDonald warns, if you should select a sports costume like hers, for that perky front lacing is more than a trick—but well worth the effort! The tailored overblouse of hand crocheted string in rose-rust contrasts with the skirt of finely pleated jersey in French blue. Many pockets of irregular outline are placed at a jaunty angle. Her hat is of rose-rust felt and boasts a feather pompom to match.



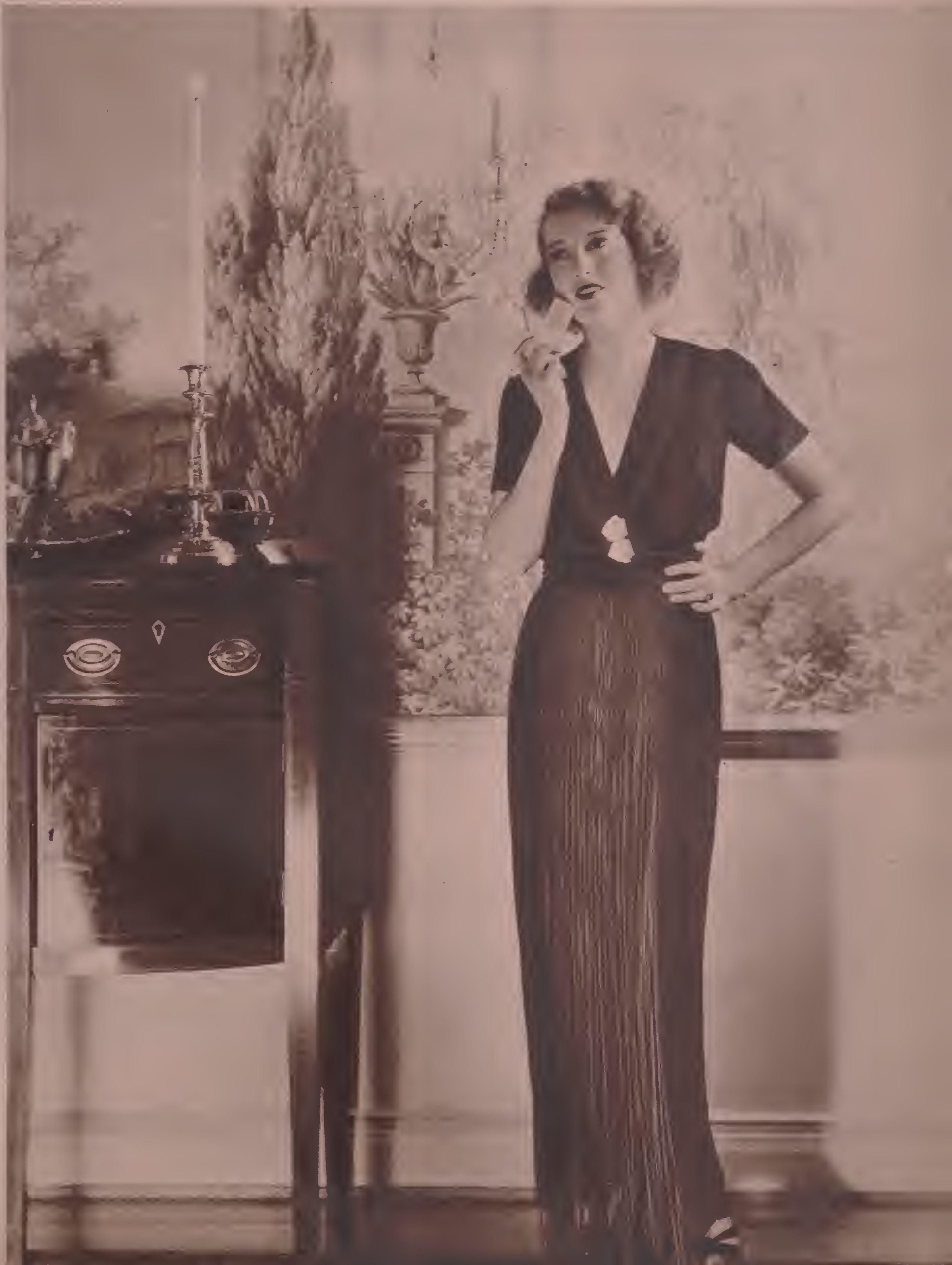
A gay afternoon lies just ahead for Miss MacDonald, judging by her mischievous smile. Her poke-bonnet of black felt, with its enormous front bow of matching fabric and its mesh crown, is a fashion highlight, while her stunning frock, with its black skirt and riotous print jacket, is just the type for afternoon wear. Ruching edges the jacket, which is snugly closed by a wide fabric belt. This costume was chosen from the French salon of the May Co., Los Angeles.



This royal blue satin-backed crepe afternoon dress is an original Vionnet model. It's just the sort one needs to tour the town from three to seven, when going on to an informal dinner and perhaps the theater. The neckline is deftly draped, caught by two clips of diamonds and sapphires. The wrap-around skirt ends in a wide circular front flare. Jeanette's Cellophane bag is fashion's newest contribution. Silver foxes add luxuriant and final note to this charming yet practical costume.



Jeanette is wondering just where to place the last card as she prepares for her dinner guests. Her gown of sheer black crepe has a startlingly low neckline held by two diamond clips. The front drape of the skirt is hidden beneath silken fringe. The tiny sleeves are puffed at the shoulder seam. Hollywood is filled with new style trends. If you would like a special fashion sheet, or need help with your spring wardrobe, write Gwenn Walters, MOVIE MIRROR, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood.



The COST of One

By JOHN CHATTERTON

After "Society Doctor" (opposite page) last year, Bob said: "If it happens that I get a good break, you can remember you've talked to the lowest salaried performer who ever signed a movie contract." Now he's in the big money as co-star with such a favorite as Janet Gaynor.

ONE of the favorite Hollywood games—along with bridge, poker, tennis, betting "corners" at the fights and passing the buck—is a grand form of diversion called *How they take it.* This little pastime is strictly Hollywood entertainment and is played with (a) one brand-new personality who (b) has begun at the bottom and (c) skyrocketed to fame in a short time. In a way, it is a form of Patience because the results are sometimes a bit slow in coming in.

It took Marlene Dietrich five years to change from an eager, excited, interesting German girl into the bored, blasé lady of sophistication which she has become today.

It required a similar span of years for Connie Bennett to climb down from the lofty heights of near-snobbishness she once occupied and become the regular and approachable person she has recently proved herself to be; not so colorful a personality, perhaps, but ten times more likeable.

"Hollywood Wheel of Fortune" might be a good name for it. And it's fascinating to watch the world famous players win and lose, particularly a young chap like Bob Taylor, the box-office bonfire. I say *particularly Bob Taylor* because no contender on last year's scene has experienced a dizzier run for his money than has "tall, dark and handsome" Mr. Taylor.

Twelve short months have elapsed since I first talked to the pride of the Pomona College dramatic club. He had just made a mark for himself with a secondary role in "Society Doctor." It was his very first interview and he spent the entire time wondering if anything would come of it.

He wore, as I remember, a white sweater and gray slacks. After all, one very seldom gets around to the best tailors during the first few laps of a very small contract. True,

Year's SUCCESS

Yesterday, the twin brother of the Forgotten Man; today, the idol of a million fans. What that dizzy climb to stardom has done to Robert Taylor.

his slender, medium tall physique carried his ready made clothes well; but he was not exactly what you might call beautifully turned out. He was, however, a very handsome boy as he paced nervously up and down the sparsely furnished dressing room. He had seen the reviews of the picture and he was just about beside himself with an exciting hope that "somebody *important* at the studio would read them."

"If it does come about—if it happens—that I get a good break after this picture and really get started," he said, with a great deal of doubt in his voice, "you can remember you've talked to the lowest salaried performer who ever put his John Hancock on a movie contract."

I tilted back in my chair and looked at him for a moment. Then I said, "But not for long. You'll be on the way to stardom, earning at least twenty times what you are now being paid, before the year is out."

He stopped dead in his tracks and stared at me. "You're crazy," he said. He looked at me with serious eyes for a moment, but the idea was too much for him to swallow. He began to laugh.

After his fit of laughter had run its course, I offered a compromise. "Well, suppose I am crazy. Let's just say there is a chance. What would quick success mean to you? At least you can play around with the idea."

"Just *barely*," he grinned. "Well, I guess it would be the answer to everything. It would mean that I had clicked, that I was worth something at the box office. It would mean that I'd get some important roles and a chance to prove what I could do as an actor. It might mean that I'd get married; and it would most certainly mean that I would get some new clothes."

The clothes idea seemed to have him pretty much down. Even Louis B. Mayer, maestro of the Metro baton, had had a little talk with Bob about his clothes, the result being that the Big Boss of the studio was calling in his own tailor, even going so far as to choose personally the colors and patterns, as a sort of loan against Bob's appearance as a successful actor.

Yet, despite these minor difficulties and doubts, Bob Taylor struck me as the most enthusiastic, certainly the most pleased, actor I had ever encountered in Hollywood, where they grow them tall, dark and handsome—but seldom happy. It was obvious that he was looking forward to his career; still he was without the least show of egotism. In a word, he was slightly bewildered by (*Continued on page* 84)

A STAR'S-EYE "ROMEO

CANDID CAMERA SHOTS

Above—Juliet (Norma herself) snaps a picture of her Romeo (Leslie Howard, of course). Top, left—Edna May Oliver relaxes betimes (as Shakespeare might say). Left—Basil Rathbone and John Barrymore in a final rehearsal before filming.

VIEW of
and JULIET"

BY NORMA SHEARER

Top—Mercutio (John Barrymore) strolls on the set. Center—Director George Cukor and Producer Irving Thalberg (yes, Norma's husband) confer informally on Stage 11. Right—Benvolio (Reginald Denny), Romeo and the director talk things over.

A beautiful poem written to Shirley Temple on her birthday, by the famous American novelist, Faith Baldwin.

To SHIRLEY ON HER BIRTHDAY

Blow out the candles, one by one;
What shall I wish you?—Laughter, sun,
A time to learn and a time to play,
And sweet, sound sleep at the close of day.

Blow out the candles, flame by flame,
What are the gifts life bids you claim?
Courage and hope and truth's clear pride,
And the watch-dog Love, to guard and guide.

Blow out the candles, red and gold
What shall I wish you, to have and hold?
Wings, for adventure; dreams, undefiled
And the radiant heart of a happy child.

Faith Baldwin

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S

Surely no one guessed, when a daughter was born to George and Gertrude Temple in Santa Monica, California, April 23, 1929, that the tiny mite who greeted the world on the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth was destined to carve her own niche in the magic world of make-believe long before she was of school age. But today, in these and the following pages, we join a grateful public in wishing America's littlest sweetheart every happiness, and all good things, on her seventh birthday, in return for the many hours of enchanted delight she has given us.

BIRTHDAY ALBUM

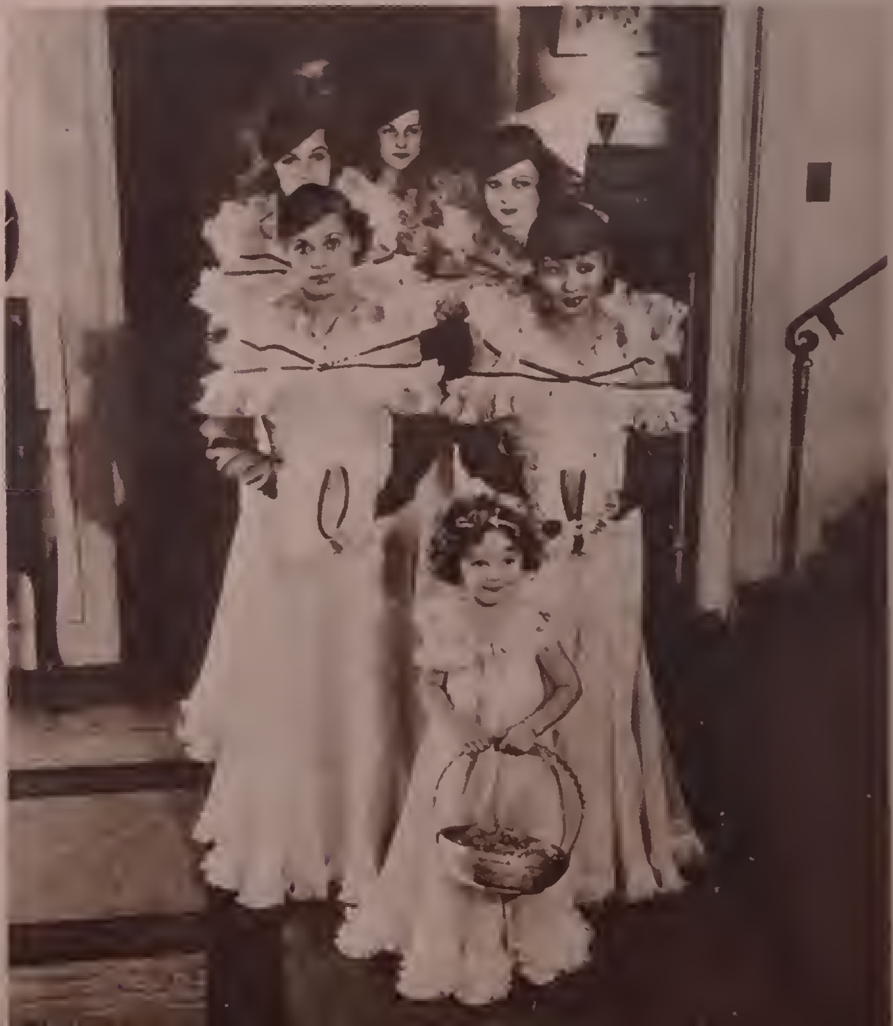
Additional Pictures from Shirley's Baby Book on Page 17

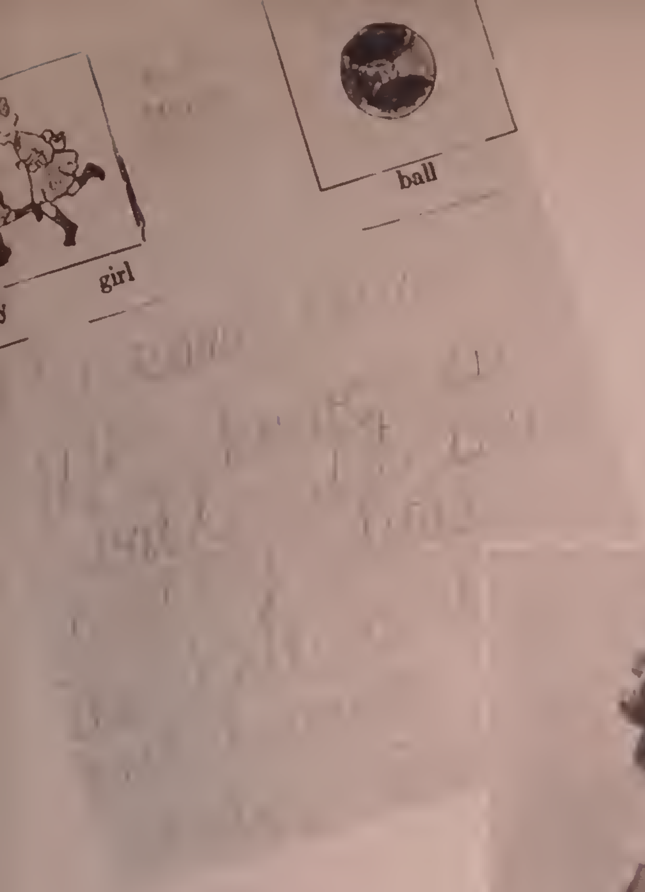
SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S BIRTHDAY ALBUM

Everyone, even her parents, thought little Shirley was going to grow up to be just the very pretty daughter of a prosperous banker. But all that was changed when she was chosen as the lead for the "Baby Burlesks" (below).

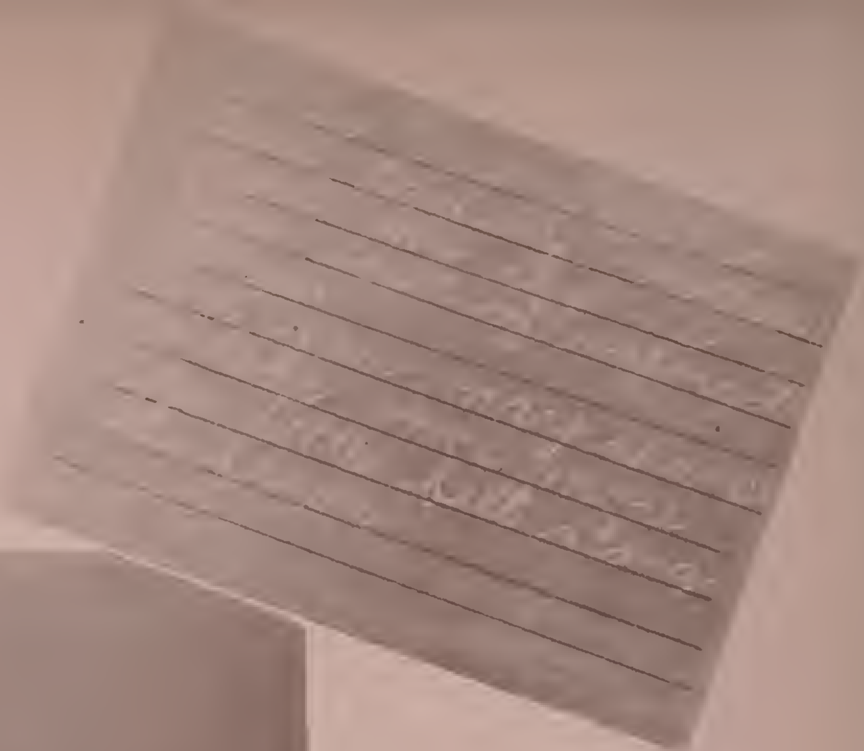
Above, left to right—cherished pictures of Shirley's childhood from her mother's own collection. First, Shirley at eighteen months, more interested in a little gift basket than the camera which was to bring her such international fame. Then a portrait when the child star was only two—even in those days she posed easily and naturally for the photographer. She was three when the third picture was taken—just before she embarked on her amazing screen career. At the left, you see her when she was just two and a half.

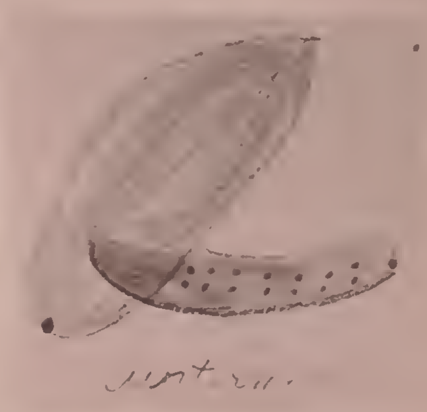
Right—this is the earliest picture Hyman Fink ever took of Baby Shirley Jane Temple, as she was then known. It was a Wampas star fashion show; if you look closely you can find Eleanor Holm, Toshia Mori, Pat Ellis, Lona Andre, Anita Louise and Gloria Stuart.





Left, the very first page in Shirley's first grade book. She cut, colored and pasted every picture in this volume. The sentences are from her reading lessons. Right, she chose this poem for the first page of her second book in honor of her mother.

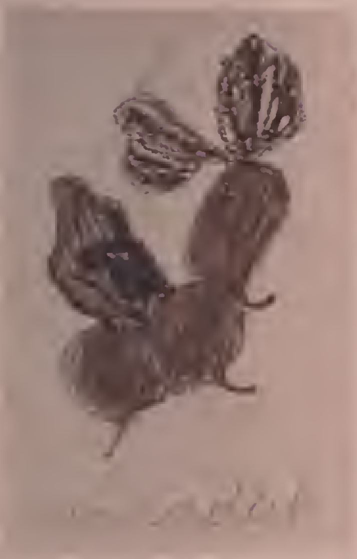


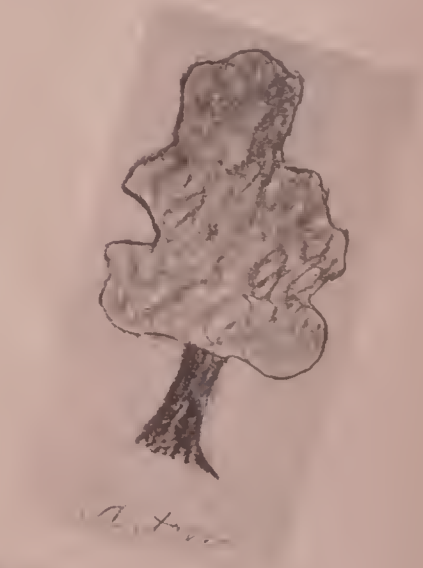


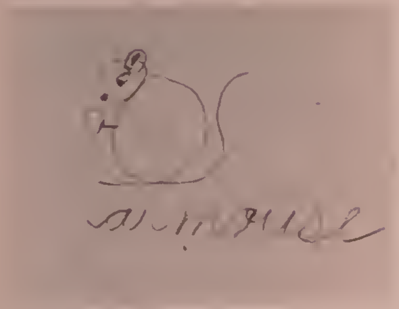
MY BOOK

BY SHIRLEY TEMPLE

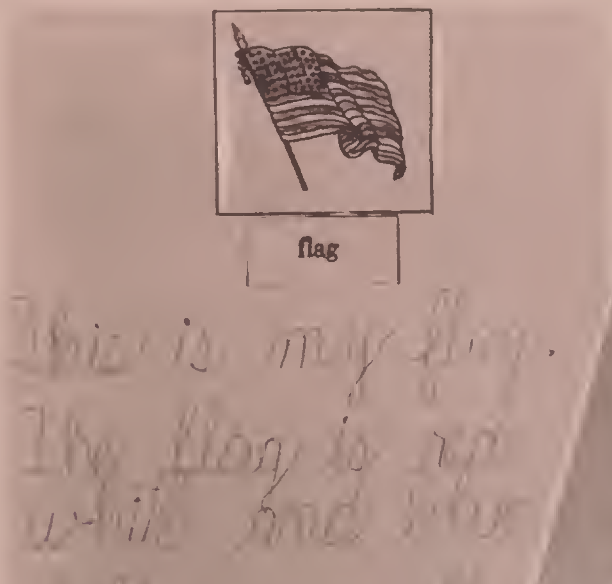
ILLUSTRATED BY
THE AUTHOR

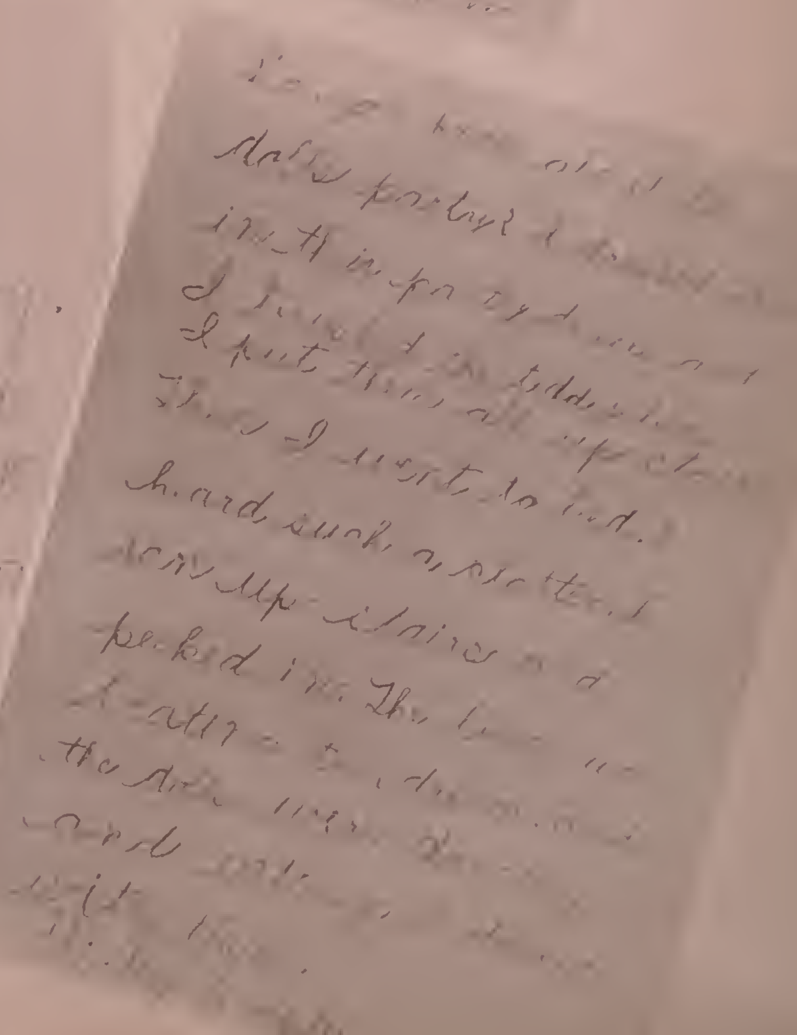






The patriotic flag page is also from Shirley's first grade book, while the little story at right is one she made up all by herself. It reads: "Do you know about the dolls' party? I dressed them in their party dresses and I brushed the teddy bear. I put them all up stairs. Then I went to bed. I heard such a clatter. I ran up stairs and peeked in. The bear was beating the drum and the dolls were dancing and eating. I danced with them." The four little drawings are all Shirley's work. The little mouse was an outgrowth of her penmanship study with ovals and the other three sketches were drawn free-hand for her art lessons.





THOSE WILD

"I wish," she wrote in part, "I might live your thrilling and glamorous life for just one year. One year. One grand and glorious year in Hollywood. I might then be content to go back to John and the children, to the drab existence of life and its problems. Problems that never touch you in your glittering world out there. Yes, I could go back and live in the memory of my one real year of life in Hollywood."

THE letter was signed "Mary V." A letter inspired, no doubt, by the headlines and stories of fancy romances and gay adventures, of free and easy love and free and easier marriages. Headlines that highlight Hollywood and make it the enticing center of fascinating doings, a beacon to which lonely, affection-starved girls and weary wives and mothers, all over the world, turn with hearts of longing.

Well, little Mary V., whoever and wherever you are, you need never say again there is no Santa Claus. For your heart's desire is about to come true.

You are taking that trip to Hollywood. A trip that will take you into the very heart and home of one of Hollywood's grandest couples.

Meet Stuart Erwin and his lovely wife, June Collyer.

I have chosen the Erwins as your hosts for several reasons. One is, they are young, popular and an established part of Hollywood. They are, in short, put. Not the here today and gone tomorrow type. They are symbolic of the place, the Erwins are.

Another reason, and an important one, I think, is that they are both a part of the business of Hollywood in their own rights. June Collyer was a successful star on her own when she married "Stu" Erwin some four years ago. They still are, both of them, very much in the acting business. And that always makes an interesting combination.

And who knows, on this, your very first visit, they might even let you feed the chickens and walk the six dogs—only not right off, of course—and even push four-months-old Judy up and down the sidewalk.

The chickens? On a ranch, you say? Oh, no, the Erwins live right in the very heart of Beverly Hills. One of the nicest streets in town. Of course, they like that particular street because the ice-cream wagon goes right by just after three-year-old Bill gets up from his nap. It's so cozy to hear the bell ring and the driver yell "ice-cream, ice-cream," just about the time you get settled down for a little catnap in order to look fresh and rested for Judy's six o'clock feeding. That's always a gay old time.

You could wear your blue accordion pleated for this event. The one you were saving for the wild orgy where everybody knocks everybody else down with opium pipes and things. You might as well wear it now Mary V., for this six-o'clock occasion is just about as wild as things will get.

And anyway, by the time this feature is over it will be time to throw a few extra handfuls to the chickens—even if they have gone to roost—and the chicken-coop wire will probably tear your frock.

Of course, if you'd have got there a little sooner the Erwins might—no fixed promises, remember—have let you get up some morning at six o'clock to help with the soup. Yes, I said soup. Sure, I mean six in the morning. You see, when Stu was making "Ceiling Zero" out at Warners with Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien, the three boys decided to take their own lunches, each one to take a certain thing and they'd spread it all together picnic fashion. Aren't they the devils, those boys? So, one day Stu took the soup and Jimmy the meat loaf and Pat the dessert and the next day Stu took the meat and so on. Only the boys kept forgetting what they were supposed to take (if anyone forgot the dessert there was something to pay, let me tell you) and Mrs. Cagney and Mrs. O'Brien and Mrs. Erwin would have the grandest time every morning at six phoning each other to see who was to take what. Especially after the boys all turned up one day with potato salad and nothing else.

Servants? Oh yes, they have a married couple at the Erwins. A cook and a butler. But let me tell you this, Mary V., after one month with the Erwins or any of the young couples out here with their servant problems (sounds big and showy, doesn't it?) involving those six o'clock breakfasts for studio calls, those eight-thirty dinners when Stu drags home almost too weary to eat, the open resentments

WILD ERWINS

June and Stu with little Judy and Bill—this is the happy family which provided such an exciting and exhausting afternoon for a visiting reporter!

Let's step inside the Hollywood home of a couple of typical movie stars, Stu and June Collyer Erwin

By SARA HAMILTON

of the baby's nurse and what not, you'll find out what servant problems really are.

Of course, the servant problem at the Erwins would be much simpler if Stu didn't need that extra bedroom for a dark room where pictures of Bill, whose real name is Stuart, Jr., and of Judy, whose real name is June Dorothea, are developed by the ton.

Oh, there will be an occasional party, so maybe Judy's six o'clock soiree won't be the highlight of your visit after all.

For instance, there's the recent dog show affair. June had somehow always been ill or away when one of their Scotties was shown, so had never seen him come strutting back home with blue ribbons and prizes galore. But this time June was able to go, and together Stu and June watched the judges get closer and closer to Scotty Erwin—Stu growing more and more nervous—until finally, after years and years, the judges were looking at their dog, sizing him up. And then it was over.

Scotty had walked off with simply everything. Top winner, he was. And when Stu picked up Scotty there were real man tears way back in his eyes as he mumbled in Scotty's black coat:

"Good boy. I knew you'd do it because I wanted *her* to see you win."

"Her," of course, would be quite the prettiest woman there, a slim, brown-eyed girl whose eyes never left the big comforting figure of Stu Erwin. Her husband.

And then, heigh ho, everybody, for much big whoopee in the Erwin playroom in the backyard. All the movie people from the dog show would be there. And they'd all gather around the fireplace (Stu practically built that fireplace with his own hands) and have beer and sandwiches and talk dog and about eleven o'clock Stu would grow sleepy and about twelve he'd wander over and whisper in June's ear, "I wish they'd go. I'm so sleepy I can't keep my eyes open."

And not once, mind you, would anyone jump in the fish pond with his clothes on or would anyone be knocked out with a chair. Instead, they'd just sit there and talk, as you and the Browns back home talk, while June kept an anxious eye on Stu for fear he'd go to sleep on her hands.

And that would be the party.

But that night, along about three, you'd hear sounds from across the hall and you'd listen. Someone whispering in the hall, meaning that Bill was sick. There would be a little whimpering sound then you'd hear the soothing voice of Stu mingled with June's. And as the daylight crept in you might tiptoe out and there they'd be, Stu and June, sitting in the cold gray dawn beside a little bed, unable to leave because Bill had hold of a finger of each of them.

The rising sun would find them there. And then off to work for

(*Continued on page* 103)

MADGE EVANS

She's tired of being an ingenue, tired of being timid—so, returning from England, she decided to do something about it

By HOWARD SHARPE

IT is hard, in a few typewritten pages, to tell you this story about Madge Evans—because what has happened to her during the last few months is a story of awakening, of transformation, of metamorphosis. It is the ever new, old epic of a change which comes to people sometimes over a period of years, sometimes so suddenly that even the closest of friends are amazed.

When I tell you that there is a new Madge Evans, I mean it. She has not, of course, dyed her hair black. She has not drawn new eyebrows on her forehead, nor has she changed the cut and style of her clothes. In these superficial things she remains the same.

But outside of that, you must have a brand new and wholly revised character analysis of this lovely blonde actress. You'll like her more, I think.

You must have, first, a picture of the Madge Evans that used to be, the better to see her as she is today. And to this end, you must go back four years in the career of this very talented girl.

Four years ago Madge came to Hollywood without the faintest notion of staying longer than a few months. Her contract called for one picture; she had a good stage job waiting for her in New York; and she didn't like the idea of living in California anyway.

Besides this, she was in love.

She told me about it the other day while we lounged opposite each other on a bright blue divan in her new Beverly Hills house. "I was very young, and this was first infatuation," she said. "I had told him, and meant it, that I would come back almost before he'd had a chance to miss me; naturally I didn't dream my first picture would be a hit, that my option would be taken up, that I'd go on making movies as long as I have.

"And of course my first year was a misery. With my mind fixed fiercely on this young actor in New York, and without friends or acquaintances out here—you can imagine the loneliness."

Her face was rueful as she remembered. "Christmas I spent with Mother driving up to Santa Barbara and back. There wasn't anything else to do. And on the way home I got a ticket for speeding; it cost me forty dollars. New Year's Eve I sat in front of the radio and listened to the shouting in Times Square and *howled* with nostalgia!"

That cured her. She began to accept invitations now and then, to be seen at nightclubs with men-about-Hollywood, to enjoy life. The inevitable happened.

He, by letter: "Have been reading the gossip columns. How come you do me like you do?"

She, by telegram: "You know it's all a pack of lies. I'm just having a good time."

He, by long distance telephone: "You're perfectly aware of what people are saying. I think you ought to stay home nights. If you loved me at all . . ."

She, by parcel post: one ring.

Thus, Madge Evans and love. But there were other things. "My worry about work, for instance," she said to me. "At first I never thought I'd be a success, and after each picture I'd wire my friends in the East to expect me and sit back waiting to be fired. But hit followed hit, and contract after contract was renewed, and after a while I began to think, 'Maybe I'll really make a go of this.'"

Then it was that her real trouble started. Confident at last that there was a chance for her in the film industry, but always certain that she was perched precariously on the brink of failure, she began a hop-skip-and-jump to the tune of producers' commanding voices. She became known as the one actress in Hollywood who never gave any trouble, who was never late on the set, who never talked back. She was afraid to, and they knew it.

IN the meantime she made few friends, lived a quiet mousey life filled with strenuous work and exhausted sleep, and was miserable. She had neither the time nor the ability, then, to find herself. She didn't know what she wanted out of life, how to live life, how to escape it. She was without love, being fearful that another romance would go the troubled way of the first.

And, worst of all, she took the parts assigned to her without question as to their suitability. She told me, "I was afraid to ask myself, 'Is this role good for me? Will it help me with the public? Does it carry anything for me that I may take hold of as an actress?' I thought if I protested I'd lose my job, and that to me was the greatest calamity that could ever happen."

Twisting on the blue sofa, she presented a completely new stubborn chin and a completely new smile of assurance for me to see. "But it isn't any more."

Just exactly when the change came neither Madge nor her friends really know. I met her for the first time about eight months ago; and since then in one of those quick friendships

(*Continued on page* 105)

REBELS!

HOLLYWOOD'S NEW NIGHT SPOT

PHOTOGRAPHED
By HYMAN FINK

It's a day of romance, folks! Above, Charles Boyer, Merle Oberon, Pat Paterson Boyer and David Niven, aristocratic English newcomer to films who may wed Merle 'most any day now. Right, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Joe Brown (Sally Eilers) with the newly-wed Jack Warners (she was Ann Alvarado).

These gay pictures of filmland at play were taken by Hymie at the extremely popular new cocktail room of the Hollywood Brown Derby. Below, we have four stars looking up to us—Robert Taylor and Irene Hervey (the romance that has us all guessing these days), with two of the colony's most popular young people, Carole Lombard and Cesar Romero.

Above, Michael Leisen and Gail Patrick are greeted with smiles by Robert Cobb, the owner of the Hollywood Brown Derby. And, at the right (left to right), are Ruth Selwyn, Lord and Lady Cavendish (Fred Astaire's famous sister, Adele), Tala Birell and Mary Pickford.

The fast pace of Modern Living puts an extra strain on Digestion

Natural Digestive Action Notably Increased by Smoking Camels

People in every walk of life get "keyed up." The effects on digestion are known to all! In this connection, it is an interesting fact that smoking a Camel during or between meals tends to stimulate and promote digestion. Enjoy Camel's mildness . . . the feeling of well-being fostered by Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. Camels set you right. Smoke Camels for digestion's sake!

© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr.
of Wilmington, Delaware

is justly proud of her charming house with its beautiful gardens—one of the historic landmarks of Delaware. Both Mr. and Mrs. du Pont are enthusiastic about yachting. And they are famous for their hospitality. Mrs. du Pont says: "I always enjoy Camels—all through the day—and during meals especially. They never seem heavy, and I like their flavor tremendously. They make the whole meal so much pleasanter. I'm a naturally nervous person. That's another reason why I prefer Camels. They never get on my nerves, no matter how many I smoke."

Mrs. du Pont, photographed recently in the luxurious Rainbow Room, Rockefeller Center, 65 stories above the streets of New York

Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia*
Miss Mary Byrd, *Richmond*
Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston*
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *New York*
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, II, *Boston*
Mrs. Byrd Warwick Davenport, *Richmond*
Mrs. Henry Field, *Chicago*
Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, *Virginia*
Mrs. James Russell Lowell, *New York*
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, *New York*
Mrs. Potter d'Orsay Palmer, *Chicago*
Mrs. Langdon Post, *New York*
Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, *New York*

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand.

For Digestion's sake smoke Camels

"Strictly Personal . . .

but thousands of women asked me to explain why Kotex can't chafe . . . can't fail . . . can't show"

Mary Pauline Callender *Author of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday"*

Can't chafe

Because the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.

Can't fail

Because Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

Can't show

Because the ends of Kotex are not only rounded, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility — no tiny wrinkles whatsoever. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale lines.

WONDERSOFT
WONDERSOFT
KOTEX
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SUPER
KOTEX
WONDERSOFT
KOTEX

NOW 3 TYPES OF KOTEX

All at the Same Low Price

IN THE BLUE BOX— *Regular Kotex.* Ideal for the ordinary needs of most women. Combines full protection with utmost comfort. The millions who are completely satisfied with Regular Kotex will have no reason to change.

IN THE GREEN BOX— *Junior Kotex.* Somewhat narrower than Regular. Designed at the request of women of slight stature and younger girls. Thousands will find Junior Kotex suitable for certain days when less protection is needed.

IN THE BROWN BOX—*Super Kotex.* For more protection on some days it is only natural that you desire a napkin with greater absorbency. The extra layers in Super Kotex give you extra protection, yet it is no longer or wider than Regular.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

A SANITARY NAPKIN

made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

The Life and Loves of Jeanette MacDonald

By WALTER RAMSEY

Concluding the courageous and spirited story of the girl who knew she could sing—and proved it in the face of all opposition

Jeanette realized a lifelong ambition to sing grand opera when she appeared as Juliet in one of the lovely musical sequences in "Rose Marie."

FOLLOWING that dramatic moment when she stood looking down on Broadway from the window of her little hotel room saying: "I know what I want! I want to sing. I want to sing until my heart breaks . . . or stops breaking!" Jeanette MacDonald vowed she would accept no more roles as a dancer. She was determined that the failure of her first real romance would not be followed by the failure of the career she really wanted. If she couldn't sing, she would do nothing!

So she did nothing . . . for months and months.

Her savings dwindled alarmingly. She had been so sure that some producer would give her a chance to sing, once it became known that she refused all dancing roles, that she had not changed her mode of living. It was a shocking surprise, after three years of fair financial success as a Broadway dancer, to find herself flatly and indisputably broke.

The way Jeanette faced this situation is, in my opinion, the success-keynote of her entire career. Many girls, having achieved her measure of success on Broadway, would have waved the white flag at Fate and surrendered to the inevitable. But not Jeanette MacDonald. She set her chin determinedly and went out and got a job modeling coats and dresses at a wholesale house.

Now it is one thing to meet adversity and reverses at the outset of a career; high courage and ambition for the future usually carry the eager novice over the initial rough spots. But to back away from dancing engagements, offering hundreds of dollars weekly, only to accept a meagre living for the prosaic job of modeling fur coats in the hottest summer months New York has ever known, takes rare fortitude. But this was Jeanette's way. She believed in herself as a singer. Let her stage friends be aghast at her "comedown" if they must; she would fight her way back every inch of the way as a prima donna. Either that or she didn't care if she never danced another step as long as she lived.

Before fall, her unprecedented action bore fruit. A group of wealthy amateurs was producing "Bubbling Over" and, although the show lasted but two weeks, Jeanette's fire and enthusiasm made the music so effective that she was offered the prima donna role in the Chicago run of "Yes, Yes, Yvette." This engagement was a personal triumph for Jeanette. The show ran for months and she was elated by the praise from the music critics who wrote of the fresh, vital beauty of her voice. So unusual was her success that the ambitious producer decided to take the show into New York.

"When I arrived backstage for the Christmas Eve show," smiled Jeanette, "the entire cast was waiting to tell me the good news. The producer had decided to put my name in lights and star me, as a sort of Christmas present. I tried to be blasé in the face of their tingling

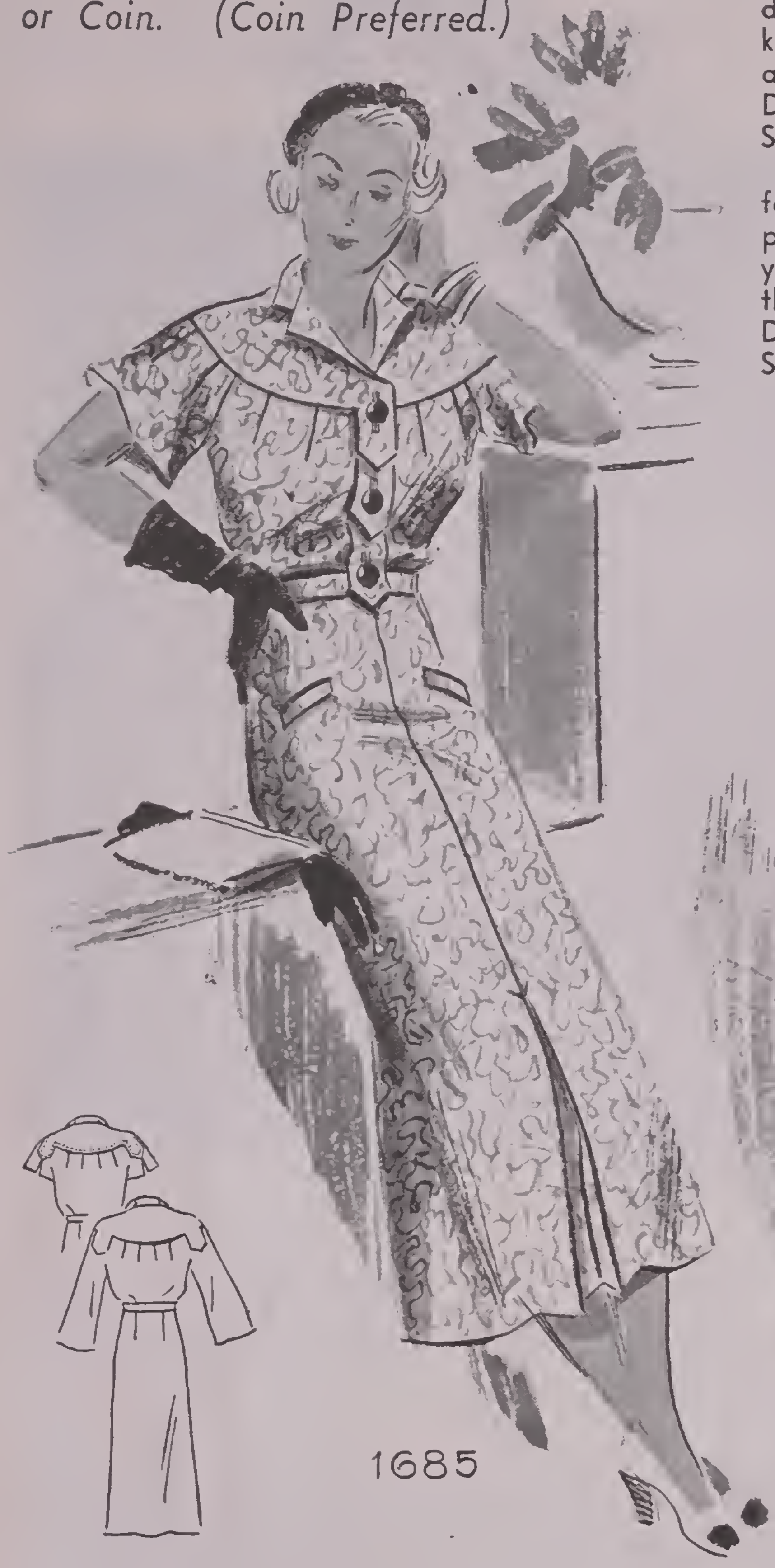
(*Continued on page 72*)

MOVIE MIRROR'S PATTERN DEPARTMENT

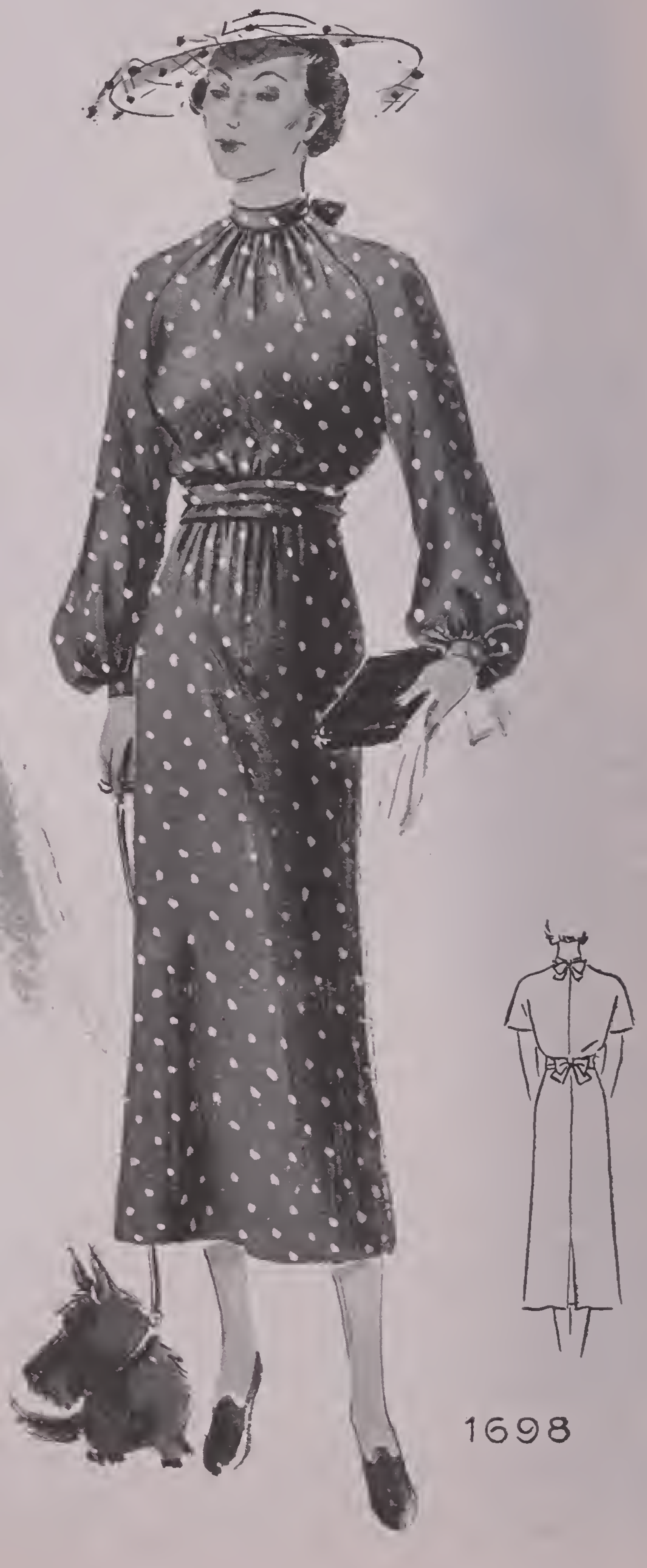
All Patterns 15¢ in Stamps or Coin. (Coin Preferred.)

Style No. 1685—DAINTY PAISLEY LINEN DRESS. Something different for town or afternoon wear. It is paisley pattern handkerchief linen. Buttons trim the ear-like tabs at the front. It's as dainty a frock as you could wish, and not difficult to make. Designed for 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards of 39-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

Style No. 1698—SIMPLE SMARTNESS. Here's a cool dress for town in sheer cotton print of Copenhagen blue with navy polka-dots. The dress is very simple but very smart, with a youthful stand-up collar that ties at the back. You'll perceive the raglan sleeves and the back of the waist are cut in one. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards of 39-inch material. Price, 15 cents.



1685



1698

Movie Mirror Pattern Department
1926 Broadway, New York City

Please find enclosed........................Send me

Nos.: Sizes:

....

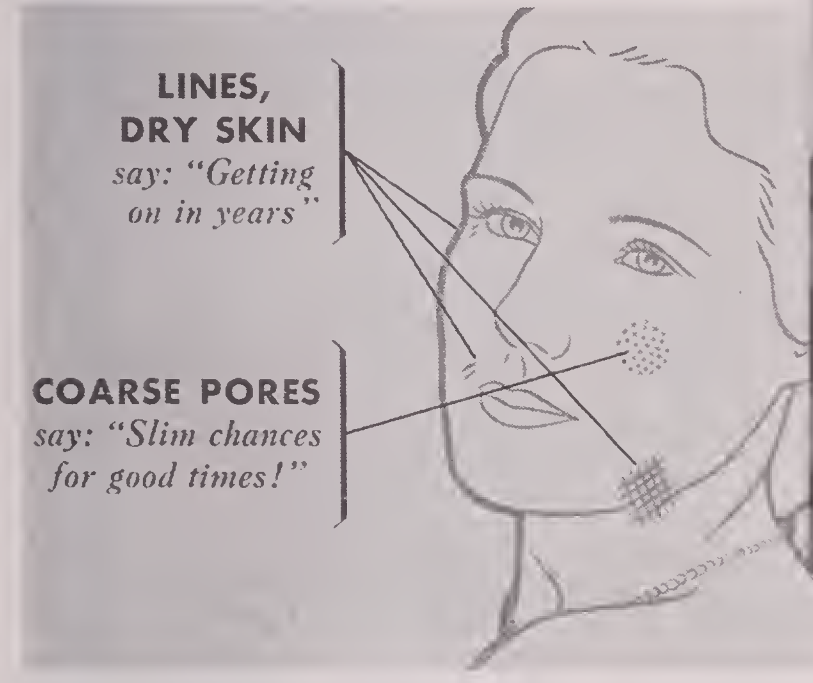
....

....

Name..

Address..

WIN BACK *Smooth Line-Free Skin* QUICKLY


LINES, DRY SKIN
say: "Getting on in years"
COARSE PORES
say: "Slim chances for good times!"

Miss Isabel Parker has that exquisite but delicate type of skin which often gets lined early: "Pond's Cold Cream actually ends dryness—smooths away little lines."

—*rouse that faulty* Under Skin

A PRETTY skin always wins friendly glances! It's not surprising that a coarse or dull skin is the reason many a nice girl is hardly noticed. Blackheads, blemishes draw positive criticism. Men seem to think that a good skin comes naturally!

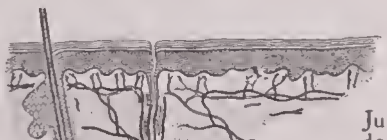
But actually that good skin is something most of us have to work for—And *can* win!

When lines come—blackheads, blemishes—it's a sign that *under* the skin you see, something has gone wrong.

How to reach the under tissues

Look at the diagram of the skin below. See the nerves, fibres, glands in the under layers. In your teens, these busily carry nourishment to your skin. When they slow, skin faults begin.

You've got to fight these skin faults off . . . rouse that faulty underskin. And you can!—by faithful use of Pond's invigorating deep-skin treatment.



Where Skin Age begins..

Just below that dark layer, tiny glands, cells, muscle and nerve fibres keep outer skin young. When they slow—skin dries out, ages!

Pond's Cold Cream, with its specially processed fine oils, travels deep into the pores. Right away it softens dirt—Floats out the clogging matter.

Eleanor Gould

now Mrs. Ludlow W. Stevens, daughter of the late Jay Gould: "Even the first treatment with Pond's Cold Cream made my skin seem finer textured."

Now your pores are free! Your skin is ready for a fresh application of this youth-giving cream. Pat it in smartly. Feel the blood tingling. Your skin alive! Glowing. You have wakened that sleepy underskin!

Do this regularly—note the improvement. Color livened. Skin smoother. In time, pores refined. Lines softened.

This famous Pond's treatment does more than cleanse. It brings to skin that fresh vital look that we all call beauty . . .

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to bring out dirt, make-up, skin secretions . . . Wipe it off! Pat in more cream briskly . . . to rouse that faulty underskin, to win back smooth, line-free skin!

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment—Your skin becomes softer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Begin at once to make your skin smooth, faultless! Mail the coupon below

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. E131 Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

City________________State__________

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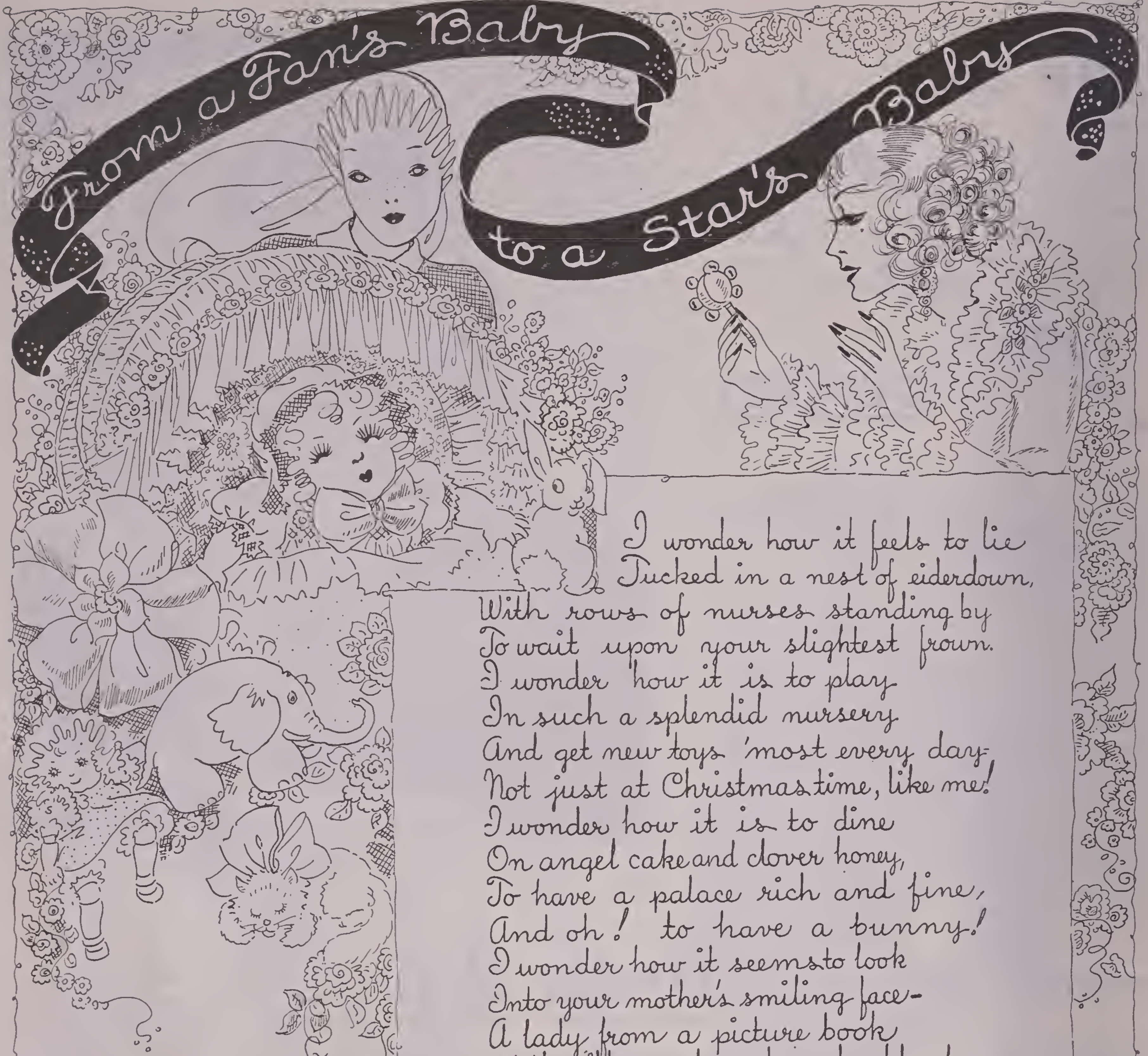
From a Fan's Baby to a Star's Baby



I wonder how it feels to lie
Tucked in a nest of eiderdown,
With rows of nurses standing by
To wait upon your slightest frown.
I wonder how it is to play
In such a splendid nursery
And get new toys 'most every day
Not just at Christmas time, like me!
I wonder how it is to dine
On angel cake and clover honey,
To have a palace rich and fine,
And oh! to have a bunny!
I wonder how it seems to look
Into your mother's smiling face—
A lady from a picture book
With silks and pearls and golden lace
Is she! Oh, Baby of a Star
For you the skies are ever blue
Oh, what a lucky child you are!
Perhaps I ought to envy you—
Yet—when I feel a soft caress
And mother whispers "Little Man"
I'd really rather stay, I guess
And be the baby of a Fan.

Peggy Perry.

Presenting something new to MOVIE MIRROR readers—a poem with pictures; we thought this human little verse a most delightful innovation for a film magazine.

At 6—Sally is tired out after a hard office day

At 7—Sally is radiant, gay, her skin fresh and delicately fragrant

This quick Beauty Bath peps you up—leaves you *dainty*...

FOR the girl who wants to win out with men, *daintiness* is all-important. There's a world of fascination in skin that's not only thoroughly clean, but delicately fragrant, too!

You'll love the way a Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath relaxes and refreshes you. You'll love the fresh, sweet odor it gives your skin. And here's another important thing:

The lather of Lux Toilet Soap is ACTIVE. It cleans the pores deeply, carrying away stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. After a Lux Toilet Soap bath, you feel like a different person. You're ready for conquests—and you *look* it!

9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap because they've found it such a superb complexion care. They use it as a bath soap, too, because they know neck and shoulders need the beautifying care this gentle soap gives.

LUX
LUX
TOILET SOAP

The Life and Loves of Jeanette MacDonald

(*Continued from page 67*)

emotion. I think I smiled and said, 'Isn't that nice.' As soon as possible, though, I slipped out the stage entrance, hired a taxi and began circling the block. Each time I passed the theater I looked back to see my name in lights. As I saw my name twinkling in the night do you know my greatest thrill? A friend of the family's, Arnold Daly, had once advised me to shorten my name because it would never fit in lights. But I had never been able to think of a shorter name. No other name seemed to suit me. And there it was! In lights—*all* of it. It wasn't too long. After about four trips around the block, I stopped at a drug store and called Mother about the good news and she and my sister came downtown to see the lights for themselves."

New York didn't take to "Yes, Yes, Yvette" as enthusiastically as had Chicago, but it did take to Jeanette. Immediately after the close she was signed for "Sunny Days" and then she went into "Angela." Once again Jeanette was fired with ambition and interest in her chosen career. The disappointments and discouragements of the past were forgotten in the rosy promise of the future. She began to enjoy herself, even to accept invitations to social affairs.

ONE exceptionally important night (at least it proved to be very important in Jeanette's life) she attended a Mayfair party with one of the few men with whom she went out in New York. During the early part of the evening, a tall, good-looking young man came over to their table. After her escort had greeted him, he was introduced to Jeanette as "Mr. Hemingway." He asked her to dance.

"Do you mind if I call you sometime?" he inquired while they were waltzing. So casual was his question that Jeanette thought he was merely being polite. So convinced was she, that she gave him the right number. Obviously, since he didn't trouble to write it down, it would never be used. And he didn't use it—until the next day!

Could she have luncheon with him?

Jeanette was sorry. A previous engagement.

Could she have dinner perhaps?

No, really, she had a dinner engagement.

Luncheon the next day?

No, laughingly.

Dinner?

So sorry, but . . .

In the end, his persistence won. They had dinner the next evening and spent much of their time together during the weeks that followed. She vaguely knew him to be a young business man—broker, perhaps—and he knew nothing whatever about her. One night, during the second month of their friendship, she was surprised to find him waiting for her in the dressing room after the performance.

"So you really are Jeanette MacDonald?" he said, as though he had never been so surprised in his life. As nice as he was, Jeanette was beginning to believe him slightly crazy. "Of course!" she smiled. "Didn't you believe I was?"

"No I didn't," he explained. "When our mutual friend introduced me as 'Mr. Hemingway,' I just assumed he had given *you* a false name, too—just for a laugh."

"So you aren't Mr. Hemingway?"

"No. My name is Bob Ritchie!"

Yes, as casually as that Bob Ritchie came into the life and career of Jeanette MacDonald to form a business and romantic combination that was to start columnist feuds as to their marriage and even promote a war-like debate between Jeanette and Walter Winchell that led to her declaration that she would pay him or any other person who could prove the rumored marriage $5,000.

Jeanette in "Yes, Yes, Yvette," her first stage starring role as a singer.

"I am not married to Bob Ritchie!" says Jeanette, firmly. "I can't understand why people are so skeptical of this truth. Why should I deny it if we were married? Bob has been my closest friend and honest adviser. But the way I feel about my career and the time and effort I must devote to it, makes marriage out of the question for me until I am ready to retire."

THE lady has spoken and she certainly should know. But even Jeanette would hesitate to deny that from the moment of their comedy-of-errors meeting, genial Bob Ritchie was the most interesting man she had met. Long before Ritchie became her business manager, he was her devoted swain. From the very beginning, there has been a great deal of laughter and real companionship. Bob was a prosperous broker when they met and he got their romance off to an unusual start by spending a great deal of money wooing her with things she *didn't* like. When he discovered her pet aversion was gardenias, he made a point of sending garlands of them to her every day. But despite the gardenias, with the advent of Bob and her success in "Angela," Jeanette was happy.

One evening, Richard Dix and his producer were out front watching the show and Jeanette. They were preparing to cast Dix's first talking picture, "Nothing But The Truth," and Dix was so impressed with Jeanette that he invited her to make a screen test for the leading role. The test was made in New York and the outcome amazed everyone. It was excellent. Jeanette photographed even more beautifully than Dix had hoped. The role was offered to her but she was under contract to the Shuberts who asked $75,000 for her release! The film company thought this a bit too stiff a gamble, especially on a screen newcomer, and Jeanette was furious at missing what she considered her great opportunity. But Fate held an even luckier card up its sleeve and that test was yet to be the means of sending her rocketing to Hollywood stardom.

Ernst Lubitsch saw the test while he was in New York looking for talent. He was so impressed that he stopped off in Chicago, where Jeanette was starring in "Boom-Boom," and signed her for the lead opposite Maurice Chevalier in "The Love Parade." "But," warned Lubitsch, "you must gain some weight before you come to pictures. You are too thin."

SHE tried to gain. Tried everything. But the weight seemed to disappear rather than add up. Jeanette became so worried over her weight problems and the possibilities of Hollywood that she became ill. She asked for her release from "Boom-Boom" and went immediately to a milk sanitarium in New Jersey. Two weeks before she was to leave for Hollywood, she was placed in ice packs for observation. She might need an operation for appendicitis! The terrible fear that this might cause her to lose her Hollywood opportunity, only served to make her lose more weight. Just before train time, however, it was decided that no operation was necessary.

No movie-struck fan ever looked forward to Hollywood with more enthusiasm than Jeanette. She had long been a reader of fan magazines and movie columns and had Hollywood in mind as a clubby little community where actors lived a gay, Bohemian life and everyone was everyone's friend and booster. She came expecting glamor and excitement. Instead, she found a Hollywood suddenly sobered by its struggle with the microphone—nerves on edge, confusion and certainly very little camaraderie among the biggest and brightest stars. Instead of glamor and excitement, she found Hollywood more like a hospital, a hospital where all of the patients were expected to die at any moment!

To add to this, Lubitsch was alarmed at her inability to gain the necessary weight. He appointed a prop boy to watch Jeanette on the set. "Every time you see her sitting idle, hand her a malted milk!" he demanded. Jeanette hated malted milk worse than anything in the world; but she drank every one the prop boy handed her. This method worked like a charm. In fact, it was lucky the picture wasn't shot in continuity. Jeanette gained fifteen pounds during that one film.

Frankly, though, she was unhappy and blue. The new work was the only thing that made bearable those first weeks in Hollywood. The film progressed particularly well and before it was finished, Lubitsch and his two stars realized they had a hit.

But away from the studio, Jeanette's life was very dull. She knew no one in Hollywood and it looked as though she were never to meet anyone. The stars she had been so anxious to know were either abrupt or rude when she was introduced to them. The social cliques were small and the doors guarded. But there was one star, in fact the reigning queen of the Paramount lot, who treated her with kindness: Clara Bow. When they met, Clara invited the lonely girl to lunch with her, gave her many helpful hints about the studios and wished her a world of success in her movie career.

EVERY night, Jeanette would return to the small apartment occupied by her mother and herself, eat a heavy dinner (Lubitsch's orders), rest for an hour and then go to bed. This wasn't much like the life she had dreamed of in Hollywood; her only real interest outside of her daily picture work was an occasional letter from Bob Ritchie. All during Jeanette's first lonely days in Hollywood, they kept up their correspondence. Thus, it was natural that she should call on Bob when she hit her first Hollywood snag: an offer from United Artists to make a picture following the completion of "The Vagabond King." Jeanette had no Hollywood agent, so she wired Bob Ritchie to talk the matter over with Jesse Lasky in New York and decide if it would be wise for her to accept the offer. This was Ritchie's first opportunity in the field of star-managing. He came to Hollywood and closed the deal for her. At that time, he had little idea that he would one day devote his entire time to the business and have many stars on his managerial wing; he merely explained to his pals, " . . . just a darn good excuse to visit Jeanette."

1930 saw Jeanette the only successful survivor of the avalanche of singing and musical-comedy stars that had invaded Hollywood. "Monte Carlo," made in the early part of 1930, brought her official stardom. But 1929 and '30 brought not only the crash of the stock market, but a development that threatened to wreck Jeanette MacDonald's picture career. Here are Jeanette's own words concerning the fantastic, unbelievable series of events that threatened to topple her spire of success after long years of hard work and heartbreaking set backs:

"My picture 'Monte Carlo' had been released in Europe. The atmosphere was so beautifully done that most Europeans thought we had made the picture in Monte Carlo instead of Hollywood. So, when a story broke in their newspapers concerning a certain crown prince and his clandestine love affair with a blonde girl, the rumor started that the girl was Jeanette MacDonald. The story was that the prince's wife caught her husband and his love together and shot the girl, who was taken to Italy. Whether she died or disappeared seems a mystery. At any rate, my pictures were immediately banned in certain sections of Europe.

"Meanwhile, musical pictures suffered a set-back in this country and I made three pictures for Fox in which I did no singing at all. This caused the further report in Europe that I was not only dead but

"I made a bet with Mom . . ."

"Say, Mom, I bet I'd help you wash if you'd treat me to an ice cream cone."

"Bobbie, I'd give a couple of cones if somebody'd only tell me what makes these clothes so gray, even though I rub and scrub like fury."

"I wish you'd ask your sister, Bill, and see if she knows what's wrong with my mother's washes."

"I bet I don't have to ask. I hear women discussing things in the grocery store where I work and I *know* plenty about washing."

"Your mother's clothes have probably got tattle-tale gray—'cause her soap doesn't wash clean. Why doesn't she get wise and change to Fels-Naptha Soap? Everybody raves about the snappy way it gets out ALL the dirt!"

SO I TOLD MOM ABOUT FELS-NAPTHA SOAP AND GOT MY CONES
AND I GOT RID OF TATTLE-TALE GRAY! FELS-NAPTHA'S GRAND GOLDEN SOAP AND LOTS OF NAPTHA WASH CLOTHES SO CLEAN THEY SIMPLY SHINE! I LIKE FELS-NAPTHA BECAUSE IT'S GENTLER, TOO. WONDERFUL FOR SILK THINGS! EASIER ON MY HANDS!

©1936, FELS & CO.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"
with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

Grandma Says
Today when little girls grow up they can stay young longer because they can go to their Beauty Shop weekly.. and, to help facial muscles keep young they can enjoy Double Mint gum daily.
WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
Q-110

that my sister (who could not sing) had taken my place on the screen! This concerned me a great deal; musical pictures make money in Europe and I couldn't afford to have mine lose this market by any such nonsense.

"The only thing I could do was appear in concert in Europe and prove my identity with my voice. I arrived at LeHavre and officials were sent out to warn me about the antagonistic French press. Rumors had already reached the boat that I was to be barred from landing because I was merely there seeking publicity. During four terrible hours of waiting, French news reporters hounded me with questions and because I understood but little (and answered in such garbled French) I presume I did myself more harm than good. Finally we were allowed to land.

"The crowd waiting on the docks was terrific and frightening. Perhaps their interest in me was the fact that I was rumored to be dead. But, at the moment, I thought nothing of their possible reasons for waiting to see me. I guess I thought I was getting my first taste of movie star celebrity. I lost Mother and my secretary between the boat and my car—and one shoe.

MY first concert booking was the Empire. Everything was going smoothly until we got warning of a possible demonstration against my performance. Obviously, there were still those who believed that fantastic story of my 'romance' with a prince."

The entire MacDonald entourage was frantic. The American Ambassador couldn't help because he was on a shooting trip in Scotland. The American Consul advised that Jeanette get proof that she had never been in Europe before. She did. Still, with but one hour until curtain time, Jeanette didn't know whether she should risk an appearance or not. But the manager argued that his house was sold out, that it was one of the most brilliant audiences of the season. She must go on. If she was nervous, plain-clothes men could be spotted in the audience.

No one will ever know the turmoil raging in Jeanette's heart when the curtain parted for her first number. Would someone shoot at her from the audience? Her heart was beating so fast she thought she would faint, or lose her voice, thus ending her chance to prove her identity. A great many people have vowed they would die for their art. Jeanette was convinced *she* would!

Finally, her music. She could delay no longer. Suddenly she was alone on the stage. The silence was oppressive, engulfing her. She dared not try to speak to them, but there is one expression that is universal. She felt very small, very alone and very afraid as she stepped to the front of the stage and *smiled*—a timid, hopeful little smile. The house broke into spontaneous pandemonium. The applause was like a measured din, marking the time to which her knees were quaking. After her first song, there were many "Bravas." And when her second number was a little French song, the audience stood on the seats and cheered. From that moment on, her tour and her identity were assured. Jeanette became the woman of the hour in Paris.

The third night of the concert at the

Empire, Chevalier, who had been out of the city, was in the audience. Both the audience and the singer knew it. At the end, Jeanette asked Maurice to take a bow; he answered by coming up on the stage. In typical American fashion, she greeted him with a kiss. Automatically they were "in love" as far the French were concerned. Now they *knew*, because if it had been a casual friendship she would have kissed him on the cheek!

Her terrific success in Paris brought offers from London. Jeanette had equal success there and learned how rabid the English fans (gallery-ites) can be. Her leading man in "Monte Carlo," Jack Buchanan, gave a party for her in London and the gallery-ites from both of their theaters waited outside the hotel until the party was over to pay them tribute!

Then back to Hollywood for "One Hour With You" and "Love Me Tonight." During this time, Jeanette came to an impasse with Paramount because they planned pictures without music or singing. Jeanette was convinced she should sing on the screen. Once again she was waging the battle she had won on Broadway. She would sing or she wanted a release. She gained her release and, in response to flattering offers from abroad, returned to Europe in 1932 for a concert tour through Holland, Spain, Switzerland, Belgium and France.

BEFORE starting the tour, however, she spent Christmas at Antibes, staying at the same hotel with Norma Shearer, Irving Thalberg and their baby. Christmas night, they all went to the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo. This was a bitter disappointment to Jeanette. "In the movies, we had pictured it so gaily," she laughed, "but that is not the real spirit of the place. Everyone is so tense, grim-faced, silent and determined to win. The players all look as though they were saying: 'If I don't win on this turn of the wheel, I'll shoot myself!' It was not a very cheerful note for my Christmas—in fact, it made me so blue that I turned down all the parties for New Year's Eve and went to bed at ten o'clock."

But it was during the holidays that Irving Thalberg got news from America that the audiences were crying for more musical pictures. He promptly signed Jeanette for "The Merry Widow" and "The Cat and the Fiddle" and made her promise that she would return for the pictures the moment she had concluded her concert tour.

The tour was the brimming triumph of her life. She was not only applauded to the roof everywhere she sang, but offers came from every important opera house in Europe asking her to sing in opera—from Milan, Rome, Berlin and the Opera Comique in Paris. Surely this red-headed girl who had believed in her destiny as a singer to such an extent that neither Fate nor fortune could defeat her, was richly justified at last. "And now," smiled Jeanette, "the desire to sing in grand opera has become my ultimate ambition. Strangely enough, it is not that I prefer opera to concert, but somehow it seems that opera will be my final proof to myself. It will prove my original point: that I am a singer."

Jeanette kept her promise to Thalberg and returned to America for musical pic-

"What! Go to bed?... Well, that's a dirty trick! We let you get us dressed up, and we did stunts for your old company ... and now your dinner's ready, you pack us off to bed!"

"We won't lie down and go to sleep! Not one eye will we close all night long... you'll see how much noise twins can make! Our feelings are hurt—and we're prickly and cross!"

"Ah-h... ! She's getting the Johnson's Baby Powder! (Good teamwork, eh?) When we get rubbed with that silky-slick powder, we'll purr like kittens. Mother—we forgive you!"

• • •

Johnson's
Baby
Powder

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder—the comfort and joy of millions of babies, because I soothe away prickly heat and all the little chafes and irritations that make them cross. The talc I'm made of is the finest, rarest Italian kind—no gritty particles and no orris-root. And I have three helpers in taking care of babies' skins—Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil. Try them, too!"

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

tures. "The Merry Widow" and "The Cat and the Fiddle" were successful but I doubt if anyone, including Jeanette, dreamed of the personal triumph that was to come to her with "Naughty Marietta." This picture, with Nelson Eddy, swept the country, breaking records wherever it appeared. And with this tremendous box-office success, Jeanette MacDonald seemed to dawn on Hollywood.

In the beginning of this life story of Jeanette, we spoke of the secret back of her flaming new enthusiasm, her "new" personality. Hollywood has made two guesses: her amazing success; or perhaps a new romantic interest with Gene Raymond, Henry Fonda, James Stewart, Nelson Eddy or any of the other men with whom her name has been linked. But the answer is far more simple than that.

IT has been a long fight, and at times a discouraging one, to prove herself a singer against all odds. She has believed it courageously from the very beginning. Now, that faith in herself has been justified before the world! There is no opera tradition behind her, only Scotch determination and hard work rewarded at last. I believe Jeanette, when she says the winning of this fight for an ideal is the secret behind the new enthusiasm that glows in her face, in her heart and in her life. I have written the biographies of most of the Hollywood celebrities, but I sincerely believe that Jeanette has hewed to the line of her career more relentlessly than any other. Love, marriage, children, friends, outside interests—everything else has had to stand by and wait while Jeanette proved herself to the world. She has lived solely for an ambition, an ideal. It is now a reality.

As this story of her determined fight for an ideal draws to a close, "Rose Marie," her second picture with Nelson Eddy, is following "Naughty Marietta" to box-office heights. Jeanette took a step toward her opera goal in her latest picture:

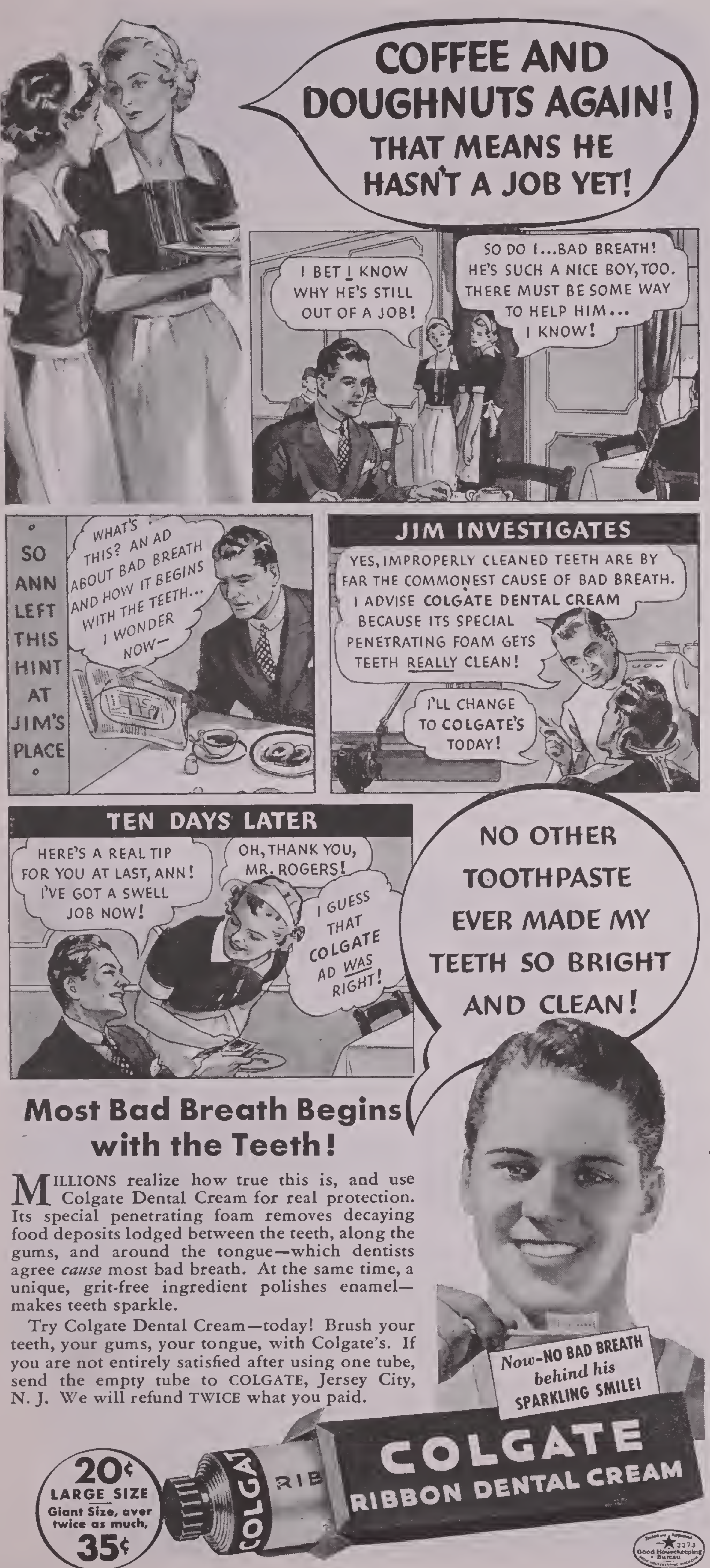
"I fought for two operatic sequences in 'Rose Marie'," she said with a gleam of triumph in her beautiful eyes, "the two arias, one from *La Tosca* and the other from *Romeo and Juliet*. Madam Jeritza was my real ally. When producer Hunt Stromberg heard that Jeritza had said, after seeing 'Naughty Marietta,' 'Why that girl is not singing grand opera in films, is beyond me!' he immediately told me to choose whatever arias I would sing. Then, I knew that I was almost to the goal I had set for myself!"

And now, there is a whisper around Hollywood that the Metropolitan Opera is Jeanette's for the asking. Is it any wonder that Hollywood sits back and rubs its eyes over the spectacle of this new, flaming vivid MacDonald girl who knew what she wanted—and got it?

Is There a Jinx on Nelson Eddy's Movie Career?

Admittedly the man of the hour in Hollywood today, he has had more bad breaks than any other famous screen personality—with no let-up in sight! Watch for the enthralling story in the June

MOVIE MIRROR, out April 24



COFFEE AND DOUGHNUTS AGAIN! THAT MEANS HE HASN'T A JOB YET!
I BET I KNOW WHY HE'S STILL OUT OF A JOB!
SO DO I...BAD BREATH! HE'S SUCH A NICE BOY, TOO. THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO HELP HIM... I KNOW!
SO ANN LEFT THIS HINT AT JIM'S PLACE
WHAT'S THIS? AN AD ABOUT BAD BREATH AND HOW IT BEGINS WITH THE TEETH... I WONDER NOW—
JIM INVESTIGATES
YES, IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH ARE BY FAR THE COMMONEST CAUSE OF BAD BREATH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM GETS TEETH REALLY CLEAN!
I'LL CHANGE TO COLGATE'S TODAY!
TEN DAYS LATER
HERE'S A REAL TIP FOR YOU AT LAST, ANN! I'VE GOT A SWELL JOB NOW!
OH, THANK YOU, MR. ROGERS!
I GUESS THAT COLGATE AD WAS RIGHT!
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MILLIONS realize how true this is, and use Colgate Dental Cream for real protection. Its special penetrating foam removes decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and around the tongue—which dentists agree *cause* most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth, your gums, your tongue, with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund TWICE what you paid.

The Star Nobody Knows

(*Continued from page* 25)

Ford on the set. He emitted a primitive yelp when he saw me and practically swallowed his handkerchief. There was murder in his Irish eyes.

"Why didn't you show me that thing?" he demanded. And after he had carefully listed the punishments he was considering—everything from lawsuits to mayhem—I timidly inquired just what was so terrible about it. I said I thought it was funny.

"Maybe it was funny to you," he granted, "but it wasn't to Ronald Colman. It cost me his friendship."

I couldn't see what it had to do with Ronald Colman.

"That crack about British actors," said Ford. "He called me up this morning. He was hurt. He thought it meant him!"

Ronald Colman may be humorous and light and amusing about this and that on the screen and in mixed company, but he's dead serious about himself.

For years he was associated with Samuel Goldwyn. Then one day Hollywood read that he was planning to sue Goldwyn for a tremendous sum of money, because Goldwyn's publicity department had released a story about him in which he was pictured as a drinking man.

THAT, of course, was during prohibition, when it was considered absolutely fatal to a star even to hint that he allowed alcohol to pass his lips. Meanwhile practically everyone else in the country was keeping a spare toothbrush in a speakeasy.

Ronald Colman will probably not be so concerned today, when they serve wine in the White House, if I say that like several million other people in America and in his native Britain, he will break down and sip a Scotch and soda on occasions.

The Goldwyn-Colman split-up which followed soon after that furor of recriminations has given rise to a lingering belief that Ronald Colman does not like Hollywood, and that one of these fine days when he has feathered his wallet beyond all possible threats of poverty, he will pull up stakes and sail away for keeps to England.

Nothing is less likely.

When his contract was dissolved eventually, he sailed on a world tour. He has always said he would like to make one picture a year and travel the rest of the time. "Travel light" is his announced motto. But mottos aren't what they're cracked up to be. And neither was travel for Ronald Colman.

He took along an experienced hotel man to pave the way, make all arrangements and what not. But even with this buffer, he confided, after doing Europe, passing through the South Seas and other spots he had always regarded with romantic eyes—he was deuced glad to get home.

And home is Hollywood. He must realize now that he has built his life here.

Ruth Chatterton, seeing him once in London, told a friend that she had never in her life witnessed anyone so miserable as Ronald Colman adrift in London. He

Now.. a *Lovelier way* to avoid *Offending!*

You are so *Fragrantly Dainty*

when you bathe with this lovely scented soap!

FIRST it brings sweet cleanliness . . . this exquisite Cashmere Bouquet Soap! Its rich, deep-cleansing lather leaves no chance of unpleasant body odor.

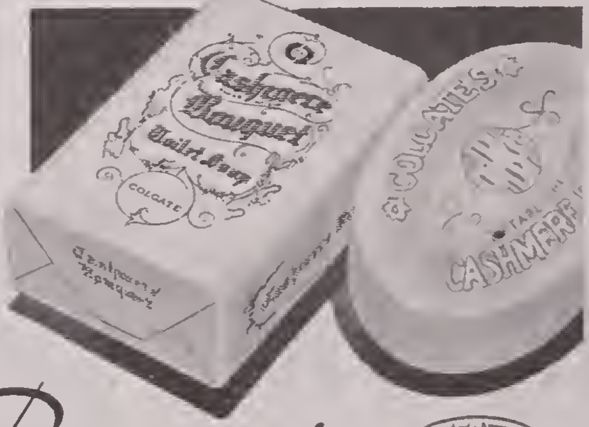
Then, its lovely, flower-like perfume lends you added glamour. It lingers about you long after your bath . . . gives you the *fragrant daintiness* men find so adorable.

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its generous lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it goes down into each pore and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics . . . keeps your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth.

And now Cashmere Bouquet costs only 10¢ a cake. The same long-lasting soap which for generations, has been 25¢. Exactly the same size cake, scented with the same delicate blend of 17 costly perfumes.

Cashmere Bouquet Soap is sold at all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

NOW ONLY 10¢ *the former 25¢ size*



BATHE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet

Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

What makes a girl "Click"?

JOAN is pretty. She is smart. And she is asked everywhere.

Barbara looks at Joan with secret envy. For Barbara, too, is pretty. And she is smart. But evening after evening, she is left at home alone.

Why? What makes one girl "click" socially and another fail, when both are equally good-looking?

The truth is, Barbara could be just as popular as Joan if it were not that she is careless—careless about something no girl can afford to overlook.

You can't blame people for avoiding the girl or woman who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. It's too unpleasant to tolerate in anyone, no matter how pretty she may be.

There's really no excuse for it these days when Mum makes it so easy to keep the underarms fresh, free from every trace of odor.

Just half a minute is all you need to use Mum. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Use it any time—*after* dressing, as well as before. It's harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Depend upon Mum to prevent all unpleasant perspiration odor, without preventing perspiration itself. Use it daily, and no one will ever have *this* reason to avoid you! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MUM

ON SANITARY NAPKINS. Guard against this source of unpleasantness with Mum. No more doubt and worry when you use Mum!

takes the odor out of perspiration

couldn't get up a game of tennis. The mere sight of someone from Hollywood overpowered him with back home emotions and nostalgia. The crowds of London terrified him when they swooped and swarmed.

They tell an amusing tale about a night when Ronald Colman took his mother to a London play. At the entrance to the theater he was recognized. Immediately a thick crowd of British humanity assembled.

Ronnie lowered his head into his muffler and steered his mother for the haven of the foyer. But that little lady tugged at his arm.

"Look," she said, "something must have happened. There must have been an accident!"

She had no idea that all the people were running up to catch a look at her son.

There is no one who clings more tenaciously to British customs and British traits than Ronald Colman. Expatriated Britishers, for some perverse reason, seem to possess an amazing faculty for remaining more British away from "this isle, this England" than those who stay at home.

Oddly enough, Ronald Colman is not English at all, although he was born in England. He is—and I'll bet you never knew this before—Scotch.

He went to war with the London Scottish and fought under burr-throated commanders until a bullet sent him home to "blighty."

HE has the Scotsman's self sufficiency, the Scotsman's business acumen, the Scotsman's clannish loyalty to his friends, slowly adopted, but once adopted, adopted for keeps.

No one knows just how much he is worth, but it's plenty. Clive Brook, one of his close friends, has groaned more than once at the man's uncanny investment instinct. When most of his friends went down the line with the stock market, "good old conservative Ronnie" dropped little or nothing. He wasn't lured over his head by the boom fever.

Yet with all his thrift and his Scotch balance he has none of the universal conception of a Scotsman's penny pinching. All worthwhile charities draw generous checks.

He set up the man who accompanied him around the world in the hotel business in Santa Barbara.

Just the other day an incident came to light about a family he had noticed while driving along the beach highway. They hailed him with a thumbjerk and asked for a lift to San Francisco. Ronald Colman wasn't going to San Francisco but he bought the whole family bus tickets which would take them there.

And when a friend of his in the publicity department of 20th Century-Fox wanted all the details to make a story out of it, Ronald Colman denied with wide, innocent eyes that anything of the sort had happened. He's that kind of guy.

Some people in Hollywood have at times taken it upon themselves to criticize him for seldom, if ever, entertaining. The truth is that even that little bit of show would dismay him.

I said he was shy. It is a shyness mixed with a puzzling super-sensitive consideration for others. Not necessarily friends, but anyone.

Maybe this will illustrate what I mean.

The other night he sat with Col. Tim McCoy in a popular supper cafe in Hollywood. A photographer was roaming around the place and, spying Colman, always good lens "copy" because of his infrequent nocturnal sallies, gave him the works with his flash bulb.

On his way out, Colman, in turn, gave the cafe proprietor a piece of his mind. He didn't blame the photographer, he explained. He had his job to do. But the proprietor shouldn't 'sic' him on the guests.

"Not that I mind," he said, "but suppose I had had a lady with me. She might have been terribly embarrassed."

On the set of "Under Two Flags" some weeks ago a Yaqui Indian knife thrower who makes his living by outlining people with hatchets, daggers, swords and such from a distance, waxed a bit nervous and whistled a blade wild at Colman. It grazed him uncomfortably close, bounded back and ran its sharp edge across his chest.

No one was hurt. But it was a moment. Colman made light of it, and the next day the studio played up the story, attesting verbosely to their star's nerves of steel. Ronald Colman was concerned.

"MAKE me out a tin hero, if you must," he protested, "but have you thought about how you must embarrass the other fellow?"

He meant the knife tosser. No one had thought of him.

There are few men in Hollywood with quite the spotless record of a chivalrous attitude that Ronald Colman holds. As the years go by, the easy influence of Hollywood has blurred the manners of most erstwhile cavaliers. The theatrical, especially the picture business, destroys a great many illusions and graces. There is a tendency to get down to brass tacks.

Ronald Colman is the kind of person who never fails to rise from his chair whether the visitor to his set be Mrs. Bush from the Corn Belt or Lady Vaincourt of Mayfair. His bosom pals, who have spent many a bachelor evening and night in good fellowship with him, swear they have never heard him make an even halfway deprecating remark about any woman. In a town where private lives are often public property this is more than remarkable. It's practically sensational.

Once someone induced Ronald Colman to take bicarbonate of soda for a cold. He thought it was a joke at first. Then he tried it, found it worked, and now bicarbonate of soda has become his remedy for everything, the companion of his soul.

He's that way about his friends.

There aren't many of them. Richard Barthelmess, Warner Baxter, Bill Powell, Tim McCoy, Clive Brook, a lawyer named Noel Gurney, an architect named Chapman. Ernest Torrence's widow, Elsie, Elizabeth Allan, Benita Hume. A few others.

Ronald Colman is essentially a man's man. Women don't figure much in his existence, much less, in fact, than a great many would like. Whether or not his unhappy marriage in England made him that

WE TRY TO LIVE ON A BUDGET BUT MY FOOD BILLS ALWAYS RUN OVER ——
LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT MY DISCOVERY. IT COSTS LESS THAN 3¢ A PORTION

and my husband says it's a "MILLIONAIRE'S DISH"

"JOHN'S fussy about food and seasonings. It's not often he gets enthusiastic. But I don't think I *ever* serve Franco-American Spaghetti that he doesn't say, 'This is positively the finest spaghetti I ever tasted!'

Helps me save

"Franco-American not only costs very little itself, but helps me save on other dishes, too. It makes inexpensive cuts of meat so tasty and tempting. It combines wonderfully with left-overs. And I often have it for lunch or supper in place of meat. It's the biggest help I know in planning 'economy' meals we really *enjoy* eating!"

Far and wide Franco-American is becoming known as "the spaghetti with the *extra* good sauce." The cheese and tomato are combined in exactly the right proportions. The seasoning is so skilfully done. There's plenty of zest, but no strong over-seasoning; instead, you find a subtle blend of flavors, a delicate piquancy that delights you anew every time you taste it.

Yet a can all ready to heat and serve is usually no more than ten cents, actually less than 3c a portion. You couldn't prepare spaghetti at home for so little. Think of all the different ingredients you need for the sauce (Franco-American chefs use *eleven!*), the cost of cooking them, the time and trouble it takes. It's decidedly more economical to buy Franco-American. Order several cans today.

Franco-American
SPAGHETTI

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Every woman should make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If you deodorize only—because it is easy and quick—you will always have an unpleasant, stale "armhole odor"—test yourself tonight by smelling your dress at the armhole

THE more fastidious you are, the more surprised and shocked you may be when you realize that you cannot prevent "armhole odor" unless your underarm is kept *dry* as well as sweet.

Tonight, as soon as you take off your dress, smell the fabric under the arm. No matter how careful you are about deodorizing your *underarm*, you may find that your *dress* carries the embarrassing odor of stale perspiration.

This is bound to happen if you merely *deodorize*. Creams and sticks are not made to *stop* perspiration. They do not keep the underarm *dry*, so perspiration collects and dries on the fabric of your dress.

And the very next time you wear that dress, the warmth of your body brings out an unpleasant, stale odor.

Only one way to be SURE

Women who care deeply about good grooming know that there is no short cut to true underarm daintiness. They insist on the *complete* protection of Liquid Odorono.

WOMEN who want to be sure their dresses are free from "armhole odor" gently close the underarm pores with Liquid Odorono.

With Odorono, not even the slightest drop of moisture can collect on your dress to spoil the pleasant impression that you would otherwise make.

Odorono's action is entirely safe . . . ask your doctor. It works by gently closing the pores in that little hollow of the underarm. Perspiration is merely diverted to less confined parts of the body where it may evaporate freely and inoffensively.

No more ruined frocks

It takes a little longer to use Odorono, but it is well worth your while. In the end you save, not only embarrassment but your lovely clothes as well! You do away forever with those horrible underarm stains that even the cleaner cannot remove, that can ruin expensive frocks and coat linings in just one day's wearing. And there is no grease to stick to your clothes and make them messy.

Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) need be used only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

If you want to feel the utter security and poise that Odorono brings, send for the two sample vials and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.

ODO-RO-NO
Regular

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 5-B-6, 191 Hudson St., New York City.
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose 8¢ for sample vials of Instant and Regular Odorono and leaflet on underarm dryness.

Name____________________

Address____________________

way no one but Ronald Colman would know. But he prefers the company of men, and when on rare occasions he is seen out with women, a romantic attachment is seldom hinted. No one else in Hollywood is granted such diplomatic immunity.

All of his friends, to a man, are devoted to him. They fret and worry about him. They become depressed when he sinks into a mood. He never calls them up. So they call him up. He is never curious about the affairs of his closest friend. He never asks questions. At the Baxter home there is a room known as "Ronnie's room" kept ready in case he should drop in and want to stay. But they always have to ask him—he never drops in. Even with his intimates he is formally considerate.

Sometimes he surprises them.

Some months back when Warner Baxter was on location, he received a wire reading:

THINK CAN GET YOU PART SUPPORTING RONALD COLMAN IN TALE OF TWO CITIES STOP PLEASE ADVISE.

It was signed with the name of Baxter's agent, and Warner took it "straight." His reply was definite, to say the least, and the agent scratched his pate in sad bewilderment for days.

But then he didn't know Ronald Colman had sent the telegram.

THE personal life of Ronald Colman, away from the studio, centers around three things—his tennis court, his library and his current boat. A tennis match is his idea of the best way a man can spend his time. His pals all play with him. The panelled wood library with its rows of books is probably one of the most used libraries in Hollywood. He is a voracious reader. So far he hasn't owned a boat, only rented them. But his conservatism is weakening on that score. He's looking them over.

The house is above Beverly Hills on Summit Drive. Corinne Griffith built it. Nell Ince owned it before Ronald. He lived at the head of Vine Street, three blocks from Hollywood Boulevard, long after that section had ceased to be fashionable. He had a cottage at Malibu Beach until it became too crowded.

A cook, a housekeeper and Tommy, his secretary—all men—run the place. He drives his own Cadillac convertible coupe. His wardrobe is modest, except for hats. He has a mania for hats, buys dozens of them, and then usually wears one old tried and true skimmer. Tommy keeps stills from every picture Colman has been in, lest he repeat a wardrobe used before. He's touchy about that.

And that is just about all I know about Ronald Colman, the man nobody knows but everybody thinks he knows.

Like his friend, I still don't know for sure whether he's "extremely intelligent, slightly intelligent, or just charming." Nor am I particularly concerned.

I would like to know, though, why he has in his eyes a look that is often sad and sometimes tired.

But I suppose neither I nor anyone else will ever know that X part of the Colman equation.

I wonder if he knows it himself.

Can You Be a Scientific Siren?

(Continued from page 27)

flattering little attentions, she probably exacted them with her mental attitude of being receptive only to the best.

"It may take time to do this, but it can be done. And results will begin to show when the attitude has been held long enough to become an integral part of the girl's outlook on life."

JEAN HARLOW is popular with women as well as with men because she's taken the time and energy to think things out. And that's why I believe her opinions should be of help to every girl who wants to be attractive to men.

"I have never believed that physical beauty is necessary to win romance," she said as we sat talking in her big white sunroom. "There's no doubt that it helps, but I believe one's inner qualities count more than anything else. The graciousness and tact that you express will make you charming to people. If you are careful never to offend, if you do and say things that you know will please, you're bound to win.

"A genuine affection and regard for people is important. If you have a warmth in your heart for those with whom you associate, it's bound to be reflected in your attitude toward them.

"Girls who are persistently unpopular are those who don't try to be otherwise. Perhaps they don't show an interest in other people, in their joys and sufferings. They are only interested in themselves. In short, they are unloving.

"You have to give love to get love. And you can't pretend about it. You must be ready to please and to serve others. And you must be happy in doing it. Then only will romance come your way."

Jean believes that a woman's voice has a great deal to do with inspiring a feeling of romance.

"Keep your voice low and pleasing," she said. "There's nothing more distressing to a man than a girl's shrill, nasal voice. Such voices are knives on nerves. I would advise every girl, therefore, to watch her voice. She should relax and speak quietly and calmly.

"I don't think that the girl who's outspoken and frank will rate many dates. Men don't care for it. Yet many girls these days are apt to be too frank. They're too much like boys and they can hardly make a man feel romantic.

"A woman should be elusive and a little mysterious. It will make her much more exciting to men. I don't think there's any appeal to a noisy, wise-cracking personality.

"Always be feminine. Give the man an opportunity to feel that he's the truly primitive protector, that he's the stronger person. Men like to do things for women. That is why a girl makes a mistake when she shows that she has strength equal to the man's. The chances are that she really hasn't. So why should she assume that it's so?

"Let a man know how much you appreciate the little courtesies he shows you.

In
Hollywood...
New York...
Chicago...
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MARVELOUS
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MAKEUP

Keyed to the color of your eyes!

IT'S NEW... it's different... and it's sweeping the country! Everywhere girls are hurrying to look their best... in Marvelous the Matched Makeup.

It's makeup that matches... face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, and mascara in true color symphony. And it's makeup that matches *you*... scientifically keyed to your personality color that never changes, *the color of your eyes!*

At your drug or department store now ...guaranteed for purity by the world-famous house of Richard Hudnut... full-size packages... 55 cents each. Ask for Marvelous Dresden type face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara if your eyes are blue; Parisian if your eyes are brown; Patrician if they are gray; Continental if they are hazel.

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SPECIAL! Drug and department stores offer at 55¢ a $1.00-value Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit — junior sizes harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, mascara, eye shadow. Or send 55¢ to Richard Hudnut, Fifth Ave., New York City. State color of eyes — *blue, gray, brown* or *hazel.*

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MARVELOUS *The Eye-Matched* MAKEUP
by RICHARD HUDNUT

EVERY NIGHT I CRIED MYSELF TO SLEEP

–until I gained 12 pounds this new easy way

NOW there's no longer any excuse for thousands to remain skinny, laughed at and friendless. For hosts of people who thought they were "born to be skinny," and who never could gain an ounce before, have put on 10 to 25 pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh with this new easy treatment—*in just a few weeks!*

Not only has this new discovery given them normally good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Why it builds up so quickly

Scientists recently discovered that no end of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-enriching iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of this marvelous body-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.* Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you're a new person.

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No matter how skinny and rundown you may be, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time, and note the marvelous change. See if they don't build you up in just a few weeks, as they have thousands of others. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 225, Atlanta, Ga.

Posed by professional models

12 lbs., clear skin in 3 weeks

"In 3 weeks I have gained 12 pounds. I used to have pimples and blackheads, but now my friends ask me what I've done to clear my skin and put flesh on my skinny bones. I just say, 'Try Ironized Yeast'."

—*Anna Looksick, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Never take the things he does for you for granted. Whenever you can, ask his advice. Let him know you value his opinion. It will flatter his sense of importance."

THE gay, provocative Ginger Rogers charms everyone who meets her. Everything about her evokes visions of romance. So I wasn't surprised to have her say that a girl should try to create romance within herself.

"I'm a firm believer in the theory that what we are within, we show without," she explained. "That's why I say to the girl who wants romance, make believe that you've found it. Act the part! The feeling itself will make you glow and add to your appeal in many ways. With such faith romance will become more than a possibility.

"'Get your man,' is a swell slogan, but get him by fair means, not foul. If a store sells you something by misrepresentation, you feel justified in handing it back. And you're naturally resentful. So don't blame the man who feels cheated when he falls in love with one type of girl only to find later that she's entirely different.

"Try to be natural in manner. Be peppy but not boisterous. Be gentle, but not sappy. Be sunny and gay. It's just as easy as to frown.

"When a man takes a girl out, he wants to give her as good a time as possible. Show that you're enjoying it. It will give him a grand feeling," twinkled Ginger.

"A mistake that many girls make," she went on thoughtfully, "is to look for romance at parties and whoopee places. A man who is bent on whooping it up isn't in the right mood for romance. The girl that he plays bridge with at the home of some married friend is more apt to inspire him with a romantic feeling.

"He gets to know the real girl. Her sweetness and sympathy give him a feeling of comfort. And before he knows it, he's in love."

There are pearls of wisdom in this, you who would find romance! So don't neglect your married friends.

NANCY CARROLL believes that any girl who has difficulty in finding romance should subject herself to a sharp self-analysis.

"She is almost sure to find some things which are handicapping her," she said.

"Such a girl should stand in front of a long mirror and study herself. She should try different coiffures, different clothes and colors. And if necessary a different expression," she said seriously. "Very often a girl will have an unhappy look that makes men shy away from her. You've seen such girls. Or it may be that her manner is so timid and quiet that she's overlooked. Or she's so snobbish and haughty that men think her cold.

"A girl must make an effort to put herself over. She can do it if she'll take an interest in the little and big things of life and in all kinds of people. It will get her out of herself. And she'll get knowledge which will help her to be more interesting and entertaining.

"I also think that many girls spoil their chances for romance by showing that they're too eager. Treat a man casually until he's interested. Start with mere friendship. Let him feel he's entirely free to go away. Let him try to figure out how she feels about him. She must put it up to him to get her a little bit more interested.

"For that reason a girl mustn't run around doing things for the man. She should let him do the giving. But she must not demand. That's fatal. She must be subtle about it and let him have the idea that it's a privilege to do things for her.

"I don't think any girl need be unattractive looking today. There are so many ways in which she can make herself look smart. The thing she must work on is her personality. If she cultivates a warm, responsive interest in people, and shows men that she enjoys things, it will vitalize her personality. And men will be drawn to her as to a flame."

KAY FRANCIS has captured the hearts not only of American men, but those of London, Paris and Rome. Wherever she goes she has them at her feet. And justly so. For Kay has an intoxicating sparkle and radiance that naturally make romance stalk in her wake.

She was gracious and charming when she received me in the living room of her home. I hardly recall what she wore, except that it was smartly tailored, so overwhelming is her personality.

"I feel it's a mistake to go out searching for romance," she told me.

"To those girls who think that life is passing them by, I'd say, 'Don't yearn too much for love.'

"I know that a lot of fun has been poked at the old platitude, 'Mr. Right will come along,'" she smiled. "But there's a large amount of truth in the statement. Mr. Right generally does come along.

"I don't believe that girls who think they're unhappy or ignored, should try to develop personalities that are foreign to their true natures. You find a great many who ape other girls or actresses they admire. They only seem silly and affected to men. They sense very quickly whether a girl is herself or acting a part. And the girl who poses is rarely attractive to men.

"A quiet girl should learn to play up something in her appearance that will be interesting. It can be the way she does her hair or the way she dresses or the way she smiles. There should be one thing that's unique about her. Colors will help her a lot. She can select some brilliant, but becoming shade that will make her stand out.

"She should learn to be a good audience. All men love to be the center of attention. If there's someone she particularly wishes to attract, she should learn what his interests and hobbies are. Only in that way can she find out his hopes and ambitions and discuss them with him.

"She must always be careful not to hurt a man's feelings or offend him by some thoughtless remark. She must make it a point to say sweet and kindly things. She must be gracious and tactful at all times, no matter how she feels.

"A man always admires such a woman. And as his admiration deepens, as it will if she's sincere in what she says and does, she will enter the door to his heart."

Woodbury's
FACIAL CREAM
Woodbury's
COLD CREAM

Scientific Ingredient keeps these two Beauty Creams Germ-Free

WHAT CAUSES BLEMISHES? *A blemish on the skin may be caused by impurities in the blood. No external treatment can prevent blemishes of this type. Many blemishes, however, occur from a surface bacterial infection... when germs invade some tiny crack in the skin. Try to avoid this danger by using beauty creams that are germ-free... and stay germ-free to the very last.*

HERE is one of the greatest contributions to skin beauty ever offered to American women! A luscious, soothing beauty cream that is *germ-free.*

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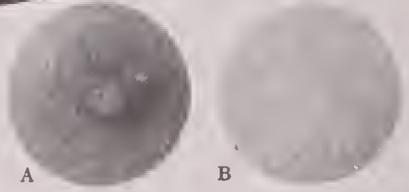
Skin beauty now doubly protected

If your skin is thin or easily infected, you'll value this protection. For Woodbury's guards those tiny, often imperceptible, breaks in the skin against the germs which cause blemishes.

And, in addition, Woodbury's Cold Cream helps to keep skin moist and supple. It contains Element 576 which aids in combating skin dryness.

Use Woodbury's Germ-free Facial Cream as a foundation for make-up.

50c, 25c, 10c in jars; 25c, 10c in tubes.



Guard against this hazard to your beauty

When a tiny break occurs in the skin, as from chapping or dryness, the skin's defense against germs from the outside is weakened. If germs get under the skin a bacterial infection, or germ-caused blemish, may result, as shown in the photomicrograph labelled "A".

Picture "B" is a section of clear, unblemished skin magnified many times. Germs are constantly present, even on a lovely complexion. Woodbury's Germ-free Beauty Creams, which remain germ-free as long as they last, help to guard the skin against the attack of germs, thus greatly reducing the chances of blemish.

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John H. Woodbury, Inc., 7465 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario. Please send me free (except for mailing costs) "Loveliness Kit" containing generous tubes of Woodbury's Germ-free Cold and Facial Creams, six packets of Woodbury's Facial Powder, and a guest-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. I enclose 10c to cover packing and postage.

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As smooth as the Swoop of a Gull

the Linit Beauty Bath provides *Instant Results*

The alert girl or woman today in her quest for beauty, through the cultivation of charm, personality and good health, should not overlook the first requisite of loveliness—*a perfect skin.*

The smart woman will be glad to know of this simple way to attain a beautiful skin—the way so many fastidious women of today are acquiring it.

One of the most remarkable skin beauty aids is the Linit Beauty Bath. Imagine stepping into a bath as soft and luxurious as rich cream, bathing as usual and, after drying, finding that your skin is soft and satiny smooth as a rose petal.

To enjoy the refreshing luxury of the Linit Beauty Bath, you merely dissolve some Linit in a tub of warm water and bathe. It is such a simple means of keeping the skin alluringly soft, that there is no excuse for any woman, who takes pride in her personal charm, to have anything but a clear, soft, smooth skin.

Once you try Linit, you will be happy to make it the daily feature of your bath. Parents will be glad to know that Linit is a valuable aid in bathing the baby and children, for in many cases of irritation the Linit bath is most soothing to the skin.

YOUR DAINTY UNDERTHINGS will be refreshed and restored to their original loveliness when laundered with Linit. Just follow the simple directions on the package.

LINIT IS SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

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LINIT
FOR THE BATH
LINIT
FOR THE BATH

The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin

The Cost of One Year's Success

(*Continued from page* 53)

his seeming good fortune and restless to get on with the climb.

Bob liked the idea of movie fame and glory, even looked forward to fan mail and autograph hunters. His reaction to Hollywood and the movies was not unlike that of a rabid fan. He stood in awe of every famous star on the lot. One day, he was nearly bowled over when Joan Crawford, meeting him in a narrow hallway, smiled, "Good morning, Mr. Taylor." He drove a very inexpensive second-hand car to and from the studio and in the evening, so convinced was he that no one knew him, he'd stand in line at popular priced cafes and wait his turn, never once thinking to push through the crowd demanding "the reservation for Mr. Taylor." And he was in love! So definitely and completely, in fact, that it seemed "obvious" that he was headed for marriage with Irene Hervey.

That was Bob twelve months ago. That was Bob before "Broadway Melody of 1936" and "The Magnificent Obsession." That was the young and handsome newcomer who lived on a hilltop in an inconspicuous neighborhood of Hollywood and laughed when I predicted his success.

YESTERDAY, a smiling house-boy in a gleaming white jacket admitted me to the new house recently rented by Mr. Taylor in the fashionable Beverly Hills section, the section of movie celebrities.

It is not immediately apparent that time, fame and much more salary have made many changes in him. The obvious changes, yes. He is, of course, one year older. More important, he seems a year *matured.* Last year's smile still springs quickly to his face. In manner, he is still as approachable as the cop on the corner or your favorite drugstore clerk. And, despite critical raves over his performances, fan mail by the truck-load and a sensational success at the box-office, his hat still seems to fit him. He remains one of my favorite Hollywood people and one of the easiest fellows in the world to talk to. But is he the same Bob Taylor I met a year ago?

Seemingly, at first. But a while later, when a glowing fire and a cigarette or two released a flood of reminiscent ideas and ideals, the differences began to appear. Bob himself is quick to admit many of them. He began by saying:

"It is impossible to experience the radical changes and the abrupt upheavals that 1935 held for me, without feeling the jolt in some measure. Oddly enough, though, when things happen so fast one is left with a sort of breathless lack of perspective. It requires a much slower pace, if one is to have time for introspection. Frankly, I haven't had the time. I really don't know *where* the experiences of the past year have left me. What changes there are must be more apparent to you than to me."

"For one thing," I said, "I hear you have just made your first *'Ten Best Dressed Men'* list!"

"And what's more, I'm picking my own suits now."

"And the old faithful, but well-battered Ford coupe?"

"Has evolved into an Oldsmobile," he grinned. "And the little house on the hill in Hollywood has been exchanged for this little number in Beverly Hills—not the best there is, but it's Beverly Hills. So here I sit, just like a movie star."

He was joking, of course. But I wasn't when I asked, "Well, how goes it?"

Bob stretched his feet toward the fire and gave the tip of his shoe a great deal more attention than it rated. "That's just it," he said, considering himself seriously for the first time since my arrival. "I don't know. Perhaps I'm having a slight case of movie indigestion. Cramming too much Hollywood into oneself is just like cramming too much food or wine, you know. As I said before, it's all come so fast that I haven't been able to catalogue the values.

IT is like this. When I was making a great deal less a week, I thought every financial problem could be solved by a salary equal to the very amount I am now earning. But, lo and behold, you achieve this magnificent estate only to discover that, among other things, you must set aside about half of each check for income tax to the state and country. Already though, your mode of living has seemingly elevated itself to a higher and more expensive plane. This is only natural. As you go along your way, there are obligations that should and must be met, unless you intend to make a freak of yourself. The new obligations are obvious. You suddenly find yourself being well entertained, so *you* must entertain. Your salary goes up and, since the world seems to know the terms almost as fast you, yourself, learn them, you must look and act the part. Your days are busier and more exhausting so you feel you owe yourself the luxury of comfortable surroundings. Hundreds of other little items creep into the statistics and you begin to wonder if that magical yet remote goal you once set for yourself is ever going to be enough to take care of your present and furnish a reserve for your future, after all.

"Then, there's your work, or, if you prefer the other phrase, your career! If it would only come along in normal, gradual doses, I suppose it would be easier to believe, and believe in. But when considerably more success than you had dreamed you would have in five years is hurled at you in one, you just can't help but think there's a joker in it somewhere. At least, that's the way it has hit me. I know less about where I am going now than I did a year ago. I have that same feeling that must come over a chorus girl when, after but one date, the millionaire bachelor catch of the season asks her to marry him. In other words, it's too good to be true!

"Remember in her book 'North to the Orient,' Anne Lindbergh explains the terrible feeling of unfamiliarity she experienced when she arrived at her home in Maine after a swift airplane dash from Washington? She had always arrived by

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ALL READY FOR BRIDGE GUESTS... WHEN PHOEBE UPSETS BIRD SEED ON FRESHLY-VACUUMED RUG
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SEES BRIDGE GUESTS AT GATE AND REMEMBERS VACUUM-CLEANER IS TUCKED AWAY. DASHES TO GET HER ALWAYS-HANDY BISSELL
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BRAGS ABOUT BISSELL TO BRIDGE GUESTS...

"I use my new Bissell for quick clean-ups, saving my vacuum-cleaner for general cleaning. It's the only sweeper with the Hi-Lo brush control that automatically adjusts brush to any rug-nap. I wouldn't have an old-fashioned sweeper—the new Bissell is so much better!"

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The really better sweeper

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● Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream is a complete beauty treatment.

Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath.

Just pat Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty.

USE Saxolite Astringent — a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

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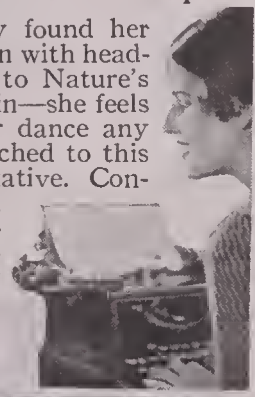
At drug and department stores everywhere.

WORK . . . "FUN AGAIN"

With Constipation Cleared Up

THE end of every day found her tired out, nervous, often with headaches. But now, thanks to Nature's Remedy, work is fun again—she feels like going to a movie or dance any night. Millions have switched to this natural all-vegetable laxative. Contains no mineral or phenol derivatives. Instead a balanced combination of laxative elements, provided by nature, that work naturally, pleasantly. Try an NR tonight. When you see how much better you feel you'll know why a vegetable corrective is best. Only 25c at all druggists.



NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

THE A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

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the slow, whistle-stop pace of the railroad train. She had always had time to adjust herself mentally to the distance she had traveled physically. Well, in my case, the year I've spent in Hollywood was like an airplane dash. There have been no whistle-stops of adjustment. I've gained momentum so fast that I have that uncomfortable feeling that no matter how much I study, no matter how I attempt to improve myself, I shall never catch up with my pace. Then suddenly I get that terrible feeling that my break has been so freakish that I must be just a fad, like the bracelets the girls are wearing *this* week. Believe me, it's a sort of nightmare to realize that I have come this far not because of preparation but because of something else, something I can't understand or seem to cope with at all.

"I've begun to think of Hollywood success as a pyramid. At the bottom, there are plenty of others like you, lots of company and somebody to lean against. But as you go up, you become more and more alone, until, I suppose, if you reached the pinnacle you would stand absolutely alone with no one to fall back on but yourself. And you begin getting that feeling of having to turn back to yourself, even when you reach the halfway mark as I have. That's why I think I should begin to develop something aside from actual motion pictures. Something that will either help me cope with the success or take the place of my career if I should never reach the top. Writing might be the answer."

PLEASE don't make plans for leaving us just yet!" I smiled. Here he is, practically retiring on the first lap of the trip, which speaks well for his modesty but seems to leave room for improvement in his perceptions. His sense of humor, though, is still working well. He smiled broadly.

"I don't want to sound like the disillusioned apple, doubtful to the core," he explained. "If I've given the impression that I haven't gotten a huge kick out of it all (yes, even the autograph hunters), I've misled you. But the point remains that the kick isn't the kick I expected. Just because Hollywood is good to you *doesn't* necessarily mean that all your problems are solved. The more generous the old town is, in fact, the more problems she gives you to solve. Things do *not* become more simple. Things really become more complicated. Not even your private life is immune!"

I wondered if this remark held any reference to his romance with the lovely Irene Hervey, but as Bob did not enlarge on the subject I was forced to make my own deductions. I do not believe that Bob is as close to marriage today as he was a year ago though there is no doubt in my mind that Irene is *the* girl in his life. Their careers are both on the up grade. Though Irene's success hasn't been quite so spectacular, she is mounting the ladder surely and capably. She is a beautiful and charming girl and undoubtedly the screen holds a fine future for her. And Irene, like Bob, has adjustments and readjustments to make. Wisely, they seem to have become convinced that this is not the perfect time to attempt marriage. There is too much companionship and happiness in their romance to jeopardize it at this time with the problems of two careers under one roof.

"You see," Bob broke into my thoughts, "when you're just starting up, your only worry is your chance for success at any cost. But a little way up you begin to worry about your chance for happiness with the success you already have achieved. You find that the difference in happiness between a small starting salary and even one hundred times that much is not as great as you had imagined. I haven't learned the secret of enjoying a self-made luxury. I don't know that I ever shall.

"And there's just one more thing you lose in a hectic year like my first one in Hollywood; you lose your goal. Having lost sight of what you were after, the happiness of achievement is lost. Right now, I don't want to get any closer to stardom or fame or glory—or whatever you want to call it. If I had my way, I'd like to coast for a little while, look the ground over and get my bearings. I'd like a little more time to study and prepare my roles. I'm more interested in improving as an actor, than going further as a box-office attraction. In a nutshell, I'd like a chance to catch my breath."

AND a few years from now, when Bob is one of the biggest male box-office attractions in the business, he'll still be doubtful of the dizzy career that has been his. He will probably always feel that he should have stayed back there in the farm country, married a corn-fed beauty and raised an unpublicized family. This utter disbelief that "all this could have happened to him" is one of the nicest things about him. Time and tide won't change him from the really grand guy he is!

Today, Bob Taylor mingles with filmdom's great (just note how thin and sad Dietrich is since Gilbert's death).

WHICH IS YOUR LUCKY NUMBER?
1
DARK BRUNETTE
2
RACHEL
3
BEIGE
4
BRUNETTE
5
NATURAL

You May Think It is No. 1 When It Really is No. 3; Or No. 2 Rather than No. 4

The Wrong Shade of Face Powder Will Make You Look Years Older Than You Really Are!

BY *Lady Esther*

Are you using the right shade of face powder for *you?*

That sounds like a rather needless question, doesn't it? For there is nothing a woman selects more confidently than her color of face powder. Yet, it is an actual fact, as artists and make-up experts will tell you, that many women use altogether the wrong shade of face powder.

The shade they so fondly believe makes them look their youngest and most attractive does just the opposite and makes them look years older than they really are!

Brunettes think that because they are brunettes they should use a dark shade. Blondes think they should use a light shade. Titians think they should use something else.

Choose by Trying

The fact is, you shouldn't choose a face powder shade according to your "type" or coloring, but according to which one is the *most becoming* for you. After all, a brunette may have a very fair skin while a blonde may have a dark or olive skin or any shade between. The only way to tell, therefore, is to try all five shades which, experts agree, accommodate all colorings.

So fundamentally sound is this principle that I want you to prove it to yourself at my expense. I will therefore send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free of charge and obligation. When you get the five shades, try all five on. Don't think that your choice must be confined to any one or two shades. As I say, try on all five. Maybe the very shade you think least suited to you is really your most becoming, your most flattering.

Stays on for 4 Hours

When you make the shade test of Lady Esther Face Powder, I want you to notice, too, how smooth this face powder is — how evenly it goes on and long it holds. By actual test, you will find this face powder adheres for four hours or more.

Write today for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free. With the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder I will also send you a 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings both the powder and cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (22) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-day supply of your Lady Esther Four-purpose Face Cream.

*Name*________________

*Address*________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

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PARIS
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28¢

There's glorious fragrance — *the perfume of youth* — in April Showers Talc. There's luxury supreme in its soothing, smoothing touch. Yet the cost is low for quality so high.

No wonder it's the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!

Exquisite... but not Expensive

Why Leslie Howard Is Leaving the Screen

(*Continued from page 39*)

There is a strong sense of suppressed mirth about this slender man that is disconcerting, at first. You feel that he is barely restraining himself from enormous guffaws. Guffaws at what? Life, perhaps. Or Fate. Or the merry-go-round of Hollywood. It is my opinion that, despite the fact that he is a great actor himself, this suppressed humor of his holds even the sacred cows and customs of his profession as slightly ridiculous, to be prodded, now and then, out of their complacency and smug self-satisfaction.

He did not even seem to expect me to question him about the unusual design for his future or just how he hoped to refill the void in his career. He merely stated his case, eating the while—British fashion, with turned-over fork—a bit of steak, potatoes and spinach.

"The studio files proudly display a Leslie Howard Biography," I said, "that informs me that from the moment you rebelled against following in your merchant father's footsteps until now, when you are riding the crest of the wave as one of the foremost actors of two continents, you have fought for your career every step of the way. Yet today you casually announce you are going to dismiss it. Why?"

He nodded his head and leaned slightly forward across the luncheon table. He said, "I shall *tell* you why. It is very simple. I do not like motion picture acting; I cannot abide motion picture acting as it is successfully done and I do not intend to continue motion picture acting. As a matter of fact, come to think of it, *I do not like acting.*

"Did you ever hear the story of Toscanini when he went to a distant city as guest conductor? Well, it seems that during the first rehearsal, the great conductor was terrifically annoyed by the pained expression on the face of the first violinist. The man played the violin magnificently. But his expression was horrible. He looked as though his mouth was curled by an uncured olive. Finally the maestro could stand it no longer. 'What is the matter with you, my man?' he roared. 'Are you ill?' The musician replied that he was not. 'Is it that you do not like *me?*' roared Toscanini. The violinist replied that he considered him the greatest of all conductors. 'Then what is it?' the leader demanded. The first violinist sighed and stared at his feet for a long moment. Then he said, very simply: 'I just don't like *music,* that's all. I just don't like *music!*'

"And that," smiled Leslie Howard, "is entirely my case. I just don't like acting. I particularly do not like acting in pictures. Frankly, it is a bore!"

He moved from his chair to a more comfortable, sprawling position on the tan lounge before he continued:

"Of all the creative arts of today, motion picture acting is the most sterile for the artist. The camera actor has so little to say about his work—so very little—that I, for one, find it impossible to enjoy. On the stage it is different. Once the curtain has lifted, the play is entirely in the hands of the performer. He may do as he likes with it, interpret it in his own manner. But this is not true in Hollywood. The only individual who has the least chance to be creative is the director. He plans every scene, maps every move and directs every gesture. The actor becomes a mere puppet within chalked camera lines. But that isn't the important complaint in my case.

"First and most important, I haven't the temperament of an actor. Acting before the camera is a hard job and, since personality means immeasurably more than acting ability, I believe the only actor who gets commensurate pleasure from the hard work is the exhibitionist. I don't happen to be one. Every time I see myself on the screen, I become embarrassed; the same thing happens when I witness the screen acting of a close friend. Thus, if I am to stay in this business, I must get over into the department that allows for creative effort without embarrassment. I mean I believe my place in the motion picture business is in the writing, directing and producing end of it. I intend to be there."

It was my first indication of what his future plans were to be and, like everything else he had said, he mentioned this banner-line idea as casually as though he were planning a dinner menu.

"As an actor in Hollywood, I believe I have learned much that will stand me in good stead when I take over the producing job in England. At least, I have learned much to avoid. For instance:

"Too much money is wasted on the average picture, even on the super-picture. It has reached the point where a Hollywood producer has to advertise that he has spent a million or more in a certain production before the public will believe it! In my opinion, a fine picture can be made for $250,000. This amount is mere pin money in Hollywood where realism is the hue and cry. Hollywood has a little word that every producer loves to have used in connection with his picture: *convincing.* If the picture is not convincing, it seems to have failed. I consider that the wrong tack. In fact, to me, the only real place for realism is in the news-reel; if the news-

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Second Prize, $200, Lester Lee Woerther, Manchester, Mo.

reel lacked realism it would have failed utterly. But for the film *story*, I prefer fiction.

"On the stage, the scene designer may have a perfectly plain white wall, a stair running up one side and a table in the center of the stage and call it anything from a modern drawing room to a hall in a castle and the audience gets into the make-believe mood with him. But consider the way Hollywood handles a similar idea. If they need a boat scene, usually nothing short of the *Normandie* will satisfy. Or, if they can't get the *Normandie* (and no expense will be spared to get her, believe me!), they will build an exact replica on a sound stage at the cost of thousands of dollars. I doubt if there is a single scene designer in Hollywood. Most of the men in those positions are *architects*. They leave nothing to the imagination. To the contrary, they overpower the audience with mammoth reality. They leave it impossible for the movie-goer to play at make-believe, and make-believe, in the theater, is all the drama there is.

IN the beginning of his production career in England, Alexander Korda achieved exceptional results because this fictional quality was so pronounced in his pictures. The reason was simple enough. Korda did not have the necessary money (or space) to construct an exact duplicate of Buckingham Palace on his back-lot every time it was needed. But he gained the wanted impression with a few gray stones piled in the background. This artistic creation of impression gave his pictures charm and originality. They did not look as though they had been run through the Hollywood mill where realism is a god.

"And I shall attempt pictures along that line when I return to England. I want desperately to help revive the art of make-believe. Of course, I won't make pictures in the hope of appealing to a hundred per cent of the public, as Hollywood tries to do, because I don't think it can be done. I think a picture should be made, just as a play is produced, to appeal to a particular audience. Occasionally, such a picture may turn out to be a best seller, just as a fine book sometimes does, and then the profit should be exceptional. I shall make my pictures just as I want, with the hope that a sufficient number of people will agree with my interpretation and thus return the cost of the production, plus a profit. Or does that sound too much like a motion picture Utopia?" he laughed.

He sat quite still for the moment. The inevitable smile, or half smile, still lurked at the corners of his mouth. Finally he said:

"Wouldn't it be grimly ironic if I should find that I am not to be a success in my new career and that, with all my fine contempt for the present methods, I must return to the thing I no longer want to do? It would be a supreme joke to discover that the work that bores me is the only work I am fitted for! Well, I suppose actors always *talk* a good game of pictures. But at least I shall have the experience of proving my points to myself, if to no one else.

"And as long as I have been so honest, I may as well go the whole way and admit that should a role in one of my own pictures be particularly apropos of my talents, I should probably do it myself. But what a luxury it would be to act in a picture because you *believed* in it rather than because you were contracted for it! This last admission, though, still leaves me far from Hollywood because I shall be producing in England.

"That studio biography you mentioned is wrong in one fact: I did not refuse to become a merchant after my father because of any burning ambition for an acting career. I just did not want to be a merchant. The War helped me put it off for a couple of years and when the War was over, naturally I wanted to get into something immediately before Father could bring up merchandizing again. As far back as I can remember, I've had but one ambition—to tell stories, either in plays or novels. Since I did not have the necessary time to prepare for that work, I took a job in the theater where I thought I might gain first-hand knowledge of play construction. Unfortunately, I became an acclaimed actor by mistake before I could get out of it.

"But I have never forgotten that original ambition and now that my acting career has produced sufficient cash to see the dream through, I would be a traitor not to try."

THE clock had moved exactly one hour, which meant "back on the set." I knew our appointment was at an end. Leslie Howard has none of the temperamental tricks of stardom such as holding up the company. While he is in Hollywood, he plays the Hollywood game.

Melt

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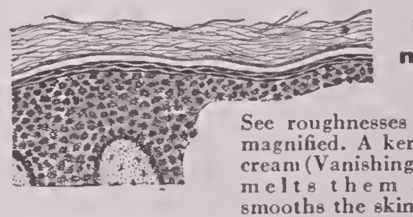
It's plain to see, Pond's Vanishing Cream is more than a powder base. It actually brings skin beauty! Even the first time you use it, flaky places smooth out. Skin is softened all over!

For a smooth make-up—Use Pond's Vanishing Cream. Powder-catching roughnesses melt into nothing. Your face shows only the smoothest, softest skin. Make-up goes on evenly!

Overnight for lasting softness—After your regular cleansing, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream. It leaves your skin soft, not a bit greasy. Won't smear the pillowcase. Yet it softens your skin all night long!


What melting does

See roughnesses at top, magnified. A keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) melts them away, smooths the skin.

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This story
will interest
many Men and Women

NOT long ago I was like some friends I have...low in spirits...run-down...out of sorts...tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly...as my experience has since proven...that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.

I had been listening to the S.S.S. Radio Program and began to wonder if my trouble was not lowered strength in my blood... I started a course of S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...at the end of ten days I noticed a change...I followed directions faithfully...a tablespoonful before each meal.

The color began to come back to my skin...I felt better...I did not tire easily and soon I felt that those red-blood-cells were back to so-called fighting strength.

The confidence mother has always had in S.S.S....which is still her stand-by when she feels run-down...convinced me I ought to try this Treatment...it is great to feel strong again and like my old self.

Much more could be said...a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road to feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep...steady nerves...a good complexion...and renewed strength.

There is no guess work in the S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...decades of popular acceptance and enthusiastic words of praise by users themselves speak even louder than the scientific appraisal of the progressively improved S.S.S. product which has caused millions to say to their friends—

S.S.S. TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again

© S.S.S. Co.

Director's Daughter Makes Good

(*Continued from page 46*)

Even at eight, Katherine must have made a startling impression. She was, no doubt, a stringy little girl, all enormous brown eyes and heavy black braids. During that portentous week-end she enchanted the entire DeMille family which, at that time, included a daughter, Cecilia, and an adopted son, John, and within a few weeks Katherine moved from the ashy rooms of the institution to the lavish house on the very top of the exclusive hills of Laughlin Park. One year later she was legally adopted by Cecil B. DeMille and his wife.

After thirteen years, the most vivid picture in Katherine's chromatic memories is her first meeting with her famous father-to-be, the man destined to give her a heritage far richer than the sparkling surface of finishing schools, motors and expensive frocks.

"I saw Father for the first time at the head of the long table in our dining room. It was filled to capacity. It usually is. Cecilia and John were the only children then, and I was the agitated and awed little week-end guest from the orphanage. The rest of the company was made up of young friends and cousins and a few adults.

FATHER, I distinctly remember plunged right into the most complicated discussions, asking for opinions from the children as well as the grownups. He made everybody at the table work hard to keep me from feeling diffident or shy. I discovered later that Father always does this. He talked with us as if we were adults and he always expected intelligent and above all independent ideas from his children on any subject.

"Every conceivable topic was brought up for discussion at that first dinner—the Peace Conference, prohibition, Father's current picture, Wall Street, Socialism versus Communism—and soon everyone including the children was talking at once. The din was rather frightening to an eight-year-old.

"To this day, I watch for the inevitable astonishment of an uninitiated guest at the tumult of one of our typical family dinners."

It was this early schooling in individualism and unfettered thinking that helped Katherine over the jumps to screen fame, and not the miracle-making name of her powerful father.

Of her childhood she says, "Our life was ideal. There were two boys and two girls. Richard, the youngest, joined us several years after my adoption.

"We were never ordered to do things or threatened with punishments if we disobeyed. Mother and Father both believe in the power of suggestion and it worked smoothly enough with three boisterous kids. I have found that this same method of passive suggestion works astonishingly well with adults. It has often helped me over a difficult barrier.

"We were never told that we *must* be down for breakfast promptly at eight, but Father suggested that it was often his only opportunity to see us during the day, and Mother suggested that delayed meals complicated her household problems.

"Father has always urged us to bring our friends home for dinner, and we have complied with probably too much enthusiasm to please the servants. Our table is always crowded and noisy, but never tiresome. Even when we were youngsters the babble of a dozen children during a meal never seemed to upset Father; in fact he enjoyed it.

"I was ten years old before I learned that Father was a director, and even then it didn't mean much to me until he took Cecilia and me to the studio with him one morning. I can still remember sharply every minute of that day. The picture in production was 'Forbidden Fruit,' and Agnes Ayres was the leading lady.

"There was a big mob scene and Father stood on a high parallel shouting orders through a megaphone. I was absurdly proud of him and realized, for the first time, that my father was an important person to a lot of people. It was a nice feeling.

"And I will never forget the shock of watching him lose his temper that day and go into what, I know now, was one of his famous rages. I couldn't believe that it was Father. He never lost control of his temper at home, never raised his voice in anger to anyone, and he repeatedly told me that the moment I became angry I admitted defeat."

It was several years later that the paradox of a father who preached one doctrine and practiced another was solved for Katherine. She finally learned that DeMille deliberately staged those rages on the set to accomplish an effect. It is his inimitable method of managing a mob of extras, and that it is a good one is proved by his reputation as the best director of spectacles in the business.

ANOTHER finely etched memory in Katherine's rich collection has to do with long, quiet evenings in the big library where her father gathered the children to tell them the story of his next picture. He would go over the script in detail, describe the big scenes and draw a sharp picture of each character. When he was quite finished, he asked each child for an honest, intelligent reaction. Katherine says that many important changes were made in some of the scripts following those storytelling evenings.

The children were never left behind or out of adult things. When DeMille went to New York for the world premiere of "The Ten Commandments" he hired a private car and packed all the family into it. He was pressed to the breaking point with the details of what was the biggest picture opening New York had ever staged, but he found time every day for a late afternoon walk down Fifth Avenue with the children.

"There was only one concession Father would not make to us," Katherine remembers, "and that was to walk slowly. If we wanted to go walking with him we had to race along at top speed, because all his motions are geared high. We must have presented an amazing sight racing down the avenue at breakneck pace, shrieking conversation over the traffic noises.

"Father often sent for us when he was on location for a long time, and somehow he seemed to find time to plan our daily amusements in spite of production schedules that often included a camp of more than three thousand players."

Today, three of the four young DeMilles are grown up, Cecilia married, Katherine well on her way to a glamorous career, and John in business, but the tempo of the family group has changed only slightly. Katherine still schemes and coaxes to be taken on long trips with her father aboard his yacht, the famous *Seaward,* and to this day she joins him on deck every morning at sea for thirty minutes of strenuous calisthenics.

THE entire family still sleeps, dormitory fashion, on a large screened porch, and Katherine still tries to stay awake for a whispered midnight chat with her father on the nights he works late at the studio. And this sleeping porch also serves as a guest room, with extra beds ready to be wheeled out on a moment's notice for the overnight visitor.

Katherine says that most of her friends have been introduced to her family as they yawn into wakefulness in the morning.

Another ritual of this fascinating household is the family conclave while DeMille takes his daily sunbath. Because he is always pressed for time, he breakfasts and talks things over with the children during the hour dedicated to the ultra-violet rays. And under a broiling California sun, eggs and coffee are stowed away and problems ranging from what to have for dinner to international peace are discussed.

But there is one thing, Katherine will have you know, that she has never discussed with her father during their sleeping porch conferences or their sunbath breakfasts, and that is the possibility of his assistance in removing the ruts and bumps from the boulevards that lead to the studios.

Close friends of the family say that DeMille is secretly bursting with pride over Katherine's staunch independence in this matter and her sudden success.

"I really think I'm in pictures because of a blonde wig," Katherine told me. "There was a costume party at school—I was fourteen at the time—and Mother decided to dress me as Kiki. She used a platinum wig from one of my big dolls for the final dazzling touch. When Father saw me, he pretended to be overwhelmed with my beauty. 'You look good enough to play the leading role in "The Golden Bed"—you know I need a beautiful blonde,' he told me, and I believed him.

"I was so certain that I was to play that part that I practiced in the wig for days before a mirror, and when I finally discovered that Lillian Rich had been selected, I was crushed.

"It was then that Father gave me the most valuable advice I have ever received from anyone. He carefully and kindly explained to me that an actress never walked into a leading role, that screen work required years of hard work, study, a solid education and a lot of sacrifice. Real success, he told me, never comes rapidly; one must be patient and wait.

"I made up my mind that night that there wasn't enough hard work or sacrifices big enough in the world to keep me from becoming an actress."

A year later, at the exclusive Santa Barbara School for Girls, Katherine was well on her way. She was directing, casting and acting in all the school dramatics.

But when she graduated the real tug began. She didn't ask her father for even the tiniest sort of part in any of his many productions. She went to a friend, Frank Tuttle, and accepted extra work in one of his pictures. After a year she was doing bits, and on her way to leads, when ill health put her out of the running for two years. During those months, she was completely discouraged and decided to give up the struggle.

SHE says, "To keep my mind off myself, I went to business college to study shorthand and typing, then Father offered me a job as his script girl. The work was fascinating, and I doubled in the cutting room after hours. My career, I was sure then, would be behind the cameras."

DeMille must have been keenly disappointed by Katherine's sudden switch from acting to the technical field but, true to the family's rigid "hands-off" policy, he did not try to sway her.

But a number of directors had not forgotten the sulphuric beauty of DeMille's daughter. Hunt Stromberg was one of them. He argued her out of the cutting room into a part in "Son of India," and Jack Conway remembered her when the

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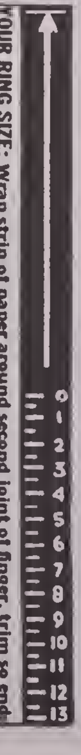
YOUR RING SIZE: Wrap strip of paper around second joint of finger, trim so ends meet. Measure strip down from top on this chart. Number at end is your size



role of Pancho's wife in "Viva Villa" required an actress who was beautiful but not blonde. Then followed the second lead in Mae West's picture, "I'm No Angel," a long term Paramount contract and the role of Princess Alice in "Crusades." Her present assignment is the lead in "The Sky Parade."

To the marriage query, Katherine shook her head in a vigorous negative.

"It's trite to mention a career, but I will, anyway," she answered. "I also have another reason for staving off matrimony—my family. I know our antics sound a little mad, but I would miss them terribly.

"And then, how could I ever replace Father's affection, his stimulating mental companionship and his genius for clear thinking which have given me the courage to meet both the seamy and the splendid things in life?"

A Hollywood Nurse Tells on the Stars

(*Continued from page* 45)

partially dissected, you'll know he is just being himself when he refuses to tell the villains where he has hidden the papers.

Ian Hunter is handsome in a great big, brotherly way. You certainly wouldn't call him a ladies' man because after he had left, Dr. Jones, who had never got any further with me than saying good evening, broke down and remarked; "Fine looking fellow, isn't he?" Coming from the source it did, it was as good as a sixteen page rave.

I was too twittery to risk speech, so I just handed over the emergency book for him to sign and—so red were my cheeks when I discovered that I had classed our glorious guest as an African.

Having been such a Will Rogers fan, I was thrilled almost into convulsions the other night when Mrs. Rogers and the boys paid me a visit. Jimmie had been at a skating-rink and had underestimated a curve. As a result his head had connected with a post; the post winning the argument. While I was clipping his hair around the cut, I discovered an old scar, and was told it had come from the kick of a horse. The two scars will form a V and Jimmie will have to part his hair to show off his wound stripe.

Jimmie and Will both look like their father. And they're swell lads. Jimmie thanked us all collectively and singly for sewing him up, and apologized profusely for causing us so much trouble. It was almost too much for me, because most of the accident cases we get in act as if we're responsible for their being hurt.

The Rogers boys couldn't be anything but swell, though, having such parents. Mrs. Rogers is a darling. She looks like Whistler's mother must have looked when she was about forty; beautiful in a serene motherly way. The boys are wild about her as anyone would be.

Every patient, however, is not so thrilling. I won't tell you her name but there's a star who is very dark and foreign. In one of her pictures she was et up by a lion and the audience all sighed, "Thank goodness." I led the chanting.

For no good reason this gal got the idea that she was the axis upon which thees world revolved. She is no longer in the country and the jolly old globe is still spinning on its merry way, but I must get on with the story.

I had heard a lot of talk about Madame, how she wouldn't stay in the same room with a younger and prettier woman; how nasty she was to lesser actors, etc. But I thought the tales might have been exaggerated. Then, came a day when thees proud and dusky beauty developed a few aches and pains and hied herself to our hospital to shed them. It would take me a week to tell all of her Bum Gests. This is one of the choicest, relayed to me from her day nurse.

It seems that Madame was not satisfied with the progress she was making under the care of the village boys. So a specialist was called out from Los Angeles to review her parade of ills. You know how it is with specialists. Their time is pretty limited. When this lad arrived, he was bold enough to say he was in a hurry and would like to be admitted at once. Madame raised her hands to Heaven in horror. "Did he think he could see her the way she was?" Calling for her cold creams and what have you, she proceeded to take off her face and put it back on again, consuming an hour in the doing. When she was satisfied that she was in a condition to knock her professional visitor for the loop, she told the nurse that the doctor might be ushered into her regal presence. The nurse gave a pseudo start and said in a sweetly apologetic manner, "Oh dear, I forgot to tell you that Dr. Blank has been gone about fifty-nine minutes. He said he'd mail you a bill."

The import made the air positively indigo with remarks. Such a country! Such people!

THE next person on my list of who's who and what of it, isn't a star, but I simply must tell you about him. His name is Fred Pearson and he *said* he was Joe E. Brown's butler. He'd better be or I'll be covered with confusion. Anyway he knew Marian Davies' house-man, whose dog bites I had cauterized a few weeks before. I tell you I travel in high society. Just a few days before the house-man's dog bites, I helped sew up a cut on the head of the husband of Dolores del Rio's maid.

Mr. Pearson—I guess I'd better call him plain Pearson or you'll think I've never known a butler—was damaged a bit in an automobile accident and came in for repairs. He had several nasty cuts on the top of his head, where there almost wasn't any hair. It hurts like the deuce to have stitches taken in your head but Pearson had the most unique way of registering pain. Every time the doctor stuck the needle through his scalp he would come through with a wisecrack. The more we hurt him, the funnier he got. He had me in stitches too by the time we were finished.

I guess we're all actors at heart. A comedian imprisons his levity between a starched shirt-front and a stiff back; a clown laughs when his heart is breaking. And speaking of clowns reminds me of a

Weak, Rundown Nervous, Skinny Folks!

Without Cost—Make this Amazing IODINE TEST!

Within 1 Week Sea Plant IODINE in Kelpamalt Must Give You Tireless Energy, Strong Nerves, Pounds of "Stay-There" Flesh or the Trial is FREE. . . . It Costs You Nothing!

Kelpamalt, the new mineral concentrate from the sea, gets right down and corrects the real underlying cause of weakness, skinniness and nervous rundown conditions . . . IODINE STARVED GLANDS. When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay weak and nervous, tired out and skinny.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls the body weight—needs a definite ration of iodine all the time—NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE—not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested foods into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

To get this vital mineral in convenient, concentrated and assimilable form, take Kelpamalt—now recognized as the world's richest source of this precious substance. It contains 1300 times more iodine than oysters, once considered the best source. 6 tablets alone contain more NATURAL IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach or 1387 lbs. of lettuce.

Make this test with Kelpamalt. First weigh yourself and see how long you can work or how far you can walk without tiring. Then take 3 Kelpamalt Tablets with each meal for 1 week and again weigh yourself and notice how much longer you can work without tiring, how much farther you can walk. Notice how much better you feel, sleep and eat. Watch flattering extra lbs. appear in place of scrawny hollows. And if you don't gain 5 lbs. this very first week the trial is free. 100 jumbo size Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

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Manufacturer's Note:—Inferior products, sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt are being offered as substitutes. The Kelpamalt Company will reward for information covering any case where an imitation product has been represented as the original Seedol Kelpamalt. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated, do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.

swell little man I met years ago.

I was busy charting one afternoon when the office called and asked if I could come down after a patient. I descended all innocent and unsuspecting. When I entered the lobby I saw the back of a tan camel's hair coat with a dash of gray hair showing over the top of the collar. Then he turned around, and I was face to face with the gent who had handed you and me so many chuckles. It was Ben Turpin. I took him up to his room. Of course I told him how funny I thought he was and we were friends in no time. He wasn't a bit highhat. Just a regular fellow. He said he had just finished a series of personal appearances. The last week of his tour he had developed an abscess where he sat. But, rather than disappoint his audiences, he had finished out his time. You can imagine how good it must have felt when he had to bounce around on a hard stage, on his affliction.

OF course some actors hold up while they're in front of the footlights. The presence of the audience acts as sort of narcotic. Then they go all to pieces as soon as the curtain comes down. But Ben was a brick off and on. He scorned the luxury of special nurses and he practically never put on his light. He would wait until a nurse happened to pass by and call to her. That is what I call a patient *de luxe*.

And finally, I'll tell you about another foreigner. I won't mention her name but she is blonde and her initials are G. G. So you guess. G. G. also fell heir to an affliction and picked out our humble institution in which to recuperate. But what a dissimilarity there was in the two ladies. The blonde one refused to have special nurses because she didn't want someone fussing over her all of the time. She could have afforded anything in the place, but she went on general, got along with the same amount of care as Mrs. Whoosis in the ward, ate the regular hospital food and didn't kick about anything.

Believe me, I'm donating a loud and resonant Bronx cheer to the next reporter who intimates that her natural reticence is all publicity. If she wants to live in a cave in the High Sierras it will be all right with me, as long as she comes out at regular intervals to make pictures.

Why so lonesome and forlorn, Miss Gaynor? Hymie snaps Janet as she leaves the "Small Town Girl" set.

COULDN'T STOP CONSTIPATION

Now Wins 18-Year Fight!

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Bernice G Ruttingh
NOTARY PUBLIC

For Skin Troubles and Constipation
YEAST FOAM TABLETS

"I had suffered all my life from constipation, and my weight and skin both showed it."

"I tried everything imaginable without relief. Then I discovered Yeast Foam Tablets."

"Now thanks to Yeast Foam Tablets, I have lots of pep—and my skin's like a baby's."

REAL FACTS—not claims—make up the true experience told above. For this intimate letter is one sufferer's actual story, taken from just one of the hundreds of voluntary reports telling how this pleasant, palatable yeast brought welcome relief after years of failure with other remedies.

You, like these hundreds, can end slavery to cathartics with Yeast Foam Tablets. There's no irritation, no violent flushing. A food rich in needed tonic elements, Yeast Foam Tablets strengthen the digestive system naturally and stimulate sluggish intestines to normal healthy action. Constipation headaches and other symptoms go—your skin glows, pep returns, and you feel the surging energy of health again.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. And accept no substitute. Send for Free Sample.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS
YEAST

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. R.G. 5-36

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Address
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DON'T QUIT HALF WAY
Forhan's goes deeper

DOES BOTH JOBS

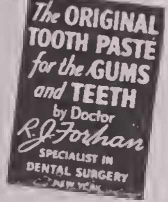
CLEANS TEETH

Half way care of the teeth is fooling thousands of people. They clean their teeth regularly. Yet they leave the door wide open to the greatest cause of dental trouble—soft, spongy, bleeding gums. Why run this risk? Forhan's costs no more than most other tooth pastes and gives you double protection—*whitens teeth* and *safeguards gums* at the same time.

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's is different from all other tooth pastes. No other tooth paste brings you the famous Forhan formula—long used by dentists everywhere to combat gum troubles. You can *feel* its healthful effects as soon as you begin to use Forhan's. Shortly you *see* its benefits, too—whiter teeth, firmer gums. Ask for Forhan's today.

Forhan's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No More "Dead-Arm" Ironing

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ELASTIC
HOT STARCH IN 30 SECONDS
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Learn to press things quickly to gleaming perfection

We hope this message may bring for you the decision *now* to turn, to change to this modern powdered starching and ironing compound. Irons never stick, they don't brown things and you get no spots or rings as with solid starches. We, The Hubinger Co., number 264, Keokuk, Iowa will send our little proof packet. Simply write for *"That Wonderful Way To Hot Starch"*.

Ginger Rogers' Advice to Wives Who Work

(*Continued from page* 41)

For instance, those extra thirty minutes in the morning, Ginger discovered, can be used by Mrs. Jennie Jones for a trip to the market to order her dinner supplies and to set the table for the evening meal. And a book similar to Ginger's "Side Kick" (a small size) can be tucked nicely into a handbag to be studied and worked over during the daily rides to and from work. At such times, Mrs. Jones can jot down elusive items such as "getting a new top for the percolator," "calling cleaner for Mr. Jones' other suit" or "getting carving knife sharpened."

And that daily menu idea could be a real life saver for the Jones family. If Jennie Jones would make out her dinner menus in a little book every Sunday for the entire week, she could cut her visits to the market in half and whittle down her foods bills as well.

But we are not quite finished with Ginger Rogers and her unique schemes.

She admits that after a working wife has put her house in order, she is faced with another stumbling block, that tweaking issue that looms up in every two-income family, the problem of who pays for what.

The Ayres made short shrift of this difficulty by merely applying common sense. Ginger's personal theories on the subject are interesting. She said:

BECAUSE every man in his heart really wants to be the financial head of his home, every working wife should turn over all the household bills to her husband, when his income is equal to them.

"I pay for all items of my wardrobe, and that, I think, is something that every salary earning wife should do. For her, at least, there should never be any harrowing scenes over extravagant clothes bills.

"But if the working wife is wise she will curb her flare for frocks and put herself on a rigid savings basis."

And even when the monetary and household complexities have been intelligently solved, the working wife, according to Ginger, is badgered by another tribe of pesky little conundrums.

There's the problem of being a cheerful, glamorous and interesting companion at the dinner table, when your head and feet are throbbing from a strenuous day at the studio, store or office.

"A shower, a change of make-up and a pair of comfortable and flattering pajamas help a lot, but not entirely," Ginger admitted. "There are times when one of those all-wrong days leaves me in a state of nerves that is even beyond the ministrations of an understanding husband.

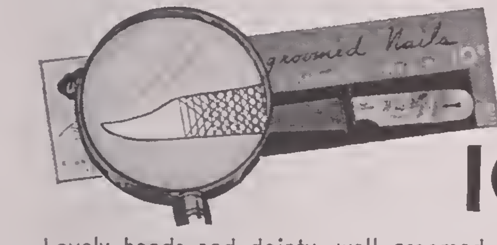
LEW and I have learned to skirt these dangerous places by frankly giving in to our moods. Yes, husbands get such spells, too, although not as often as wives, I think. The grouchy member of our duet is permitted to sulk to his or her heart's content throughout dinner and the entire evening, if necessary. It's amazing how easily this simple plan keeps ridiculous little quarrels from popping up at the end of a trying day.

"And then there is the perennial puzzle concerning late and ruined dinners because of unforseen delays at the studio," Ginger continued. "If Lew is late, I really enjoy the extra time for the thousand and one little household things that never seem to get done, such as straightening out dresser and desk drawers, medicine chests and other places where things accumulate, but if I am late, I rush into the dining room the moment I reach home without the meager luxury of a shower. Every wife, whether she works or stays leisurely at home, should realize that she is tampering seriously with her husband's disposition when she keeps him waiting long beyond his usual dinner hour."

And Ginger has dispensed with all those worn out theories that caution wives to keep out of their husbands' sight when they are not exquisitely groomed. She says it's an impossible and unnecessary feat

Naturally, Ginger and Lew get their share of those inevitably persistent rumors about happily married movie stars—but they look pretty happy to us.

Love told to the fingertips



10¢

Lovely hands and dainty, well groomed finger nails are difficult to resist . . . and it's so easy to keep them just that way. Use Wigder Manicure Aids. Wigder Nail Files are specially Triple Cut with even, fast-cutting teeth for smooth and fast-filing so as not to jar the nails. The Improved Cleaner Point, a Wigder feature, conforms to the finger nails and enables you to clean easily and quickly. Wigder Cuticle Shaper and Cleaner and Cuticle Scissors have equally-good features. On sale at all drug and 5 and 10 cent stores.

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NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY REGARDING GOOD JOBS IN INSTITUTIONS, HOSPITALS, ETC., everywhere write fully information enclosing stamp to Scharf Bureau, Dept. 5-48, 145 W. 45th St., New York.

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BEFORE
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If you did not walk *off balance*, your shoes would not lose their shape or the heels wear crooked. Millions have the same shoe troubles. The way to correct this fault is to wear DR. SCHOLL'S WALK-STRATES in your shoes. They *equalize* your body's weight; take the strain off your ankles and make walking a pleasure. Sizes for men and women. Easily attached. Get a pair today at your drug, shoe or dept. store—only 35¢

Dr Scholl's Walk-Strates

for any woman, especially the working woman.

"If any woman is afraid to have her husband see her with cold cream on her face, hair disheveled or her make-up caked and streaked, she has my deepest sympathy," Ginger said. "No marriage can last when it is based on a woman's physical beauty."

And finally there is the quiet ritual of Sunday in the Rogers-Ayres home, a routine that time and the seasons never change. On that day this family holds its weekly reunion and no outsider can crash the party. No engagements are accepted for the midday meal or the afternoon hours.

"Only a wife who works all week long knows the joy of waking up on Sunday morning," she told me. "The whole day lies waiting for you, a series of peaceful hours in which to revel in the comfort of the home you work so hard to keep comfortable, and the luxury of the uninterrupted company of your husband.

"Sunday is a little like Christmas morning used to be when I was a child."

As I have said before, Hollywood is a suburb of working wives, but few are as wise as Mrs. Lew Ayres, who looks so absurdly young and small when she sets out for her job each morning clad in sky-blue slacks and a bunchy white topcoat.

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page* 31)

Freddie Bartholomew, helped by a well-written scenario and fine direction, removes every last bit of that from the story. He's a real boy! You'll follow him from Brooklyn to the castle in England; watch him as he wins the heart of the hard old *Earl of Dorincourt* and finally forces him to receive his mother whom the earl has separated from her boy. You'll thrill when Freddie's Brooklyn pals (*Groceryman Hobbs* and the bootblack) come to his rescue in the end and make a happy finale possible.

Freddie is perfect. His scene with *Groceryman Hobbs* (Guy Kibbe, and what a fine performance, too) is a highlight of a fine picture. C. Aubrey Smith gives his finest performance as the gruff old earl and Henry Stephenson is exceptional as the English lawyer. You'll love Mickey Rooney as Freddie's Brooklyn pal. Dolores Costello Barrymore is lovelier than ever.

Your Reviewer Says: This should be on your *must see* list! Take the whole family.

✓✓The Country Doctor (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *The Dionne Quintuplets, Jean Hersholt, Jane Lang, Slim Summerville, Michael Whalen, Dorothy Peterson, Robert R. Barrat, John Qualen, Montagu Love.*

It's About: *The fight of a country doctor for a needed hospital and how five babies brought his reward.*

At last the quintuplets are in the movies, in a fine sincere piece of absorbing entertainment. For clean, wholesome, top notch film fare, we recommend this with cheers.

The story of a back country doctor and his fight—in sub-zero winter without a hospital or even the barest equipment—

SPRING SHOWERS QUICKLY COME AND GO, ABOUT THIS TIME OF YEAR
WE'VE HAD OUR ALKA-SELTZER AND OF COLDS WE HAVE NO FEAR
COLDS
THE STORM IS O'ER AND WHAT IS MORE THE SUN'S OUT BRIGHT AND GAY
THAT'S JUST HOW ALKA-SELTZER SCARES MY OLD HEAD-ACHES AWAY
HEADACHE
LET'S EAT! I THINK THIS SPRINGY AIR GIVES US AN APPETITE
THEN WE'LL TAKE ALKA-SELTZER, JUST TO KEEP US FEELING RIGHT
ACID INDIGESTION

Alka-Seltzer

Be Wise— Alkalize

Alka-Seltzer Makes a sparkling alkalizing solution containing an analgesic (acetyl salicylate). You drink it and it gives prompt, pleasant relief for Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, Colds and other minor Aches and Pains.

Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer
AT ALL DRUGGISTS 30¢-60¢
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Without "THAT DYED LOOK"
NOURISHINE
Safely colors
GRAY HAIR

Even your closest friend cannot tell you are coloring your hair, so gradually does NOURISHINE act to positively and safely renew your youthful looks. NOURISHINE HAIR TONIC and COLORING also dissolves and removes dandruff accumulations and acts as a tonic. Easy and harmless to use. . . NOURISHINE is not sticky or greasy and will not rub off. Apply like a tonic for dandruff . . . brush through hair for color. Have youthful looks at once! Get NOURISHINE at your nearest drug or department store. Sent FREE —valuable book "Home Care of the Hair." Address NOURISHINE SALES CO., Dept. 56M, 443 S. San Pedro St., Los Angeles, Cal.

"I Couldn't Sit, Couldn't Stand, *Couldn't even Lie Down!*

WHAT a terrible affliction Piles are! What they do to you physically and mentally! The worst part about Piles is that on account of the delicacy of the subject, treatment is often neglected. Yet, there is no more dangerous trouble than Piles.

Real treatment for Piles is to be had today in Pazo Ointment. Pazo definitely exerts several valuable benefits. First, it is *soothing*, which relieves pain and itching. Second, it is *lubricating*, which makes passage easy. Third, it is *astringent*, which tends to reduce the swollen parts and check bleeding.

AH! RELIEF!

Try Pazo and see how efficacious it is! Pazo comes in Collapsible Tube with Detachable Pile Pipe which permits application high up in rectum where it reaches and thoroughly covers affected parts. Pazo also now comes in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory.

All drug stores sell Pazo-in-Tubes and Pazo Suppositories, but a trial tube will be sent on request. Just mail coupon and enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to help cover packing and postage.

Grove Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. 31-MC-2, St. Louis, Mo.

MAIL!

Gentlemen: Please send trial tube Pazo. I enclose 10c to help cover packing and mailing.

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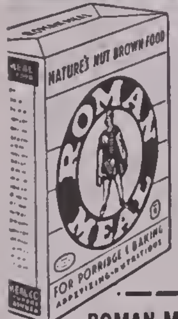
This offer is good only in U. S. and Canada. Canadian residents may write H. R. Madill & Co., 64 Wellington St., West Toronto, Ont.

"Don't forget the ROMAN MEAL Dad!"



How discouraging to have a poor digestion! How easy it is to have a NATURALLY good one. Eat Roman Meal. Clean your system the natural way. Not a medicine . . . a wholesome, healthful meal that you serve as porridge or mix with batter for baked things. Contains whole wheat, rye, bran, and a specially prepared tasteless flax. Nourishes, lubricates. Has marvelous flavor. A favorite breakfast porridge for years. At grocer's or write for sample.

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Please send me free sample package of Roman Meal. (United States only.) 3M

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against disease is exceptional, even without the quints. With telephone and telegram wires down and most of the village dying, a legless lumberjack makes his home-made radio set work, but even then the doctor's pleas fail to bring the hospital. It remains for the sensational headlines of the Dionne quints to make that possible. Their father's astonishment at their birth is one of the highest comedy moments of our memory.

Are those quints beautiful and can they perform? Right. Jean Hersholt's country doctor is his finest work and should bring him the academy award for the finest acting of the year. Dorothy Peterson as the nurse is excellent. You'll love John Qualen as *Papa Dionne* and split your sides laughing at Slim Summerville as the village policeman. A beautiful new-comer, June Lang, and Michael Whalen carry the romance and Robert Barrat is the villain.

Your Reviewer Says: The best entertainment of the year. Don't miss it.

Gentle Julia (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Jane Withers, Tom Brown, Marsha Hunt, Jackie Searl, Francis Ford, George Meeker, Hattie McDaniel.*

It's About: *How a curious and clever little girl saves the beautiful belle of the small town from marrying the visiting rake.*

There must be millions who rave over Jane Withers' screen antics, but even though we stand alone, we must say this picture fails to entertain.

The story concerns a beautiful, demure, small-town lass who, though she is the apple of every young man's eye, yearns for the city and the wealth and ease of a good marriage. She falls for a mustached scoundrel who is looking for a rich wife. But Jane Withers, who wants to promote Tom Brown's courtship has a hunch about the city slicker and gets out a newspaper with her own scandalous version of just what he is. Of course, *Julia's* papa learns the facts in time to back up Miss Withers, and, after a regular movie chase, Tom Brown snatches Julia away from the villain at the altar.

Marsha Hunt, as *Julia,* has but one expression—awe. Tom Brown should have a better chance. Jane Withers and Jackie Searl are the two kids.

Your Reviewer Says: We'll take Shirley Temple, thanks.

✓✓Rhodes, the Empire Builder (GB)

You'll See: *Walter Huston, Oscar Homolka, Basil Sidney, Frank Cellier, Peggy Ashcroft, Renee De Vaux, Bernard Lee, Lewis Casson, and Ndanisa Kumalo.*

It's About: *The life of Cecil Rhodes, who consolidated British South Africa.*

The ideals and accomplishments of Cecil Rhodes are brought to the screen in a beautifully photographed and well acted picture. Walter Huston as the dynamic forceful *Rhodes* gives an able interpretation of the boy who started as a diamond digger in the Kimberley mines and within ten years by sheer force of magnetism overcame his rival, *Barnato* (Frank Cellier), controlled the diamond market of the world, and was master of half a continent.

The prize portrayal is that of Oscar Homolka as the stubborn, fanatical *Paul Kruger,* President of the Transvaal, whose opposition to Rhodes brings on the Boer War. Basil Sidney is excellent as Rhodes' trusted friend, *Dr. Jameson,* who by his irresponsibility in the Jameson Raid ultimately becomes his betrayer.

The picture is handicapped, perhaps, by lack of sentimental appeal. Rhodes' only heart interest is Peggy Ashcroft, who saddens him by criticism, and questions his motives. His death bed scene, climaxed by the well remembered lines, "So much to do, so little time to do it," is very moving.

Your Reviewer Says: A satisfying picture for the whole family.

✓These Three (Goldwyn)

You'll See: *Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon, Joel McCrea, Catherine Doucet, Alma Kruger, Bonita Granville, Marcia Mae Jones.*

It's About: *The wrecking of three lives by a vicious child's lie.*

A dramatic story, fine direction and excellent performances provide a picture you'll remember for a long time.

The story is laid in a small town where two college girls open a school. Both fall in love with a handsome young doctor who offers love to one and friendship to the other. Through a series of dramatic incidents and a bit of eaves-dropping, the unrequited love is disclosed to a vicious child who, with a series of well-told lies—cleverly backed up by the fear-provoked testimony of another youngster—creates such a torrent of hatred and abuse as to wreck the lives of the three older people.

Merle Oberon, as the girl who is loved, offers a fine and delicately-drawn portrayal and Miriam Hopkins makes you believe in the other girl. Joel McCrea is the doctor. The finest performances, however, are by the two children: Bonita Granville and Marcia Mae Jones; you'll cheer them.

Your Reviewer Says: Strong, dramatic fare. Especially recommended to women.

Love Before Breakfast (Universal)

You'll See: *Carole Lombard, Preston Foster, Janet Beecher, Cesar Romero, Betty Lawford.*

It's About: *A wealthy button-pusher who thinks he can get romance by the same method and, oddly enough, it works.*

Carole Lombard is supposed to have cost the studio $75,000 by holding up this production because she didn't like the story. She didn't hold out long enough—the story still isn't good.

Preston Foster is in love with Carole Lombard who is in love with Cesar Romero. Foster, wealthy and used to buying his way, has Romero sent to Japan and starts a campaign to win the girl but she gets wise to his methods and leaves him flat. This goes on forever. Then when she decides that she wants Foster, he figures he doesn't want her unless she loves him, and calls Romero back from Japan—and the idea is reversed and repeated *ad nauseum* until Carole suddenly calls for the preacher.

You'll see Carole just as she actually is, the way she talks and acts in Hollywood. You'll like her, too. Preston Foster is such a pleasant surprise in a typical Gable role that you feel he steals the show from Carole. Cesar Romero is badly miscast and as a result is a bit over his head in the

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dramatic scenes. The title, by the way, doesn't mean a thing.

Your Reviewer Says: Laughing entertainment without much point.

Desire (Paramount)

You'll See: *Marlene Dietrich, Gary Cooper, John Halliday, William Frawley, Ernest Cossart, Akim Tamiroff, Alan Mowbray.*

It's About: *The accidental romance of a vacationing engineer and a famous jewel thief.*

All Hollywood has waited to see Dietrich directed by Frank Borzage. Together, they have here made a picture that will cause much argument; you will either like it a great deal or not at all. A class picture aimed at the sophisticated and worldly, likely to bore or shock the average fan.

Marlene Dietrich, a beautiful jewel thief escaping into Spain after stealing a pearl necklace, becomes involved with a young automobile engineer from Detroit who is vacationing in Spain. He becomes the guest of the beautiful "Countess" and her partner-in-crime, "Prince Carlos." Unknowingly he has been carrying the necklace in his coat pocket because Dietrich has planted it there to outwit the customs men at the border. The love story of the engineer and the beautiful thief is racy enough to leave you gasping.

Marlene is photographed beautifully and seems even more sexy than ever. Gary Cooper appears to excellent advantage as the young engineer and rates your applause. John Halliday and Alan Mowbray head a very interesting cast.

Your Reviewer Says: For sophisticated lovers of sex dramas. Keep the kids home.

✓ The Preview Murder Mystery (Paramount)

You'll See: *Reginald Denny, Frances Drake, Gail Patrick, Rod LaRoque, George Barbier, Ian Keith, Conway Tearle, Hank Mann.*

It's About: *Murder on the sound-stages in Hollywood, combining homicide with a swell inside glimpse of studio life.*

Do you long to see a Hollywood studio? Well, here's your chance, with three murders thrown in for extra measure. This film comes closer than any picture to date to showing the audience the real life, buildings, atmosphere and actual shooting of scenes. It has another excellent feature for many of you old-time fans—such famous names as Rod LaRoque, Conway Tearle, Hank Mann, Chester Conklin in a cast headed by a still-famous old-timer, Reginald Denny.

The plot concerns the re-making of an old silent picture. The original had cleaned up at the box-office but, because the star had been killed immediately after its release, half of the studio is sure the picture is jinxed. It is! Even before the final scene of the talking version is completed, the new star is warned that he will never live to see the preview. He didn't. Then comes warning for the director. In all, there are three murders, full of suspense.

Reginald Denny, as the publicity director and Frances Drake as his secretary, head the cast and carry the romance. Rod La-

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Roque is the star of the previewed picture and his voice will tell its own sad story. Conway Tearle and Ian Keith steal the acting honors.

Your Reviewer Says: Well directed for Hollywood atmosphere and chills. Go.

✓ Three Godfathers (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Chester Morris, Lewis Stone, Walter Brennan, Jean Kirchner, Irene Hervey, Sidney Toler, Dorothy Tree.*

It's About: *The little child who led three bad men back to the good life.*

A good family picture for every member of the family, except possibly sophisticated brother and sister.

It's that story about the three bad men who adopt a little girl, who brings about the regeneration of the three and gives them a longing for the real things of life. Of course, before the happy ending, two of the men are killed, throwing all the baby appeal on the one remaining bad man.

Lewis Stone gives a fine performance as the bad oldster. His reciting of a portion of "Hamlet" as a death-bed soliloquy is moving and sincere. Little Jean Kirchner is excellent. Chester Morris and Walter Brennan are fine, also, as the other men.

Your Reviewer Says: Probably headed for double bills, but take the family.

✓ Her Master's Voice (Walter Wanger)

You'll See: *Edward Everett Horton, Peggy Conklin, Laura Hope Crews, Elizabeth Patterson, Grant Mitchell and Charles Coleman.*

It's About: *A warring mother-in-law who hires her hated son-in-law as her butler through mistaken identity.*

A typical Eddie Horton comedy; not a hit picture, but for amusing situations and fun it has its good points.

All about a poor guy who can't get a job and whose mother-in-law swoops down to get her darling daughter until he gets work. Because she hasn't ever seen the man, she mistakes him for the butler (which seems slightly silly in a house run by a jobless die-hard) and hires him away from himself. He, realizing what she is up to, takes the job so that he may be near his wife. Of course, not knowing that he is married, there is a bit of romantic tangle when the older woman sets her cap for the unemployed husband. You'll be amused to see how these complications work out.

Eddie Horton as the husband-butler gets a lot of laughs out of a fluffy little plot and leaves you happy. Peggy Conklin is okay as the little wife. The mother-in-law and the aunt are well done by Laura Hope Crews and Elizabeth Patterson.

Your Reviewer Says: A funny programmer that you might watch for.

✓✓ Love On a Bet (RKO)

You'll See: *Gene Raymond, Wendy Barrie, Helen Broderick, Wm. Collier, Sr., Spencer Charters, Addison Randall.*

It's About: *A boy who, for a chance at his chosen career, agrees to an almost impossible wager—and wins.*

Here is simply swell entertainment! An excellent cast, headed by Gene Raymond and Wendy Barrie for romance and Helen Broderick for laughs, bring this well-written comedy drama to life with a bang.

When Gene Raymond's uncle refuses to lend him money to produce a play—offering a fine job in his meat-packing business instead—Gene bets uncle that he can start from New York in his BVD's and penniless and arrive in Los Angeles with a new suit, $100 in cash and a beautiful fiancée within ten days. Uncle agrees to wager fifteen thousand against the job in the meat business. Gene is cute in his BVD'S. He bums a ride with a fortune-hunting woman and her niece who are on their way to Los Angeles to marry a fortune, and the fun and the love story begin.

Gene Raymond does his best work of months and should gather plenty of new fans. Wendy Barrie scores as the romantic girl in search of money. But the real smash performance is given by Helen Broderick as the money-mad aunt.

Your Reviewer Says: Join the Laugh Of The Month Club! This is a fun riot.

✓✓ It Had to Happen (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *George Raft, Rosalind Russell, Leo Carrillo, Arline Judge, Alan Dinehart, Arthur Hohl, Paul Stanton.*

It's About: *An Italian immigrant who makes good as a political power in New York and his romance with the world's richest girl.*

At last, a re-make of a famous hit picture of the silent days, "Hold Your Horses," turns out to be a good talking film. Connie Bennett turned down the leading role and we'll bet Rosalind Russell is glad she did.

George Raft, a timid Italian boy, and his friend, Leo Carrillo, come to America to seek their fortunes. They get shoved around and kidded plenty until the boss calls Raft from sewer-digging and hands him a red flag with which to stop traffic. Power! The red flag works miracles, even with the mayor's car, and Raft decides to use that power. The mayor, impressed with the immigrant's courage, gives him a political job and Raft is on his way to real power. All the way up the ladder he has been in love with a rich and beautiful girl he saw on the boat. How he finally meets her and makes her fall in love with him is the story.

While George Raft is not as great an actor as he might be, this story offers him such an opportunity for keeping you entertained that we know you'll enjoy his performance. Rosalind Russell is swell as the "richest girl in the world." Leo Carrillo takes care of the comedy in grand style and Arline Judge gets plenty of laughs too. Paul Stanton is the best mayor yet seen.

Your Reviewer Says: Plenty of laughs and action in a fine story. See it.

✓ The Voice of Bugle Ann (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Lionel Barrymore, Maureen O'Sullivan, Eric Linden, Dudley Digges, Spring Byington, Charley Grapewin.*

It's About: *A man's great love for a fox hound with a "bugle voice" and how that love led to a murder.*

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Dog lovers, attention. Here is a story that will thrill you every minute. This picture should please the entire family and the kids especially will love it.

Laid in the Ozark Mountains of Missouri, the story tells of a clan of neighbors all of whom are devoted to the raising of fox hounds. In the mountain family of Lionel Barrymore the runt of the latest litter turns out to have a "bugle voice." This seems to them a happy climax to thirty years of breeding until a sheep raiser moves into the neighborhood and puts up a heavy wire fence. The clan tries to stop this because it is dangerous to the hounds. A feud results and eventually leads to the murder of the sheep raiser when *Bugle Ann* disappears. Throughout, a romance between the dog fancier's son and the sheep raiser's daughter complicates the delicate situation but their love leads to a happy conclusion.

With almost the same cast that gave us "Ah Wilderness," the picture will please the same audiences. Lionel Barrymore is very fine as the old-time Missourian who loves hounds. Eric Linden and Maureen O'Sullivan carry the romance. Charley Grapewin is superb as the old pal of Barrymore. The courtroom speech will thrill you.

Your Reviewer Says: A picture for everyone. If you love dogs, a "must."

✓✓ Captain January (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Shirley Temple, Guy Kibbee, Slim Summerville, Sara Haden, Buddy Ebsen and many others.*

It's About: *A light-house keeper who adopts a little girl and their adventures thereafter.*

The screen's most amazing star keeps right on topping herself. "The Littlest Rebel" did more business than any Temple picture has ever done—and they all make plenty of money—and now here's Shirley once more in just about her grandest movie. There are tears, affection, sentiment in the picture. Grand performances, particularly by Guy Kibbee and Slim Summerville, swell dancing by Buddy Ebsen—but the picture is still all Shirley's. You'll want to see her new dances and hear her sing two grand songs, "Early Bird" and "At the Cod Fish Ball."

Your Reviewer Says: Perfect for everyone.

✓ Laughing Irish Eyes (Republic)

You'll See: *Phil Regan, Walter C. Kelly, Evalyn Knapp, Ray Walker, Mary Gordon, Warren Hymer, Herman Bing, Raymond Hatton, Betty Compson, J. M. Kerrigan, John Indresano, John Sheehan, Robert Homans.*

It's About: *A young Irishman who fights and sings his way to fame.*

There's a lot of human interest in this story about an old-time fight promoter (Walter C. Kelly) who goes to Ireland with his daughter (Evalyn Knapp) to bring back a middle-weight champion to help bolster up his broken fortune. He is tricked into backing an Irish blacksmith (Phil Regan) who has never fought in his life—but how he can sing! With the help of a smart radio sports announcer, and the love of the girl, he fights to the finish, wins

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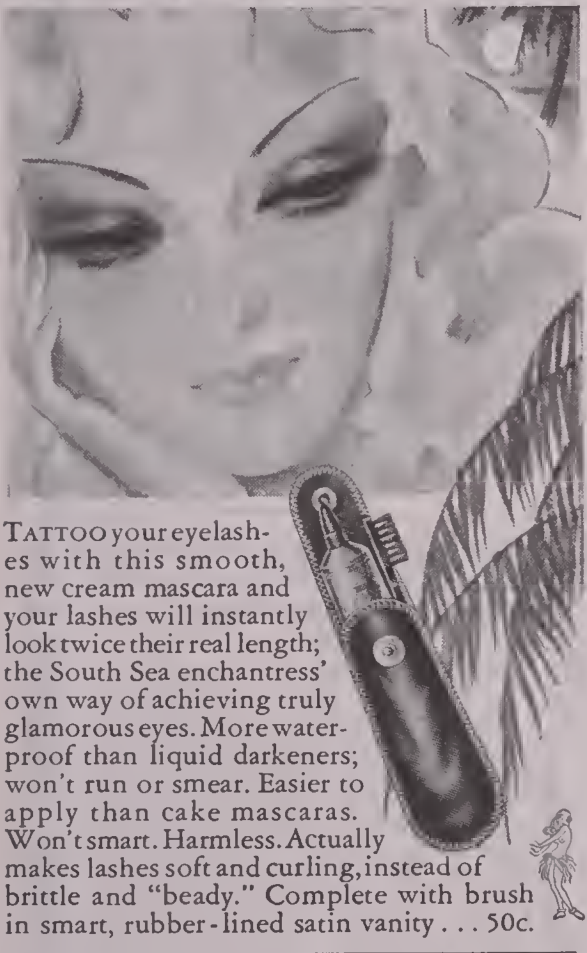

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Phil Regan's singing is excellent, and Walter Kelly's brogue is practically distilled shamrocks.

Your Reviewer Says: A nice picture for the whole family.

A Message to Garcia (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Barbara Stanwyck, Wallace Beery, John Boles and Herbert Mundin.*

It's About: *The officer who carried the note from the President of the United States to Rebel-General Garcia of Cuba.*

With Hollywood well stocked with Latin beauties, some of whom can act, Barbara Stanwyck with her Brooklyn accent was chosen to portray the Cuban girl who is to fall in love with John Boles, the United States Army officer who is carrying the President's message to Garcia. That she is able to crawl through swamps, swim rivers, take a bullet in the leg and have it removed by Wally Beery, and watch her father die without so much as ruffling a single wave of her perfectly waved hair is quite something, too.

What was the message to Garcia? Ah, there is a question that will stump most of your friends and you with the answer might cash some wagers. Briefly, during the war of 1898 Cuban General Garcia was in hiding in the Cuban interior. It was necessary to advise him of the landing point of the U. S. soldiers, so that he could press toward that spot and catch the napping Spaniards in the middle. Good old John Boles with a song in his heart, but nary a one on his lips, is chosen for the duty. How he gets mixed up with no good Wallace Beery and beautiful Miss Stanwyck makes the story, replete with action, double-crossing, danger, and romance.

The high point of the picture is reached when, after years of Brooklyn American English, Barbara Stanwyck comes up with a few meek Spanish phrases. Wallace Beery is good as the no good. John Boles is handsome. Alan Hale is gruesome. So is the picture. And Herbert Mundin is funny.

Your Reviewer Says: Not nearly as good as it should have been.

Last Minute News

Latest reports from the Warner Brothers-First National lot are that Pat O'Brien has been suspended for refusing to play in "Stage Struck" with Dick Powell and Joan Blondell. You'll remember that Jimmy Cagney and Ann Dvorak are also at outs with the same studio, and the situation has Hollywood puzzled and sad.

Now that Mervyn LeRoy has finished the direction of "Anthony Adverse," he and the Mrs. are spending a two months' vacation in Europe.

That Glenda Farrell-Addison Randall off-again-on-again romance is off again this month, with Glenda being dated by Craig Reynolds, who used to squire Mary Pickford about town.

Virginia Bruce has moved into her new home in Brentwood.

Jean Harlow just celebrated a birthday—her twenty-fourth, according to M-G-M authorities.

Spencer Tracy and his family have moved into their new eight-acre ranch in San Fernando Valley, and Spence is now trying to purchase eight adjoining acres on which to exercise his polo ponies (he's that horse-crazy).

Jean Arthur is leaving for a restful holiday in the South Seas with husband Frank J. Ross, Jr.

Frances Dee returns to the screen after the birth of her second son; she'll be in 20th Century-Fox's "Half Angel," with Brian Donlevy. Meanwhile, husband Joel McCrea will make a personal appearance tour.

Fredric March says that as soon as he completes his present picture assignments ("Zero Hour" and "Mary of Scotland") he's going back to Broadway for at least one play.

Mary Pickford is opening a big open-air drug store and market.

New Romance: Mary Ellis and Hugh Brooke, young English writer.

Revived Romance: Now it's Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell back together again!

And Brian Donlevy's heart interest right now is Marjorie Lane, who sings.

"Angel of Mercy," Kay Francis' next picture, is based on the life of Florence Nightingale.

Since the success of "The Country Doctor," a 20th Century-Fox production, M-G-M, Jean Hersholt's home studio has given him a new contract at double his former salary.

Monty Westmore, Hollywood make-up artist, was called to London to supervise Charles Laughton's make-up for the title role in "Cyrano de Bergerac." At the end of two weeks—during which he constructed a giant rubber nose for Cyrano—the picture was shelved and Monty returned to Hollywood.

Marion Davies' next film will be a musical, "Cain and Mable", based on the H. C. Witwer story.

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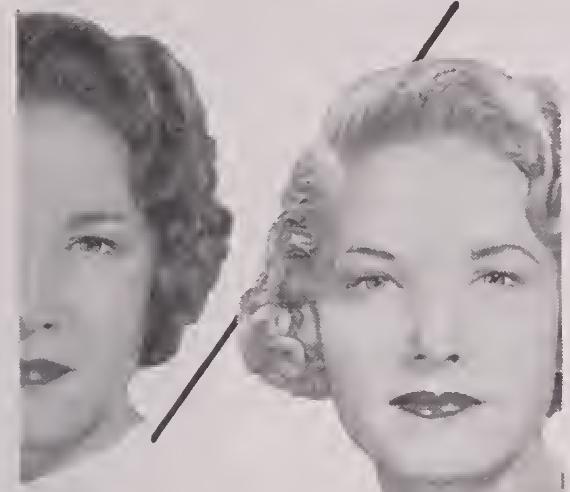

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BROWNISH Blondes, want hair that's golden, radiant, alluring? Of course that's your wish. Then do what thousands of gleaming, glamorous blondes do to keep their hair soft, silky golden. Use Blondex. This unique combination shampoo and rinse all in one, washes the most faded, brownish blonde hair 2 to 4 shades lighter *in just one shampoo!* And Blondex works its wonders *Safely,* too. For it's an absolutely harmless rinse—not a harsh chemical or dye. Use Blondex today. Recapture that golden loveliness of childhood. Get Blondex today at any drug or department store.

BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO-RINSE

Finished in 18 Kt. **WHITE GOLD 15¢**

To introduce our Beautiful Blue White Rainbow Flash Stones, we will send a 1 Kt. **IMPORTED Simulated DIAMOND, mounted in Lovely 18 Kt. White-Gold Finish Ring as illustrated**, for this ad. and 15c expense in coin. Address: **National Jewelry Co., Dept. 17, Wheeling, W. Va. (2 for 25c.)**

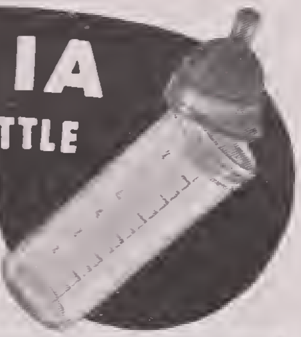
VOICE

100% Improvement Guaranteed

We build, strengthen the vocal organs—*not with singing lessons*—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct *silent exercises* . . and absolutely *guarantee* to improve any singing or speaking voice *at least 100%* . . . Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 unless signed by parent.

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 79-15
64 E. Lake St., Chicago

HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE



. . . . . SAFE

because it is easier to clean

APPROVED WAY TO TINT **GRAY HAIR**

...and Look 10 Years Younger

Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Used and approved for over twenty-three years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page 13*)

in Des Moines always rush to the movies when there is a colored band at the theaters. Everyone knows the colored people are real rhythm tossers, so why not have a show of rhythm? I myself am white but many of my friends agree with me that there should be at least a tryout with "colored" movies. Take, for instance Bill Robinson, Stepin Fetchit, the Nicholas Brothers, the Mills Brothers, Ethel Walters and many others. If these would be put together, we, to my estimation, would have a real *rhythm* show to count on seeing.

Jean Wampler,
Des Moines, Ia.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
The Wrong Kind of Suspense

Those who were movie fans in the earlier days will remember when Broncho Billy rode serenely to the rescue over wide open spaces which sometimes featured a background of phone poles and an auto or two. Not to be outdone, Francis X. Bushman in a close-up signs his name to an important letter; what matter if the pen point does fall out of the holder at the first stroke? He signs without it, and that's that.

Today pictures are carefully edited and errors are less obvious, but when they do crop up they are just as amusing as in the old days. The well-acted, well-directed picture, "She Couldn't Take It," furnishes one. The movie patron is quite painstakingly shown the construction of an armored sedan used in several scenes. The car, indestructible if you please, rolls down a hillside, turns a somersault or two, comes right side up but not smiling. It is easily the most complete wreck ever shown in pictures.

The next time I see a ship launching in a newsreel, I shall close my eyes, because I'd hate to see a proud ship caved in by a bottle of Vichy.

Thomas M. Jenkins,
St. Louis, Mo.

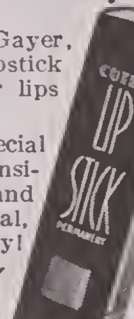
$1 PRIZE LETTER
Truly Magnificent

Unfortunately, there are still a good many people of adult years but immature minds who feel that they must sneer at the movies in order to be considered smart. The movies have suffered from mistakes and from growing pains, but year by year they are reaching for and attaining higher levels. A new high was reached with that great picture, "Magnificent Obsession." *That* was a picture. No dross. No cheapness. A picture to touch the hearts of the great and the humble, and yet a picture without sentimentality. Irene Dunne gave a superb portrayal of the high type of American woman that we like to see on the screen. The screen will take away from its critics the last weapon of attack when all its productions aim at real entertainment for those of adult mentality and some cultural pretensions.

Marie Shorey,
Phoenix, Ariz.

How Old Does Your Mouth Look to Men

Five Years Younger



You can look 5 years younger! Gayer, more appealing! If you use a lipstick that's *warranted* to leave your lips looking velvety and smooth.

Cutex Lipstick contains a special oil that aids in keeping the sensitive skin of your lips moist and young looking. Natural, Coral, Cardinal, Ruby. Try one today!

CUTEX *Lipstick* 50¢

Northam Warren Sales Company, Inc.
Dept. 6B5, 191 Hudson St., New York
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

I enclose 10¢ for trial size Cutex Lipstick in shade checked. Natural ☐ Coral ☐ Cardinal ☐ Ruby ☐

Name________________

Address________________

City State

LEG SUFFERERS

Why continue to suffer? Do something to secure quick relief. Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPE METHOD OF HOME TREATMENT." It tells about Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Open Leg Sores, Milk or Fever Leg, Eczema. Liepe Method works *while you walk*. More than 40 years of success. Praised and endorsed by thousands.

LIEPE METHODS, 3284 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. 60-E, Milwaukee, Wis.

FREE BOOKLET

For Age-Lines, Wrinkles, Flabby Skin, Blemishes, Try This Beauty Secret

FREE Gift if You Send Quick

Mail Coupon Today for This 3-Minute Beauty Treatment

Use Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay Creme just 3 minutes instead of an hour with elaborate beauty treatments. Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay means "Always Young" and this creme youthifies and beautifies skin amazingly. Its rare Eastern oils cleanse, freshen, soften and whiten skin instantly. Smooths erasable lines, wrinkles. Refines coarse pores. In new oval container—with push-up bottom. Carry with you for use anywhere. Or obtainable in original cake form if desired. All toilet goods counters, 60c.

Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay

FREE—Mail coupon for 7-day package Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay Creme. Will include Introductory packages Sem-pray Rouge and Face Powder FREE.

ELIZABETH HUSTED, Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay Co.,
Suite 124S-C, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Send generous 7-day package Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay Creme. Include introductory packages Sem-pray Rouge and Face Powder FREE. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

Name. . . . .

Address. . . . .

Keep your bathroom above reproach

OH, DEAR! JANE'S BATHROOM STILL HAS THAT UNPLEASANT ODOR!

Guard against unpleasant odor in *your* bathroom by using Creolin regularly. Pour it into toilet bowl and drains. Put it into the water every time you clean the floors, walls, basin and tub. Creolin banishes odors quickly and effectively . . . keeps your bathroom clean-smelling and *sanitary.* As a disinfectant, antiseptic and deodorant, it has helped to safeguard health for nearly 50 years. At all drug stores with complete directions. Buy a bottle today. Merck & Co. Inc., Rahway, N. J.

★

CREOLIN *banishes* **Bathroom Odors**

Write for Free Booklet, "Home Hygiene," giving complete information about the many other household and personal uses of Creolin.

PHOTOS ENLARGED each **30¢** 4 for $1

Amazing Lifelike

8 x 10 - 7 x 9 - 6 x 8 - 5 x 7

Beautiful, Clear, Sharp, Silk Enlargements Guaranteed, Bust, full length, etc. Made from any size Photo, or snapshot. ORIGINALS RETURNED. FOUR 8x10 or smaller $1.00, 11x14, 49c, 3 for $1.00. 6x8 or 5x7 Framed 80c. 8x10 Framed 95c. They will also be ARTISTICALLY colored in Florentine Royal Oil Colors if you want them. We color hair, eyes, Clothing, with instructions. SEND CASH OR MONEY ORDER.

MONARCH STUDIOS, RG-41, McAdoo, Penna.

KNO GRAY REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. **ENDS GRAY HAIR**

If you're dissatisfied with your hair inquire for unique French method **KNOGRAY. Any shade from one bottle.** Not a restorer. Colors roots perfectly, permits perm. wave. Won't rub off. **Entirely different** from anything you've known. Booklet.

MADAME TURMEL, Dept. 17A, 256 W. 31St., New York

WANTED

Women to make hooked rugs for our stores. No experience necessary. Steady work. We do the selling. Write at once.

HOLLYWOOD STUDIO STORES
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60 ART LESSONS Only **$1.95** POST PAID COURSE COMPLETE

Become Talented Artist with Big Income

This thorough course by Alexander Murray, famous Art School instructor, makes it easy to learn art in spare time Teaches commercial art, cartooning, lettering, anatomy, perspective, adv. layout, etc.—without bother or expense of correspondng. You get all 60 lessons at once—no waiting for next lesson. Over 817 instruction illustrations, 125 pages of drawing paper **FREE. Send only $1.95 for complete course postpaid**—or pay postman plus postage. **MONEY BACK** it not delighted after inspecting. **Start now. Turn your spare time into money.** *Order from this ad.*

EDUCATIONAL SUPPLY CO. Dept. A492-E Racine, Wis.

World's Lowest Priced Quality Home! $493

Buy direct from Mill. Save $200 to $800. Price includes all lumber readi-cut, millwork, windows, doors, interior woodwork, hardware, roofing, glass, nails, paints, varnish and stains. ***We pay freight.***

BUILD IT YOURSELF

Aladdin's famous Readi-cut System saves labor costs and lumber waste. Complete plans for quick, easy erection. **FREE** ***Catalog*** shows many designs in newest type Homes, Summer Cottages, Garages, and Automobile Trailer Coaches. Write for it ***today.*** Address nearest office. Ask for Catalog No. 584.

THE ALADDIN CO. **BAY CITY, MICHIGAN PORTLAND, OREGON**

***The Best* GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME**

YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair now when it is so economical and easy to get rid of it in your own home.

SAMPLE DRESSES FREE of EXTRA CHARGE
NO MONEY NEEDED
NO HOUSE TO HOUSE CANVASSING
NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

I Have Special Work For MARRIED WOMEN who need UP TO $22 IN A WEEK EASILY QUICKLY

Don't just wish for money. I need ambitious women in every town to make $22 in a week demonstrating and taking orders for beautiful, smart new Spring and Summer styles of famous Harford Frocks. Over a million satisfied customers. Complete line of exquisite last-minute models featuring the very newest fabrics and colors in all sizes. Also Chardonize fabric Lingerie endorsed and guaranteed as advertised in Good Housekeeping Magazine. Women just can't resist them. You earn splendid income and get SAMPLE DRESSES (your size) FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE.

Mail Post Card TODAY for GORGEOUS STYLE PRESENTATION, SENT FREE!

NO HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASSING

No experience or house-to-house canvassing necessary. New plan makes work fascinating, easy and dignified. Gorgeous presentation of beautiful styles sent FREE. No money needed—now or ever. Write today giving dress size and age.

C. E. Israel, HARFORD FROCKS, Dept. A-7, Cincinnati, Ohio

HONORABLE MENTION

Clark Gable makes an adorable lover, but a dimple in the cheek does not belong to a sea captain; "Mutiny on the Bounty" has made a wonderful hit, but a man of sterner countenance would have fit the role more admirably—Francis Hay, Woodstock, Va.

If the directors have any sense, they will put Gable in tough pictures instead of love pictures; you can see Gable's face is tough and made for hard living—Buddy Holden, Scranton, Pa.

We could have a lively, really thrilling play if Clark could play opposite Patsy Kelly (there is a real gal without all the usual trimmings)—Mrs. Donald Harris, Kinzua, Ore.

Why must a good picture do the rounds of the picture shows and then be stowed away?—Miss L. Wright, Sydney, Australia.

Someone should tell Robert Taylor a he-man's make-up ought not to show!—Emily Harvey, San Francisco, Cal.

My eldest daughter, age fifteen years, often asks: "Mother, when will they start making pictures showing what the women of the world have done in a *good* way to make this world a more fit place in which to live?"—Mrs. Norris Winsten, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Something in Dietrich's eyes, the softness of her mouth, a still, hurt expression which shows even on the silver screen tells me that she regrets her innate reserve, would like to appeal to her American fans as a warm-blooded, vibrant soul, eager for companionship and understanding—Mrs. C. E. David, Cameron, Mo.

Why call it "So Red the Rose?" This rose by any other name would smell sweeter to the disappointed readers of the novel—Marguerite Steffan, Augusta, Ga.

I feel that James Cagney would make a hit as a Westerner and the change of scenery would be appreciated by the public—T. T. Tuchanski, Hamtramck, Mich.

I would enjoy seeing John Boles and Jeanette MacDonald co-star; I cannot imagine a more wonderful team—Ruth Carroll, Charlotte, N. C.

Will Rogers has no successor and there will never be anyone to fill Will's shoes; but Stuart Erwin comes closer to doing that very thing than anyone in filmland. He's so "gosh-gee-whiz" natural!—Jeanette Silver, Kirkwood, Mo.

I think there are too many commercial artists in the movies whose salaries mean more to them than acting; they act to live, not live to act—Mrs. Howard Hess, Beaver, Dam, Wis.

Lives there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said: "Baby!" after looking over Claudette Colbert?—C. V. Sefferina, Louisville, Ky.

I cannot understand why Miss Garbo does not get the medal of honor, as she is and has been the best actress for years—Inez Willis, Portland, Ore.

After seeing "Melody Trail," I have quite decided that you can have Clark Gable, Bing Crosby and all the rest; I'll have Gene Autry—Kay Edward, Central Falls, R. I.

Give us more movies starring and co-starring movies' own ladies and gents and fewer with borrowed operatic bellowing, stage jigging and radio wise-cracking—Judy Gray, Gloucester City, N. J.

Those Wild, Wild Erwins

(*Continued from page* 61)

Stuart, with phone calls all day long. What had the doctor said? And that night when Stu got home they'd go upstairs to hear Bill's prayers—finding Bill ever so much better—and then the Erwins, to celebrate, would put on a victrola record and twirl about the living room and finally they'd stop whirling and just look at each other. Blue eyes into brown. And for the first time, June, her heart freed from its icy grip of fear, would put her head down on the shoulder of her husband and weep a woman's tears of love.

Which would be all right with you Mary V., because you'd be huddled in one corner of the davenport weeping out your silly heart remembering the time little John had pneumonia and how you sat up nights and grew thin and haggard and wondered if in all the world anyone ever led a life as yours.

And now you know they do. Out in Hollywood, of all places.

Pretty soon, Mary V., you'd be wondering how a woman could keep a man in love with her all that time, especially in Hollywood. But you'd soon find out. You'd notice that June Collyer never accepted an invitation to a party unless Stu were free to go along. No chasing off alone to cocktail parties or teas for her. Stu could always depend on it, as he drove in the Erwin driveway, that behind the lamplight in the windows June was waiting for him.

YOU'D notice, too, Mary V., that not one article was bought for their home or for herself, without Stuart's seeing it first, that her frocks, hats, draperies were all sent out for him to see, for him to say, "I think it's awful pretty, honey," or "I don't care for that so much" when June tried on a swanky new gown. And, no matter whether it might have rated a rave among the femmes of the village or even made the colored sheet of the rotogravure, if Stu said, "I don't care for that so much," back it would go.

It's Stu she wants to please, his eyes she wants to light up with pleasure when he sees her. It's Stuart Erwin, not Hollywood, that counts most with June Collyer.

During that long seige of illness after Judy was born, June let her hair go back to its natural dark brown. And was delighted with it. Her friends and her brothers raved over it. And then, one day Stu said, "Honey, I liked it lighter, you know, a little lighter brown."

The hair is growing lighter week by week.

Her career? She'll laugh you to scorn. And there's plenty of life and gaiety behind her as a busy New York debutante and a successful star in Hollywood. And it isn't a case of sour grapes, either, for producers in Hollywood have never forgotten the beauty and charm of June Collyer on a movie screen and they keep on summoning her back again. Occasionally she makes a picture, provided Stuart is working at the same time and she can be home each night when he gets there. But even this taste of the old life with its fun and trials and thrills, fails to disturb her.

For you see, Mary V., June Collyer has

TUMS MADE ME A NEW WOMAN
HEY...HOW ABOUT THAT BONE?

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD
HAS FILLED HER BARE CUPBOARD
WITH ONIONS AND STEAKS AND CHEESES;
HER STOMACH FEELS GRAND
SINCE SHE KEEPS TUMS ON HAND...

Can You Finish This Jingle?

$250 IN CASH

And 100 Other Valuable Prizes for Best Last Lines

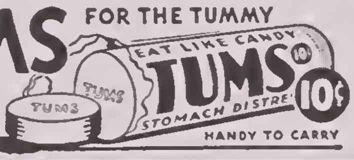
WRITE YOUR LAST LINE HERE

NO ALKALIES FOR ACID INDIGESTION

MILLIONS have found they do not need to drench their stomachs with strong, caustic alkalies. Physicians have said this habit often brings further acid indigestion. So much more safe and sensible to simply carry a roll of Tums in your pocket. Munch 3 or 4 after meals—or whenever troubled by heartburn, gas, sour stomach. Try them when you feel the effects of last night's party, or when you smoke too much. Tums contain a wonderful antacid which neutralizes acid in the stomach, but never overalkalizes stomach or blood. As pleasant to eat as candy and only 10c at any drug store.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS ARE ANTACID... NOT A LAXATIVE



A Valuable Prize For Everyone Who Enters

Can you write a last line to this jingle? It's easy! It's fun! And your "last line" may win one of the 158 valuable prizes! 1st prize—$100.00; 2nd prize—$50.00; 3rd prize—$25.00; *five* prizes of $5.00 each; *fifty* prizes of $1.00 each; 50 Eversharp pencils; 50 hunting knives. Every entrant will receive a worth while gift besides. Get your information about TUMS from the advertisement at the left, then read the simple rules.

SIMPLE RULES

Write your "last line" in dotted line, tear out whole advertisement, and mail with your name and address to the address given below. If you submit more than one entry, simply write your additional "last line" on a plain sheet of paper. But EACH "last line" submitted *must* be accompanied by the wrapper from a 10c roll of TUMS which you can secure at any drug store.

Elaborateness will not be considered. Only skill with which "last line" is completed, and neatness will count. Every entry will be individually considered and acknowledged with a worth while free gift. No entries *will be returned.* Judges will be chosen by officials of the A. H. Lewis Co. In event of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight of May 31st, 1936. Prize-winners will be notified as soon as awards are made.

Address your entries to Contest Department, Room 25-B, The A. H. Lewis Co., 4th and Spruce Streets, St. Louis, Missouri.

Learn PHOTOGRAPHY at Home

Splendid opportunities. Prepare in spare time. Easy plan. No previous experience needed, common school education sufficient. Send for free booklet "Opportunities in Photography", particulars and requirements. American School of Photography Dept. 1385 3601 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

5¢ EACH LITTLE BLUE BOOKS

Send postcard for our free catalogue. Thousands of bargains. Address: LITTLE BLUE BOOK CO., Catalogue Dept., Desk 487, Girard, Kansas.

Just as EASY as it looks

to become a popular musician this delightful, simple as A-B-C way

STOP cheating yourself out of musical good times. Stop thinking that learning music is nothing but one grinding session of monotonous exercise after another . . . days, months and years of difficult technique under the thumb of a private teacher.

Take a look at the diagram. Looks easy, doesn't it? Well, it's every bit as simple as it looks. First a note, then a letter. Plenty of clear instructions tell you how each bar is played—lots of diagram pictures show you how, then you do it yourself and hear it. Everything to make learning a joy. In fact, the U. S. School of Music has made the reading and playing of music so simple that you don't have to know one note from another to begin.

Your first thrill comes with your very first lesson. For you are given a piece with a real melody to play by *actual notes.* Dreamy waltzes, stirring marches, sparkling sonatas follow in short order. No standing still. You become a capable performer months sooner than you could ever expect to by the old-fashioned way. Besides, you receive all the music you need at *no extra cost.*

Play the "Blues" Away

How can you be content to sit around at party after party and listen to others do all the playing—see them showered with admiration, invitations—when your life-long ambition to become a popular musician is now so easy to realize? Experience the personal satisfaction that comes from being able to play "when," "where," and "what" you like for your own amusement and the entertainment of others. Don't be afraid to begin your lessons at once. Over 700,000 people have studied this modern way—and found it as easy as A-B-C. Read the list of instruments in the panel and decide which one you want to play. No matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will average the same—just a few cents a day.

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE
Piano Violin
Guitar Saxophone
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Tenor Banjo
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or any other instrument

Our fascinating, illustrated Free Book and our Free Demonstration Lesson explain all about the remarkable method. Clip and mail this coupon today, and they will be sent to you at once. No obligation. U. S. School of Music, 3065 Brunswick Bldg., New York City. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

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Send me your amazing free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane; also Free Demonstration Lesson, and particulars of your easy payment plan (mention instrument).

Name..

Address..

Instrument.............................. Have you Instr.?............

On the second day
take a Beauty Laxative

If you want to keep the sparkle in your eye and the peaches and cream in your complexion, get rid of accumulated body waste *regularly*. If Nature fails to maintain a regular schedule, take a beauty laxative.

Olive Tablets are just the thing for the purpose. Gentle and mild, easy to swallow, non-habit-forming, they assist nature in her work of house cleaning.

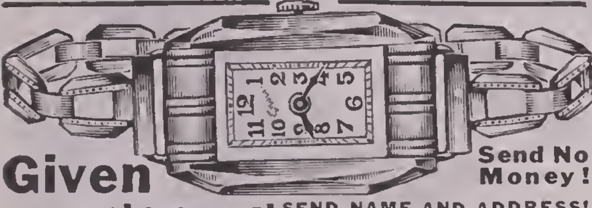
Keep tab on yourself. If more than a day goes by, take a beauty laxative—Olive Tablets. Three sizes—15¢-30¢-60¢. All druggists.

DR. EDWARDS'
OLIVE TABLETS
THE *Beauty* LAXATIVE

ELECTRIC
HAIR WAVER
Only $1.95 COMPLETE

Wave your hair in 20 minutes at home by electricity, with **SAFE-KURL. Safe,** gentle heat dries hair as it puts in soft, beautiful natural waves, ringlets, curls, that last. Uses any household current. AC or DC, or home light plant. SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman only $1.95 plus few cents postage. Nothing else to buy. Satisfaction *guaranteed* or money back. Order today.

SAFE-ELECTRIC CO.
Dept. A-219 Cincinnati, Ohio



Given **Send No Money!**

LADIES' & GIRLS' SEND NAME AND ADDRESS! **Latest Shape HIGH GRADE 7 Jewel Movement WRIST WATCH** with metal bracelet and beautifully designed chrome plated case. Or big cash commission. YOURS for SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE big colored pictures with well known **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** used for burns, chaps, sores, etc., easily sold to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remitting per catalog. SPECIAL--Choice of 25 other gifts for returning only $3. Our 40th year. Be First, Write today for 12 boxes of White Cloverine Salve. **Wilson Chem. Co., Inc., Dept. 65-H, Tyrone, Pa.**

Exotic PERFUME

Used by the STARS

NOW available to you direct from Rubini of Hollywood, creators of individuality perfumes for Hollywood motion picture stars. You will be pleased with the newest

Irresistible Creation

. . . in which Rubini of Hollywood has captured the very heart fragrance of rare flowers and blended them into an exotic mingling of enchanting odors. Soft, subtle, alluring, LASTING.

Send Only 25 Cents

. . . to cover handling and mailing, for the regular $1.00 crystalette (large dram size). Money back if you are not thrilled.

RUBINI OF HOLLYWOOD
1483 N. VINE STREET • HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

found a substitute. When she lay very ill in a Hollywood hospital for so long after Judy's birth, every night, for nine and a half weeks, Stuart Erwin ate his dinner beside her bed. Nothing could keep him away. Mornings when the doctor planned new ordeals for June. Stu was there, standing beside her, her little thin hand in his strong one.

She's found, you see, the thing we're all really looking for underneath. She's found companionship, understanding, love. And she considers the things she's left behind cheap, indeed, in comparison.

SHE knows how every little thing that happens welds the four of them closer and closer together.

Bill and Stu are friends. There's a bond of understanding between the two that will pretty near bring that lump right out of your throat. Just to hear them talk. To discuss the problems of the day. Son to father, heart to heart, man to man.

There was the day the oldest Scottie took ill. All night Stu had labored over him, and in the morning Scottie was bundled off to the hospital. He required an operation, it seems.

It was agreed Stu was to stay with him until it was over and June and Bill were to wait outside in the car. They sat there, mother and son, with their faces anxiously pressed against the glass window. The first sight of Stu would tell the story.

The minutes dragged wearily. Hardly a word was spoken.

And then the door was opened. Stu stood for a moment in the doorway, white and weary from loss of sleep. Two hearts within the car slowly sank together. And then, suddenly, Stu looked up and saw them. A smile—you know that Erwin grin—lit up his face. Scotty would live.

Yes, Mary V., I think, as your visit drew to a close, you'd be completely convinced that families, good substantial ones, are the same the world over. There are few beds of roses cluttering up the home life of real people today. Even in Hollywood where accidents happen often and fast, even faster than they do right in your home town.

For instance, there was the time the Erwins were expecting a very important English reporter for lunch. Stu was going to get himself interviewed by a topnotcher and that's important, you know, a vital part of the business of movie acting.

But some mistake had been made in the hour, for the writer got there too early and the butler directed him out to the playroom where he supposed the Erwins were. But the visitor never got there. Instead, in the patio, he tripped over Bill's electric train, which wouldn't have been so bad if he hadn't landed squarely on Judy's rubber ball that says "Meow" when it's pressed, and, dear me, how it was pressed, Mary V.! In fact, the look of horror that dawned on the interviewer's face as he fancied himself flat on the Erwin cat, or vice versa, was something.

Just then, for some reason no one has ever been able to figure out, the two roosters chose that moment to put on a terrific combat in the side yard which set off all the dogs barking full blast together. Which still wouldn't have been so bad if just then the duck, Edgar, hadn't come tearing around the corner and, for no reason, taken a nip right out of the poor, dear, confused interviewer's leg.

This commotion brought Stu to the edge of the playhouse roof where he'd been hammering loose shingles and, my gosh, Mary V., he was so stunned at the whole business he dropped the hammer, plunk, on the interviewer's head.

It was awful.

It took June and the cook and the butler ten minutes to bring him around. Stu couldn't get down off the roof because the carpenter, who didn't know Stu was up there (or so he claims), had gone off with the ladder. So he just stood there adding to everybody's troubles by yelling, "Help! Help! Help!" Which was silly, in a way, for it was much too late for help, anyway.

FINALLY, they managed to get the visitor into the living room and down on the couch. Only, just as he sat down, there was a sharp report, like a gun. It seems Bill, as usual, had piled all the victrola records on the davenport and the wounded guest had sat right down on "The Old Gray Mare" and cracked it squarely in two.

He never did find that out, though. He made one leap for the door and that was the end of Stu's important interview. In fact, it was mid-afternoon before they got Stu down off the roof, a wild man if ever you saw one.

So, as I say, accidents will happen. Anywhere. Even in Hollywood where some people, who really are the backbone of the community, think it enough if they have each other and two babies and a lifetime of joy and sorrows to share together.

Yes, right people, even in Hollywood, are happy just with life and love and a child's wild cry of delight when daddy comes marching home again.

Movie Mirror Junior Contest

In our contest this month the MOVIE MIRROR JUNIORS are going to get to ask the questions. That should be fun, shouldn't it? Yes, and there will be grand prizes for the one writing the best questions, too. The contest is: What five questions would you like to ask your favorite movie star? All you have to do is write a letter of not more than two hundred words telling what five questions you would like answered by your favorite. For the best letter, and by that is meant the letter asking the five best questions, judging upon the basis of interest and appropriateness of questions, a prize of $10.00 will be given. For the letter containing the five next best questions, a prize of $5.00 will be given. A photograph of your favorite star will be sent to the ten next best letters. In the even of ties, the full amount of the prize tied for will be paid to each tying contestant. Get busy and send in your questions immediately. Address them to MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Be sure they arrive in Hollywood before April 5, 1936.

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Madame Sylvia is the personal beauty adviser to Hollywood's most brilliant stars. It is she who guards and preserves the exquisite charms of the screen's awe-inspiring beauties. It is she who transforms ordinary looking women into dreams of loveliness.

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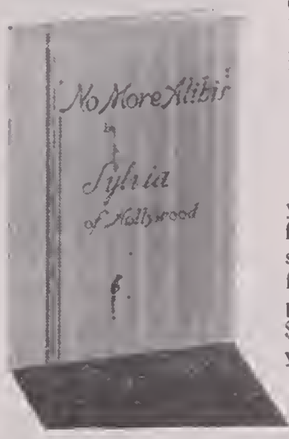

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Madge Evans Rebels!

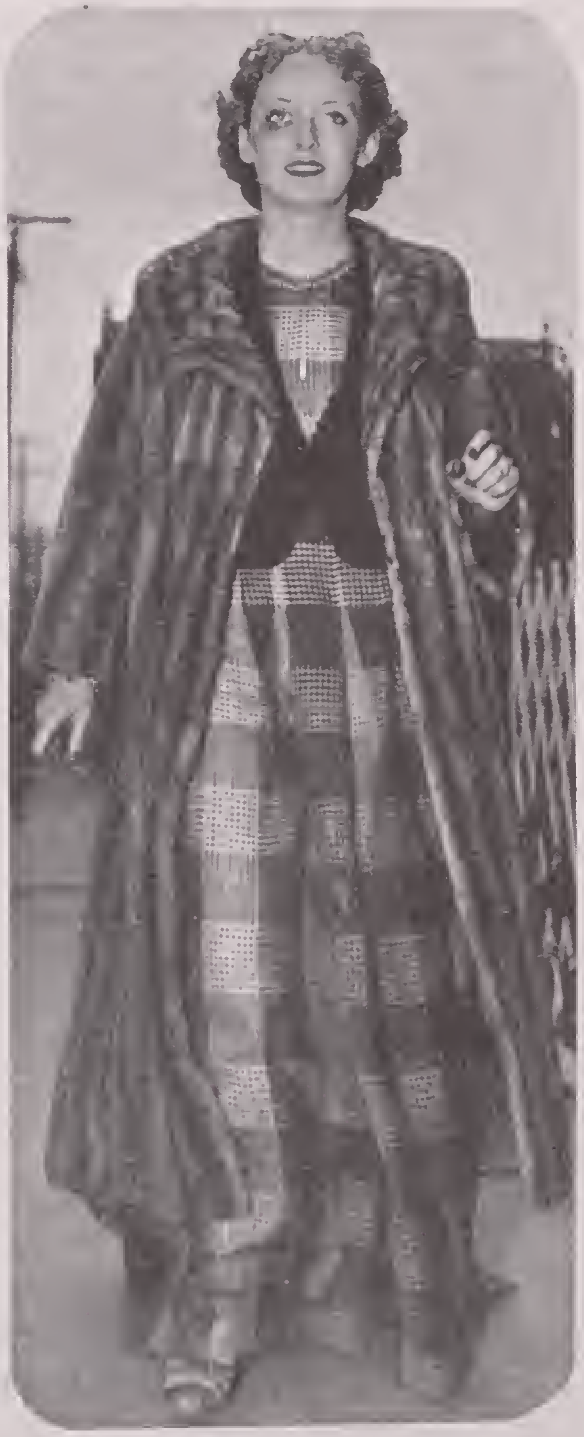
(*Continued from page 63*)

so common to this fabulous movie city I have come to understand her well. I knew the confused, unhappy Madge Evans for an entire summer. During the holidays I discovered a new friend, in the same person. Figure it out for yourself.

Probably the brew of maturity had been working in the back of her mind for a long time; *very* probably it was finished and ready about the time that Madge went to Europe to make "Transatlantic Tunnel" for GB.

In London she worked hard but under different conditions. "I learned the meaning of responsibility there," she told me, "and also that I had a mind of my own. The directors let me work out most of my problems, and yet expected more of me; I found I could do things by myself, think for myself.

"The other people who were in the picture taught me a lesson, too. Most of them were cast in plays at the same time; they worked at a high emotional pitch all evening, had supper, got seven hours sleep, and turned up at the studio next day ready for anything. Watching them calmly



No wonder Bette Davis' new film is—"Hard Luck Dame"! Spot that black eye she has to wear, even to lunch!

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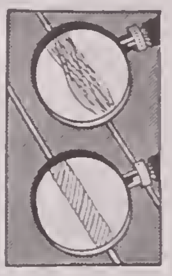

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wading through so heavy a program gave me a new perspective from which to view myself. I realized that a person could have twice as many irons in the fire as I had, and still survive. I felt that I had been putting too much importance on each little detail of my life."

This was the beginning; of course a clear understanding didn't come at once. When she left London, finally, her mind was a turmoil of new ideas, changed attitudes. They flung themselves about in her brain, stumbling, conflicting, chaotic. She spent three days on the boat figuratively holding her head, trying to make sense.

Then one night, two hundred miles from New York harbor, she forgot herself in something bigger.

"We'd taken the *Ile de France*," she recounted, "and on this evening it ploughed into the tail of a hurricane, not dangerous enough to keep the passengers in but very noisy and rough. The ship lost all its dignity right away and cut some of the most amazing capers you ever saw.

ON one bed in our stateroom lay my new Scottie with eyes rolling, dismally ill; on the other huddled Mother in no better condition. And suddenly I discovered I was a good sailor."

So out on deck swaggered Madge to see for herself what a storm on the Atlantic was like. She swerved to the bow and stood there while it swooped down and plunged up again and forward into the wind. "It was a sort of magnificent chute-the-chutes," she remembered breathlessly. "I screamed myself hoarse and couldn't even hear my voice. All those problems and worries just slipped out of the picture for a time. You see, nothing so tremendous had ever happened to me before."

An hour later, when the liner rode into smooth water and its smoke-stacks resumed their tranquil lonely parade against a clear sky, Madge saw that the fuss and fury within herself were over, too. In the interval while she had stood, engrossed, on that deck her new motions had quietly adjusted themselves, without ostentation had become part of the adult Madge Evans.

She has forsaken fear, and with it the wretched confusion that has been hers. "I'm not afraid of any one or anything, now," she said. "Not even of the studio. Henceforth I'm going to get the parts I want, and act them in my own way; if they fire me, what of it? I know now that if I lose my contract here I can go to New York and get a job in a play any time I like. The piece might close in two nights; very well, I should have done my best. And I could always get another job in another play.

"There would be less money, of course. That would hurt, because I've become careless about what I spend out here where money comes and goes like water. But I could get through that part of it.

"And eventually I'd come back to Hollywood, but not on the same terms as four years ago. Now I'm a 'leading woman' with no choice but to accept. In this hypothetical return of mine it would be as a full-fledged star with—er—right of temperament, or not at all!"

This sounds like the rebellious outburst of a young actress in a temper; but it isn't. She told me these things coldly, unequivocally, without hysteria. And she means them.

There is the business of love, too. Madge Evans knows what she wants, must have, in the man of her choice today. "He must be willing to marry me on an absolute fifty-fifty basis," she said. "He mustn't expect any more from me than he is willing to give. If he is in a bad mood, he must not demand that I cheer him up, especially if I'm tired and annoyed and cross myself from a hard day at the studio. That isn't fair.

"I'd prefer a husband with a brain, with a sense of artistry, of course. That's most important. But he must stay on his own pinnacle and I on mine. I can't sublimate myself to anyone just because I love him."

A far cry, obviously, from her viewpoint on the day she left New York and first love four years ago.

"I'm a little tired of being 'The College Boys' Delight,'" Madge went on. "Playing the ingenue is all right for a time but I want to be classified as someone a little more glamorous. People think of me as a quiet little stay-at-home who looks well in simple frocks and tiny Ford cars."

SHE stretched back on the cushions, put her chin up in the air, and gestured with a half-eaten cracker. "I'm sick to death of drabs and pure whites. I want color! I want people to look, and turn, and say, '*There she goes*!' It wouldn't even hurt," she added, twinkling, "if they began to think that men drink champagne out of my slipper.

"I think I'm more really alive now than at any time in my life before."

She's right. If Madge Evans has ever been in the least insipid (which I would certainly deny with my last breath) she is now flavored to taste; if she has been a little colorless, she is now clad in red and flaming orange; and if she has had no design for living, she has now so many she doesn't know which one to follow.

She is through backing away from things. When love comes to her, she'll accept it. When a fight portends she'll sail into it with the banner of her new ambition flaunted high. There is an exciting quality about this transformed Madge which defies typewriter and paper, but which cannot fail to live on the screen during the next few years.

Watch for it.

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Scoop! MOVIE MIRROR for June has a grand human-interest story on Gable—not as a great matinee idol, not as the hero of Hollywood, but as he looked to the hungry young hobo whom he fed and clothed—as told by that boy himself!

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How Will Rogers Still Rules Joel McCrea's Life

(*Continued from page 29*)

he was thinking. He didn't say anything for a few minutes but picked up pebbles and skipped them across the street. Then, without looking at me, he said: 'Still set on bein' an actor, I suppose.' I said I was.

"'Makin' plenty of money, I suppose.' I said I was doing pretty well.

"'Whatcha doin' with your money, son?' he asked, not inquisitively but kindly. You could not resent it. I said, 'Nothing much, I suppose. Having a good time.' Then he looked me square in the eye.

"'Son, whatcha goin' to be or do when you git through this actin' business? Ever thought of it?' I said nothing.

"'What do you like to do, what are you interested in? Medicine? Law? Business?'

"I thought about it for a few minutes. None of those things appealed to me particularly. The only thing I really was interested in was all sort of tied up in a mixed-up way with horses and cattle, riding, living outdoors."

Joel came by that interest honestly, though he had never analyzed it before. His maternal grandfather, Albert Whipple, came west with the Forty-niners in a covered wagon. His paternal grandfather was Major John McCrea who traveled toward the western horizon in the Seventies to fight the Apaches with General Phineas Banning. A love of open spaces was in Joel's blood.

ONCE he mentioned horses and cattle, Will turned to him in excited delight, Joel says.

"Son, that's fine! That's great! There's your answer!" Joel says Will said. "I know what I'm talking about when I give you this advice:

"Get back to the soil. Own your own land. Build on it. Cultivate it. Raise things on it. Make it support you. That's the only thing that makes sense these days. If you get your livin' from the soil, nobody can take it away from you. It's the only thing that gives a man security.

"Find the right kind of girl and marry her quick. Have kids. Let 'em grow up out in God's air and sunshine. Grow up with 'em. That's what gives a man happiness. I know."

Joel listened and believed.

With Will's eager help he scouted around until he found the land he wanted, big rolling land with water for the foods he would grow and pasture on which his cattle could live and fatten.

He started in a small way. Acquiring land today is not as simple as in the days of homesteading. It costs money. But with his start Joel was determined to earn more money and more money until his vision of a big self supporting ranch could become a reality.

Perhaps it was Fate, or perhaps his new ambition inspired by Will had something to do with it, but whatever it was, the breaks that made the money available for his visionary plans came his way. He won the choice role opposite Miriam Hopkins

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in "The Richest Girl in the World," a role, Joel gloated, in which he did not have to stand around waiting to kiss her.

After that came "Private Worlds" with Claudette Colbert. In it his work was so outstanding that Sam Goldwyn signed him to a long-term contract—and stardom. After "Barbary Coast" and "Splendor" he has just finished "These Three" in which he was justly co-starred with Miriam Hopkins and Merle Oberon.

Thus the money part of his vision—and Will's—has been taken care of.

Marrying Frances Dee in the summer of 1933 took care of "the right girl" specifications in short order. Joel did not go shopping, exactly, for the right kind of girl but he did keep his eyes peeled for her when she should come along. She came along in Frances Dee.

Connie and Gloria and Dorothy and the rest of them were lovely girls, true, but Joel could not make them fit into his new dream. He could not see them content in a ranch house away from the gay whirl of Hollywood, could not see them as willing neighbors for the kindly, simple-mannered folk who called him Joe and would expect to call his wife Mrs. Joe and accept her as a wife, not as a fascinating movie star.

Frances is content with just that. The ranch gives as much joy to her as to Joel. She makes a good neighbor, a necessary quality when one lives where human contacts are few and far between. She loves riding range with him, inspecting the cattle. She worries about rain and crops. She is happiest, as is Joel, when they can skip away from their beautiful home in Beverly Hills and "let down their hair" at the ranch.

She took care of the third Rogers provision, too—the "kids." She has borne Joel two fine sons in the three years they have been married. She gladly gave up her own screen career, a most promising one, for motherhood. She will soon return to her work before a camera. It is, however, to her, of secondary importance. Joel and the babies come first.

The McCrea ranch now boasts a hundred head of cattle with which Joel is attempting to breed a fine strain. They graze on six hundred acres of verdant pasture. Another three hundred acres is sown in hay. Milk cows provide fresh cream and home-churned butter, hens keep the cupboard filled with fresh eggs, and a small orchard and a garden patch yield all the seasonal fruits and vegetables.

The ranch is self supporting now, a remarkable achievement and tribute to Joel's management, and he plans to enlarge and improve it as time goes on. Eventually, he said, he plans to retire and live on it the year 'round. The McCrea house has many pieces of lovely old furniture that belonged to Joel's grandparents.

For diversion, Frances and Joel swim in the natural, untiled pool, eighty feet long, which was fashioned out of a depression in the land, or ride, fish, hunt, or "chin with the neighbors."

Of all the times he has played host to Hollywood folk, Joel said, he was proudest on the first day Will Rogers visited the accomplished dream. Will, I imagine, was just as proud of the McCreas, for they are like the Rogers clan. Busy, successful, happy, simple young Americans; living in an unaffected way, at once very modern and old-fashioned in the very best manner.

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page 21*)

love. And just when Walter Winchell had them secretly married, too. No one seems to know just what the real trouble is, but the best guess seems to be that Carole wouldn't set a definite date for the marriage and Bob was in no mood to be kept dangling any longer.

And Carole is not a girl to be rushed, or told what to do.

If you want to see a picture that practically mirrors the situation, be sure not to miss Miss Lombard in "Love Before Breakfast." Why, she even sounds like her real self for a change.

* * *

WE'RE taking bets this month that the well publicized romance between Loretta Young and Eddie Sutherland will never reach the altar. Religious difficulties are again the reason. Not only has Eddie been divorced, but his last one was his *fourth*—or was it the fifth?

* * *

INSIDERS in Hollywood are very suspicious of the "reason" George Raft gave for walking out on "Concertina." He said it was a matter of not liking Carole Lombard's cameraman. Raft thinks that Lombard's favorite filmer, Ted Tetzlaff, gives Carole too much of a break in the lighting.

But there are plenty of those who have a hunch that George has a big offer from another company (and would the Hays office be mad if they knew it?) and is using this gag as an out. If it should turn out that way, Raft is in for a kidding on his original excuse.

* * *

THE rumored feud between Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow isn't going to be smoothed out by the stellar fate of "The Gorgeous Hussy." M-G-M originally optioned this story for Jean and she was very anxious to do it. A costume picture, it offered her something entirely different on the screen. But for some reason, the studio let the option lapse and with it Jean's chances for her favorite story to date.

Then along came Joan Crawford and read the yarn. Joan was crazy about it, too. And to prove that Mrs. Franchot Tone gets just about whatever she wants, pronto the studio bought the story for her.

They say that Jean Harlow is still trying to figure out why her pet story was dropped when *she* wanted it and then practically re-purchased for Joan.

* * *

SHIRLEY TEMPLE was thrilled almost out of a day's work the other morning when she received a telegram ". . . addressed all to me!" It was the first personal wire Shirley had ever received

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and what's more it came all the way from John Boles (vacationing in New York), one of her favorite men. It read:

"I STILL LOVE YOU STOP DO YOU LOVE ME QUESTION MARK"

At first, Shirley was confused. Then her mother explained that the punctuation in a wire had to be spelled out into words. At last Shirley got the idea. Then she demanded permission to dictate her own reply. It read:

"OH YES COMMA YES COMMA YES STOP"

* * *

A COLORED actor playing Cain VI is supposed to knife a rival named Flatfoot in front of Noah's Ark on the "Green Pastures" set. "Just a minute," called the director, "we'd better take the usual precautions; get a doctor and nurse up here and have the ambulance stand by. We use a rubber knife during the rehearsals and the steel blade only for the actual shots but you never can tell."

The first-aid man and the white-clad nurse (in on the gag) hustled in. The ambulance being used in the Joe E. Brown picture drew up and Fatfoot began to get panicky. Perspiration rolled from his forehead in torrents.

"Jes' a minute, please, Mist' Director," he begged. "Now ef'n I takes de knife, ah gets a 'justment, don't I?"

* * *

SIGN on small marquee: Fred Astaire in Top Hat and Shorts.

* * *

A DEFINITE MAYBE

SYLVIA SIDNEY, who continued to deny her separation from Bennett Cerf right up to the very moment she filed the divorce papers, has certainly tried to make it up by being unusually frank and above board about her future romantic plans.

"I'm not denying that I won't marry again," she said to a newspaper reporter the other day. This was in answer to the question as to the possibility of her rekindling a former romance.

It must have been quite a shock to the poor newshound. The greater majority of the stellar ladies, queried on the same subject, act as though they had never so much as *heard* of second marriage.

* * *

A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD Hollywood lad got a studio job after much tribulation. He was to stand outside sound stages and blow a whistle for "quiet" while the company was shooting. He bragged so much about the soft snap he had that a chum asked him to get him on. The whistle blower promised to keep an eye open for him.

He did, too. What's more he promoted his pal a job.

The other day, the whistler was laid off. The pal, however, was retained in the steady job of gateman for the studio. The sixteen-year-old is now spending most of his time telling all who will listen to his moaning story: ". . . and to THINK that I taught him the business!"

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Nearly everything worn or used must first be designed. Color and style influence their sale. Industry knows the importance of good looks in its products. In addition, magazines, newspapers, publishers and advertisers spend millions yearly for illustrations. The artist has become an important factor in industry.

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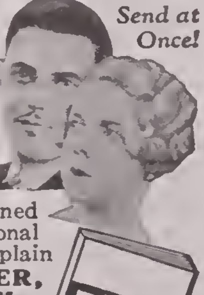

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BETTE DAVIS isn't going to take a public rap just because a prop boy doesn't know his housework! Bette walked onto the bedrom set of "Golden Arrow" the other day and just as the cameras were about to turn over, she called a halt. In the picture, she is presumed to have made the bed and since she didn't like the way it had been done she stopped the production while she re-made it her own way. Her housewife honor was at stake.

* * *

IS the honeymoon over when the wedding ring tarnishes? Well, maybe the same thing goes for an engagement when the ring is stolen. Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable were held up and robbed in Chicago recently and among the loot was the engagement ring Jackie gave to Betty. Some smart alecks in Hollywood have contended that their engagement was merely for the public prints. But if this is true, we can now write it off as a total loss.

* * *

PROGRESS NOTES

The balcony-scene for "Romeo and Juliet" had to be postponed because Leslie (Romeo) Howard was sniffling with a cold, what with the short breeches and those horribly drafty sets and all.

Bing Crosby broke even at the races the other day and quipped: "Boy, oh boy! And how I *needed* it!"

Errol Flynn's Madcap Marriage

(*Continued from page* 43)

enjoying the occasion. He asked Lili if he could see her again. There was her chance to put him in his place. She'd say no to him, of course. She said yes.

Yet neither of them suspected a thing until they stumbled on the bliss of making up. One night when they were quarreling, Lili's dark eyes snapped with anger. It occurred to Errol that she was very beautiful, even when she was angry.

Suddenly he took her into his arms and kissed her.

"Why, I thought you hated me," gasped Lili.

"Hate you! You darling! But I thought——"

That kiss was the beginning of the end, though neither of them recognized it at the time.

Always before that, Errol had been able to control his own destiny. Independence had been his watchword. He was a rebel, untamed, untamable. At ten he accompanied his father, professor of biology at the University of Belfast, Ireland, on a scientific expedition to Tasmania. After that nothing could hold him back. He rebelled against the boring routine of schools in London and Paris. When three headmasters in turn expelled him, he shipped for the China Seas.

Adventures came crowding into his life because he was reckless and daring. He faced terror when he was surrounded by savages in the jungle interior; was shipwrecked when the schooner he had bought to operate as a freighter sank beneath him. He settled in New Guinea, where he mined for gold and diamonds.

That he is in pictures at all is an aftermath of a casual swim. He was diving about in a picturesque pool in New Guinea, when two Englishmen, making a travelogue, passed and photographed him. A year later they reappeared, bound for Tahiti. When they found that Errol was still in New Guinea, they urged him to play the lead in a sea drama.

Willing to try anything once, he went with them. But the movie landed on a shelf in London. However, the episode had stirred a new desire. Determined to try acting, Errol hastened to England, where he got several parts in stage plays. Then he was observed by a Hollywood scout, who invited him to come to America.

When Errol fell in love with Lili he realized that his cherished independence was in danger. "For the first time in my life," he told me, "I was up against something out of my control." He knew that once a man marries, his happiness depends largely upon another person.

Lili, who had always been so capricious with all her suitors, was also overwhelmed at what was happening to her heart. She, too, had always been proud of her independence. The daughter of a French engineer, at nineteen she was starred in a Casino de Paris revue. Later she starred in English and German films, till Samuel Goldwyn discovered her and gave her the leading feminine role opposite Ronald Colman in "The Rescue." She played leading roles in such pictures as "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" and "Cock-Eyed World."

She had always shied away from marriage. Was she going to surrender her will and her pride into the keeping of this man with the carefree manner? Was she who had never let any man tame her going to allow love to bend and break her?

She made up her mind she'd say no to his wooing. But again she said yes.

NO ordinary suitor was Errol. Even the diamond he slipped on her finger has no ordinary history. Errol dug it out of the earth himself and he had been secretly carrying it, in its uncut brilliance, until the day when he'd want it to signify an engagement.

They went to Yuma, Arizona's Gretna Green, and were married by the justice of the peace there. They honeymooned at Palm Springs, and then hurried back to Hollywood so that Errol could take a test for the role in "Captain Blood" which has made him one of the most promising stars in Hollywood.

It seems almost as though fate plotted the pattern of their romance, for if they had met before, it would not have been propitious. It had to be in Hollywood, and at this special time. Had they met sooner, when Lili was the rave of sophisticated Parisiennes, the star of English and German films, their romance might have ended unhappily, for in those days she was the skyrocket and Errol would have been merely Mr. Damita.

Today all that is changed. Lili is de-

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The simplest, yet one of the least understood methods for restoring and keeping good health is—walking. Even though you may have one of a number of stubborn diseases you may expect miraculous results through this one simple prescription: Walk! But just what is walking? Many people think that as long as they keep putting one foot before the other they are walking. This is true of course, to a certain extent, but walking which is to be of any value must be done briskly and in just the right manner.

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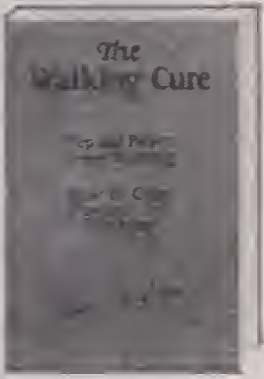

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finitely Mrs. Errol Flynn. In their house atop Lookout Mountain in the steep Hollywood hills, the Chinese fripperies Lili was accustomed to are gone. The homestead has a masculine air. The rooms are comfortable, fires crackle in open fireplaces, and it's no tragedy to put a pipe down anywhere.

They talk about buying a place. Errol hankers for a ranch in the nearby San Fernando Valley. He always had had a passion for pigs, he proclaims. The most poignant memory he has is of that dawn when his boat went down in the sea and his pet pig went with it!

Though Lili is changing, it's doubtful, even to Errol, if she'll ever really revel in a quiet and simple life. She relishes the metropolitan whirl of New York and Paris. Hollywood is too tranquil for Lili's tastes. Yet they'll stay in Hollywood as long as it's necessary to give Errol a chance to make more pictures. Incidentally, he has no objection to Lili's continuing her own career if she wants to.

ERROL and Lili have no spectacular theories on how to stay happily wed in Hollywood. They don't attempt to map the future, recognizing that as an impossible achievement.

Lili is doing her best to adapt herself to Errol's tastes. Errol is intensely active, and she hates exercise. For ten days she tried to play tennis with him, and then decided to let him play with champion Frank Shields instead.

He has won her over, however, to his notion of quiet evenings. It's become an unusual event when the Flynns step out to a night club. An early movie is more to Errol's taste. When they invite several couples in for dinner, they relax later at poker!

Their first year of marriage has been a very happy one. For, most of all, these two love each other. Regardless of all intentions, including their very own!

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More Last Minute News

Most popular star in Hollywood, Mickey Mouse, signs long term contract RKO after break with United Artists.

Clark adds fuel to the Gable-Lombard romance rumors by being an almost daily visitor while Carole is at home with flu.

Warners have won their court battle with Ann Dvorak and she must return for work at her old figure. They are to go to trial immediately on a James Cagney fracas of the same nature.

There seems to be a definite break between Irene Hervey, who now has Allen Jones, and Bob Taylor, with Barbara Stanwyck getting her man.

Laura La Plante, who recently gave birth to daughter in London, will return to Hollywood soon for a visit.

The marriage of Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow is expected to take place early in the fall.

After two more pictures Shirley Temple, it is rumored, will receive a six months vacation because the studio believes she needs a rest despite growing up danger.

Grace Moore leaves Hollywood in a huff, vowing she will never make another picture, but the colony thinks she will change mind after recovering from temperamental tiff with Von Sternberg.

Margaret Sullavan is to divorce William Wyler after but a few months of marriage.

Charles Laughton gets another acting plum as plans are made to star him in an English production of "The Life of Rembrandt."

M-G-M is very worried over Eleanor Powell's slow recovery from her recent breakdown. It looks now as though starting date on her picture may be belated.

Al Scott, former husband of Colleen Moore, is dating Jeanette MacDonald altogether too regularly.

Joe Penner and his duck were about to leave Hollywood and movies for good after salary tiff with Paramount when RKO signed him up to a contract to do features.

The George Raft-Virginia Pine romance is colder than that and Virginia has left for New York.

Lady Cavendish, sister of Fred Astaire, has made a screen test, as predicted in MOVIE MIRROR.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" premiered at President Roosevelt's Warm Springs Foundation.

Virginia Bruce and baby are under guard after kidnapping threats.

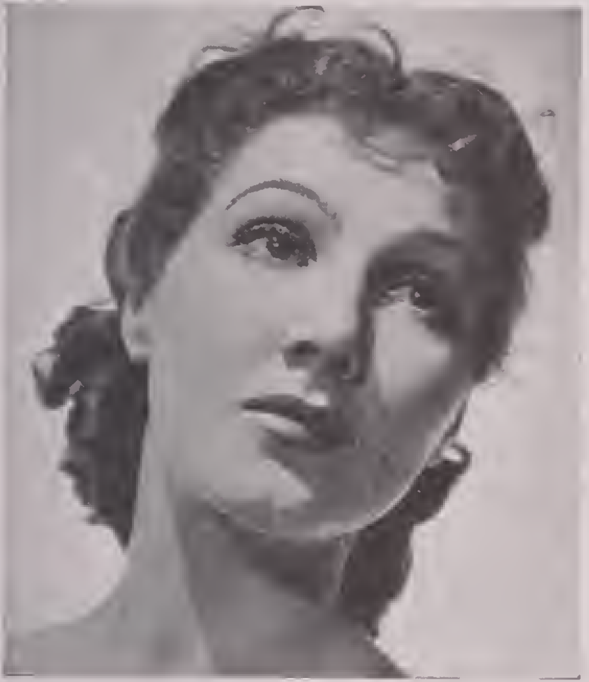
Despite continued stories that Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard are already married, close friends predict that they will marry in Honolulu soon. They are now on the high seas headed for the islands.

Beauty in the Headlines

(*Continued from page 8*)

I don't know how many of us can wear successfully the lovely coiffure Norma Shearer is using in "Romeo and Juliet" (there's a picture of it), but Edie says a lot of us are going to try!

These pictures of Mary Carlisle show her wearing the Princess Mary coiffure, which is what Edie suggests for that special occasion. With an extra braid (lots of them being worn this season) it's simple to arrange, quaint without being too whimsical, and becoming.



The hairdress above is one of Jean Parker's favorites. It has a delightfully casual effect, excellent for sports.

Since Jean Parker is a favorite with you (with all the world, for that matter), I asked for Jean's newest picture. This is one of Jean's favorite coiffures, but not her only one, because Edie says Jean is always experimenting. But I like this one—it's so unstudied, with those casual, semi-fluffy bangs that don't need constant attention, an excellent choice for summer sports and good times.

Una Merkel shows you two other ways to arrange that extra braid. The first is a new version of the coronet. The second style is good for the girl with naturally heavy hair, who should show it off, make an asset of it, rather than keep it perpetually bobbed and thinned out.

This interesting picture of Garbo shows the inherent beauty of healthy hair. Even when uncurled, when allowed to fall naturally, it has that burnished sheen, that vitality of texture which even this black and white photograph has caught.

I hope these charming heads will spur you on to experiment, and if you lack ideas, or are in doubt about the proper lines for yourself, I'll be glad to help.

Next month is another request article, for which I've been gathering data for some time! It will contain the answers to a lot of your questions about *faces*.

ACADEMY AWARDS

The two winning portrayals—left, Victor McLaglen as "The Informer"; below, Bette Davis in "Dangerous." In circle, Bette and Vic congratulate each other on the awards.

Victor McLaglen and Bette Davis received the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences awards for the best screen performances of 1935, McLaglen for his performance in the title role of "The Informer," Miss Davis for her work in "Dangerous."

Second and third awards went to Katharine Hepburn for "Alice Adams," and to Elisabeth Bergner for "Escape Me Never." Paul Muni's "Black Fury" brought him second place in the male awards, third place going to Charles Laughton for Captain Bligh in "Mutiny on the Bounty." The best production ratings were "Mutiny on the Bounty," "The Informer" and "Captain Blood."

The awards for short films were: Cartoons, Walt Disney's "Three Orphan Kittens;" comedy, Robert Benchley's "How to Sleep;" novelty, "Wings Over Mount Everest."

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Movie Mirror Junior

(*Continued from page* 10)

it in as many times as it occurs. If the letter isn't in the word, the hangman's representative draws in a head. This continues until one player has guessed the word or has been "hung" on the word gallows as drawn in diagram D. One miss means a head. Second miss —a pair of eyes. Third miss—nose and mouth. Fourth miss—neck. Fifth miss—the body. Sixth miss—one arm and one hand. Seventh miss—other arm and hand. Eighth miss—one leg and foot. Ninth miss—the other leg and foot.

Jane Withers' favorite pastime is visiting the menagerie at the California Zoological Gardens, where the star of "Little Miss Nobody" loves to feed raw carrots to the baby deer.

If the player is "hung" the hangman's representative chooses another word; but if the player wins, then it's his turn to be the hangman's representative.

Many of the boy stars prefer outdoor games. Little "Spanky" McFarland, of "Our Gang," likes "Cops and Robbers" best.

Jackie Cooper's favorite game is aeroplane racing. He has organized an aeroplane club down at his beach home, and his favorite pastime is building miniature planes that really fly.

You would just about guess that Mickey Rooney's favorite game is football. Mickey likes plenty of rough and tumble in his exercise. He has organized a team of kids in the neighborhood, and Director Clarence Brown is the sponsor.

Freddie Bartholomew is another boy star who ranks football as his favorite game. He plays out on a back lot near his home, with all his little friends from the neighborhood.

"Alfalfa" Switzer, the hill-billy of "Our Gang," likes to play cowboy. That's his favorite game. Believe me, he rides a mean broomstick horse, too.

Little "Buckwheat" Thomas, the colored darling of "Our Gang," combines his future ambitions with his favorite game. He's only going on four, too. He has rigged up an old cigar-box on his tricycle and plays at being a studio cameraman. He wheels his trike up to his mother, a friend, or whoever happens to be around, and focuses his camera and goes through most of the actions of a well-trained studio cameraman. It's great sport to "Buckwheat."

David Holt over at Paramount tosses his hat in the ring for marbles. He has an enviable collection sent him by fans all over the country. Even when David is working in a picture he brings some of his favorite shooters along and entices other actors to join him in a game between scenes.

Virginia Weidler likes "jacks" as well as any games, but her greatest fun is acting in the little theater she and her two sisters and three brothers have rigged up in their back yard.

Billie Lee has a decided preference for baseball. Perhaps this comes naturally to Billie because his father, Pete Schlansker, was a noted outfielder in the Central and K. I. T. league.

Jane Withers has something she would much rather do than play games. She is what some people would call a "zoo bug." Jane goes to the zoo as many times as she can get someone to take her. The attendants at the zoo know her now and she spends her time riding on the elephant's back, cavorting with "Satan," the champion tiger of the California Zoological Gardens, and feeding raw carrots to the baby deer.

Baby Jane Quigley's favorite games are ping pong and tenpins. She also goes in for a bit of weaving, too.

Carol Ann Beery is more athletic. She spends hours in her back yard swinging from her knees on rings and swings. Parchesi is second best.

Here is a "Number Game" that is very popular with the boys and girls in the studios. Edith Fellows taught Jackie Doran to play it this way:

Two people play. Each draws a diagram (like E). The first player then covers up his right hand with his left and writes a number. The other player tries to guess the number (from the movement of the writer's fingers or the pencil). If he is right, he marks off that number on his diagram and then takes his turn. But if he misses, the first player marks off the number on his own diagram and takes another turn. This continues until one player has no numbers left. This one is then the winner.

Imagine Janey's surprise to find an old friend at the zoo—Anna May, the fifty-year-old elephant she rode as an extra in "Zoo in Budapest." Anna May's trainer is Frank Phillips.

For the contest turn to page 104.

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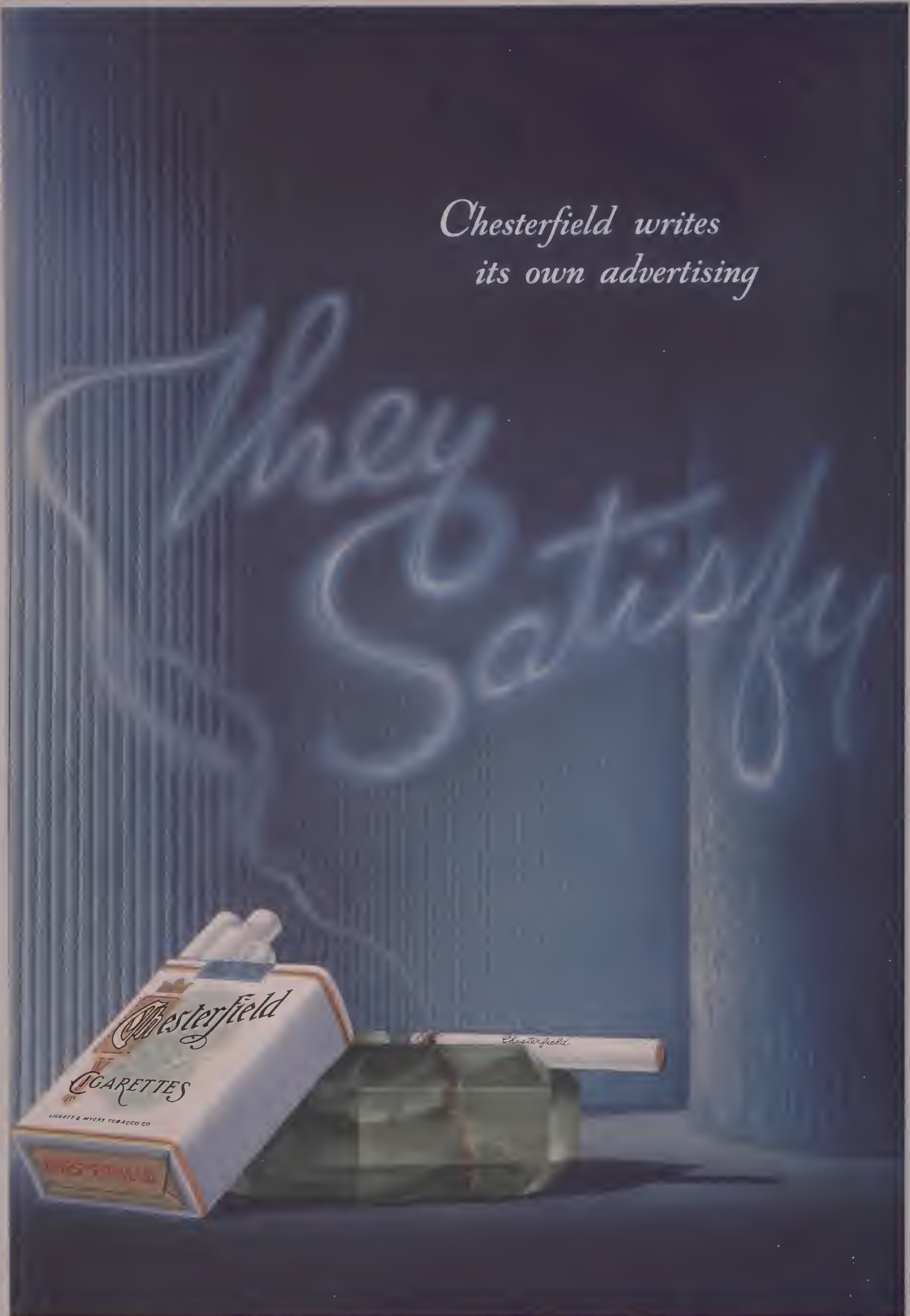
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